

Deus Ex Machina

[Kelly Evans hates to be kept waiting. That fact is evident by the brisk way she keeps checking the time on her smartphone. Neon pink iPhone with “Bitch in Charge” spelled out in rhinestones on the cover, incase you were wondering. An engine is heard pulling into the motor pool, Kelly breaths an annoyed sigh of relief as the long black car pulls up almost at her feet.]

Kelly: [under her breath]
Fuckin’ finally, Jesus.

[The back door to the limo opens, the sheer size of the man that emerges from inside makes Kelly take a wee step back to give the massive seven footer room. The huge man, all in black, dutifully takes his place beside the back door of the car.]

Kelly: [grinning]
Well well well, look who went a found himself a new gig. Thought you’d hide away forever mournin’ your long lost manfriend. How is Ed doin’ by the way? Raped yet?

[Ed White’s former head of security Nicky Corozzo completely ignores the crass comment and holds his hand out to help a long flawless pair of legs from inside the limo. She’s a total knockout in a charcoal grey business suit with a mini skirt so short and so tight it borders on inappropriate. And as always ruby red heels and glossy red lips.]

Jane:
We aren’t associated with Mr. White anymore, you know that. Besides, tonight is about new beginnings, right? No need to linger in the past.

[Jane Katze smiles coldly at Kelly who goes about eyeing the gorgeous brunette up and down a few times.]

Kelly:
Yeah, well [motioning towards the limo with her eyes] is everything you promised...

[Jane holds up a hand. Kelly looks almost amused at Jane’s presumptuousness.]

Jane:
Miss Evans, listen. You wanted me to suss out my place in DEFIANCE? Well, I’ve done that.

[Jane pulls a business card from her coat and hands it to Kelly who looks over the card suspiciously.]

Kelly:
Katze & Associates? What the hell is this, exactly? Some rebranded Blood Diamonds bullshit? Because I know for a fact Dan Ryan wants nothin’ to do with you people anymo...

[Jane interrupts again.]

Jane:
No, nothing like that at all. No more stables. No more groups. I’m a consultant, Miss Evans. My legal and financial expertise far exceeds my abilities in the ring, I’m woman enough to admit that. I think I can make more of an impact as an advocate for other superstars. Representing them in contract negotiations and the like. Looking for new exciting ways to grow their respective brands.

Kelly:
So you’re going to stand around, look pretty and flap your gums, got it. Listen girly, I’ve got a full plate tonight. I just wanted to confirm [tucking the business card back into Jane’s coat pocket] that we were set for tonight. Are we set for tonight Jane? I know how reckless and pigheaded he can be.

[The comments considerable sass was directed right into the open limo door. The head bitch in charge narrows her gaze and points a sharp talon right into Jane's chest, Nicky turns towards the girls and finally opens his mouth.]

Corozzo:

Watch it Miss Evans.

[Kelly gives Nicky a taste of his own medicine and completely ignores the giants warning.]

Kelly:

You listen to me. I get it, okay? You're boss fucked you two over and you're diggin' your heels in like hell to stay in the fight, I can respect that.

[Kelly narrows her eyes and takes an aggressive little step into what would absolutely be considered Jane Katze personal space.]

Kelly:

But don't fuck with me tonight. This show is bigger than you and your two move wonder, dime a dozen LBC reject bodyguard here put together ten times over. Your proposal was good enough that you get a little more slack tonight, a little more rope... it's a gift, don't go hangin' yourself with it. Stick to the plan, make some noise, create some buzz for DEFIANCE, that's it. Do that and you can go about advocating for whomever you damn well please. We crystal?

[Jane smiles sweetly and raises her right hand, her left over her heart.]

Jane:

Clear as a sunny day, Miss Evans.

[Kelly looks towards the still open door of the limo and narrows her eyes.]

Kelly:

And I'd like to have a little heart to heart with you, pal, sooner rather than later. We need to get a few things straight between you and me before you and your usual goddamn circus go crossing lines that shouldn't be crossed.

[Kelly looks Nicky up and down with annoyance as her cell phone vibrates. She starts answering a text message, shoves past the giant bodyguard and starts off towards the backstage area proper.]

Kelly: [shaking her head]

Out of my way, shitstack. I must have lost my goddamn mind letting these goddamn... *mumble stress delegate*

[Jane's sweet smile melts into a look of calm confidence. A voice, to quiet for us to make out is heard murmuring from inside the limo. Jane answers.]

Jane:

He is. I'm going to pay him a private visit right now.

