

And who better to pop that bubble than the Ego Buster?

DDK:

So, new champion, right?

Angus:

Probably... Maybe... Sure? I don't know.

DDK:

Strong prediction.... But that's not all, fans! We also have a recently made match by the BAWS Lady herself, giving DAVID NOBLE a warm up match...

Angus:

A warm up match?! Who are you kidding, Kels is straight up TRRRRRROOOOOOLLIN' here, putting Noble against his booty call inspiration to get his shit together, MARY-LYNN MAYWEATHER!

DDK:

It's certainly an odd choice for a match, but before all of that, HENRY KEYES will go toe to toe with SAMUEL TEE TURNER the SECOND.

Angus:

And they've been getting all over each others Kool-Aid, but enough about all that backstory nonsense, this sheezay is next! IIIIIIIIITS BELL CLAPPIN' TIIIIIIIIIIIIIMMMME!

[Cut it to the ring.]

Samuel Tiberius Turner II vs. Henry Keyes

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

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

DDK:

It sounds as though Samuel has some new music tonight Angus.

Angus:

That's what it sounds like. I thought the Soggy Bottom Boys sang this trash though?

DDK:

As bad as it pains me to say it, I like the new music.

Angus:

It's ok, but it ain't AC/DC or Ted Nugent caliber.

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

[Out struts Samuel T. Turner II.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

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

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

DDK:

I can't wait to see these two do battle tonight. So much back and forth action has happened but no punches have been thrown yet.

Angus:

I happen to agree with you there Keebs, I'm ready to see this ginger war get started.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to us from Caballo Estates in Harlan, KY, "THE BLUE EYED DEVIL" SAMUEELL T. TURNERR THE SECONDDDD!!!

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

[A loud whirrrrr of propellers echoes through the arena and cheers erupt. Heavy guitar riffs, horns, and strings follow

as "Airship Pirate" by Abney park blares out.]

*♪Our fire's high and the airbag's tight♪
♪Our food's low but the skies are bright♪
♪Props spinning all through the night♪
♪We're low on cash, but we've seen another target♪*

*♪Goggles down, and the cannons up♪
♪My blood starts pumping as I drain my cup♪
♪I give the wheel a spin and I turn this girl around♪
♪We're way above ground but we're closing on our target♪*

[Henry Keyes emerges in all his bright red be-goggled glory to more cheers. His back is haunched over a big as he does his over-exaggerated arm-swaying strut to the ring. By now, a medium-sized pocket of the crowd has started to clap on 2 and 4, with some of the more hipstery fans swinging their arms wide like a Bell Clap.]

Daren Quimbey:

And his opponent! From SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA! "THE AIRSHIP PIRATE!" HENRYYYYYYYYYY
KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!!

DDK:

Look at that man, Ang. A fella of few words, but when he says something, people listen - and lord knows he's developing quite a following here among the DEFIANCE faithful.

Angus:

This is going to be straight up hoss-on-hoss action, and DAT BELL CLAP can come out ANY time Keyes is in the arena. I don't get excited for that many things, Keebs, BUT I'M SO EXCITED! HAWS FIGHT, BAWS!

[Keyes tosses his pair of goggles to the crowd as he makes his way up the ring steps, staring hard into the eyes of his opponent - a stare that is equally returned by STT2.]

Ding! Ding! Ding!

[The two mammoths charge at one another. Keyes goes for the Bell Clap early Turner ducks it and bounces off the ropes. Keyes with a spinning back elbow crushes Turner right in the mouth and stuns him. Keyes grabs his arm and whips him into the corner.]

DDK:

This is starting out fast Angus.

Angus:

Yeah, fast as two sumo wrestlers at a buffet. Wouldn't it have been THE RADDEST SHIT if he hit that Bell Clap, though??

[Keyes connects with a running clothesline to the corner and starts to mount the ropes. He begins the 10 punches on Turner and the fans count aloud.]

ONE!

TWO!

[Turner pushes Keyes off of him. As Keyes begins to get up Turner sprints toward Keyes and swing for the "Lariato", Keyes ducks and answers with a forearm smash to Turners jaw. Turner returns one to the jaw of Keyes, only to have him reply with another. Turner fakes the forearm and chops him hard.]

DDK:

Jesus that sounded like a gun went off.

Angus:

It did, I think I see a hole in Keyes's chest. These two guys, Keebs - that's probably why I'm so into this. They hit HARD, as hard as anyone I've seen come through here! There's no namby pamby "playing it safe" when it comes to these two. They walk forward and they don't STOP.

[Keyes responds with a chop to Samuel's chest which he quickly returns on back to Keyes. Each chop sounds like an action movie sound effect come to life and their chests start glowing pink. Keyes throws another one and Samuel slaps him in the face backing him up into the ropes. Keyes comes back with a European Uppercut stunning Samuel. He charges the ropes, bounces off and is met by the size 15 boot of Samuel all up in his grill sending him crashing to the mat hard.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

I think he just made Keyes lose a few teeth!

Angus:

Well he didn't make him eat defeat, Keyes is pulling himself up to his feet using the ropes.

[Samuel grabs him and pushes him into the corner and delivers another hard chop across the chest making Keyes' slid down the turnbuckles like melted butter. Samuel backs up to the other corner and comes flying in with a somersault senton into Keyes' chest.]

Angus:

New move! That loveable retard learned a new move. Good lord all mighty were free from his dullness at last.

DDK:

Wow! Surprising athleticism from the Blue-Eyed Devil!

[Samuel picks up the limp body of Keyes and and locks him up for a belly to belly suplex. Samuel lifts but Keyes headbutts him, stunning him. Keyes stomps Samuel's foot, then kicks him in the stomach and chops him on the back. He brings him up to his feet and smashes him with a European Uppercut staggering him into the ropes. Keyes sprints in attempting to clothesline Samuel over the top rope but Samuel reverse it and back body drops Keyes over the top to the floor, hitting the ring apron as he falls.]

DDK:

He just hit the hardest part of the ring with his back, that CAN'T feel good.

Angus:

That's better than his nuts any day and twice as good on Sunday.

DDK:

Really?

Angus:

Hell yeah, try it and tell me you wouldn't it rather be your back.

DDK:

No thank you.

Angus:

Pussy.

ONE!

[Samuel exits the ring as Keyes starts to stir. Keyes backs up onto the ring post and Samuel punches him in the jaw, delivers a chop and another chop to his chest. Samuel rares back for the third one and delivers it right into the ring post as Keyes sidesteps him.]

TWO!

[Samuel clutches his hand in pain.]

OOOOOOOOOWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW

THREE!

[Keyes makes it to Samuel and headbutts him, then delivers a chop, and a European Uppercut all to his chest knocking Samuel to the arena floor.]

DDK:

These guys are just straight up BRAWLING out there, no finesse to any of these strikes at all!

Angus:

Were you expecting Henry Keyes to throw a moonsault or something?? That would be the WORST.

FOUR!

[Keyes pulls him up and swings wildly with a punch but is blocked by Samuel. Samuel forearms Keyes right in the side of his neck and once again in the jaw making his knees quiver.]

FIVE!

[Samuel hits him with one more forearm strike and tosses Keyes into the ring.]

SIX!

[He enters the ring and sees Keyes leaning up on the turnbuckles. He charges in for a splash but Keyes moves out of the way sending Samuel chest first into the top turnbuckle.]

DDK:

The ring just shifted, did you see it?

Angus:

No, but I bet there will be some type of fluid pumping out of that now cracked barrel of a chest he has...blood, sweat, adrenaline, that HAD to hurt!

[Keyes turns Samuel around and whips him into the ropes, he bounces off and Keyes hoists him in the air as hard and high as he can and hits him with an Elevated European Uppercut as he drops from the sky to a big cheer. With Samuel down Keyes is trying to figure out if he wants to pin him yet or not.]

Angus:

PIN HIM KEYES, PIN HIMMM!

[Just as Keyes moves in for the pin Samuel starts moving. He thinks fast, he pulls him up and attempts a back suplex. No, Samuel blocks it and takes Keyes' back. He grabs his wrist and spins him around. Face to face, Samuel throws Keyes over his head with an overhead belly to belly suplex...and Keyes no sells it. Samuel, eyes wide, turns around and eats a forearm to the face, and another, and another.]

DDK:

Stiff shots from Keyes! That suplex may have just set him off here!

Angus:

No fuck, Keebs! I wonder if he Bell Clapped him right now if it would split Turner's brain in half, he looks SO PISSED.

[Keyes pick up Samuel and tries whipping him into the ropes. Samuel reverses it, Keyes comes off the ropes with a spinning back elbow smashing into Samuel's face.]

DDK:

That was harsh - oh my!

Angus:

TURNER GOES DOWN! TURNER GOES DOWN!

[illegible]

[Keyes attempts to go for the cover but when he does Samuel thrusts his hand up and around Keyes' throat. Samuel makes his way up to his feet still choking Keyes. He then beil throws Keyes halfway across the ring. Keyes keeps his momentum and rolls under the bottom rope and out of the ring.]

DDK:

Did you see that? What strength that took!

Angus:

I've seen better, but that was the best ginger beil, I've ever seen.

DDK:

Really?

Angus:

Yeah, considering I've only seen three gingers wrestle my whole life.

DDK:

Oh,

[Turner steps through the ropes and jumps to the floor close to Keyes.]

ONE!

[Turner picks Keyes up and guides him up the ramp towards the entrance.]

TWO!

[Turner lays a forearm strike into Keyes' jaw, waking Keyes up to deliver one himself. By this point, both men are drenched head to toe in sweat as they will themselves on in this battle of attrition.]

THREE!

[Turner with another forearm strike, Keyes returns it.]

FOUR!

[Turner another, Keyes another. By now, the crowd BOOs with each Turner strike and YAYs each Keyes strike.]

FIVE!

[Turner once more, Keyes fires another but it wasn't as hard as the others.]

DDK:

This is Turner's specialty right here. Keyes is a tough man, but no one matches up with Turner in this kind of battle!

Angus:

DUELING BY MOTHERFUCKING GOD FOREARMS! That's the only thing Turner does that I like or respect, he's a forearm beast.

SIX!

DDK:

I have to agree with you there - look out!

[Turner hears Mark Shields say six and unloads with three stiff rapidfire forearms to Keyes' jaw. Keyes drops face first on the ramp.]

SEVEN!

[Sensing he has it won Samuel tries to jog to the ring, but Keyes makes a last ditch play and grabs Turner's foot tripping him. Samuel lands face down, hard.]

EIGHT!

[Turner tries to free to free himself by tugging his foot but Keyes won't let go. Turner starts forcefully stomping Keyes on the top of his head until he lets go and Turner can get to his feet.]

NINE!

[Turner takes off on a dead sprint passing Usain Bolt's fastest time...ish. He dives for the ring.]

TEN!

[Mark Shields counts ten right before Turner can slide under the bottom rope.]

Mark Shields:

THAT'S IT, RING THE BELL! IT'S A DOUBLE COUNTOUT!

Ding! Ding! Ding!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Wow, they killed themselves out there...

Angus:

No shit, but neither of them won, the worthless fucks. AND WHERE WAS MY BELL CLAP? This is the worst.

Darren Quimbey:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN THE REFEREE HAS RULED THIS CONTEST A DOUBLE COUNTOUT!!!!

[Samuel's left kneeling in the ring and staring at Keyes as he gets up. Samuel sees red and not just Keyes' hair. He

slides out of the ring and takes off towards Keyes.]

DDK:

Turner's not done Angus.

Angus:

Nope he's not and he's pissed!

[Turner forearms Keyes in the back of the head sending him crashing to the floor. Turner rolls hi to his back and full mounts him and slams down fists. Keyes reverses it and rains down hammerfists.]

Mark Shields:

COME ON, BREAK THIS SHIT UP!

[They roll around tussling with one another until Keyes pushes Turner off of him. Mark Shields grabs Turner and holds him back with everything he has in him.]

Samuel Tiberius Turner II:

LET ME GO YOU FUCKING BASTARD!

[Keyes rises to his feet as the referees gathers around him.]

Henry Keyes:

COME FIGHT ME LIKE A MAN, TURNER! I'LL CRUSH YOUR SKULL WITH MY BARE HANDS!

[Turner tries to fight of Shields but the referees just got there to help push him back to the backstage.]

Samuel Tiberius Turner II:

BLOW ME YOU FUCKING BITCH! [he grabs his crotch] I'LL FUCK YOU UP YOU DIRTY ASS WHORE! BRING IT, LETS FINISH THIS NOW!

[Shields and the other referees have Turner pushed to the backstage leaving Keyes on the apron so nothing else happens.]

Angus:

HOLY MOTHER FUCKING SHEEP SHIT ON A SHINGLE, DID YOU SEE THAT KEEBS!

DDK:

I sure did, these two hate each other.

Angus:

This is ginger fire going on, the crazy fucks!

DDK:

Ok fans I'm hearing we have something in ring in just a few minutes.

Did You Lose Your Keyes?

[Lance Warner waits at the interview area on one Mr. Samuel Tiberius Turner II to discuss what was just seen between Henry Keyes and himself.]

[A sweaty Samuel stumbles up the steps still dressed in his wrestling attire

Lance Warner:

Samuel that was a great battle between you and Henry Keyes, but what happened at the end?

Samuel Tiberius Turner II:

What happened, are you serious? Did you not watch that prick grab my foot as I was running to the ring to make the ten count? He's scared of being defeated by my hands.

[He looks at his open hands and slowly form them into fists.]

Lance Warner:

He was just doing what he thought needed to be done at that moment in time, wouldn't you do the same thing?

Samuel Tiberius Turner II:

No, I would've decapitated that ginger freak with a Lariato straight back to the clocktower his ass came from. I'd teach him that if he gets a tattoo, it should be better than gears from his daddy Big Ben's guts.

[Samuel shakes his head in disgust.]

Lance Warner:

What's the deal with tattoos?

Samuel Tiberius Turner II:

They should be tasteful and meaningful not just some connecting gears that look stupid. He's just a joke that will never amount to a damn thing here in DEFIANCE. He should join one of those sideshow attractions and be yet another fucking moron living in a tent full of shit.

Lance Warner:

Samuel you seem very heated when it comes to Henry Keyes, and I was wondering in your anger if you realized you called him a ginger freak?

[The dumbfounded look on Samuel's face is reminiscent of his years as the loveable good ole boy.]

Samuel Tiberius Turner II:

I'll call him whatever I want, and just so you know, I'm strawberry blonde, he's bright fucking glow in the dark red.

[He looks at Lance and grabs the microphone from his hands.]

I'll do my own interview from here.

[His facial expression changed to very serious.]

Henry Keyes, you don't deserve to be in the Southern Heritage division, you disrespect all of the hard working wrestlers like myself just by being mentioned. You are the lowly slug that gets smashed when people walk the yards at night all ways leaving your slimy trails behind.

[Pause.]

Keyes, you are a stupid motherfucking dick licker, I don't know who you think you are to approach me like I'm some

newbie little bitch. I'm the one people pay to watch in the ring. It's a shame that you aren't Jewish 'cause I'd be the one man holocaust to you and send you to a concentration camp to die for being so stupid.

[He gets his face close to the camera.]

I'm the "Blue Eyed fucking Devil" Samuel Tiberius Turn...

[Just then Henry Keyes comes up behind Lance Warner and BELL CLAPS him! The whip-crack sound startles Samuel and the crowd erupts. Samuel turns right into the face of Henry, who wears a manic grin.]

Henry Keyes:

You want to say that last part one more time, Samuel? Face to face? Man to man?

[Samuel collects himself and responds with an immediate haymaker to Keyes's face! Immediately, both Samuel and Henry throw hard right hands into each other's head region with very little style or grace - just a simple desire to draw blood.]

DDK:

Things are about to get out of hand here!

Angus:

GOOD! That numbnuts Lance Warner already got one Bell Clap, let's see another! GO FOR THE BRAIN YOU GINGER BASTARD!

[Turner lifts Keyes in the air and slams him to the floor, completely off the interview stage and dangerously close to a nearby stairwell. Turner climbs on top of the Airship Pirate and throws a huge series of clubbing blows to a resounding BOOOOOO, before Keyes rolls Turner over and throws haymakers of his own to a resounding YAYYYYYYY. Two DEF refs have made their way out of the back. One checks on Lance Warner, one attempts to break up the fight.]

DDK:

This is getting...well, we can't really say just yet, these men are CLAWING at each other and it's clear the double count-out isn't sitting well with either man! Thank goodness someone is checking on Lance, that was uncalled for by Henr-

Angus:

"Uncalled for", mehhhh, I'm Darren Keebler, mehhhhh! You're such a goddamn pussy sometimes, you know that? HOSSFIGHT 2015 is upon us, and you can't appreciate it for what it is! YOU GOTTA CRACK A FEW EGGS, KEEBS! OMELETTES are happening! Appreciate it for what it is!

DDK:

Hoss fight or not, I'm worried here - referee Benny Doyle is doing his best to break this up, but I don't think either competitor is willing to give an inch here...

[Keyes pushes past Benny Doyle and connects with a stiff elbow shot to the mush! Turner regains his balance and straight up LEVELS Keyes with a Big Boot! More mutually thrown punches on the cold hard concrete behind the interview station in the DEFarena. The nearby microphones pick up bits and pieces of the verbal spat along the way.]

Samuel Tiberius Turner II:

YOU'LL NEVER BE GOOD ENOUGH!

Henry Keyes:

RAAAAAAAH!

[Keyes runs his shoulder into Turner's gut and drives him straight into the table that controls all of the DEFIANCE pyro!]

DDK:

WILL SOMEONE GET THESE GUYS OUTTA HERE??

Angus:

The hell are you talking about? HOSS FIGHT 2015, YOU IDIOT! It's just getting interesting!!

[Keyes motions to the nearby crowd, and they give a rousing response. He leaps on top of Turner and begins to throw more right hands - by now, three more DEF refs have come out of the back and are doing their best to verbally coax the brawl to an end - though no one is ballsy enough to step in between these two grapplers. Turner rolls over and begins to dominate the action. Keyes covers up, though he looks to be taking the worst of these strikes.]

Angus:

One Bell Clap was great - MAKE ANOTHER ONE HAPPEN, you steamfuck!