[The voice murmurs again. Nicky cracks both his knuckles and what might pass as a grin.]

Corozzo:

That's what I'm talkin' about. I've been achin' to dish out some pain. Remind all these punks why they still call me "Il Giudice;" bring the gavel down. Crack a few skulls.

[Jane starts off down the hallway away from the limo, calling back over her shoulder.]

Jane:

You boys enjoy yourselves. Tonight? We take what's ours.

[Pulling a single bobby pin from her bun allowing her long brown hair to fall loose around her shoulders she remarks privately to herself with a mischievous grin.]

Jane:

... By any funds necessary.

[We fade back to the booth where we join our announce team of "Downtown" Darren Keebler and "The Motormouth of Malcontent" Angus Skaaland.]

DDK:

You get the strange feeling the spirit of The Socialite lives on in Miss Jane Katze, partner?

Angus:

Put a beard on her, lets see if theres a resemblance. More importantly... WHO THE HELL IS IN THAT DAMN LIMO?!

DDK:

Question of the night, Angus, question of the night. Something tells me though that the returning Mr. Corozzo might make finding out rather difficult.

Angus:

You don't think it's him do you?

DDK:

Who? White? He's in prison for a very very long time, bud. Unless he's perpetrated the most elaborate escape attempt in recorded US history he's still penniless, beardless and locked behind steel bars and razorwire fences.

Angus:

Stranger shit's happened around here.

DDK:

True statement.

The Run-Down

[First, there is black. Then the DEFIANCE logo flashes onto the screen, quickly followed by the Aftershock logo. This is then followed with a shot of Edward White, under arrest.]

Voice Over:

They say after every large earthquake, there is an aftershock in the same area.

[Then the photo fades and you see Dusty Griffith and Dan Ryan, standing toe to toe. On one side, you have the DEFIANCE World Heavyweight Champion and on the other, you have the very man at the epicenter of the earthquake. Stills from their recent match are shown in rapid succession, with Griffith holding the title high above his head, still the champion.]

Voice Over:

An earthquake comes with no warning. When it hits, nothing is ever the same. As people pick up the pieces, trying to start over again, they know something else is coming. As alert as they are though, they are never able to prepare what's coming next.

[As Griffith stands in the ring, a shot of Kelly Evans entering the ring is shown. She makes the bombshell announcement. Dusty Griffith. Eugene Dewey. Title Unification Match. A photo shows of the two men, friends and allies, standing toe to toe.]

Voice Over:

Tonight, the men and women of DEFIANCE will feel the effects of an aftershock unlike any they have ever felt before. After tonight, they will put those pieces back together. If they can.

[Then, the following is shown in flashes: Malachi making Masato Ishimaru tapout, Henry Keyes and Samuel Turner lying on the mat spent, Troy Matthews and Jake Donovan standing shoulder to shoulder as they stare down Curtis Penn, David Noble and Frank Holiday about to come to blows, Lindsay Troy standing in the ring as she yells and points at Team HOSS.]

Voice Over:

Unless, what's happened previously was a foreshock and the aftershock is still waiting out in the wings.

[A dark room with a single steel chair set in the middle of it. Footsteps are heard echoing in the small, empty room until the feet of a man are seen, covered by wrestling boots. The man sits in the chair, most of his body shrouded in darkness. Then a sinister laugh is heard.]

Voice Over:

This. Is. **DEFIANCE.**

BOOM!

[A litany of fireworks explode around the Wrestle-Plex as four thousand fans are on their feet, cheering and chanting, ready for the massive event to start. Many of the fans in the arena are holding up signs, some of which read:

I Bought the Curtis Penn DVD for \$14.99 and Want My Money Back!

Dewey is FIST!

Bow Down Before the HOSS Overlords!

STT is a Traitor!

Marry Me Troy!

Move Over Holiday!

Dusty = DEFIANCE!

Then, the cameras cut to our illustrious announcers.]

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to DEFIANCE live on Hulu Plus!

Angus:

Oh boy, oh boy! AfterShock is finally here!

DDK:

That it is and we will see all four titles up for grabs tonight, in only three matches!

Angus:

Do. Not. Remind. Me. Eugene Dewey and Dusty Griffith in our main event? Oh, I am going to violently ill at the sheer thought of that. Please, kill me if Eugene wins. Please?

DDK:

Oh trust me, I will be honored to! At DEFTV 47, the new boss, Kelly Evans announced moments after Griffith retained his championship thanks to the interference of Team HOSS--

Angus:

OUR OVERLORDS!