DDK:

Both men are on their feet now, and - WAIT A MINUTE!

[Keyes and Turner continue to exchange crazy blows to the head. Turner lets out a guttural yell as Keyes charges - and Turner hits a Belly-To-Belly Suplex, STRAIGHT INTO THE PYRO TABLE!!]

HO-LEE SHIT! HO-LEE SHIT! HO-LEE SHIT!

[Dozens of literal sparks fly, both men are decimated and prone. A wild fury of electrical flares shoot dangerously close to the competitors as they both cover up. By now, every single DEFIANCE referee has poured out to break this up. The pair of brawlers each show a ravenous and hate-filled look in their eyes as they're scraped off the ground and pulled away. The crowd is DYING for more.]

Henry Keyes:

WE'RE NOT DONE HERE, TURNER! NOT BY A LONG SHOT!

Samuel Tiberius Turner II:

YOU PIECE OF SHIT! REMATCH, AFTERSHOCK, NO FUCKING DISQUALIFICATION!

[Boos from their separation turn into cheers when Turner's taunt catches a nearby microphone and echoes throughout the arena.]

Henry Keyes:

YOU'RE ON! AND FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE!

Samuel Tiberius Turner II:

YOU'RE FUCKING DEAD, DO YOU HEAR ME?? DEAD, YOU BITCH!

DDK:

Whoa, did you hear that, Angus?? This ain't done! They're bringing this hot hot heat to AFTERSHOCK!

Angus:

JAYSUS am I ready for Aftershock - SO MUCH VIOLENCE! One of these gorram hosses is going to crank this shit to 11, which coincidentally, is an accurate measurement. For me.

DDK:

...

Angus:

It's inches, Keebs.

DDK:

...that seems unnecessary.

Angus:

Speak for yourself. Dickless.

DDK:

...equally unnecessary. Somehow and somehow, the top-notch crew here at DEFIANCE has found a way to separate these blood-crazed brawlers - I know I'm not alone in wondering where this goes next!

I'm being told that there is breaking news elsewhere in the DEFArena - let's go there now!

On the Second Day...

[At first, there is silence. Then, there is tapping on what it appears to be a microphone.]

Tap. Tap. Tap

[The fans look towards the top of the stage and see a man appear from the back. Jeers immediately start as they see the man to be none other than Malachi.]

Malachi:

Can you people here me? Can you hear the voice of your one and true savior?!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Malachi:

Oh you fools, you can boo me all you want! You can chastise me, jeer me, curse me all you want, but it does not make a damn difference! At the end of the day, you are letting your anger out on the wrong person. While you jeer me, you are secretly unable to look yourselves in the mirror and realize how much you have sinned, how you are really the root of your own anger. You hate me because I show you what you really are!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Malachi moves along the top stage, making his way down to the interview stage.]

Malachi:

That is fine, because tonight, you heathens are not my focus. You inconsiderate fools will be spared for one night and one night only. Though, I must say, just from looking at a few of you, you need to be rudely awakened from the pitiful lives you have. [pauses] Yes, I'm talking about you, you disgusting fat slob. You should be ashamed of how disgusting you are! Have you ever heard of gluttony or did you eat that too?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Malachi:

Tonight, my wrath, my Father's wrath, is reserved for one man and one man only. Masato Ishimaru. Show your face, you rat! You could have been one of my disciples and yet you stab me in the back like Judas. You castigate me because you are unable to see the truth in the mirror. You mock me because you lack faith. You insult me because you are just like every other person in this building; lost and damned to hell.

[Malachi chuckles as he walks around the stage.]

Malachi:

At AfterShock, I will make a perfect example of you Masato. You can hide in the back all you want, but that will only worsen your punishment. I will drag you out here and bring your hell to life instead of at AfterS--

[Before Malachi can finish though, the one he called out appears.]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!

[Masato then walks over to the stage and stands toe-to-toe with Malachi, though there is a considerable size difference.]

Malachi:

Well? You feckless fool. Do you accept?

[Masato's answer is not in the way of words, but more so a slap.]

CRACK!

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

[Malachi's head snaps back as he looks at Masato, who just slapped him across the face. He decks Masato in the face with such force that it should shatter a man's jaw. Masato though retaliates with a roundhouse kick that he follows up with a series of kicks. The kicks are enough to cause Malachi to stumble down the stairs!]

MASATO! MASATO! MASATO! MASATO!

[Malachi looks up at Masato, who now has the high ground. Malachi feigns that he is going to rush the stairs, but thinks twice about it. With the fans behind him jeering him, Malachi turns around and yells at them.]

DDK:

Well, it looks like we have the match set at AfterShock!

Angus:

That we do. Masato Ishimaru versus Malachi. I don't know if Masato is going to like the beating he's going to take from Malachi though. After that show? The disrespect?

DDK:

Oh Malachi deserves it from the way he come out here and puts all of us down. I think you're included in that.

Angus:

Nope, nope. I'm repenting as we speak.

DDK:

You got a two dollar hooker last night!

Angus:

Well, I started repenting now. Like three minutes ago.

DDK:

Well folks, now it is time for our first of three title matches tonight as the Southern Heritage Championship is going to be on the line.

Angus:

OOH! I can't wait!

SOUTHERN HERITAGE TITLE: Frank Holiday (c) vs. Aleczander

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following match is set for one fall... and is for the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP!!!

[“Does It Offend You Yeah?” by We Are Rockstars blasts over the P.A. The crowd jeers madly as the muscleman for Team HOSS makes his way out on the ramp. Junior Keeling is at his side, patting the big man on the back as the British Faux-hawk sporting Aleczander flexes his muscles at the top of the stage.]

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Manchester, England, being accompanied to the ring by Junior Keeling, he represents Team HOSS... weighing 268 pounds... ALEczANDER THE GREAT!

[The Mancunian Muscle stomps toward the ring as Junior Keeling jawjacks to the fans lining the barricade, telling them that the NEW champion is here. At ringside, Aleczander flexes his impressive muscles before jumping on the apron Brock Lesnar-style and climbing into the ring. He flexes his muscles one more time for the crowd, who promptly shower him in boos.]

Angus:

How dare these Philistines boo this man? Nay -- this GOD among men?

DDK:

Oh, I dunno, Angus... maybe it's the endless months of asshole-ish behavior and a manager who has the integrity of pond scum?

Angus:

You'd better watch your mouth, Keebs. Alecz could shove your face up your own anus.

DDK:

Eww.

Angus:

Damn right. Show some damn respect, because that magnificent mountain of muscles is going to be the next SoHer Champion!

DDK:

And speaking of the SoHer Champion...

[Cut back to good ol' DQ in the ring!]

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent hailing from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 250 pounds... Accompanied by Billy Pepper... He is the REIGNING SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION! FFFRRRRRRRRANK HOOOOOLIIIIIDAAAAAAAAY!

[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 they reach ringside, Frank breaks

into a sprint and vaults up onto the apron in one strong leap. He ducks through the ropes, and his eyes are firmly planted on Aleczander, who stands leaning nonchalantly in the corner, as Junior Keeling gives him some last-minute instructions.]

DDK:

And here comes the champ, Angus, looking as confident as ever.

Angus:

Yeah, Holiday's delusional brain is already the stuff of legend around here. Considering how miserably Lindsay Troy's patchwork team including the "Train Wreck" here and "Five Minutes Sober" David Noble utterly failed to unseat Team HOSS for the Trios Tag Titles last time out, what's he got to be confident about?

DDK:

You're right that Team HOSS retained their titles, but it wasn't a squash like you're making it out to be. That was a close call for Team HOSS!

Angus:

Yeah, keep drinking the Kool-Aid, dumbass. There was only one winning team, and Holiday was one of the losers. As he is in life in general!

[Soaking in the adulation of the crowd, Holiday goes to a neutral corner and climbs to the top. He strips off his T-shirt, revealing his impressively cut physique (this move earns him some bonus squeals from the ladies), whips it over his head like a helicopter blade, and tosses it into the crowd where reaching hands eagerly gobble it up. Then he drops down the canvas again, unclasps his belt and holds it in his hands, before entrusting it to DQ.]

DDK:

That's what it's all about, and what a boon it would be for Junior Keeling if he could add the Southern Heritage Title to his Hostile Order's list of accomplishments.

Angus:

"If"? OUR HOSS OVERLORDS don't know the meaning of the word "if"! Keeling can and will! That title's going to look mighty nice around Aleczander's waist!

DDK:

As well it could, Angus... And you have to know David Noble is watching this one closely, because in a short time he will be facing one of these men at AfterShock for the SoHer Title.

[As DQ hands off the SoHer Title belt to the timekeeper, Holiday goes to his corner and limbers up. Aleczander is smirking across the ring at him, making the motion of a belt around his waist.]

DING! DING! DING!

[At the sound of the bell, both men rush to the center of the ring, and start trading punches that instantly turn into haymakers! The ferocity of the punches don't lessen, instead they pick up more and more in terms of impact and in speed! Their fists are flying faster and faster, neither man willing to give an inch! After a moment, Aleczander gets a series of fists in on Holiday before pushing him into the ropes. he whips him across the ring looking for a backbody drop, only for Holiday to greet him with a stiff kick to the chest!]

DDK:

And Frank caught Aleczander off guard there!

Angus:

That prick is cheating. Cheating I say!

DDK:

Here, take your pills.

[With his opponent doubled over in pain, Holiday nails him with a snap suplex! Frank then rolls through it, mounting Aleczander in the process, and starts pelting him with a series of fists! The fans voice their support for Holiday as he rocks Aleczander!]

YFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

Damnit, ref! Do something!

DDK:

Well, he is telling Frank to get off of him.

Angus:

Not good enough! DQ him and strip him of his title!

DDK:

Well now you're just being silly.

[Frank gets back up to his feet and starts stomping away at Aleczander. With each shot there is a sickening thud as Holiday puts all he can behind the shot. He then bends over and picks up Aleczander, drilling him with a forearm shot to the face in the process. He then pushes Aleczander into the corner before connecting with a knife-edge chop.]

000H!

Angus:

ILLEGAL! ILLEGAL! ILLEGAL!

DDK:

Is this what I'm going to put up with for the entirety of this match?

Angus:

Pretty much.

[Holiday grabs Aleczander by the wrist and whips him across the ring, his back cracking against the turnbuckles! He stumbles out of the corner and is greeted by Holiday, who lifts him up and drops him with a back body drop. Holiday wastes no time as he bounces off the ropes and drops a leg across the throat of his opponent.]

FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK!

DDK:

And in the early moments of this title match, Holiday is taking it right to Aleczander!

Angus:

This will only be a momentary thing. I promise you that much. Holiday clearly took steroids.

DDK:

What?! That is ludicrous!

Angus:

Oh, is it? Is it?!

[Holiday meanwhile walks over to the nearby corner and climbs to the top rope. He waits there, perched on the top rope like a hawk, while watching Alecander climb to his feet. As Alecander turns towards Holiday, Frank launches

himself at Aleczander. He goes for a flying clothesline, but Aleczander stops that with a stiff punch to the abdomen of his opponent! Aleczander then lifts Holiday up and connects with a gutbuster on him!]

Angus:

That's what I'm talking about! You my, blue, you my boy!

DDK:

Glad you are quoting movies from like fourteen years ago.

Angus:

That movie is that old?! I just saw it for the first time yesterday.

DDK:

Well, Frank needs to do something fast to slow down Aleczander's pace or else he will be on the receiving end of a lot more high-impact moves like that.

[Slowly, Holiday gets up to his feet, clutching his ribs in the process. Aleczander moves in on Holiday, wrapping his arms around his torso, and connects with an overhead belly-to-belly suplex! Frank lands hard, grabbing his back in pain from the move. Aleczander rushes over to Holiday and starts clobbering him with a flurry of fists, determined to keep his opponent down.]

Angus:

IT'S CLOBBERIN' TIME!

DDK:

You're not going to turn green, are you?

Angus:

YOU NO LIKE ME WHEN I AM ANGRY!

DDK:

Okay, this is no longer amusing.

[After Aleczander stops pelting Holiday like a two-dollar hooker who owes him money, Frank grabs onto the ropes to help him get up to his feet. Frank turns towards Aleczander and is greeted with a giant boot to the face for his troubles. Holiday crashes to the mat, clutching his face now. Slowly, he sits up, only for Aleczander to bounce off the ropes and connect with a dropkick to the seated champion.]

DDK:

And Aleczander is systematically dissecting Holiday here.

Angus:

His tutelage under Junior Keeling has treated him quite well. Even right now, Keeling is directing him. Junior can sense another title coming under his control.

DDK:

It will definitely be a feather in his cap if he can get another title under his control.

Angus:

Go ahead and say it. He will be the greatest EVER!

DDK:

Yeah... no.

[Aleczander rips Frank off the mat, pushes him into the ropes, and whips him across the ring. He then goes for a back

elbow, but Frank ducks underneath it. Holiday bounces off the ropes again and as Aleczander turns around, he is met with a flying clothesline from the champion!]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And the Wrestle-Plex comes alive after that shot!

Angus:

Morons. The lot of them. That clothesline was NOTHING! Nothing I say!

DDK:

You are going to burst a coronary over there.

Angus:

I'm going to bust a cap in your ass-- sorry, been spending too much time hanging out with MAHBOITAI!

DDK:

Clearly.

[Holiday is quick to his feet while Aleczander takes a bit longer. As Aleczander rises, he is met with a swift kick to the midsection from Holiday. Holiday grabs Aleczander, lifts him up, and connects with a fallaway slam! On the outside of the ring, Pepper continues to guide Holiday while Keeling is yelling at Aleczander to get back into this match!]

DDK:

You know in the back, David Noble is watching this match intently. He thought he was poised for a match at AfterShock against Holiday, but that might change here tonight.

Angus:

Might? MIGHT?! No, it will. Noble is going to go up against Alecander and lose and we will all forget he existed. He'll be the homeless drunk in the back.

DDK:

He's going to replace Larry?!

Angus:

No, no one will replace Larry.

[Frank bounces off the ropes with Aleczander still down on the mat and goes for an elbow to the sternum, but Aleczander rolls out of the way! With Holiday grabbing at his elbow, Aleczander gets back up to his feet. He positions himself behind a rising Holiday and connects with a bridging German Suplex as the referee slides in for the count.]

1...

2...

```
3--N0000000000000000000000000000000000!
```

Angus:

WHAT?! COUNT FASTER YOU FOOL!

DDK:

Holiday just managed to roll out from that.

Angus:

We should have a new Southern Heritage Champion! This is bullshit!

DDK:

Seriously. Prozac. Now.

[Frank struggles to get to his feet and as he is on his knees, he is met with a running knee to the jaw from Aleczander! Holiday crumbles as Aleczander reaches and yanks him up off the mat. He then hoists Holiday onto his shoulders only for Frank to slip behind him and club him in the back of the neck! With Aleczander stunned, Frank connects with a neckbreaker that leaves both men on the mat.]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

What the--?? GRRRRRR!

DDK:

Down, dog. You have to wonder what is going through David's mind right now as he watches these two battle it out.

Angus:

He's thinking "Shit, how do I get myself out of this?"

DDK:

I highly doubt that at all.

[With the match decidedly even, it takes a few moments for Frank to get moving, but once he does he is on top of Aleczander introducing his fists to his face. He stands and brings Aleczander with him before connecting with a few clubbing forearms to Aleczander's chest. Before Aleczander knows what is happening, Holiday has connected with an inverted suplex on his opponent!]

Billy Pepper:

Atta, boy. That's the way to do it!

Junior Keeling:

Get up! Kill him! Maim him!

DDK:

And Holiday trying to pick up some momentum here.

Angus:

Alec needs to listen to Keeling right now. He is offering sage advice!

DDK:

Kill him and maim him is sage advice?

Angus:

Don't judge me.

[Alec zander struggles back to his feet and as he does so, Holiday bounces off the ropes and goes for a boot the side of the jaw, but Alec zander surprises him as he lifts him up off the ground and connects with a sitout powerbomb!]

Angus:

That's a wrap. Match is over.

DDK:

Aleczaider has ensured throughout this match that Holiday doesn't get much momentum going and it has worked out.

well for him.

Angus:

Address him like the champion he is. And I don't mean World Trios Champion.

DDK:

He hasn't won yet, Angus.

Angus:

I don't get your point.

[With Holiday in a world of pain and Keeling cheering on the Mancunian Muscle, Aleczander struts around the ring rather proud of himself. He can feel that victory is in his grasp and he would vault himself to being the best within Team HOSS due to him holding two titles. Aleczander then bounces off the ropes and drops a knee across the face of Holiday! Frank grabs his face in pain as Aleczander makes his way over to the closest turnbuckle. He hops onto the second turnbuckle and connects with an elbow drop to the chest of Holiday.]

DDK:

And Frank is being dissected effortlessly by Aleczander here!

Angus:

I'm pretty positive that David is sitting back there, wondering how he can get out of this match with Aleczander.

DDK:

Aleczander hasn't won yet!

Angus:

I know. I'm as sad as you are about that. Time for things to change.

[Aleczander then goes for the cover.]

1...

2...

3--NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[With another nearfall, Aleczander looks up at the referee in disbelief. The referee confirms it was only a two count and Aleczander decides to mount Frank, blasting him in the face with a series of forearms. It takes a few moments before Holiday manages to push Aleczander off of him, but by then, the damage is already done.]

Angus:

Oh this is the greatest moment of the night right here. I don't care about anything else! Dusty could win and it would not rain on this moment!

DDK:

While Angus keeps thinking Aleczander has already won the match, Holiday still remains the champion.

Angus:

Don't listen to Keebs! He is delusional!

[Aleczander pulls Frank off the mat and whips him into the corner! Holiday hits back-first with a crash and hangs there with his arms over the top rope as Aleczander runs full speed at him and connects with a running knee in the corner! As Holiday stumbles out of the corner, Aleczander lifts him up and connects with the Muscleplex! He then goes for the cover.]

1...

2...

3--N000000000000000000000000000000!

YFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And Holiday refuses to go down!

Angus:

Listen, I think we need a rule change. A two count is good enough. Just for this match though. And any other match I deem necessary.

DDK:

Yeah, no.

[Frustration starts to set in on Aleczander as he mounts Frank again and starts drilling him with some pretty hard shots to the face. Holiday tries to fight his way out of it, but Aleczander is having none of that. The referee yells at Aleczander to break it off and this causes Aleczander to get up, yelling at the referee! Keeling then gets up on the apron and yells at the referee as well! With the referee's attention distracted, Aleczander returns his sights on Holiday. He drops onto his knees and starts to choke him.]

B000!

DDK:

Are you kidding me?!

Angus:

I know! How dare the referee yell at Aleczonder?! Thank Keeling that Junior Keeling is here to handle business.

DDK:

No, not th-- wait, did you just replace God's name with that of Keeling's?

Angus:

You're damn straight.

DDK:

Oh Jesus.

Angus:

I think you mean Oh Cappy.

[As the referee remains distracted by Keeling, Aleczander then drops his knee repeatedly across the throat of Holiday! Billy rushes over and yells at Keeling and the ref!]

B000!

[Keeling gets off the apron, yelling at Billy to stay out of his business. Meanwhile the referee turns around and sees Aleczander lifting Holiday off the mat. Aleczander then picks up Frank and connects with a backbreaker! Aleczander lifts him again and cracks Holiday's back across his knee. As he lifts Holiday up one more time and nails him with a final backbreaker, Keeling hops onto the ring apron again. Aleczander discards Holiday as he walks over to a nearby corner and rips the padding off the top turnbuckle!]

DDK:

What?! Why is he doing that?!

Angus:

Just redecorating.

DDK:

What?! Do you listen to the idiotic things that come out of your mouth?

Angus:

You just can't recognize genius. That explains it all, actually.

[With the referee distracted, Aleczander decides it's time to put an end to Holiday. With the exposed turnbuckle, Aleczander returns to Holiday who isn't moving all that much. Billy rushes over to the referee, trying his best to get him to pay attention to what's happening in the match to little success. Aleczander then drags Holiday over to the corner and goes to smash his head against it, but Frank manages to block it! Holiday then grabs the back of Aleczander's head and bashes it into the exposed steel! This causes Keeling to jump off the apron, in horror.]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

WHAT?! REF, PAY ATTENTION! DQ HOLIDAY!

DDK:

Okay, you're making a fool out of yourself now.

Angus:

Just now? Keebs, I've been doing that for years.

DDK:

So my therapist reminds me.

[Holiday grabs Aleczander and pulls him away from the corner. He drills Aleczander in the face with a fist before whipping him into the ropes and drilling him with a spear! While Aleczander's body is broken in two, Frank capitalizes on this and starts pelting away at Aleczander with a flurry of forearms, laying waste to Aleczander in the process. Frank gets back up to his feet and continues the assault with a series of stomps to the face of his opponent!]

Angus:

This is nonsense! A farce!

DDK:

Sit down and shut up.

[Holiday yanks Aleczander off the mat and drills him with an elbow to the throat, then applies a front facelock, lifts him up high in the air before bringing him down with a jackhammer!]

DDK:

And just like that, the momentum in this match has shifted back.

Angus:

Lean to the right!

DDK:

What the hell are you doing?

Angus:

Shifting the momentum back!

[Aleczaider does his best to get to his feet using the ropes, but Holiday puts a quick end to that with a stiff stomp to the back of skull. Frank then lifts Aleczaider off the mat and pushes him into the nearby corner. He then knees him in the midsection, doubling over his foe. Frank exits the ring and climbs onto the top turnbuckle before bringing Aleczaider down to the mat with a bulldog from the top rope! Holiday then goes for the cover.]

1...

2. --

B00!

DDK:

What the?! Keeling is distracting the referee again!

Angus:

Clearly, he's just trying to give him some pointers. That's pretty gentlemanly of him.

DDK:

Well, it looks like Holiday doesn't agree with you!

Angus:

Frank! FRANK! Don't do it!

[Frank walks over to Keeling and grabs him by his flashy jacket. He points his finger at him as the fans cheer him on, to deck him, to chokeslam him or something. As he pulls his arm back to do just that, he is interrupted by Aleczander who grabs the cocked arm of Holiday. He spins Frank around and connects with a forearm shot and then another. Keeling jumps off the apron as he walks around the ring, not happy about Holiday putting his hands on him while Pepper keeps an eye on him. Aleczander then whips Frank into the ropes, lifts him up for a Gorilla Press Slam and then connects with the BPI!]

Angus:

WHOO! New champ in the flesh! Yeah!

DDK:

And Aleczander goes for the cover!

1. ...

2...

3-- N000000000000000000000000000000000000!

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

No. No. No. No.

DDK:

And Frank manages to kick out at the last possible second again.

[Aleczander gets up to his feet and paces around the ring, not happy about this in the least bit. He paces around the ring, his hands on hips, and anger etched upon his face. He walks over to Frank and punts him in the ribs before

yanking him off the mat. He pushes Frank **HARD** into the corner before blasting away at him with a series of punches. The referee starts to count, but it is very clear that Aleczander could care less at this point. He just keeps hammering at Holiday until the referee pulls him off of Holiday!]

DDK:

Aleczaender needs to be careful or he will get himself disqualified!

Angus:

For what?! This ref is worse than any NFL ref I have ever seen!

DDK:

He was given an order and didn't comply.

Angus:

Oh great. So congrats AlecZander for not following orders, much like those who didn't support the Nazis all those years ago!

[Aleczauder roars at the referee as he points his finger at him, threatening him. Meanwhile, on the outside Keeling is grabbing a chair from ringside. He's about to slide it into the ring when Billy Pepper tackles him and starts pelting him with shots! Aleczauder turns back toward Holiday, who blasts him in the face with a running boot!]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Holiday then looks over at ringside, where Billy now has the chair and is chasing Keeling around the ring with it. Frank walks over, looking on amused.]

Angus:

Don't you DARE hurt Keeling! He is our Lord and Savior!

DDK:

Pepper is going to crack that chair over his skull if he gets the chance to do so.

[As Holiday turns around, Aleczander rushes at Frank to nail him with the Shot at Love Shoulder Tackle! Somehow, someway, Frank manages to sidestep him though and Aleczander runs into the ropes! As he rebounds, he goes into the waiting arms of Holiday, who hoists him up onto his shoulders and connects with the Train Wreck!]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEFAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Train Wreck! It's all over!

Angus:

No, this can't be happening. Someone call my bookie!

DDK:

What?

Angus:

I didn't say anything.

[Meanwhile, Frank covers Aleczander and the fans count along.]

1...

2...

3!

DING! DING! DING!

Darren Quimbley:

Your winner... and STILL! SOUTHERN! HERITAGE! CHAMPION! **FRAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!**

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOLIIIIIIIIIDAAAAAAAAAAAY!

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK!

[As Holiday is handed the championship, Pepper enters the ring and hoists the hand of his man high into the air. The adulation from the fans is all Frank needs as he walks around the ring, celebrating his victory. Aleczander has rolled to his corner and sits propped up against the bottom rope, glaring at Holiday. When Frank notices him, he stops, grins, and taunts him playfully with a devil's-horn sign that makes Alecz go red in the face with anger.]

DDK:

A victory tonight for Frank!

Angus:

Great, just great.

DDK:

These men have had a long history, and I guess you can call this redemption for Holiday after the loss at DEFTV #46. Meanwhile, as quickly as this match ends, his mind has to shift gears towards David Noble. That is going to be a barnburner for real.

Angus:

If Aleczander couldn't get it done, what makes you think Noble can do it?

[As the camera focuses on Holiday, he knows that Noble is a bigger threat than Aleczander ever was. He stands on the middle turnbuckle, celebrating, but he knows that the war is still coming up on the horizon and he has to be ready for it.]

Live from the Pleasure Dome

[Cut to: the Skybox above the DEF Wrestle-Plex, at the office of one Ms. Kelly Evans, where Kelly is sitting at her desk, looking at a slightly tipsy Eddie Dante, who is brandishing a cocktail glass and smirking.]

Eddie Dante:

I gotta hand it to ya, Kelly, the design of this place is so garish it would make Liberace blanch, but you got a hell of a staff manning the place... this... this is probably the best Manhattan I've had since I came to New Orleans...

[Kelly, for her part, looks slightly amused at Dante's rose-red face as he purses and smacks his lips before continuing.]

Eddie Dante:

So... to what do I owe the pleasure of being summoned to this Colonel Kurtz Pleasure Dome?

Kelly Evans:

Eddie, you might not think it, but since I took the reins here in DEFIANCE, I've been watching you and Fatboy storming backstage and taking people down, trying to get a shot at gold here in the company.

[Eddie perks up and nods.]

Eddie Dante:

Oh, you have! So, what did you think of the way he ran through Tony Davis like a Kleenex?

[Kelly chuckles a little, but is clearly in no mood for Dante's schmoozing.]

Kelly Evans:

Here's the deal. The titles are spoken for for the time being, but Aftershock is coming up soon. And after that, you can sic your God-Beast on the Southern Heritage title. He'll get first crack at whoever leaves with that title. Sounds good!

[Eddie just sinks his head a little, then raises it upward, laughing.]

Eddie Dante:

Just splendid! And since we're representing DEFIANCE in that BattleMania event and hunting after Eugene Dewey, maybe once we eliminate him from that, we can stake a claim for the FIST!

[Kelly nods, as if she's trying to get Eddie the hell out of here.]

Kelly Evans:

Yeah, maybe. But until then, the SoHer title's waiting for you, so go get it! Bye now!

Eddie Dante:

Yes... I suppose you're right. Well, I need to leave... sober up and address the DEFIAfans about this latest development, eh? Well, then, Ms. Evans, til next time!

[Eddie doesn't rise to his feet, he SPRINGS, before sauntering out of the office with a cane in one hand and that glass in the other. Kelly can only shake her head as she hears a familiar voice calling out...]

Eddie Dante: (off-screen)

Yes, Julius? One for the road, if you please!

David Noble vs. Mary-Lynn Mayweather

Darren Quimbley:

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

[“Happy Go Sucky Fuck” by Die Antwood plays! And now you get the whole shi-bop. Strobe Lights. Colored ramp way. An epileptic inducing DEFiatron of inter-spliced blue VIAGRA pills along side the words “Take the Blue Pill.” Cue: Mary-Lynn Mayweather. Wearing her usual fire-red wrestling attire, she races down the ramp and slides in under the bottom rope, ready for her match.]

DDK:

And it definitely looks like Mary-Lynn is ready to do battle.

Angus:

Oh yes she does.

DDK:

Put your eyes back in your head!

Darren Quimbley:

Weighing in at 128lb and standing 5’2”, one third of Team VIAGRA... **MARY! LYNN! MAYWEATHER!** And her opponent...

[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, accompanied by Mary-Lynn Mayweather.]

♪ 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 Quimbley:

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

[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 ♪

[Noble then slides in under the bottom rope and jumps up and down, the energy coursing through his body.]

DDK:

And as David lays his eyes upon Mary-Lynn, he does not appear too pleased. After their conversation earlier tonight, you got the feeling that David was not a fan of this match.

Angus:

He doesn't want to fight his woman. At least in public. Then lawyers get involved. He's a smart man.

DDK:

And you're an idiot.

[David goes to the corner opposite from Mary-Lynn and leans against it, looking at his opponent for the evening. There is clearly a look on Noble's face that he is not happy with this at all, but doesn't have a choice. Mary-Lynn smiles at him as she stretches out. Carla then signals for the bell.]

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

And we are off as these two... friends... are about to do battle.

Angus:

Do battle? This isn't a war. Still, there is definitely an awkwardness here between these two. As David mentioned earlier, he really doesn't want to wrestle her. Because something about women shouldn't wrestle.

DDK:

I don't think that's what he said at all. It clearly has to do with the feelings he has for her.

Angus:

Yeah, what I said.

[As both competitors meet in the center of the ring, Mary-Lynn looks at David and can see how cautious he is, how he does not want to tangle with her.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Come on, Dave. You're not going to hurt me.

[David though just looks at her, not really in a wrestling position. Mary-Lynn just sighs, cocks back her right hand, and **slaps** David as **HARD** as she can! The shot rocks David as his head snaps back.]

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

Angus:

So, David likes it rough. I'm not surprised.

DDK:

That shot from Mary-Lynn was intense. I think she's hoping to shake David up a little bit.

[Noble looks back at Mary-Lynn, not happy with that slap. Mary-Lynn shrugs her shoulders, gives him a cute look, and before she knows it, they are in a collar-and-elbow tie-up. David, using his size advantage, puts her into a side headlock. Mary-Lynn though manages to squirm out of it and puts Noble into an arm wrench. A grimace appears on David's face as his strength allows him to power through it and reverses it into an arm wrench of her own. Mary-Lynn slaps her shoulder from the pain and then does a backflip into a leg sweep to take Noble down!]

Angus:

Well, we know who wears the pants in this relationship!

DDK:

Mary-Lynn is showing she's not fragile, trying to get Noble worked up to the point of actually competing in this match.

Angus:

Nope. Women are just fragile.

DDK:

And this is why you're an idiot.

[The redhead looks down at David as he sits up and looks at her. There is a smile on her face as she beckons him to

get back up and actually wrestle her. David just sighs as he gets back up to his feet. Mary-Lynn comes at him and swings her fist at him, but he blocks it. She throws another one at him, but he blocks that one as well. She keeps going at him, but all he does is keep blocking her without any form of retaliation. Mary-Lynn takes a few steps back and now her anger is starting to show.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Are you kidding me?! FIGHT ME!

[David goes to open his mouth, but the words never quite get out as Mary-Lynn nails him with a back kick to the abdomen that knocks the wind out of him. She then spins around and connects with a sidekick to his ribs before nailing another back kick to the abdomen. With Noble doubled over, she slams her left knee into this face, sending Noble back to the mat once again.]

DDK:

Alright, well if David isn't careful, he is going to lose his go-home match before his big title shot. Which is the EXACT opposite of what he wanted!

Angus:

Yeah, he needs to stop caring about whether or not he will hurt her and just beat her up already. Not that I advocated domestic violence.

DDK:

It sure sounded like you did for a minute there.

[David rolls back onto his knees and looks at Mary-Lynn. He slowly gets to his feet while looking at her.]

David Noble:

Okay then, let's do this.

[She then comes at him and goes for a punch, but Noble manages to duck underneath her. He slides behind her, wraps his arms around her waist, and goes for a German Suplex. Mary-Lynn though is able to use her athleticism to land on her feet! David turns around and is almost met with a roundhouse kick to the jaw, but he is able to duck it! He then grabs her other leg and slams her to the mat! Mary-Lynn rolls back to her feet in a hurry, but David is right there and connects with a side belly-to-belly suplex!]

DDK:

And finally some offense there from Noble!

Angus:

The thing about Mary-Lynn is she is feisty and athletic. She might not be the same as Frank Holiday, which thank God that is the case, but he is going to have to work in this match.

DDK:

Look at you, actually giving out some advice.

Angus:

Listen, stop trying to make my heart grow. It's still three sizes too small.

[Mary-Lynn scrambles to her feet, but David is on top of her and pushes her into the corner. He then whips her across the ring and she cracks her back hard against the turnbuckles. She stumbles out of the corner and Noble comes after her only for Mary-Lynn to come flying at him with a flying forearm! Noble slowly gets up to his feet only to be met with a roundhouse kick for his efforts. With Noble on the mat, Mary-Lynn hops onto the turnbuckle and goes for a Frog Splash, only to hit the mat as Noble rolls out of the way.]

Angus:

Nobody home!

DDK:

And Mary-Lynn landed hard there!

Angus:

I heard that she tried that move before on Dav--

DDK:

Nope. No you didn't. Don't even.

[David looks over at MLM, who is writhing in pain, and walks over to check on her. It is still clear that David doesn't want to do this match with her, to put her in pain. He kneels next to her and checks on her as she gets to her knees, clutching her ribs. She seems to be okay, but as she looks at David, she shakes her head before rocking him with another **SLAP** across the face.]

DDK:

Well, damn. Mary-Lynn is showing her anger right about now.

Angus:

No kidding. I haven't seen that many slaps since I watched How I Met Your Mother.

DDK:

Yeah. I miss that show.

[That slap pushes David a bit too far as he turns back to Mary-Lynn, puts her into a front face lock, and then hoists her into the air. He holds her there, the fans watching on with a mixture of amusement and surprise before he drops her with a brainbuster. He then goes for the cover.]

1...

2...--NOOOOO!

Angus:

You know, it's normally the guy's blood that rushes to a certain part of his body when a girl is around--

DDK:

Noble with only a two count there! And he rolls away from Mary-Lynn, a look of frustration on his face.

Angus:

First, you cut me off. Second, that's probably not the first time he's done that.

DDK:

I cut you off because you're rid--

Angus:

Don't like it when it happens to you, do you?

[David gets up to his feet and walks over to Mary-Lynn before connecting with a standing moonsault on her! He gets right back up and then connects with a standing Shooting Star Press before going for the cover and hooking the leg!]

1...

2...

3--NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

And another close fall there! Noble is pushing aside his personal feelings and taking it right at Mary-Lynn.

Angus:

As he should have been doing this entire time. Made no sense to take it easy on her. Show her who the man is!

DDK:

This is all about restoring his confidence. He needs to get this victory, convincingly, to move forward and be ready for Holiday. To know he can beat him and take the title.

Angus:

Listen, I'm all for that. But no one match is going to do that for you. You have to go out there and trust in yourself. If he can't do that, then he doesn't deserve that title.

[With Noble on his knees, he looks at Mary-Lynn and is still conflicted. He sighs as he gets back up to his feet and brings Mary-Lynn up with him. Then, he connects with a Bridging Northern Lights Suplex!]

1...

2...

3--NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Oh come on! Put her down already!

DDK:

Noble knows this feeling all too well. He's been called resilient a few times, including by both of us. Mary-Lynn is no different.

Angus:

Ugh, I hate when you are right about stuff.

[Noble gets back up to his feet and grabs Mary-Lynn with him. As he gets her back up to her feet, she drills him with an elbow to the face. This gives her enough space to step back and connect with a superkick to the jaw. As he collapses to the ground, Mary-Lynn takes a moment to get her bearings back before walking over and bending over to grab David. As she does though, he pulls her in and puts her into a triangle choke!]