DDK:

Sure. Moments after that, Evans announced a Title Unification Match between Eugene Dewey and Dusty Griffith! One man will leave here with the top two singles championships here in DEFIANCE when it is all said and done.

Angus:

Of course, none of that will actually matter because in the TRUE main event of this evening, the World Trios Championships will be up for grabs as Team HOSS defends, if you can call it that, against the challengers of... I forgot their names. Nobodies.

DDK:

I do not believe the team of Lindsay Troy, Dan Ryan, and Frank Dylan James are nobodies. Each of those three will do absolutely everything in their power to take those titles away from HOSS.

Angus:

Blasphemy.

DDK:

In addition, we will see Frank Holiday and David Noble compete over the Southern Heritage Championship!

Angus:

Oh boy, did you see that Twitter war between the two?!

DDK:

You and a few million people, Angus! These two, good friends for weeks, are now at each other's throats!

Angus:

Bros before hoes! In addition, Jake Donovan and Troy Matthews will compete against Curtis Penn, WHO I WAS HOPING WOULD NEVER RETURN TO THE RING! DAMNIT!

DDK:

Calm down.

Angus:

DO NOT TELL ME WHAT TO DO! Oh... AND BELL CLAP CITY! Henry Keyes will face off against that fuckwad STT. BELL CLAP! BELL CLAP! BELL CLAP!

DDK:

And in our opening match, Malachi looks to snuff out Masato Ishimaru.

Angus:

You know, talking about our opening match, I think good ol' DQ is ready to get us started. Take it away!

Masato Ishimaru vs. Malachi

[Constant Autumn by Gridlink erupts through the speakers. Masato Ishimaru rushes down the ramp leading to the squared circle in the Wrestle-Plex. The house is packed tonight as they applaud the Japanese wrestler as he slides in under the bottom rope.]

Darren Quimbley:

The following match is one fall... introducing first, standing at 5'8" tall and hailing from Japan... **MASATO! ISHIMARU!**

DDK:

And we will start our night off with a rematch.

Angus:

Yes, one that the victor called. Which is weird.

DDK:

Well, that's because of the mockery that Masato has been putting on towards Malachi, even costing him a match against Jake Donovan.

Angus:

Oh yeah, that's right. I remember now. Yeah, beat his ass, Malachi!

DDK:

And his opponent...

[Then, "For Whom the Bell Tolls" by Metallica rips through the Wrestle-Plex. From the back steps Malachi, wearing a pair of black pants with Malachi written down the sides of them and on the back of them it says "He Has Risen". As Malachi walks down the ramp, he hears the boos and jeers from the fans and he laughs at them. The bottom half of his face is covered in a dark brown beard. His hair, a dark brown as well, lands right above his neck, and his blue eyes are piercing.]

DDK:

Standing at 6'8", hailing from The Great Unknown... **MAAAAAAAAAALAAAAAACHIIIIIIII!**

[As Malachi steps into the ring, his eyes are focused upon Masato, wanting to utterly destroy him.]

DING! DING! DING!

[At the sound of the bell, Malachi launches himself at Masato, fists flying as knuckles slam into Masato repeatedly! Malachi is not just focused on the face of Masato, but takes the time and precise measure to attack the body of Masato as well. Not content with just fists, he starts to kick Masato as well in the midsection, pushing the much smaller competitor into the corner. Malachi then knees him in the midsection before dragging Masato out of the corner and nails him with a side sitout powerslam.]

DDK:

And Malachi just overpowering Masato in the opening moments of this match!

Angus:

Yeah, this is why you don't mock men bigger than you.

DDK:

Listen, he is not the son of G--

Angus:

No, I'm just talking about his size! He is massive next to Masato!

DDK:

Oh, yeah. That's true.

[Malachi then bounces off the ropes and goes for a leg drop across Ishiamru's throat. The only problem with this is the fact that Masato rolls out of the way at the last possible second as the fans cheer this! With Malachi slow to his feet, Masato pelts the back of Malachi's right leg with a series of kicks before he bounces off the ropes and connects with a dropkick to the right knee. Masato seizes the opportunity with Malachi down by lifting his right leg and repeatedly kicking it!]

Angus:

Look at Masato, actually being smart.

DDK:

That must pain you to say that.

Angus:

Oh don't worry. I'm sure he will do that flippy-doo crap that I hate so much.

DDK:

At least you're consistent!