Angus:

Noble was playing possum or something there! This might be it!

DDK:

Mary-Lynn does not have the strength to simply fight out of this. She will need to think quick.

[Noble cinches in the hold even tighter as Mary-Lynn flails away. She tries her best to fight out of it. As her body starts to slow down, the look of despair appears on David's face as he can see the life draining out of her. After a few more moments, her arms go limp, and pure sadness is etched into his face.]

David Noble:

[yelling] Check on her! End this match!

[Carla walks over to the Mary-Lynn and checks on her. He then lifts her right arm and lets go, watching it fall in the process.]

1!

DDK:

And this looks like the end of the road for Mary-Lynn.

Angus:

That it does. David will probably be happy.

[He does it again and watches as the arm falls once again.]

2!

[Then, he lifts her arm one more time, and it starts to fall, but before it hits the bottom, she comes to life!]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Resilient, she is!

Angus:

Yoda, you are not!

[With Mary-Lynn doing her best to get out, David shakes his head.]

David Noble:

Mary-Lynn, stop! Just stop!

[She doesn't listen to him though as she slams her fist repeatedly into his rib cage, loosening the hold just enough for her to twist her body and get into the ropes. This causes Carla to call for a break immediately and Noble complies within seconds. He rolls away from her and gets to his knees, looking at her as she grabs her throat from the pain. As he looks at her, it is clear he just wants this to be over with. He climbs to his feet and walks over to Mary-Lynn. He pulls her up to her feet and is met with an European Uppercut for this troubles! MLM follows that up with a stiff forearm shot to the face. With the separation, Mary-Lynn manages to connect with a running Yakuza kick!]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

M-Kicked! David might be done!

Angus:

That would be pathetic.

[MLM then goes for the cover.]

1...

2...

```
3-- N00000000000000000000000000000000!
```

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And the fans showing their support for these two fan favorites!

Angus:

Yeah, well, one of these two fan favorites just kicked the other one in the face!

[Sure enough, Mary-Lynn just kicked David across the face, leaving Noble in pain.]

DDK:

Well, clearly, she has no problems with beating him up.

Angus:

I always look for that in a woman.

[MLM then climbs up to the top rope and connects with a Swanton Bomb on Noble! She goes for the cover once again.]

1. ...

2...

3-- NOO!

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And now Mary-Lynn is getting a taste for what David went through just a few moments ago!

Angus:

Joy. to. the. World.

[Mary-Lynn gets up to her feet before drilling her left knee across the face of Noble. She then bounces off the ropes, springboards off the second rope, and connects with a moonsault! She then hooks the leg for the cover.]

1...

2...

```
3-- N0000000000000000000000000000000000000000!
```

DAVE! DAVE! DAVE! DAVE! DAVE!

DDK:

And you can see the frustration across Mary-Lynn's face as she can't get David to stay down.

Angus:

Wasn't this match designed to help boost David's confidence? Seems like now she just wants to beat him up. Get some frustration out.

[MLM then pulls Noble up off the mat and whips him into the ropes. She goes for a clothesline, but David manages to duck it. As Mary-Lynn turns around, she is met with a flying crossbody from David!]

DDK:

And Noble isn't down for the count yet!

Angus:

I've seen this show before.

[Both competitors scramble to their feet with Noble rushing at MLM only to be met with a high leg clothesline! Noble sits up, clutching his throat, while Mary-Lynn bounces off the ropes and connects with a dropkick to the back of Noble's head! Noble rolls over to this knees while Mary-Lynn moves to the ring apron. With Noble clutching the back of his head, Mary-Lynn springboards off the top rope and connects with a leg drop across the back of David's head! She then flips him over and goes for the cover!]

1...

2...

3--Nooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

Okay, come on now. We do have other things to do with our lives.

DDK:

Well, these two are laying it all on the line.

Angus:

See, this is why we shouldn't let lovers fight.

[David rolls onto his knees again as MLM comes over to him. Out of nowhere, David explodes onto his feet and places Mary-Lynn on shoulders. With her in a fireman's carry, he nails her with a Samoan Drop! Noble gets back onto his feet, bringing Mary-Lynn with him, and connects with the Saito Suplex! He then goes for the cover as well!]

1.

2...

3--Nooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Another near fall! Both of these athletes refuse to go down!

Angus:

If Noble is having this much trouble with Mary-Lynn, he is not going to be able to capture the Southern Heritage Championship at AfterShock. Nope. Not happening at all.

DDK:

He's beaten Frank Holiday before. He can do it again.

[Noble helps MLM up to her feet, the frustration showing on his face. Mary-Lynn then drills him in the throat with an elbow! With David off guard, she connects with the Final Verdict. She flips him over and goes for the cover once again.]

1.

2...

3--N00!

NO-BLE! NO-BLE! NO-BLE! NO-BLE! NO-BLE!

Angus:

David is like a cockroach! He can't be broken!

DDK:

Mary-Lynn is learning that first hand.

[Mary-Lynn gets back up to her feet, clearly upset that David won't stay down. She walks over to him and tries to lift him up off the mat. but he reverses it and puts her into a small package.]

1.

2...

31

DING! DING! DING!

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And Noble has done it! He's got the victory!

Angus:

Well, he's good at surprise pinning people. That's his key to success.

DDK:

Yeah, I'm not sure this match actually helped him out all that much.

[Mary-Lynn sits on the canvas, clearly frustrated at not getting the victory. David sits in the corner, with a suspicious look on his face. Slowly, he rises to his feet as the fans cheer him on.]

Darren Quimbley:

Your winner... **DAVID! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOBBLE!**

[He then walks over to Mary-Lynn who looks at him with a slight scowl on her face. She then sees the suspicious look on his face. Noble extends his hand and she gladly takes it as he helps her up.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

What's that look for?

David Noble:

Really? What was that?

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

What? You think I took the loss for you? I should kick your ass just for thinking that.

[David takes a moment as he puts his hands on his hips. She playfully slaps him.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

You earned that victory. Trust me. Plus, you got extra close to me in that small package. You should be even happier!

[She then takes David's hand and hoists it up into the air, pointing at the victor as the fans show their approval.]

DDK:

And you can see the apprehension on David's face there. Thinking that maybe Mary-Lynn let him have that victory after the small package.

Angus:

Without taking the easy bait there, this match did not erase the doubt in David's mind, that's for sure. Still, he needs to get over it because he's got a huge pay-per-view match coming up here and Frank Holiday is going to come out firing.

Friendly Contest

[The halls were a little crowded with typical backstage business going on during the show; people dragging cables, lugging equipment, and others just pacing and being antsy. And then we have The Deviant Doctor of Defiance, or in this case the Soliciting Salesman of State, Curtis Penn issuing orders to a merchandise vendor on how his Curtis Penn Get Well Foundation Merchandise should be displayed at the table.]

Curtis Penn:

Alright, let's go over this again. This dvd...Curtis Penn's Greatest Matches vol. 1 sales for \$19.99, okay? The jar... it's not for your tips, these are cash donations for my recovery. If I catch you so much as buying a soda from the concessions wench I'll put your whole fucking body in traction, got me? Now this....

[In his good hand Curtis is holding the very new, can't even be Pirated on thepiratebay type new, is Curtis Penn's Greatest Matches vol 2! Somehow Mr. Blue Sky himself Jake Donovan happens upon Curtis Penn giving his directions to the vendor and just happens to bump him ever so slightly causing him to drop the brand new DVD!]

Curtis Penn:

For Fuck's SAKE!

[Curtis clutches his right hand making a mountain out of a molehill when he notices that it's Jake Donovan.]

Curtis Penn:

Pull your head out of your ass and watch where you're going! I was at 42% recovered and with that blatant spear you just gave me you just cost me 2% of recovery!

[Curtis turns back to the vendor.]

Curtis Penn:

Go ahead I'll bring you a copy of the Curtis Penn's Greatest Matches Vol#2 in a moment, one that is not scratched!

[Penn eyeballs Jake.]

Curtis Penn:

Now GET!

[Turning his attention back to the painted face free flyer and rounding the corner is his other half, Troy Matthews.]

Curtis Penn:

Great now I have Twiddledee and Twiddledumb to look at.

[Curtis pushes through the both of them.]

Curtis Penn:

Excuse me, now I have to go and see the Doc... again.

Troy Matthews:

Wait, what?!

[Jake places a hand Troy's chest, trying to keep the smirk off his face and failing.]

Jake Donovan:

Curtis, my bad man... I was just ...

[Curtis Penn turns on the duo.]

Curtis Penn:

Was just what, Jake? Not paying attention, trying to end my fucking career? What Jake... you were just what?

Troy Matthews:

Dude... I told you last week that I'd stomp you when you were good and healed, don't ramp up the process.

[An odd grin crosses the face of Social Serial Killer after Matthews mouths off.]

Jake Donovan:

Curtis, go cool off, if I wanted to hurt you I would have done it in our match. Stop being a wuss and crying every time someone half-ass bumps into you. Or better still, suck it up, rehab that hand and get your ass in the ring so I can just beat you and be done with it. Oh and newsflash, I won't have to hurt your lil wrist ta do it.

[Curtis moves the dvd up to his mouth to cover up his quivering lip.]

Troy Matthews:

Jake, leave him alone, you got something you have to take care of, go and take care of it.

Curtis Penn:

Are you two done? Because now I have to go meet with the Defiance Doctor to see how far behind I am now that the Clown re-injured my wrist. Then I have to go and meet with a developer and see how my side project is going, Curtis Penn's Dojo and Self Defence. Say Troy how's is yours doing? Because I have a few people that have already applied stating that they have trained at Troy Matthews Self Defense Classes, I e-mailed them back and told them that I would accept the into the beginners at a 50% discount since they've probably have half the training that they would need to be in my intermediate classes and that my insurance wouldn't cover them if they didn't have a certificate of advancement from me.

[Penn lowers the dvd after all of that just to show them the malicious smile he's been hiding. Meanwhile, Troy is just beginning to fume.]

Jake Donovan:

Curtis you're just an asshole who never grew up. A fucking child that never grew out of high school. If you want to see what reinjured looks like, tell them to stop rolling the cameras for a few minutes and I'll show you. Until then, shut up and go back to hawking your lame ass merchandise, and when you're good and ready I'm going to be the first person lined up to kick your ass!

Troy Matthews:

Get in line, Jake. This chumpstain's mine first.

[Troy takes a step forward and is met by the thick plastic casing of Curtis Penn Vol #2 that sends him to the ground clutching the side of his head. Jake, in a state of shock as he watches Troy falls, looks up just in time to catch a cast powered backhand from Curtis Penn that sends him crumbling to the ground.]

Curtis Penn:

Hmmph, Chumpstain.

[He empties a couple of snot rockets at the Skybreakers before he turns around and heads back to his locker.]

FIST OF DEFIANCE: Eugene Dewey (c) vs Johnny Booya vs. Alceo Dentari
DING DING DING!

Quimbey:

The following contest is a triple threat match for the FIST of DEFIANCE!

RAA!

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

[Emerging from behind the curtain is the littlest mobster who, as always, is flanked by his associates Tony Di Luca and Vincent Rinaldi. Dentari looks ready for a fight already with his sleeves rolled up and his tie tucked in to his shirt.]

Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challengers, first, from Brooklyn, New York, weighing in at 195lbs, AAAAAAAAAA GEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE DEEEEEEFNNTAAAAAAR!!!!!!!!!!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

RAHHHHHHHHH!

Angus:

Finally these neckbeards are seeing what I've seen for years! There's actually a section over there that are cheering Dentari!

DDK:

I think those fans are probably remembering the fact that Dentari whacked Booya upside the head with a slapjack after his match against Vincent Rinaldi last week.

[Alceo and his associates head down to the ring. They don't stop to partake in any back and forth with any of the fans and Dentari slips into the ring by himself and heads to one corner. Rinaldi and Di Luca head around the ring to stand behind Dentari and look out into the crowd.]

DDK:

Dentari looks like he's all business tonight, and who can blame him? He's got another chance at the FIST.

Angus:

And he's got his boys watching his back. Smart move if you ask me. I wouldn't put it past Booya to enter through the crowd and attack him behind.

♪ OH MY GOD THAT'S THE FUNKY SHIT! ♪

DDK:

Well, we're about to find out whether that's likely to happen.

[Funky Shit by Prodigy.]

B0000000000000000000000000000000000!

Darren Quimbey:

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

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOYAAAAAA!

BOOO!

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

DDK:

No attacking from behind then, Angus.

Angus:

There's still Eugene to come yet.

DDK:

I don't think that's too likely to happen.

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

DDK:

You can see Dentari hasn't left the ring, he's not intimidated by the much bigger, much stronger Jonny Booya.

Angus:

You forgot much dumber. Probably. I dunno. Is Jonny supposed to be dumb this week?

DDK:

What?

Angus:

Nevermind.

[DatHeavenlyChoir.jpg]

RAHH!

DDK:

Listen to these fans, Angus! They're almost blowing the roof off of the arena!

Angus:

For some bizarre reason these fans like Eugene Dewey, and he's going up against two guys that, if you constructed a list of DEFIANCE's most disliked guys of all time, could have strong arguments made for them to place near the top.

DDK:

Near the top?

Angus:

Well number one would always, forever and a day, be Curtis Penn.

DDK:

Obviously.

Quimbey:

And their opponent, from Buffalo, Wyoming... He is the reigning FIST of DEFIANCE!

[The lights in the arena drop save for one focused on center of the stage where the champion stands.]

Quimbey:

Here is EEEEEEEUGEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

DEEEY!

RAHH!

[Eugene stomps his way down the ramp with the FIST of DEFIANCE slung over his shoulder. He slaps hands with as many fans as he can but doesn't take his eyes off his opponents.]

DDK:

Eugene knows both of the guys in that ring are a threat to him tonight, and the kicker is he doesn't even have to be pinned or made to submit to lose his title.

Angus:

Thanks for explaining a triple threat to us, Keebs.

DDK:

I try my best.

[Eugene slides into the ring but before he can get to his feet Jonny Booya drops an axehandle down across his shoulder blades. Brian Slater calls for the bell as the lights come back up and we're underway.]

DING DING DING

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

These fans don't like the way this things is starting. Eugene hasn't even had a chance to stand up before Booya jumped on him.

[Jonny wails away with forearm after forearm to the downed Dewey. Eugene tries to stand up, but Jonny locks in a front facelock and forces the FIST towards the corner of the ring. Jonny opens up Dewey's body and lands a couple of right hands before pushing him back against the turnbuckles and cracks a backhand chop across his chest.]

CRACK

WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Booya flexes for the crowd, but before he can let out an 'OH YEAH' Alceo Dentari grabs his bicep and spins him around. Alceo lands a backhand chop of his own across the massive pecs of Jonny Booya, but the lack of noise fails to elicit a reaction from the crowd. It also fails to make much of an impression on Jonny Booya who absorbs the strike and retaliates with an elbow smash to Dentari's face. Jonny holds Alceo up, places his hands under the miniature mobsters armpits and throws him into Dewey. Jonny drives a shoulder into Dentari's midsection, forcing Alceo's back into Dewey's midsection, and pulls back for another.]

DDK:

Jonny Booya isn't taking any crap tonight.

Angus:

That was one hell of an elbow smash. It's moves like that that make me glad I'm sat over here now.

[Jonny thrusts another shoulder into the midsection of Dentari and pulls back for a third. He comes in but Alceo jumps and avoids the contact. Booya still connects with Dewey, but Dentari lands on Booya's back. He rolls through and takes Jonny over into a pinning combination.]

One!

[As soon as Brian Slater's hand hits the mat for the first time Eugene falls forwards and breaks the pin up with an elbow to the top of Alceo's head. Jonny rolls over and gets to his feet as Eugene gets to his. Dentari is a microsecond behind them, but he's right in the middle of the two much bigger men. Dewey pushes Alceo with a double handed shove towards Jonny who lunges forwards with an attempted Axe Bomber. For once Alceo's height gives him the advantage and he's able to duck underneath the forearm. Jonny carries on going right into an open palm strike from Dewey that lands right on the button.]

DDK:

Booya's rocked by that hit!

Angus:

These guys are busting out the big moves early. I think they're all desperate to take home that FIST.

DDK:

Can you blame them, Angus? The FIST is one of the richest prizes in DEFIANCE. And can you image the bragging rights that would come with ending the 400 day reign of Eugene Dewey?

Angus:

Oh god now I really hope Booya doesn't win. Can you imagine how insufferable he'll be?

[Jonny spins around to face Alceo Dentari, who kicks out at his leg, knocking Booya down to one knee. Dentari grabs Jonny's head in a front face lock and drives him down to the mat with a DDT. Alceo tries to stand up, but Eugene is right there with a waist lock and pulls the smaller challenger up before throwing him into the corner. Eugene lifts a European uppercut into the chin of Dentari and whips him across the ring. The FIST follows in looking for a splash, but Dentari uses the top rope to lift himself onto the top turnbuckle and sticks out a boot that connects with Eugene's face. Dewey turns to protect himself from any more harm and to compose himself, but when he turns back Dentari leaps from the middle rope with a Lou Thez Press that takes Dewey down to the mat. Dentari lands shot after shot to the temple of the FIST while his associates cheer him on from ringside.]

DDK:

It's not just Jonny and Eugene that are hitting the big moves either. Dentari is holding his own in there with the much bigger men.

Angus:

I think people tend to forget Dentari almost won the Evolution league back during the Masters of Wrestling league. He's no slouch in the ring. Never has been.

DDK:

And that's exactly what he wants to prove in this match.

[After a good few right hands Dentari climbs off of the FIST and grabs him by the hair to pull him to his feet. Eugene throws a right hand that connects with Dentari's midsection, but Alceo rakes the eyes of the FIST to prevent any more of a comeback.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

If Dentari was trying to endear himself to the fans by going for Booya then I think he's just undone all that work with that cheap move on Eugene.

Angus:

It's all legal, Keebs. I bet those hypocrites out there wouldn't be booing Dewey if he cracked Booya over the head with a chair. How is Dentari raking the... wait no, scratch that. I'd cheer if anyone cracked Booya over the head with a chair. Even Dewey.