[Masato follows up his attacks with a series of forearm shots to Malachi's right knee. As the smaller Masato continues to look for ways to weaken Malachi's base, he brings Malachi up to his feet. Ishimaru then kicks Malachi in the midsection before slamming the edge of his foot HARD into the back of Malachi's right knee! Malachi buckles from the pain, his face grimacing from it.]

DDK:

And Masato seems content with just attacking the base of Malachi!

Angus:

Well, that's the smart thing to do. So I imagine that won't last for much longer.

DDK:

What tells you that?

Angus:

Because he probably has as many brain cells as you do IQ points.

[Masato then pelts Malachi in the face with a fist before whipping him into the nearby corner! As Malachi stumbles out of the corner, Masato rushes at him and goes for a hurricanrana, but Malachi reverses it into a powerbomb!]

Angus:

Awesome reversal there from our Lord and Savior!

DDK:

Oh please don't say that!

Angus:

Just hedging my bets.

DDK:

Well, just don't.

Angus:

I knew you didn't care about my soul! You heathen!

[Malachi struggles to get to his feet due to his knee being weakened. Using the ropes to his advantage, Malachi manages to get up and sees Masato getting up as well. Malachi rushes over as fast as he can and clubs him in the back of the head. The shot causes Masato to stumble into the corner and Malachi follows after him, spinning him around, and unloading on him once again with a series of fists. The onslaught is so furious that Masato ends up on the floor in the corner, wondering what day of the week it is.]

DDK:

The size of Malachi is coming in handy as he is just WEARING down Masato.

Angus:

Listen, Masato is the gazelle and Malachi is the lion in this situation. Do you blame a lion for ripping a gazelle to shreds? No. It's just the circle of life.

DDK:

You've been watching The Lion King again, haven't you?

Angus:

HAKUNA MATATA! WHAT A WONDERFUL PHRASE!

[Meanwhile, Malachi grabs Masato by the arm and lifts him off the ground. He then whips Masato into the ropes and connects with a fierce Discus Back Elbow! Masato crashes to the ground hard while Malachi drops to one knee as his right knee buckles out from under him. He remains like this for a moment while Masato starts to get back up to his feet. Instead of letting Masato get his bearings, Malachi nails him with a Tiger Suplex!]

BOOO!

Angus:

Malachi is putting on a clinical masterpiece now. He is just destroying Masato limb by limb.

DDK:

Masato needs to do something and do it fast or else the momentum that Malachi is carrying will only push him closer and closer to a victory.

Angus:

Masato needs to realize that mocking and making fun of Malachi was the worst decision he could have possibly made.

DDK:

It did seem to infuriate Malachi.

Angus:

Thank you, Captain Obvious.

[Masato slowly gets up to his feet as Malachi comes up behind and puts him in an arm triangle choke! Ishimaru immediately starts flailing as he tries to fight Malachi off of him. Malachi uses his strength and size to his advantage as he keeps Masato from using any offensive techniques to push Malachi off of him. Masato starts to reach for the ropes, but he continues to come up short due to Malachi. Finally, Masato rushes towards the nearby turnbuckle and runs up them, landing behind Malachi. With Malachi in front of him now, Masato drop kicks Malachi into the corner!]

DDK:

That could have turned ugly for Masato right there!

Angus:

Sadly, it didn't.

DDK:

Don't sound so disappointed.

Angus:

This is only like a fifth of my disappointment. It can grow.

DDK:

Sounds like what you say after you pull off your pants to a disappointed girl.

[Masato then connects with a Russian Leg Sweep on Malachi, planting him onto the mat. Masato then hops onto the top turnbuckle before connecting with a moonsault onto the prone Malachi. Masato goes for the cover!]

1...

2...

3-- NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Listen, while God has been testing Malachi, he's not going to let him lose to this heathen.

DDK:

Oh my goodness. If you don't stop with that.

Angus:

Listen, Keebs, Malachi is only trying to save your soul! You should buy into that thought!

DDK:

If your soul can be saved, then I don't want my soul to be saved.

Angus:

Party pooper.

[Malachi then rolls out of the ring, hoping to get his bearings back. As he does, the fans boo him and yell obscenities at him. He ignores them for the most part, more focused on the pain from his right knee. As he circles the ring, he tries to shake it off. Malachi then turns back towards the ring and sees Masato diving through the middle rope and connects with a suicide dive!]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

And there goes the flippy-doo stuff.

DDK:

You sound so pleased.

Angus:

I sound like what my mother sounded like after a colonoscopy.