[Dentari guides Eugene into the corner of the ring and lands a few boxing style strikes to the head and body of the FIST. Dentari lands one right hand in particular to the jaw of the champion that breaks any sort of defence he might have had and opens him up to more right hands. Dentari lands shot after shot that knock Dewey down to his ass in the corner and he doesn't let up until Brian Slater steps in.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Dentari spreads his arms wide to applause from his associates and jeers from the crowd. He turns around only to receive a running body blow from Jonny Booya. With Dentari doubled over Jonny grabs the diminutive Italian around the waist and throws him almost all the way across the ring with ease in a gutwrench suplex. Dentari instantly rolls to the outside and regroups with his associates Tony Di Luca and Vincent Rinaldi.]

DDK:

I was only gonna be a matter of time before Dentari went back to his boys.

Angus:

Hey, Tony's a former Southern Heritage Champion. He knows what it takes to hold a singles title in DEFIANCE. He's just giving Dentari some words of advice.

DDK:

And what's Rinaldi doing then?

Angus:

...Moral support.

DDK:

Sure. And physical as well I wager.

Angus:

Have you seen either of them so much as move from Dentari's corner since they came out here?

DDK:

It's only a matter of time, Angus. Just wait.

[On the outside of the ring Vinny and Di Luca huddle around Dentari. Jonny Booya meanwhile backs up against the ropes on the opposite side of the ring and sprints to the otherside. The Legitimate Businessmen's Club spot the incoming Booya just in time for them to all turn and get caught by a suicide dive from the big man that knocks all three of them to the arena floor!

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

[Holy crap, did Jonny Booya just dive to the outside.

Angus:

Yep, and I don't think it's too out of character considering he's done a top rope shoulderblock before.

DDK:

That's a... good point?

Angus:

I hope so.

[The four competitors don't stay down for long, and neither does Eugene as he gets to his feet and rushes over to the side of the ring that everyone else is on. Eugene steps out onto the apron and waits for everyone to get the their feet before cannonballing his way off of the apron and onto Booya, Dentari, Rinaldi and Di Luca!]

RAHHH!

DDK:

And now it's Eugene's turn for some high flying-

Angus:

Flippydoo bullshit.

[The fans go wild as Dewey bounces back up to his feet and roars back at them. Jonny Booya doesn't take long to get to his feet and throws a wild right hand that missed Eugene completely, but does open Booya up for Dewey to drive a shoulder into his midsection and push him spine first into the barricade around ringside. Alceo Dentari meanwhile has been rolling around in pain surrounded by his associates. He can't stay down for much longer though as Dewey grabs him by the neck and pulls him to his feet. Dewey rolls Dentari in under the bottom rope and follows him into the ring. Dewey leans over Dentari and hooks the leg!]

[ONE!...]

[...TWO!!...]

[...TH-Dentari kicks out!]

DDK:

Eugene's looking for the win there, and you've got to bet he believes Dentari will be the easier man to pin.

Angus:

I hate to agree but Dentari's size has to work against him in that regard. You get enough leverage over Dentari and no amount of pitbull like tenacity is going to help him kick out.

[Eugene doesn't argue over the count and pulls Dentari up to his feet. He stands by the miniature mobster's side and hooks him up before driving him into the mat with a russian leg sweep. Eugene rolls through the move and right back up to his feet where he heads towards the corner of the ring.]

DDK:

What's Dewey got in mind here?]

[Eugene stands with his back against the turnbuckles and hops up so that he's sitting on the top rope. He stands up straight and lines Alceo up.]

Angus:

I remember the good old days when Dewey kept his feet planted firmly on the ground.

DDK:

Eugene's confidence seems to grow every time we see him, and he's been developing his moveset ever since he stepped foot in DEFIANCE.

Angus:

Well maybe he should work on his submission game before his arial one. Remember that shambles of a showing he had against Penn? What happens of Booya locks in Trapped Under Ice? Or Dentari makes him as Offer He Can't Refuse?

DDK:

Neither of those scenarios are looking too likely right now.

[Before Dewey can jump though Jonny Booya jumps up onto the apron and shakes the middle rope. Eugene tries to keep his balance but he falls face first to the canvas. Dentari luckily manages to roll out of the way and avoids getting squished by the FIST.]

Angus:

Remember when Dewey won several matches in a row by falling on people?

DDK:

Yep.

Angus:

That was stupid, wasn't it?

[Dentari gets to his feet and hits the ropes while Booya steps into the ring. Dentari comes back and charges at Jonny. He leaves his feet and throws himself at Big King COOL with a crossbody. Booya plants his feet though and catches Dentari in mid air. Jonny takes a couple of steps forwards and Alceo hits him a couple of times in the back, but it's no use, Jonny throws Alceo over head with ease with a fall away slam. Dentari hits the mat and rolls under the bottom ropes but manages to stop himself from falling to the floor. He gets back to his feet only to take a knee to the midsection by Booya who then hooks him up for a suplex.]

DDK:

Booya's gonna bring him back in the hard way!

[And that's exactly what he does. He picks Dentari up, holds him for a second to let him think about the fall and suplexes him down to the mat. Jonny even floats over into the cover!]

[ONE!...]

[...TWO!!...]

[...TH-Dewey throws himself into the pin to break it up!]

DDK:

Eugene not taking any chances there!

[Eugene doesn't give Booya a chance to think about what to do next and pulls him up to his feet. He lifts a European Uppercut into Jonny's chin and lifts him up to drive him back into the corner of the ring. Eugene hits a couple of back elbows before whipping Booya across the ring. Dewey follows him in and connect with a big splash and sprints back out across to the other side of the ring. Booya falls to his ass in the corner as Dewey hits the ropes and comes back-]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Into a knee from Dentari!]

DDK:

Dentari just cut Dewey off at the pass with that knee to the midsection!

Angus:

Did you see how fast he moved? And how hard he delivered that knee? He must have driven every last bit of air out of Dewey's lungs possible.

[Alceo holds Eugene up for a second before dropping him with an STO backbreaker. He still doesn't let Dewey fall, instead opting to pull Eugene back up and drives him face first into the mat with a Complete Shot!]

Angus:

I'm sure I don't need to tell you, Keebs, but that was the move Dentari used to annihilate Heidi Christenson's face in his second ever DEFIANCE match.

DDK:

He hit Heidi with several of those in a row until the referee actually stopped the match. I remember that well.

Angus:

And now he's about to win the FIST of DEFIANCE with it!

[Alceo covers Eugene!]

[ONE!...]

[...TWO!!...]

[...TH-But Jonny Booya has something to say about it as he grabs Dentari with a full nelson and pulls him off of Dewey!]

DDK:

And now it's Booya who's in control! He's actually holding Dentari in the air with that full nelson! Dentari has literally nowhere to go!

Angus:

There's that height disadvantage once again! Oh if only Alceo were a foot taller!

DDK:

He'd still be shorter than Jonny.

Angus:

Shh.

[Jonny thrashes Dentari around as he walks him into the middle of the ring. Dentari's arms start to go limp and Brian Slater starts to check on him.]

DDK:

Slater raises his arm...

DDK:

Oh no...

[It falls, but then Booya releases the full nelson as Tony Di Luca jumps up onto the apron.]

DDK:

What's he doing up there?

Angus:

Whatever he has to.

[Booya makes a beeline for Di Luca and throws a right hand that knocks 'Two Hands' off of the apron. Big Vinny meanwhile uses the distraction to slide a slapjack into the ring that ends up right beside Alceo. Dentari grabs the slapjack and tries to bring himself around, but he's still groggy from almost passing out to in the full nelson. Booya tries to turn around, but Di Luca shakes off the shot he'd just received and grabs Jonny by the ankle. Dentari gets to his feet and looks to clean Booya's clock with the slapjack just as Eugene reappears and grabs him by the arm. He spins Dentari around and drops him with a DDT in the middle of the ring!]

Angus:

No! What are you doing? He was about to eliminate Booya for you!

DDK:

I'm not sure Eugene realised that, Angus. Or maybe he did but he didn't want it to go down that way. Dewey's an honorable guy, do you really think he'd be happy letting Dentari cheat just to increase his chances of winning?

Angus:

That's a stupid question and you're stupid for asking it.

[Di Luca can't hold onto Booya's foot any longer after Big King COOL plants the other one between his eyes. That frees up Booya to head over to Eugene, who is getting back to his feet, and land a boxing jab to his jaw. Booya follows up with a gut punch and then lands a jumping enzui calf kick that knocks Dewey down to the mat. Booya quickly gets into the cover!]

[ONE!...]

[...TWO!!...]

[...TH-Dewey kicks out!]

[Booya tries to argue over the speed of the count with Brian Slater, but the Buffalo isn't having any of it and stands by his two count. Jonny figures he's not getting anywhere arguing and gets on with the job at hand by grabbing Dewey by the hair and pulls him to his feet. He Backs Eugene against the ropes and whips him across the ring. He catches him as he comes back with a huge powerslam that rattles the ring!]

DDK:

I felt that one, Angus!

[Jonny stands up in time to see Dentari charge across the ring at him. Jonny avoids the clothesline attempt by Dentari and lifts him off of his before before delivering a spinebuster to the diminutive Italian. Dentari doesn't hit the canvas though, no, he lands on the FIST of DEFIANCE!]

Angus:

That's it, he's done.

DDK:

Dentari might not weigh a lot, but that's still a human being landing on your chest. Eugene has to have had all of the air driven out of him!

[Jonny rolls Dentari off of Dewey and covers the FIST!]

[ONE!...]

[...TWO!!...]

[...THR-Dewey gets a shoulder up!]

[With frustration starting to set in Booya grabs Eugene's head and lands a few right hands to punish him for kicking out. While that's going on Dentari slides his way to the corner of the ring and props himself up against the bottom turnbuckle. Jonny spies this happening and heads over to Dentari, where he hits a running boot to Alceo's face. Jonny scrapes the sole of his boot across Dentari's face a couple more time before lifting him up with ease and sets him on the top turnbuckle.]

DDK:

Dentari's in a dangerous position here.

[Before Jonny can carry out his plan Eugene comes up from behind and grabs a waistlock. He pops his hips and takes Booya over with a German Suplex!]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Eugene gets back to his feet, still shaking the cobwebs out from the right hands, but he heads over to Alceo anyway. Dentari throws a couple of weak right hands, but Dewey responds with a chop across his chest that cuts those right out.]

Crack!

WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Dewey adjusts Alceo's legs and starts to climb the ropes, right up to the second turnbuckle. Di Luca and Rinaldi can't watch any more and jump up onto the apron. Dewey nails Rinaldi with a right hand first and then connect with a back elbow to Di Luca which knocks the LBC from the apron, but the momentary distraction was all Jonny Booya needed to regenerate. He comes back and positions himself under Dewey while Eugene hooks Dentari up for a superplex.]

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO-RAHH!

DDK:

This is gonna be one hell of a ride!

Angus:

TOWER OF DOOOOOOOM!

[Booya powerbombs Dewey off of the second rope while Dewey suplexes Dentari into the middle of the ring! Booya crawls forward and covers Dewey!]

[ONE!...]

[...TWO!!...]

[...THRE-At the last second Dewey rolls his shoulder up!]

RAHH!

DDK:

Somehow! Somehow at the last second Eugene got his shoulder off the mat!

Angus:

The kid's got heart, I'll give him that.

[Jonny doesn't whine or complain, instead he crawls over to Dentari and covers him!]

[ONE!...]

It looks like it.

[Dewey starts to climb the ropes, but unlike Dentari, Booya still has some wits about him. Jonny lands a right hand to Dewey's jaw, and Eugene responds with a right of his own. Booya's better chin allows him to weather the shot and retaliate with another shot. Eugene throws another, but Jonny responds with a headbutt that knocks Dewey down from the ropes. Eugene lands on his feet, but he can't do much as Jonny climbs to the top rope, steps off and-!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

BOOYA CHAWP!

Angus:

Once upon a time I'd be going crazy for that move.

DDK:

Now?

Angus:

If that move wins Booya the title It'll be my least favorite move in the history of ever.

[Jonny drags Eugene away from the ropes and moves around him for the cover. Before he can drop though Alceo Dentari runs in from behind and jumps, driving his knee into the spine of Big King COOL. Jonny, who wasn't in any position to absorb a shot to the back, stumbles forwards and tumbles through the ropes, allowing Dentari to cover Dewey!]

Angus:

I was wrong, favorite move, favorite move!

[ONE!...]

[...TWO!!...]

[...THRE-EUGENE THRUSTS AN ARM INTO THE AIR!]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

How did Eugene kick out!?

Angus:

It's the FIST, Keebs, it has to be. Somehow Dewey kicked out after the Booya Chop. I swear I thought we were gonna have a new champ right there.

[Knowing full well he had a better chance of pinning Eugene than Dentari, Jonny Booya slides back in under the rope and makes a beeline for the miniature mobster. Alceo spots him coming and jumps up to his feet. He lifts a foot up...]

DING!

BOOOOOORRAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[And delivers a blatant low blow to Booya, stopping him dead. Jonny doubles up on himself as he almost coughs his testicals out of his mouth.]

Angus:

BWAHAHA! BEST MOMENT EVER! And guess what? It's all legal, Keebs.

DDK:

I'm not arguing that.

[Alceo taunts Jonny by slapping him across the face a couple of times and mockingly winces to mimik Big King COOL. Dentari then grabs Booya by the head and snapmares him to the mat.]

ANGUS:

OOOOOOOH SHIT, SON, HERE WE GO!

[Dentari hits the ropes and comes back at Booya-]

[illegible]

Angus:

POUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUNCE!

[Only to get wiped out by Eugene Dewey and a Biotic Charge!]

DDK:

Where the hell did Dewey come from!?

Angus:

Dewey just jumped over Booya to deliver that POUUUUUUUNCE and now all three men are down!

DDK:

This has been one hell of a contest, Angus, and it sounds like the fans agree.

THIS IS AWESOME! clap clap clapclapclap

THIS IS AWESOME! clap clap clapclapclap

THIS IS AWESOME! clap clap clapclapclap

Angus:

Can you say self serving or what?

[All three men start to stir at the same time. Jonny and Eugene get to their feet a little quicker than Dentari, which allows Eugene to throw the first right hand that connects with Booya's jaw!]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Jonny Booya shakes the shot off and throws a right at Dentari!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Dentari completes the triangle by throwing a right at Dewey!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[And round and round we go.]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

B000000000000000000000000!

B00000000000000000000000000000000!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

B00000000000000000000000000000000!

B000000000000000000000000!

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

B000000000000000000000000!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO-RAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Eugene dodges the latest right from Dentari and goes behind him. He takes Dentari over with a quick German Suplex and holds on around his waist. He pulls Dentari up and looks like he's going to go for another one, but Jonny Booya gets himself involved in the mix and grabs Dewey by the waist...]

DDK:

He's not...

[He is. Jonny Booya pops his hips and German Suplexes Eugene Dewey, who in turn german suplexes Alceo Dentari!]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Dentari's shoulders are down, but then so are Dewey's. And Booya's bridge is practically non existant so his sholders are down as well. Brian Slater starts to count anyway in the hope that only one set of shoulders are down by the time he reaches three.]

[ONE!...]

[...TWO!!...]

[...THRE-All three men roll their shoulders up!]

DDK:

We almost had a three way tie there.

Angus:

Something tells me slater wouldn't have let that happen.

[Alceo doesn't move, but both Dentari and Booya are able to get to their feet. Eugene throws a right hand that Booya blocks. He scoops Dewey up and holds him for a second before nailing him with a Tornado Backbreaker!]

DDK:

Thunder Down Below!

Angus:

That's a 260 pound man that he just threw around. How has Booya still got the strength!?

DDK:

I don't know, Angus. He's almost inhuman.

[Booya covers Dewey!]

[ONE!...]

[...TWO!!...]

[...THRE-Dentari drops a knee across the back of Booya's head to break the count!]

[Alceo gets right back to his feet and stomps away at the back of Booya's head and neck. He grabs Jonny and pulls him to his feet and hurries him towards the corner of the ring. He doesn't throw him against the turnbuckles though, instead he drives Booya through the ropes and shoulder first into the steel ring post. Jonny slips through the ropes and with a little help from Di Luca and Rinaldi falls to the outside of the ring!]

DDK:

That leaves Dentari alone in the ring with Dewey!

Angus:

Dewey might not want to get up...

[Dentari runs back at Eugene, who has managed to get one knee, and nails him with a shining wizard! On the outside the LBC pull Booya up to his feet but don't get to do anything else as he starts throwing wild punches. Dentari pulls Dewey up and snapmares him with back down in the middle of the ring. Jonny Booya meanwhile nails Di Luca with An axe bomber, then turns to hit Rinaldi with one as well!]

DDK:

Are we gonna see it this time?

[Dentari hits the ropes.]

WHACK!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[And plants his foot into the side of Dewey's head!]

Angus:

He whacked him! Dentari Whacked Eugene! Cover him Alceo! COVER HIM!

[Not that he could hear the advice, but Alceo follows it and covers Eugene!]

[ONE!...]

[Jonny slides into the ring!]

[...TWO!...]

[Jonny rushes to the middle of the ring!]

[...THRE-And throws himself into the cover to break it up!]

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

They don't want to cheer Booya, but they've got to be happy he just broke that up!

Angus:

Damnit, Jonny, just let Alceo walk out of here with the FIST, will you!?

[Both men get to their feet and Alceo squares up to Booya. He pushes Big King COOL with two hands...]

DDK:

That might be the last mistake you ever make, Alceo...

[Booya pauses for a second before delivering a kick right into Alceo's breadbasket. He jams Dentari's head between him legs and lifts him for a powerbomb. Instead of driving him into the mat though Booya runs him towards the rope and launches him over the top and into the bodies of the only just recovered Tony Di Luca and Vincent Rinaldi!]

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

Jonny Booya just powerbombed Dentari to the outside of the ring!

Angus:

Ok, that was awesome. I'll admit it, Booya did something awesome.

[Jonny flexes in Dentari's direction before smiling and turning back to Eugene. He take a step and-

SHORYUKEN!

[illegible]

DDK:

WHERE THE-

Angus:

-FUCK?