DDK:

So relatively cheerful?

[Masato continues the assault with a series of kicks and fists to Malachi, wanting to keep the larger competitor at bay. His kicks continue to be focused on Malachi's knee, which causes Malachi to try and use the nearby barrier to keep

himself propped up. As he holds onto that barrier though, Masato takes the opportunity to rush at him! Malachi reverses it though as he lifts Masato into the air and drops him throat first across the barrier! With Masato clutching his throat, Malachi slams Ishimaru's head into the ring post before sliding him back into the ring and following after him!]

DDK:

And Malachi continues to enforce his will upon Masato!

Angus:

Much like God desperately seeks to enforce his will upon us all to ill effects!

DDK:

Yes, because that is remotely the same thing.

Angus:

Glad we're on the same page there, Keeps!

[In the ring, Masato is trying to get up to his feet when Malachi comes up behind him and connects with a package German Suplex! Malachi tries to bridge it, but can't due to his right knee. Malachi slams his fists into the mat from the pain and frustration before he mounts Masato and goes OFF with a flurry of fists to the face of Masato! The referee starts to yell at Malachi for this, but Malachi continues the barrage of fists, heavier and faster with each connecting shot. Eventually, the referee has to PULL Malachi off of Masato.]

DDK:

And Malachi is not happy about that!

Angus:

You do NOT touch a deity!

[Malachi points his finger at the referee and is yelling at him, which causes the referee to scoot into the corner. While this happens, it gives Masato the opening he needs as he comes up behind Malachi and goes for a roll-up!]

1...

2...

3--NOOO!

BOOO!

Angus:

Gotta wake up mighty early to get one on the second coming of Jesus Christ!

DDK:

Oh my goodness, I'm going to stab you in the leg if you don't stop.

Angus:

God will still see that. He won't let you through those pear-- OW!

DDK:

Told you.

[As Malachi gets back up to his feet, Masato rushes at him, looking to hit him with a Running STO! Malachi stops him dead in his tracks though as he nails him with a knee to the midsection! Malachi then goes for a spinning Crucifix Toss, but Masato manages to block it! Masato then goes for a running clothesline, but Malachi ducks underneath it. As Masato bounces back off the ropes, Malachi goes for a Kesagiri Chip, but Masato slides in between Malachi's legs.

Malachi turns around and is met with a roundhouse kick that drops him to the floor!]

DDK:

And now Masato has Malachi on the ropes.

Angus:

Come on. Don't make me pray for a Malachi victory!

DDK:

That's not going to do you any good. God stopped listening a long time ago.

Angus:

God? Do you hear me?

[Malachi starts to sit up and as he does, Masato comes flying off the ropes and drills him with a running knee strike! Malachi goes down in a slump while Masato goes over to the nearby corner! He climbs up to the top rope and goes for the top rope Double Knee Drop; however, Malachi moves out of the way and Masato crashes to the mat!]

Angus:

Crash and burn! My prayers have been answered!

DDK:

You prayed for that?

Angus:

Sure did!

DDK:

That's a sure sign that we're all going to hell then.

[With Masato down, Malachi gets up to his feet and shakes out his right leg. He then walks over to the prone Masato, grabs his legs, and puts him into the Muta Lock!]

Angus:

He's got Divinity locked in now!

DDK:

Such a ridiculous name for a move.

Angus:

Don't be a hater!

[It only takes a matter of moments before Masato taps out from the pain from the Muta Lock!]

DING! DING! DING!

BOOO!

Angus:

HA! Malachi with the victory!

DDK:

Once again, Masato was not able to overcome the size advantage that Malachi displayed!

Angus:

Not a surprise. I told you so.

DDK:

Thanks for reminding me.

Darren Quimbley:

Your winner... **MALACHI!**

[The boos continue to rain down upon him. Malachi pushes the referee away as he tries to raise his hand in victory. Instead, Malachi lifts his arms up as he looks out at the fans as they boo him. He then looks down at Masato and pulls him off the mat. He then hoists him onto his shoulder and connects with the Go 2 Sleep!]

Angus:

HA! I love it! Absolution!

DDK:

Great. Just great. Someone get this guy out of here before he keeps beating on Masato!

[Malachi looks down at his foe before exiting the ring. He walks up the ramp and then turns around, looking out at the fans before lifting his arms once again, in victory.]

The Trojan Title Shot

[Kelly Evans' office. Nay, Pleasure Dome.]

[She's expecting trouble, and you can tell this by the presence of Samuel Grant (w/taser) and Jamie Stanley.]

Kelly:

No time like the present, I guess. Call him up.

[A world-weary sigh is shared by all inhabitants of Kelly's office. Even the fruity looking guy she's got tending the wet bar.]

[If you weren't paying attention to the news feed, here's what happened.]

[Jonny Booya thought he was getting a shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE on this show, but instead he ended up in a 3 way dance with Eugene Dewey and Alceo Dentari over it last show, and he got pinned. And he's all mad n' shit about it.]

"AH WANT MAH GAWDDAYUMNED FIST SHAWT!"

[Jonny Booya manages to look remarkably like himself as he barges into the skybox that formerly belonged to his boss Edward White. Still all in black, still COOL shades, still hyooj biceps and blonde flattop.]

[He swaggers into the office, marches towards Kelly's desk, and on cue Sam and Jamie step in the way, folding their arms.]

Jonny Booya:

Fuck're you nerds doin'?

[Sam and Jamie look at each other. Jonny's got a few inches on them in height, but they are, by no meaning of the word, nerds. Jamie's right up there with Jonny and Alecander in the bicep department, and Sam looks like an extra in a biker film.]

Kelly Evans:

What I told them to. Now, Jon, do you remember what the very first thing I ever told you was?

[...]

Kelly Evans:

Of course you don't, so I'll remind you. I warned you that if you ever spat on me again, there would be consequences. So keep your fucking voice down and your saliva in your mouth, before I think of something else you can use it for.

[It's hard to say if Jonny understood any of that.]

Kelly Evans:

Right, on to business. You think you should've had a FIST shot on this show. Even though you lost to Eugene Dewey. You know, the fat nerd you spent the last month trying to pick on, and failing? You know how you lost to a nerd, Jonny?

Jonny Booya:

Yeah Ah tell you what Kels Ah had to do a little soul searchin' after that. Key word, LITTLE. Cos since Alseeoh Dentarry was in th' match, it don't count and Ah should still get muh title shot.

Kelly Evans:

By your standards, that was reasonable. OK, here's what we can do then. Tonight... in this very ring... after the trios title match...

[Wait for it...]

Kelly Evans:

Jonny Booya gets a shot at a FIST of DEFIANCE!

[What?]

[Even Sam and Jamie look at Kelly in confusion.]

Kelly Evans:

And then, depending on the outcome of that match, we'll see about the main event.

[More silence.]

Jamie Stanley:

...Really?

Kelly Evans:

Did I fucking stutter? Now Jonny, what do you say to the nice lady who set you up with a career advancement plan when you didn't even ask nicely?

Jonny Booya

Uhm... thanks?

Kelly Evans:

Close. Try again.

Jonny Booya:

Thank'ee ma'am?

Kelly Evans:

I'll take it. Now go get ready. Oh, and if you don't behave yourself for the rest of the card, it's off. All of it. Clear?

Jonny Booya:

Yes'm.

[Jonny turns and leaves.]

Jamie Stanley:

You're really letting him into the main event?

[Kelly cackles. It's a mean laugh. A hateful laugh.]

Kelly Evans:

You really think I would? Yeah, let's go with that. In the meantime, take Sammy and you two make sure that walking brain aneurysm doesn't fuck anything up. And he does...

[She makes a "tasing" mime.]

Kelly Evans:

Give him the business.

[The two DEFsec Special Agents nod and take their leave. Kelly smirks, having been miles and miles ahead of Jonny and particularly cheeky about watching it all come together.]

[Fade.]

Temporary Difficulties

[Cut to a shot backstage.]

[The door to the locker room is cracked wide open, scanning down to the floor, we find a battered and bloody Frank Dylan James with an ominous looking spike laid upon the center of his chest. The fans in the arena viewing this grisly scene gasp with shock.]

DDK: [v/o]

What in the world?!

Angus: [v/o]

Uuuuh...?

Unseen Voice:

Frank!

[Enter Dusty Griffith, flanked by a crew of DEFsec, who rushes up to his friend to check on him.]

Dusty Griffith:

What the hell, brother? Who did this?

[The World Champion inquires as he looks around the hallway, obviously seeing nothing, until a voice from inside the locker room chimes in as the door to the locker room is pulled open completely, revealing Junior Keeling.]

Junior Keeling:

Well, how about that, boys. Looks like *we're* a man short for tonight's title defense.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Stepping out and thus over the fallen body of Frank Dylan James, Junior is followed by his charges, the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Champions, TEAM HOSS!]