[Booya's legs give out from under him as Dewey's rising uppercut connects with his chin. Eugene lands from the jump and collapses on top of Big King COOL!]

[ONE!...]

[...TWO!!...]

[...THREE!]

RAHHH!

DING DING DING!

DDK:

He did it! Eugene did it!

Quimbey:

Here is your winner and STILL the FIST of DEFIANCE... EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEUGEEEEEEEEENEEEEEE
DEEEEEEEEEEWEEEEEEEEEEEEEEFY!

BAHHH!

Angus:

Ok, that was one hell of a match.

DDK:

You really think so?

Angus:

Well I'm happy with it.

DDK:

What does it matter if you're happy with it?

Angus:

...

[Brian Slater lifts Eugene's arm and hands him the FIST of DEFIANCE. Dewey can barely move though as he clutches onto his title belt.]

DDK:

Dewey's hurting, Booya's out, and the LBC are in a pile at ringside. That's what the FIST of DEFIANCE means to these competitors.

Angus:

This has been one hell of a night, Keebs, and we've still got Mayberry defending the World title against Dan Ryan to come.]

DDK:

That we have, Angus. In fact we're just minutes away from what's sure to be another barn burner.

Aight, Fight's On Bitch!

[Standing center stage of the interview stage is, now, the 40 % recuperated Curtis Penn. Any other person in his position would be seething, foaming at the mouth angry from having his rehabilitation set back 2 %, but not the Inventor of the most devastating submission hold ever, the Curtis Clutch.]

[Curtis Penn, he's just upset.]

Curtis Penn:

Kelly Evans had already given me this time to address the Defiants and update them on my condition, but I have to cut it short because I was late making it to the interview stage due to having make an impromptu visit to the Defiance Doctor.

[His head drops.]

Curtis Penn:

Prior to Troy Matthews and Jake Donovan's malicious sabotage of my recovery earlier tonight I was ahead of schedule... thanks to all of the donations and purchases of Curtis Penn's Greatest Matches vol #1, I was sitting at an outstanding 42 % and it was looking like I was going to be ready to fight in a couple of more months.

[He raises his head and his eyes look soulfully sad.]

Curtis Penn:

But after the abuse that was dealt to me by Troy Matthews and Jake Donovan backstage I was just informed by the very best in the medical field, the Defiance Staff's Doctor, Dr. Iris Davine that my recovery has atrophied and I am no longer at 42% and that I have significantly dropped to 38% and that it would be in my best interest that not to do any heavy lifting.

[Penn smiles sourly.]

Curtis Penn:

And that means that I cannot carry Troy or Jake any longer in their fantasy of actually beating me. But, since when have I ever done anything in my best interest?

[His soured smile turns into a maniacal grin.]

Curtis Penn:

The DEFIANTS have begged me through the TWITTERVERSE, they've hit me up on VINE, they've TOUTED, even found out my private AIM Screen Name and asked me to make them pay for harming my recovery! And it's too late for them to try and bribe their way back into my good graces because my Amazon Wish List being thoroughly being depleted....

[Curtis Penn takes a breath.]

Curtis Penn:

So since you to have begged for it... Aight, Fight's on Bitch!

[Cut back to Angus and Keebs.]

truck if you fight him straight up. Once that disbelief went away though, it was pure elation. I knew then that I could compete with anyone in this place, whether it be Frank Holiday, Jonny Booya, Eugene Dewey, or Dusty Griffith. And come AfterShock. I will prove just that once again.

[Lance looks down and shuffles some papers.]

Lance Warner:

You have a history of substance abuse. Do you think that is why you started off so slow?

[The question catches David off guard as he sits back in his chair.]

David Noble:

Wow. [pauses] I've got my demons. I'm putting those demons to rest though. Haven't had a drink in quite some time. Trying to stay that straight and narrow. It might be a coincidence that I stopped right after Executive Decision. It could also be that I'm a damn good wrestler and know how to compete in the ring and it was only a matter of time until it showed. You take your pick.

Lance Warner:

Fair enough. So, let's talk AfterShock. Your opponent, Frank Holiday--

David Noble:

My boy.

Lance Warner:

Your boy, as you say. Still, you've got to go toe to toe with him soon and it's for his Southern Heritage Championship. Thoughts?

David Noble:

I respect the hell out of Frank. Respect him. I want what is best for him. All of that does evaporates when we step into that ring together. I'm not going to go out of my way to hurt him, but I'm definitely going to go out there wanting to win. The fact of the matter is that this isn't going to be an easy match to win, but I'm going to do just that. Frank knows when he steps into the ring with me, I'm not one to just give up or quit. He's going to have to beat me senseless and I'm just simply not going to let that happen. Come AfterShock, there will be one winner and it will be me standing on those turnbuckles, title held high, celebrating my victory.

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Lance Warner:

And what about the things he's had to share with you in regards to Mary-Lynn? Doesn't seem to be a fan of her, more so, the fact that you put your faith in her so much.

David Noble:

Frank has got his own set of problems with his own girl. He's trying to project upon me those problems, but he's got to understand that quite simply, Mary-Lynn and Lexi are not cut from the same cloth. While Lexi might not have his back, I know for damn sure that Mary-Lynn has mine. And I will remind him of that at AfterShock when Mary-Lynn is cheering me on and Lexi is nowhere to be seen.

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAHAH!

[That sound though is not as a result of David's comments. No, instead, that is due to the fact that a certain someone has shown up to the party. One, Frank. Holiday.]

[The “Train Wreck” strides into the Circle, still dressed in his wrestling gear and wearing around his waist the very prize that has been the subject of discussion up to now, that he successfully retained earlier in the evening against the Mancunian Muscle: the Southern Heritage Championship belt.]

[Flashing a grin, Holiday does a fistbump with Noble and then shoots a pistol point at Lance Warner.]

Frank Holiday:

Dave, Lance, sup! Sorry to crash the party, but my ears were burning just now so I thought I'd take part in the convo.

Lance Warner:

Of course, Frank. And congratulations on your title defense tonight.

Frank Holiday:

Thanks brah!

[As they talk, an unidentified staffer brings another seat into the studio for Holiday. Frank nods thanks to the guy and sits himself down beside Noble.]

Frank Holiday:

Just another day in the life of your fighting champion! Aleczander is a tough mofo, but he's got nothin' on this mofo right here. [Points two thumbs at himself]

Lance Warner:

And on the topic of title defenses, as we've just been talking about, you will be putting your title on the line once again when you face this man right here, David Noble, at AfterShock. Frank, what will be different about this match as compared to your match a few weeks ago, where David pinned you to earn his contendership?

[Holiday looks down at his title and gives a quiet chuckle. Noble turns and studies him, and when Frank looks up, their gaze meets for a brief moment before Holiday turns to Lance Warner.]

Frank Holiday:

Heh. Well, uh, Lance, one thing that's obviously different is, the stakes are much higher with the SoHer Title up for grabs. My bro Dave, he's been on the upswing these past few weeks, and having been in battle with him on a few occasions now, you're damned right I got all the respect in the world for what he can do. But I'm tellin' you this: The amped-up, zoned-in, California fighting machine you saw in that ring earlier tonight is the guy who's gonna walk into AfterShock with the belt, and the guy who's gonna walk out of AfterShock with the belt.

The other thing...

[He trails off and goes silent. Lance's eyebrows perk up.]

Lance Warner:

The other thing?

[Holiday glances at Noble and seems to second guess what he was about to say.]

Frank Holiday:

Nah, never mind, Lance.

Lance Warner:

Please, go ahead.

David Noble: [warily]

Frank, if you've got something to say, say it.

[The SoHer Champion looks from the interviewer to his upcoming opponent and lets out an exasperated sigh.]

Frank Holiday:

Okay, look, Dave, you're my bro and we're cool and all. And this is only 'cuz Dr. Phil over there is dragging this shit out

of me. The fact is, last time out your girl kinda blindsided me by running out to the ring during the match, and, well... yeah. But now I know you and Mary-Lynn are tight, so it's not gonna throw me when she's out there this time. All I'm saying.

David Noble:

Excuse me? Are you really trying to put it down that you lost the match because Mary-Lynn showed up looking to cheer me on? I'm sorry, Frank, but at the end of the day I walk down that ramp by myself. I don't have a manager in my ear every five seconds like you. You don't see me making up excuses for a victory or loss. Don't blame Mary-Lynn for your inability to focus and pull out the match and don't make it seem that I won solely because of that. If you're going to lose, then man up and accept your losses just as easily as you accept your victories.

[Visibly stunned at Noble's reaction, Holiday puts his hands up like a shield and leans back in his seat.]

Frank Holiday:

Dude, chill! I told you before, I don't have any problems with Mary-Lynn personally. We chatted, she's a sweet girl. But come on--

David Noble:

But come on? Listen, you've been ragging on Mary-Lynn and me for long enough and frankly I'm tired of your shit. You lost at 45 because you did. That's not on Mary-Lynn. You lost. I can't help that your girl doesn't have your back. I can't help that she embarrassed you not once, but twice.

[David then stands up, flipping the chair out of sight, and moving in on Frank.]

David Noble:

[pointing his finger at Frank] That's not on me, that's on you. You're the one that decided to date a straight up, cold-hearted, fucking bitch, so don't go around blaming everyone else for her having your balls in her purse.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHH!!

[That remark is enough to get Holiday bolting to his feet, red-faced, as his chair clatters backward to the floor.]

Frank Holiday:

Okay, you know what, Dave? Lemme be straight with you. Yeah, my girlfriend is a gigantic pain in the ass. This ain't about her. This is about you. I've been watching you suck up to your chick for-fuckin'-ever now, running to her for validation, making her your crutch. That's the kind of person you want to be? **Fine!** I'm done arguing with you. Go ahead and make Mary-Lynn the number one priority in your life. God bless. I'm over the fuckin' moon for you both.

You wanna know what my number one priority is?

[Glaring at Noble, Holiday slaps the golden plate of the SoHer Title strapped around his waist.]

Frank Holiday:

This is my priority. The Southern Heritage Title. The night I beat Tony Di Luca and the entire Legitimate Businessman's Club to win this belt was the greatest night of my professional wrestling career. Every time I went out to the ring and defended this title against the likes of Stockton Pyre and Aleczander, I saw my legacy grow larger and brighter. And that was my achievement, brah. I didn't lean on anybody to get here. This title... my title... wearing the mantle of the Southern Heritage Champion... means everything to me, and you'd better believe me when I tell you that I am one hundred percent, laser-focused on keeping this belt around my waist, on building my legacy. I have no. Priority. But. This.

[Holiday is practically nose to nose with Noble now, and the unbridled tension crackles like a live wire between them, a far cry from the camaraderie they shared only minutes ago.]

Frank Holiday:

As long as your mind is on Mary-Lynn, brah, you'll never have this. Oh, you might let her win some matches for you. You might even let her try to win this for you. Frankly?... Ththat's only shot you got.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHH!!!

[The crowd is roaring at this remark. Noble quivers with rage, but Holiday isn't done.]

Frank Holiday:

But I promise you, Dave, I ain't letting that happen. At AfterShock, at the end of our match, I'll be the one standing tall, with my hand raised, still holding fifteen pounds of gold. Still the Southern Heritage Champion.

And you? You can take your loss, go throw yourself back in Mary-Lynn's loving arms and let her comfort you and tell you everything'll be okay, like she always does. And you can forget about this, because it was never going to be yours anyway.

[David moves closer to Frank so both men are actually nose to nose.]

David Noble:

You should know by now, Frank, that you can't ever count me out, so you might as well count me in. So count on me, taking that title, standing above you when it's all said and done, and walking out the new Southern Heritage Champion. It just sucks, because when you lose, you've gotta go back to that bitch you call a girlfriend. I'm sure she's going to love wiping those tears away.

[Long forgotten by now, Lance Warner has surreptitiously moved a safe distance away, and for good reason: David Noble and Frank Holiday look about ready to forget the PPV and throw fists right here and now.]

Eddie Dante: (off-screen)

Children, children, children...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

[The Southern Heritage Champion and his challenger stop dead in their tracks and turn to the arena entrance where, as expected, Eddie Dante emerges, flanked by the imposing figure of the God-Beast himself, Mushigihara. Mushi looks as subdued as possible, while Eddie looks ready to gloat, his head tilted to the side as he raises the mic to his lips.]

Eddie Dante:

As far as I'm concerned, this lover's quarrel going on between you two is just the preamble for something bigger... namely, the Southern Heritage Championship coming to rest around the waist of the God-Beast.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

[The crowd is not pleased by the Minister of Ungentlemanly Warfare's boasts, but he simply grins, leering at Holiday and Noble.]

Eddie Dante:

You see, lads, Mushigihara and myself just had the pleasure of speaking with Ms. Kelly Evans regarding our recent campaign to be awarded championship opportunities here in DEFIANCE, and after some discussion, we reached an agreement. And whichever one of you leaves Aftershock with the Southern Heritage title will have to deal with US in the future. Now, there is no point in demonstrating the power of the God-Beast here and now, but...

[The pair begin advancing towards the interview stage, Dante never breaking his focus on the people currently stationed on it.]

Eddie Dante:

...our presence? We will gladly make ourselves known to you, so that, if nothing else, we're sitting in the back of your collective minds at Aftershock. You see, lads, this is now about more than a lover's quarrel, now that the spectre of THIS...

[Eddie finally turns towards the God-Beast, nodding to him. Mushi then advances independently, pacing towards Holiday and Noble, eventually passing by Lance Warner without an inkling of consideration.]

Eddie Dante:

...massive force of nature, this Golden Goliath, will be floating in the air that night, while he watches you behind his mask, figuring out ways to pick apart whoever holds the title at night's end. And when it's all said and done... he will take that title, carry this company on his massive back, and SINGLE-HANDEDLY elevate DEFIANCE Wrestling among the ELITE in this business! And nobody...

[Mushigihara first closes in on David Noble, getting right into his face.]

Eddie Dante:

...not David Noble...

Mushigihara:

Osu.

[He then advances towards Frank Holiday, also getting into his face.]

Eddie Dante:

...not Frank Holiday...

Mushigihara:

Osu.

Eddie Dante:

...not Kelly Evans...

[Mushigihara then turns in the direction of the Skybox at the top of the Wrestle-Plex, pointing his finger at it symbolically.]

Mushigihara:

OSU!

Eddie Dante:

...nobody... can stop us.

[Mushigihara now turns back towards both Holiday and Noble, and pulls the mic from Lance Warner's hands before addressing them himself.]

Mushigihara:

Ore wa champion ni narimasu... soshite, dare mo tomeru o koto wa dekinai.

[Eddie's grin only widens, as Mushi ends his address with a thunderous...]

Mushigihara:

OSU!!!

[The familiar pounding drums of "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" fill the Wrestle-Plex as Mushigihara continues staring down the champion and his challenger, who in turn meet his gaze with a defiant stare of their own.]

DEFIANCE WORLD TITLE: Dusty Griffith (c) vs Dan Ryan

Angus:

Alright, alright, alright, bar-bee-cue.

DDK:

What? What does barbeque have to do with anything?

Angus:

Eh? Oh, nothing... Thinking about what I want to do after the show.

DDK:

Well, maybe we can get through this big main event first, yeah?

Angus:

Sounds good, enough with the talky talk, lets do this!

DDK:

Let's send it over to the Voice of DEFIANCE, Darren Quimbey!

[Cut to a shot of DQ standing center stage, ready to make the call for tonights main event.]

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies annnnnnnnd Gentlemen, it is now time for the MAIN EVENT OF THE EVENING!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Darren Quimbey:

Scheduled for One Fall with a Sixty Minute Time Limit, and it is for... THE DEFIANCE WRESTLING...
 HEAVYWEIGHT... CHAMPIONSHIP... OF THE WOOORRLD!

[The lights go out and a dual-spotlight makes an encircling pattern on the entrance area as the opening riff of the Smashing Pumpkins "Zero" plays.]

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring first... THE CHALLENGER... He hails from HOUSTON, TEXAS and weighs in at THREE
 HUNDRED AND FIVE POUNDS... This is... THE EGO BUSTER... DAAAAAAAAAAAAAN
 RRRYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYAAAAANNNNNN!

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

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

DDK:

As always, Dan Ryan is all business, but you have to wonder if the threat of a Team HOSS reprisal is on his mind?

Angus:

It should be, our HOSS OVERLORDS aren't to be messed with and he's already failed at that by getting White busted by the feds.

DDK:

Which gave control of DEFIANCE back to Eric Dane.

Angus:

Sure, Dan Ryan did DEFIANCE a big solid, but now he's got Junior and the Hostile Order on his ass and nobody who gives one rip about him.

[Ryan walks directly to the ring, rolls in under the bottom rope and climbs the nearest turnbuckle, keeping his arms down and smirking into the crowd as the music plays. Soon his music fades and the lights fall again as the opening drums to KISS' "I Love It Loud" begins to pound the airwaves, which the fans all around the arena begin stomping their feet to the rhythm of the beat.]

Darren Quimbey:

Annnnnnnnnnd NOW!... Coming to the ring, he hails from BOISE, IDAHO and weighs in at TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY POUNDS... This is... THE DEFIANCE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION... DUSSSTY GRRRRRIFFFFFITH!

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

[Dusty explodes through the curtains as the droning guitar riffs begin to shred the air, which draws an even bigger pop. Stomping to the beat as he marches out on to the stage, Dusty comes to a stop at the edge of the rampway. Planting his hands on his hips, Dusty looks left, then right, scanning the raucous crowd and liking what he sees as a confident smirk curls his lips. Behind him the DEFIANTRON plays clips of Dusty suplexing Chance Von Crank, Kai Scott, Eric Dane, Jonny Booya, including his crowning glory as he holds up the DEFIANCE World Title.]

DDK:

I'll tell you what partner, Dusty certainly looks confident and ready for this match here.

Angus:

Absolutely, Keebs... These are the sort of battles that Mayberry lives for, but the thing is, ever since he beat Dane, he's been dancing on the line of being overconfident.

DDK:

He definitely gained a huge boost after his victory over one of the greatest to ever lace up a pair of boots.

Angus:

And when he fought Eric, he wasn't openly telling the man that he was going to outright beat him, like it wasn't any big deal. If Mayberry thinks that's all it's going to take against Dan Ryan, we're gonna have a new champ tonight.