Aleczander:

Such a shame.

Angus: [v/o]

HAAAAAAAHH! OUR OVERLORDS STRIKE AGAIN, KEEBS!

DDK: [v/o]

This is unbelievable!

[Griffith looks up and snarls, his jaw clenching and teeth grinding.]

Dusty Griffith:

You son of a bitch!

[Before Dusty can launch himself, he's stopped by his entourage of DEFsec guardians, who strain to hold back his fury. Just as well, because Keeling is soon joined by Capital Punishment and Angel Trinidad, who gives the World Champion a very condescending look. Cap turns and steps towards Dusty.]

Capital Punishment:

Now that would be the biggest mistake of your life, *champ*.

[Angel stands behind Keeling and nods, mean mugging the whole time. Keeling steps closer, putting his hands in mock surrender.]

Junior Keeling:

This fucking guy, huh? What a funny guy he is, right?

Angel Trinidad:

Hilarious!

Junior Keeling:

As for this little slice of good fortune?

[Keeling pulls Cap away.]

Junior Keeling:

We didn't have anything to do with *that*.

[Keeling says as he points down at the wreckage of Eff Dee Jay on the floor. Dusty's eyes squint as he cocks his head slightly.]

Angus: [v/o]

HAAAAA-wait, what?

DDK: [v/o]

Oh please, I wouldn't trust Keeling for as far as I could throw him!

Angus: [v/o]

I'unno, I'd vote for him.

DDK: [v/o]

You would.

[Keeling waves a hand, motioning for Team HOSS to fall in line.]

Junior Keeling:

Boys, lets go, we have business that actually matters.

[Dusty watches them leave as we cut back to the arena with Angus and Keeps.]

Angus:

Yes, I would... But also, what's up with that spike? That isn't Team HOSS, not to mention, since when would they *ever* not claim an ass kicking they dished out?

DDK:

Fair enough, though it does seem awfully convenient that one of their three opponents tonight get taken out at the thirteenth hour... As for that spike? Now that I think about it, there's something oddly familiar about that.

Angus:

I know right? I can't quite remember why... Eeeeh, what's next? I feel a need, a need, for BELL CLAPS!

DDK:

Well, you're in luck then, partner, because Henry Keyes takes on Samuel T. Turner the Second... and it's coming up NEXT!

Henry Keyes vs. Samuel T. Turner the Second

[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♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

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

[Out struts Samuel T. Thomas II.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[He's not dressed in his typical tights, he's wearing some faded navy Akoo Lumberjack jeans and a pair of wheat colored Timberland boots.]

DDK:

Turner looks ready for business tonight.

Angus:

If I didn't hate Turner so much, I'd love the new look for tonight. I wonder if he'd buy me some swag like that?

DDK:

I highly doubt that.

Darren Quimbey:

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

[Samuel steps into the ring and paces as he waits on his opponent.]

[The familiar whirr of propellers cues up "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park. The fans cheer wildly and many have taken to keeping time with the music BELL CLAP-style on beats 2 and 4. The Gearshift Grappler HENRY KEYES emerges, seething at the man standing in the center of the ring. He approaches the ring with his weird back-haunch and swaying-armed semi-strut, rolling his two shoulders along the way.]

Quimbey:

Aaaaaand his opponent! From SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA! Weighing in at TWO hundred THIRTY SEVEN POUUUUNDS...HENRY! KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!

RAHHHHHH!

Angus:

I didn't get my goddamn BELL CLAP when these guys faced off at DEFIANCE TV 47. You know what that means, Keeps?

DDK:

What's that?

Angus:

HE OWES ME TWO. Hey, KEYES! BREAK THIS FUCKER'S SKULL!

DDK:

Don't you remember? Keyes hit one on our poor intrepid reporter, Lanc-

Angus:

HEOWESMETWOSHUTUP.

DING! DING! DING!

[Turner and Keyes step to the center of the ring and go chest to chest, nose to nose, tip to tip even. Turner turns away and runs to the ropes, bounces off and lays a shoulder block into Keyes with no effect.]

Samuel Tiberius Turner II:

Your turn bitch!

[Keyes hits the ropes and smashes into Turner with enough force to make Turner step back into the ropes and come off with a shoulder block. It sends Keyes into the ropes, he comes back with a shoulder block and Turner hits the ropes and bounces back with a shoulder block.]

DDK:

This is crazy Angus, rapid fire running shoulder blocks.

Angus:

No kidding, here they go! Keyes!