[As the song kicks it up a notch, Dusty begins making his way down to the ring. Once he hits the floor at the bottom of the ramp, Dusty pauses for a second, looking all around him is a storm of fans all cheering and stomping. Nodding, he explodes forward as rushes towards the ring, diving in under the bottom rope where he quickly pops to his feet and runs the ropes. Bouncing to a stop after a few laps, he raises a fist high in the air and then takes to the nearest corner. Unzipping his jacket he reveals the DEFIANCE World title strapped around his waist.]

[Dan Ryan returns to the ring as the music fades away. Dusty takes to his corner opposite Ryan's and removes his jacket, dropping it over the top rope to one of ring boys. Meanwhile Brian Slater goes to Ryan, giving him the pre-match spiel that the Ego Buster has literally and figuratively heard hundreds, maybe even thousands of times. Over in the opposite corner, Dusty waits for Slater as he goes through his last minute preparations. When Slater arrives, he

goes over the spiel and then asks for Dusty to relinquish his championship.]

DDK:

Well, all we need is the bell and this one is set to go.

Angus:

I'll tell you what Keebs, if Mayberry can actually pull this off... Good gawd, there's probably no telling how high his ego will jump.

DDK:

Such little faith. I think if Dusty beats Dan Ryan, it proves once and for all, he's the best champion in the sport today.

Angus:

True facts, Keebs, not too many people can rightfully claim a win over Eric Dane and Dan Ryan... Of course, there's a reason the man is called the Ego Buster, and Mayberry's actually got to get the win first.

[Taking the title from the champion, he walks over and presents it to Dan Ryan, who gives it a glance and nods to Slater. With the formalities out of the way, Slater heads over to the side of the ring and hands it off to Quimbey out on the floor, then calls for the bell.]

DING!* *DING!* *DING!

DDK:

And here we go...

Angus:

About time, enough pretending they're gonna fight, lets GEEEEAAUUUX!

RAAH!

[The crowd erupts and then simmers down to a buzz as Griffith and Ryan stand across the ring from each other in their corners. Ryan does a final readiness check, while Griffith bounces on the balls of his feet. Satisfied that he's ready, Ryan moves to the center of the ring, wasting absolutely no time with that circling nonsense and beckons the younger champion to "come and get it". Dusty obliges and accepts the challenge, marching right towards his opponent and meets him in the center of the ring.]

Angus:

Jay-zuss, I knew he was taller than Mayberry, but he's literally *towering* above him.

DDK:

It's certainly something to consider, because Dusty has been in there with much larger opponents before, but how many of them had the level of talent as Dan Ryan?

Angus:

Roughly none of them.

[Ryan steps in as Dusty bulls forward, engaging him with a collar and elbow, but Ryan is having none of this test of strength as he turns his hips and drives a knee into his body. Ryan follows up with an elbow down across the back of his neck and shoulders, dropping him to a knee. Grabbing a fistful of Dusty's hair, Ryan pulls him up and then whips him to the ropes, as the Champ comes off the rebound he gets taken off his feet with a side-stepping back elbow to the face. Ryan drops to the mat for the cover, driving a forearm across Dusty's face.]

1... KICKOUT!

DDK:

Not nearly enough, but a good tactic early on to force Griffith to expend some energy early.

Angus:

Dan Ryan, he's got more tactics than the game of Risk.

[Ryan gets to his feet and brings Dusty with him. Sending him to the ropes again, he swings with a clothesline on the rebound, but Griffith ducks it. On the next pass, Ryan tries for another clothesline that Dusty ducks as well. Dusty keeps going, this time however Ryan follows and drills him with another knee to the midsection against the ropes. Ryan tries to send Dusty off the ropes again, but the Champ grabs the top rope to prevent it. Ryan kicks him in the gut and tries again, but Dusty refuses, then blocks an overhand right and blasts Ryan in the jaw with an elbow. Ryan fires back with another kick to the gut and bull rushes him against the ropes, bending Dusty back against the top rope.]

DDK:

Brian Slater getting in there, looking for Ryan to make the clean break.

Angus:

Odds of success... Carry the one, something about Pi to the 5th decimal point...

[Slater threatens to put the Legend on a count, but Ryan backs off peacefully, his arms up in "surrender", though nobody told his feet as he puts another boot into Dusty's midsection. Shooting the Champ off the ropes before he can recover, Ryan rebounds off the near ropes and rushes at Dusty only to get obliterated with a Flying Shoulder Tackle which elicits a big pop from the crowd. Dusty pops to his feet as Ryan staggers up, wondering if anyone got the plate on the truck that just ran him over. Charging him, Dusty unloads with elbows to Ryan's head, that have the Ego Buster reeling back.]

Angus:

Is it just me, or does it not look like Mayberry is a bulkier Little Mac throwing those elbows up to hit Dan Ryan like it's a life sized Mike Tyson's Punch Out?

DDK:

Come on, Ryan's not *that* much taller than Griffith!

[Dusty backs Ryan against the ropes, but Ryan reverses an Irish Whip and sends Dusty running again. Coming off the rebound, Ryan ducks, looking for a Back Body Drop, but Dusty counters suddenly as he latches on to Ryan and takes him over with a Sunset Flip. Slater drops in for the count, but Ryan kicks out before "One!". Dusty gets his feet under him and tries to roll Ryan up on to his shoulders, but the Ego Buster struggles before getting a leg free, cocking it and full on blasting him in the mush with his Size Infinite Boot. Griffith falls back holding his face while Ryan calmly gets to his feet.]

Angus:

I'll tell you what, Ryan's not giving Mayberry anything to brag about right now.

DDK:

And after eating that boot with his face, he might not have the teeth to do it either.

[Ryan puts a few boots to Dusty's back and chest as he rolls around from the kick to the face. Once he has the champ subdued, he pulls Griffith up then scoops and slams him back down with a big thud from the impact. Measuring his target, Ryan drops a big elbow, gets up and hits a second, and a third. Getting up, he turns and rushes off the ropes before dropping a huge leg across Griffith's neck and chest. Sliding into position, Ryan puts one palm across Dusty's face forcibly turning his head and grinding the butt of his palm into his temple, while digging an elbow into his solar plexus as he leans his weight on it for the cover.]

1... and a half... KICKOUT!

[Sitting Griffith up, Ryan positions him at Dusty's back before driving a knee into his spine and grabbing a tight

chinlock.]

DDK:

Ryan starting to dictate the pace here.

Angus:

The way he's pulling back on Mayberry's head like that, he looks like the most evil Chiropractor ever.

[Griffith tries to find a way out of the hold, but Ryan lifts up and drives another knee into his spine, instantly quelling the rebellion as he resets the chinlock and yanks back on it harder, causing Dusty to kick his feet in agony. After a bit, Dusty calms as the initial jolt of pain subsides and tries to pry at Ryan's hand, but Ryan switches gears by grabbing him by the hair and whipping him to the mat and goes for another pin.]

1... and a quarter... SHOULDER UP!

[Ryan stands and then drops to one knee while driving the other across the side of Dusty's head. Picking him up, Ryan busts him upside the head with a forearm, which seems to wake Dusty up as he fires back with one of his own. Ryan returns fire with another and Dusty responds in kind, then gets a second and a third, but Ryan gets him with another boot to the breadbasket and then follows up with a knee lift to the chest as he's doubled over. Seeing an opening, Ryan runs at the ropes and tries for a clothesline off the rebound, but Dusty drops to the mat. Ryan hops over and when he comes off the rebound, he looks to run Griffith over...]

DDK:

Dusty scores with an Inverted Atomic Drop!

Angus:

Ryan's Ego just got Busted, and by Ego, I mean...

DDK:

We know what you mean!

[Ryan doesn't have time to be worried about his balls as Dusty quickly follows up with a Fallaway Slam. They both scramble to their feet and Dusty rushes at Ryan, who catches him in an old school Sleeper Hold. Dusty goes with it before Ryan can get it locked in, as he gets an around Ryan's back and takes him up and drops him ass first across his knee with an Atomic Drop. The sudden jolt to his spine stuns him, allowing Dusty to follow up with a lightning quick Back Drop Suplex, throwing Ryan on to the back of his head and shoulders. Dusty rolls over and quickly goes for the cover.]

1... and a three quarters... KICKOUT!

DDK:

And just like that, control of this match swings in the favor of the Champion.

Angus:

Mayberry doing what Mayberry does, throwing dudes on their heads, it's his most admirable quality.

DDK:

What about his respect and passion for the sport?

Angus:

Naaaaah, those are boring and thus aren't admissible as legitimate qualities.

[Dusty pulls Ryan up and drives him into the nearby corner, spearing him with his shoulder. Pulling back, Dusty drives his shoulder into Ryan's midsection several times and then tries to whip him across, but Ryan reverses and sends him into the corner instead. Dusty hits the corner hard, then explodes out of it at Ryan, who catches the Champ coming in

with a Superkick that knocks him flat on his back. Dusty staggers back to his feet and turns right into a charging Ryan, who runs him over with a clothesline, turning him inside out with it. Dropping down, Ryan hooks a leg as he puts all of his weight on Griffith for the cover.]

1... 2... NO!... KICKOUT!

Angus:

Jay-zuss, he made fat boy fly with that clothesline!

DDK:

And it still wasn't enough to keep him down!

[Ryan eyes Slater who gives him the "TWO" sign. Getting up, Ryan kicks at Griffith trying to crawl away, landing a couple of uncontested shots to side of his skull. Ryan keeps this up, dropping those Size Infinite Boots on Dusty's head and shoulder, not even trying to do damage so much as display his dominance over the Champion. Unfortunately for Dusty, he crawls his way over to the ropes, which inspires Ryan. Letting Griffith get to the bottom rope, he pushes him over it before stepping down with one foot to choke Dusty over the rope.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Is this really necessary?

Angus:

Probably not, but are you going to try and stop him?

DDK:

Obviously not.

Angus:

Thought so, you're such a *poooooosay*...

DDK:

I don't see you volunteering either.

Angus:

Uh *yeah*, because I'm **not** suicidal...

[Slater is in there quickly and calling for the break, but Ryan ignores him completely while also popping himself up and dropping all of his weight down across Dusty's back with a Banzai Drop. Slater again calls for a break, but Ryan hits Dusty with another Banzai Drop, getting Griffith to holler in pain. Slater tries to pull Ryan away, but the Ego Buster isn't having it and puts another boot down across Griffith's shoulders to keep him in place while the ref gives him an earful. Ryan looks Slater straight faced in the eyes as he brings his other foot up on to Dusty's back, putting his full weight on the Champ's shoulders and back. Dusty kicks and squirms while struggling for breath as Slater begins putting a count on Ryan.]

Angus:

There, happy? He's putting the count on him.

DDK:

Yes, actually. I don't understand why a man of Dan Ryan's pedigree needs to stoop to such a blatantly cheap tactics.

Angus:

Because he's a sociopath in black trunks? At least this way he's only hurting other psychopaths.

[Ryan breaks at 4 as he steps off Dusty's back, who rolls away from the ropes as his hands come up to clutch his throat. Slater tries to admonish him, but Ryan isn't hearing it as he stalks the Champion into the corner. Putting a few boots into his ribs to ensure he's subdued, Ryan lifts Griffith up before smashing him with a few big man style side elbows to the head. The elbows seem to jolt Dusty as he fires back with a couple, but they're hardly full strength and Ryan responds with another big knee to the body and then grabs him with a Thai Plum.]

DDK:

Ryan putting his training in Muay Thai to use here.

Angus:

Ryan's going full Anderson Silva on Mayberry face like he's Rich Franklin!

[Dusty tries to block the knees, but Ryan hammers away and even the ones that don't land solid, still do a good deal of concussive damage. After a few more shots find their mark, Dusty can't help but drop to his knees and if not for a hand reaching out for the ropes, he would slump over on the mat face first. Ryan steps back, putting his arms out as he strikes a pose that says "is this it?" which earns him a large round of boos.]

Angus:

What the hell, you got this guy and you're gonna waste time posing? Why is he going full Jonny Booya, Keebs?

DDK:

Beats me, partner, but I do know this... You never go full Jonny Booya.

[After having a bit of fun with the fans, Ryan turns his attention back to business at hand while Slater checks on Dusty, who has risen to his feet while Ryan was otherwise disposed. Moving Slater out of the way, Ryan drives another couple of side elbows into Dusty face before putting one of those Size Infinite Boots against his chest and neck. Using the top rope for balance, not unlike a ballerina, he digs the sole of his boot into Dusty's throat, causing the Champ to struggle again for air. Slater gives Ryan one warning, which is completely ignored until Slater finally has enough and puts the Ego Buster a relatively fast count, forcing Ryan to break at 4 or risk disqualification. Once freed, Dusty drops to his knees, clutching his throat again.]

Angus:

You know what I don't get?

DDK:

What's that?

Angus:

If the referee's five count is so gorram effective, why don't they just lead off with that instead of all this warning and threatening of disqualification?

DDK:

Angus... Shutup before you break the universe by using logic based common sense.

[Slater pulls Ryan aside again and is visibly upset with Ryan's complete lack of respect for his authority. Ryan barely acknowledges Slater, giving the referee a total 'yeah, so?' look as he shrugs, his eyes fixed on Dusty, who once again crawls around on the mat, hacking and sucking in oxygen. Pushing Slater aside, Ryan stalks Griffith once again, and grabs him back the waistband of his trunks to pull him right into a Full Nelson. Ryan tries to lift Dusty, but the Champ fights it by kicking his legs while in the air and trying to squirm out of the hold while his feet are on the mat. Letting go, Ryan blasts him in the back with a forearm and spins him around. Ryan scores another kick to the gut and tries for the Jumping DDT, but Dusty gets his hands on Ryan's legs before popping up and dumping him to the mat with a Back Body Drop.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Dusty with the quick thinking to save himself there.

Angus:

The guy is like Jason Voorhees, but uglier.

[Dusty falls to a knee as Ryan recoils from the sudden and jarring pain after getting dropped to the mat. Shaking the cobwebs, Dusty watches as Ryan rolls to his feet, bursting forward as Ryan rises up. Ryan telegraphs this and pops Griffith up and slams him right back to the mat with an authoritative Spinebuster. Floating over, he tries for the cover.]

1... 2... and a quarter... NO!... KICKOUT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

What a hellacious Spinebuster there by Dan Ryan!

Angus:

Somebody check to make sure there isn't a Mayberry sized dent in the son of a bitch!

[Ryan doesn't sell the kickout, pulling Dusty up, he takes him over to the nearest corner, lifts him up and slams him back down before turning his back to the turnbuckles. Lifting himself up on to the top turnbuckle so that he's sitting on it, he steadies himself and stands, then leaps off for a huge Leg Drop.]

CRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAASSSSSSSSSSSH!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

DUSTY MOVES!

Angus:

And Ryan's spine is all like, "FFFFFFUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!"

[Ryan sells the pain like a motherfucker, looking like he's going through a seizure while his whole back spasms. Dusty tries to capitalize, rolling back to his knees before scurrying over to make the cover while Ryan is paralyzed from the sudden pain reverberating through his spine.]

1... 2... and three quarters... NO! FOOT ON THE ROPES!

BOOOOOOO-RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Dusty pulls Ryan up, then drags him away from the ropes. Getting cinched up for a Sambo Suplex, Ryan fights it with elbows to the head and neck before being able to throw Dusty off of him. Dusty pops right back up and hammers Ryan with an elbow, and the Legend returns with one of his own. Dusty returns fire with another elbow, then Ryan again, and Dusty, and Ryan, and Dusty, until Ryan tries to grab that Thai Plum, but Dusty shoves him off. Ryan snaps back, looking for the Superkick, but Dusty catches it.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Griffith spins him around annnnd, GERMAN SUPLEX!

Angus:

Yeeaaaah, now we're talking, time to throw the big bombs!

[Dusty holds on and pulls Ryan up, scoring a second German Suplex, then rolls with it one more time as he tosses him up and over, folding Ryan in half as he impacts on the back of his neck and shoulders with a Release German Suplex. Dusty pops to his feet and explodes with emotion, his fists pumping with a flex as he roars to the crowd.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

The hell... Go for the cover you fool!

DDK:

You're actually pulling for Dusty to win?

Angus:

What? No, I don't care who wins, I'm just saying... Go for the gorram cover!

DDK:

Maybe he knows that's not going to be enough to put Dan Ryan away?

Angus:

Or he's wasting time to mean mug for the neckbearded purists on the internet who look up to him while living in their mom's basement.

[Opting not to go for the cover, Griffith rips Ryan up to his feet and holds the back of his head with his left hand so that he can pummel him with elbows from the right side. Two, three times he lands solid, thudding shots to the side of Ryan's skull, before releasing his head, spinning and scoring with a Rolling Elbow that flattens Ryan. This time he goes for the cover.]

1... 2... and a quarter... KICKOUT!

[Griffith pulls Ryan up again, once again grabbing him by the back of the head and blasting him with a series of elbows. After a third one hits, Ryan comes to life and fires back with an elbow of his own, rocking Dusty back. The Champion returns fire before bull rushing him back against the ropes. Opening Ryan up, Dusty tries to cut into him with a Knife Edge Chop that makes a loud cracking sound throughout the arena.]

WHOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

A helluva chop from the Champion.

Angus:

It was alright, it's no Roger Stevens, but it'll do.

[Ryan again returns fire, rocking Dusty back with another elbow and then a loud, cracking chop of his own. Dusty fires back with another, then Ryan, then Dusty, back and forth they go with each blow making sweat explode off their bodies from the impact. As Ryan begins to win the duel, he tries to whip Dusty to the ropes, but Griffith reverses and counters by throwing Ryan up and over with a big time Overhead Belly to Belly Suplex. Dusty rolls to his knees and sees Ryan still down, crawling over he goes for the cover.]

1... 2... NO! KICKOUT!

[Griffith looks around, heaving for breath while Slater gives him the "two". Bringing Ryan up with him, Dusty goes back to the elbows, landing three successive blows before rushing off the ropes. On the rebound, Dusty comes flying back with the Rushin' Elbow, but Ryan steps in and this time, it's he who sends Dusty for a ride with an Overhead Belly to Belly.]

WHOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

What a suplex from Dan Ryan!

Angus:

Holy sheezay! We've seen Mayberry toss everyone around like that, hope he got some frequent flyer miles on that trip!

[Ryan is down and heaving breath, Dusty is down and recoiling from the sudden shock of being given a healthy dose of his own medicine. A moment passes before either begins to stir, and it's Dan Ryan who is up first and pulling Dusty up from behind into a full nelson. Ryan tries to throw Dusty with a Dragon Suplex, but the Champion fights it. Ryan lets go of the hold, but as he does, Dusty snaps off a few back elbows and then tries to spin back around for another elbow, but Ryan blasts him with one of his own. Spinning him back around, Ryan grabs the full nelson again, but before he can lock his hands, Dusty grits his teeth as he pushes his arms down and tries to power out of the hold.]

DDK:

Dan Ryan doesn't intend to go out quietly, and neither does Dusty Griffith!

Angus:

Ooooh shit, CURRRRRRVE BAAAWWWWWWL!

[Ryan however switches gears, dropping his hands and grabbing a waistlock and dumps Griffith on to the back of his shoulders with a Release German Suplex. Dusty is able to roll with the impact though, right back to his feet as he stumbles back into the ropes. Bouncing off, he charges at Ryan and smashes him with the Rushin' Elbow, catching him off guard. Ryan scrambles back to his feet and gets swarmed by Griffith with a storm of elbows as he backs him into a corner. Opening up, Dusty waylays him with a few more shots and then whips him across into the opposite turnbuckles. Charging in after Ryan, Dusty runs full speed, crashing into the Ego Buster with a Body Avalanche and then whips him back across and does it a second time.]

DDK:

STAMPEDE!

Angus:

Jay-zuss FFFFUUUUUUUU, he's gonna do it, Keebs!

[Dusty backs off a few steps, once again overcome with a furious storm of emotion as he explodes into a roar to the crowd before raising his hands and signaling for the Atomic Powerbomb.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Ryan stumbles out of the corner and right into a boot to the gut from Griffith, doubling him over before Dusty sets him up for his coup de grace. Ryan however refuses to die as he grabs the back of Dusty's legs, preventing himself from being hoisted up, then with a sudden burst of brute strength, lifting Griffith up so that he hangs off of his shoulders. Ryan leans back slightly and then whips himself forward, throwing Griffith back first to the mat with an Alabama Slam, causing the whole ring to visibly shake. Griffith instantly recoils on the mat and almost seems paralyzed in this seizure like state as his whole body is in complete shock from the impact.]

DDK:

Good gawd, the impact on that slam!

Angus:

Right there! Right gorram there, that's what you get for wasting time!

[Ryan drops down for the cover.]

1... 2... 3... ???... NOOOOOOOOO!... KICKOUT!

OH MY GOD HOW DID HE KICKOUT OF THAT POPSPLOSION?!

[Ryan looks at Slater all like “the hell?!”]

[Ryan shakes his head and then pulls Dusty back up, stuffing his head between his legs and then yokes him up on to his shoulders.]

DDK:

HUMILITY BOMB!

Angus:

NEW CHAMP, KEEBS!

[Ryan hooks both legs and rolls Dusty on to his shoulders.]

1... 2... AND NINE TENTHS... ??? NOOOOOOOOOO!

SERIOUSLY WHAT THE FUUUUUUUUUUUU POPSPLOSION?!

[Dan Ryan, the Legend, who has seen it, done it, and is one of the coldest bastards in the business is beside himself. Brian Slater can't believe it so much that all he can do is vacantly stare out into space as he holds up a “two” sign. The fans can't believe it. Angus is losing his goddamned mind to such a degree that he's not even speaking English at this point.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

What?... Oh, good grief, what does *he* want?!

Angus: [snapping back to reality]

Ahdnf ehdcc dh... JUNIOR KEELING!

[The fans explode with disgust as the Super Agent of the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Champions emerges on the stage with Capital Punishment standing guard behind him. In the ring, Dan Ryan hasn't noticed, his mind locked in on what he's doing next, which is pulling Griffith into the nearest corner and hoisting him up on to the top turnbuckle so that he's seated facing the crowd.]

DDK:

This could be it, Angus, Dan Ryan is going for the Headliner!

Angus:

And Junior's walking that aisle!

[In the corner, Ryan tries to pull Dusty on to his shoulders, but the Champion instinctively holds the turnbuckle to prevent it. Ryan rears back and blasts Griffith with a forearm to the lower back enough times until his grip on the turnbuckle breaks. Meanwhile, Junior and Cap arrive to the ringside area just as Ryan pulls Dusty on to his shoulders and into the Torture Rack position.]

DDK:

What is he up to?

Angus:

Why does he have to be up to something? Maybe he's just out here to... Uh, uhm, ah, eeehh...

[Backing away from the corner, Ryan turns towards the center of the ring just as Keeling hops on to the apron, immediately taking Brian Slater's attention from the action to deal with him.]

Angus:

Ooooh shoot, maybe he's here to help Mayberry and he's going to join Team HOSS?

DDK:

Or something that might actually happen...

[Seeing Keeling on the apron, Ryan snarls at the intrusion and drops Griffith back on his feet, where he tumbles on to the mat.]

Angus:

I'm telling you, Keebs, I think Mayberry's got a HOSS card up his sleeve!

DDK:

Will you shutup, Dusty Griffith is about the last man on the roster who would ever join Team HOSS... For any reason!

Angus:

Oh yeah, then why is TEAM HOSS IN THE HAAAAUUUUUWWWWSSSSSE!?

[With everyone involved in the match distracted or incapacitated, nobody pays any attention to the fact that Angel Trinidad and Aleczander are storming through the crowd from opposite sides of the ring. Jumping the barriers, Angel is the first in the ring as he dives in under the ropes and goes to tackle into Dan Ryan just as he was about to go over and deal with Keeling himself.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Next in the ring is Alecz, who jumps in and joins Angel to double up on Dan Ryan. Keeling continues to distract Slater, continually trying to enter the ring, forcing Slater to physically have to block this action. Meanwhile, Cap has since gone off in search for something.]

DDK:

This is ridiculous!

Angus:

Snitches get stitches, Keebs.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[The crowd pops as Dusty Griffith gets to his feet and dives into the two on one scrum between Dan Ryan and the two junior members of Team HOSS.]

DDK:

And the Champion is back in this!

Angus:

And he's about to seal the deal...

[Dusty grabs Angel, spins him around and absolutely decks the big kid with an elbow to the side of the head.]

Angus:

LLLLLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMMMMMME!

[With only one man to fight, Ryan starts getting into the fight with Alecz, while Dusty and Angel trade shots. Eventually

having had enough of Keeling, Slater actually shoves him away, knocking him off the apron to the floor.]

CRACK!* *CRACK!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Just as that was happening, Cap, who relieved Quimbey of his chair, slid into the ring and smashed both Ryan and Griffith across their backs with the chair, instantly ending their rebellion against the HOSS invasion. Unfortunately for Slater, Cap also saw eject Junior Keeling to the floor.]

Angus:

OOOOOH SHEEEEEEEIT...

DDK:

No, no, don't do...

[Slater turns to see the chaos ensuing behind him and calls for the bell...]

DING!* *DING!* *DING!

[...and just as he does that, he finds himself in the shadow of a pissed off Cap, who stomps over and...]

CRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCCCCCCCCCCCCK!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOLY FUCKSHIT, Cap just bent that gorram chair around Slater's big ass dome!

DDK:

Good lord, Brian Slater has just been wrecked by Capital Punishment! Was that really necessary?!

Angus:

Probably not, but Cap sure seemed to think so, and I'm not going to argue his decisions when he's got a chair in his hand and ready to murder faces.

[Having gotten over the shock of Slater actually shoving him to the floor, Keeling gets up on the apron and starts barking orders for his charges to "lay waste to these fuckers!" Nodding to the brains of the operation, all three begin putting the boots to Griffith and Ryan. After a few good shots, Cap tells Angel and Alecz to get Dan Ryan up, as he holds the chair, ready to blast open the Ego Buster's skull.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Lindsay Troy's arrival pops the crowd. Keeling turns to see what the commotion is about and immediately gets the hell out of dodge when he sees the Queen of the Ring coming towards the ring at Mach 2.]

DDK:

And if anyone is going to have something to say about this, it's Lindsay Troy!

[Jumping from the floor to the apron, Troy grabs the top rope, springs herself up and then launches herself at Cap with a dropkick that lands dead center between his shoulders. Before Alecz and Angel can react, LT's joined by more reinforcements in the form of Frank Dylan James and Eugene Dewey.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

Yeah, and she's not alone, here comes the Red Nerd and the Redneck!

[Euge dives into the ring, popping up to his feet with momentum still behind him as he crashes himself into Alecz with the Biotic Charge, sending him tumbling out of the ring.]

Angus:

POOOOOOOOUUUUUUUUUUNNNNNNSSSSAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!

DDK:

Eugene's looking a bit more spritely since the last time we saw him!

[Angel goes for Euge and gets waylaid by Frank Dylan James who clobbers him with a clothesline to the side of his neck, taking the big kid off of his feet in the process. Troy's putting work in on Cappy with some hard right hands before Keeling scrambles into the ring and tackles her off of the Elder Statesman of Team HOSS. Eugene and FDJ stomp away on Angel while Dusty and Dan get to their feet.]

DDK:

Keeling showing some backbone? I've officially seen it all here tonight, ladies and gentlemen!

Angus:

Yeah, putting hoes in their place since day one, that's how you do it, Jun!

DDK:

And now she's keenly aware of his presence.

Angus:

Oh shit! Run, JUUUUUN, RUUUUUUUUUUUN!

[Keeling doesn't realize right away that his desperate move to save Cappy from the Queen's rage put him right in her crosshairs. She's quick to wrap him up in the Divine Right before he can scramble away from her. Keeling's face starts to turn red but he's thankfully saved from any further oxygen loss when Aleczander climbs back into the ring and kicks Troy in the face!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Troy releases the hold on Keeling. Cappy's back to his feet and he charges at FDJ and Eugene, taking them by surprise with a double-clothesline. Aleczander helps get Keeling out of the ring while Cappy drags Angel out with him. Dusty charges toward Cappy and Angel but he's not fast enough to land a hit before the whole of Team HOSS retreats to higher ground.]

DDK:

Team HOSS is in full retreat!

Angus:

Naaaaah, they just remembered they had other, better things to do.

DDK:

Whatever you have to tell yourself, partner.

[Dan Ryan has procured a microphone from DQ, but doesn't put it to use yet. First, he walks over to his sister-in-law who is shaking the cobwebs out while moving upwards to a knee. He holds his hand out to give the assist. Troy flicks her eyes upward and, upon realizing who's offering her help, slaps her hand in his and lets Dan guide her to her feet.]

DDK:

I'll tell you what, Angus, it was a hell of a match before...

Angus:

DEFIANCE went DEFIANCE? Yeah, it was one big, ugly slugfest and like I said, Dan Ryan wasn't to be taken lightly.

DDK:

He certainly seemed to have Dusty beat before Team HOSS showed up... And something tells me, he's got plenty to say about it right now...

Because Fuck You, I Said So!

Dan Ryan: [Pacing back and forth with a big psychotic grin on his face] You boys got a date or somethin'? Where the HELL are you going? We're just gettin' started in here!

[The crowd roars in approval at this suggestion. Team HOSS stands tall at the top of the ramp, smirking and pleased with themselves.]

Dan Ryan:

No? OK then, I thought not. Truth is, I'm fine with this. I'm really really... [beat] you know, no, I'm not so fine with it. With all due respect to our World Champion, I should have that belt around my waist right now and you idiots have just made the biggest mistake of your lives. You got in the way of me and the championship. So now, I don't know what you hoped to accomplish out here, if you thought you'd screw with me and walk away... or what.

[Ryan stops at the middle of the ropes and leans into them, now speaking in a guttural almost whispering growl.]

Dan Ryan:

I want all of you at Aftershock.

[Lindsay Troy looks at Ryan, smirks, and turns her head toward Team HOSS, who are no longer smiling.]

[Kelly Evans' voice can be heard before she can be seen.]

Kelly Evans:

Well well well, what an interesting idea....

[The Skybox windows open and the Matriarch of DEFIANCE stands there with one hand on her hip and a house microphone in the other. The two man slaves from last week are standing on either side of her, fanning her with the palm leaves.]

Kelly Evans:

It just so happens that I'm of a mind to have a....Trios title match at Aftershock....

[Keeling's eyes start to go wide.]

Kelly Evans:

...and I've been mulling over how exactly I wanted the belts defended. So now, given the night's events and given that you all.... [Kelly points a finger at Team HOSS, frowning.] decided to ruin a perfectly good World Championship match tonight, I'm thinking Daniel's idea doesn't sound half bad. And I doubt Troy's gonna object much either.

[A shake of the Queen's head indicates nope, she's not.]

Kelly Evans: [smiling]

Splendid. Now for a third partner....looks to me like Frank's long overdue for some violence. He's your third guy.

RAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[FDJ looks pleased as punch about this. Angel, Aleczander, Capital Punishment, and Junior Keeling, however, do not. The camera cuts in close to Junior and picks up on him arguing profusely against this suggestion.]

Junior Keeling:

THE HELL IT DOES. We've been down this road already **twice**. That.... [jabs a finger in Troy's direction] *harpy* had a chance with her NOW FORMER partners, she couldn't get the job done with a couple'a RANDOS last week, so you're gonna give her a third crack? How about giving my boys an actual challenge...OH WAIT, EL OH EL JAY KAY, ONE DOESN'T EXIST since we've run ROUGHSHOD over this place!

Angel Trinidad: [in the background]

YEAH! BECAUSE WE'RE HOSSOMELY HOSSOME!

Kelly Evans:

HOW ABOUT FUCK YOU, JUNIOR, WE'RE DOING THIS OR YOU AND THOSE PACK MULES CAN GET THE FUCK OUT OF DEFIANCE AND GO WASTE nBW's TIME INSTEAD!

RAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Keeling's face goes white, then red with anger, but he doesn't dare say another word.]

Kelly Evans: [Calming back down to a professional tone.]

Now then.

[She snaps her fingers and the boys start fanning her a little quicker. Team HOSS continue to mug and yap on their way out of the arena, while being followed by Dan Ryan, Lindsay Troy and Big Frank, who are now out on the arena floor around ringside.]

Kelly Evans:

I promised a big announcement for AFTERSHOCK, I teased you, I got your hopes up, and I made you all wait for it like a good, lil' Christian slut who likes to give handy-jays but won't give up the skins because Jesus ain't cool with that!

[She sets her sights on both Dusty Griffith and Eugene Dewey, both of whom continue to mill about the ring. Dan Ryan stops at the foot of the ramp and turns, wanting to hear what's next with a stern and curious look upon his face as his arms cross over his chest. The fans pop with laughter at her last comment, she waits for the commotion to die down, then continues.]

Kelly Evans:

Now as it just so happens, it would appear that our World Champion and FIST of DEFIANCE are without matches for my first pay per view, and gentlemen, this does nothing for me.

[She tsk-tsk's this notion with a wave of her index finger, still holding the mic. Dusty and Euge now both stand at attention, their gazes firmly locked on the Skybox and the words of coming from the baws. Troy stands next to Ryan, her patience thinning with Kelly's dragging out the process of making with critical information.]

Kelly Evans:

More importantly, it does *nothing* for these fans, my fans, your fans, *our fans*.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!?

Kelly Evans:

So, here's the plan, boys, are you ready?

YEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAH!?

Kelly Evans:

The Main Event of AFTERSHOCK: The Revival...

[The entire arena shuts the fuck up. You could hear a mouse ripping ass while dropping a pin on the floor somewhere in the back, it's that quiet. Dusty and Euge give each other sideways glances, Ryan eyes both of them, Troy eyes Evans, and Frank's eyes just aimlessly wander about as they wait on the next words to pour from Evans' lips. Even Team HOSS remain at the back of the stage, attention completely undivided and focused on Evans.]

Kelly Evans:

DEFIANCE World Heavyweight Champion, DUSTY GRIFFITH....

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH?!

Kelly Evans:

versus... The FIST of DEFIANCE, EUGENE DEWEY...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH?!

Kelly Evans:

CHAMPION VERSUS CHAMPION, WINNER... TAKES... ALL!

[Dusty and Euge's eyes go wide and those sideways glances become full on glares when the words register with their brains. Dan Ryan growls with annoyance, knowing that he was THIS close to being him in that mega main event. Team HOSS all laugh, while Junior points and mocks Dan Ryan's very noticeable chagrin before they disappear behind the curtains. After the initial hit of the news, Troy turns tries to talk Ryan down, possibly foreseeing the quadruple homicide that's taking place in his mind right now. As for FDJ? The Redneck King of DEFIANCE hoots and hollers his support for Dusty, but more because "that raight thars gon' be a HALE'UVA faight!"]

ZOMAIGAWD ARE YOU SERIOUS IS THIS REAL LIFE POPSPLOSION?!

Angus:

What in the HALE did she just say?!

DDK:

Kelly Evans promised a huge announcement and by god, the BAWS LADY just delivered all of the goods!

Angus:

The goods? The GOODS?! Bitch just dropped her mixtape and set the whole place on FYYYYYAAAARRRRR!

[With a smirk on Kelly's face the Skybox window closes, leaving DEFIANCE's upper echelon in and around the ring, all with varying degrees of shock and surprise plastered over their faces. Out on the floor, Dan Ryan turns and leaves, cold, silent and with murder on his mind, while Troy follows, with Ol' Frank stomping his way up the ramp a few paces behind them.]

DDK:

What a way to close the show, we have our main event for AFTERSHOCK, and we'll see you all next week on PAY PER VIEW! For Angus Skaaland, I'm Darren Keebler...

Angus:

GOOOOOOOOOOOD NAAAAAAAAIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIGGGGGHHHHHHHT NAAAAAAAAAOOOOOOOOOOO!

[The final shot as the credits roll is of Dusty Griffith and Eugene Dewey standing face to face, no longer friends in this moment, but mortal enemies who are out to take everything that the other has fought for.]

[Fin.]