DDK:

Turner!

Angus:

Keyes!

DDK:

Turner!

[They stop and get nose to nose once more.]

Angus:

Assholes, I'm glad that shits over!

[Turner pushes Keyes back. Keyes raise his arm in the air.]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Turner raises his hand up.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Turner:

What the fuck!

[Turner looks around for a split second and raises his hand for a test of strength. Keyes obliges and locks knuckles. They lick the other hand and quickly bump shoulders looking for advantage.]

DDK:

It looks like a stalemate here.

Angus:

Look again Keebs.

[Turner releases and fires a punch into Keyes' gut, he does it again. He whips Keyes into the ropes. Keyes ducks the lariat attempt and comes back with a leaping shoulder block knocking Turner to the mat. Turner rolls to the floor quickly.]

DDK:

It looks like we're going to get the craziness underway.

Angus:

Finally #GINGERWARFARE!

[Keyes gets out of the ring and onto the arena floor. He goes to Turner delivering a huge European Uppercut sending him stumbling into the retaining wall. Keyes hits him with another as Turner stumbles backwards. Keyes goes for another one, Turner counters and sends a thunderous slap into Keyes' ear.]

OOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

What a slap!

Angus:

Bitches slap, be a man and throw a punch.

[Keyes rolls back into the ring.]

Angus:

What the fuck is he doing? Get out of the ring and fight you flaming red haired bastard!

[Turner takes a minute to jaw with the fans and rolls into the ring. Keyes is to one knee and Turner locks his sights on him. He pulls him to his feet and pushes him into the corner and delivers a forearm shot to his jaw. Turner grabs his arm and whips him to the other corner, no, Keyes reverses it. Turner hits the corner hard. Keyes runs in with a European Uppercut to Turner.]

DDK:

What a shot!

Angus:

That's it, I'm going to piss!

DDK:

Angus you can't you have to call the match!

Angus:

I'm a grown damn man, I can piss whenever I want!

DDK:

Not according to...

Angus:

Fine, I'm sitting down.

[Keyes slaps Turner and grabs his wrist sending him into the corner, but no, Turner reverses it and Keyes hits hard and is smashed in the face by another forearm shot. Turner turns takes two steps away and charges into Keyes with a huge splash in the corner. Keyes stumbles out and Turner wraps his arms around him and suplexes him over his head halfway across the ring. Keyes lands and his momentum forces him to roll out of the ring.]

DDK:

What a throw!

Angus:

That was nice, I'm glad I didn't miss it, I guess.

[Turner rolls out to the floor. Keyes gets up and throws a hard European Uppercut that Turner dodges. He grabs Keyes and whips him into the barrier but Keyes reverses it and Turner's lower back crashes against the barrier. Keyes runs at him, just as he's about to connect Turner ducks and back body drops Keyes over the barrier.]

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

Watch out fans, this ones going outside the confines early.

Angus:

Keyes must've had his Red Bull today 'cause he sure did fly just then.

DDK:

I agree with you there, what a back body drop.

Angus:

Red Bull gives you wiiiiiiings!

[Turner leaps over the barrier and the fans scatter.]

Quimbey: [on the mic]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IF THE ACTION LOOKS LIKE IT'S COMING TOWARDS YOU, IT IS, GRAB YOUR SHIT AND MOVE!

[Turner stomps Keyes and starts parting the chairs like the Red Sea.]

Angus:

That's not brain surgery now is it Quimbey?

DDK:

He had to say it so no fan is injured.

Angus:

If they don't move for either of these guys they deserve to be squashed like a Vegas hooker after midnight.

[The fans start get in front of the cameraman for their two seconds of fame as DEFsec tries to hold the fans off who have gathered around as Turner rains down punches to the bright red forehead of Keyes.]

DDK:

Keyes is taking some hard punches.

Angus:

Block Keyes, block. It's right trigger on the XBOX ONE!

[Turner grabs the loop to Keyes' shirt and starts dragging him to the steps. He puts Keyes' head on the step and walks back two steps.]

Turner:

AMERICAN HISTORY X BITCH!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Turner runs towards Keyes, he lifts his right foot, stomps hard, but no Keyes.]

Keyes:

BIG MISTAKE, SAMMY!

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYY!

DDK:

American History X?

Angus:

Good movie, I'll show you later.

DDK:

Okay?

[Turner grabs his foot after his failed curb stomping.]

Turner:

OOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWWWWWWWWW!

[Keyes connects with a European Uppercut knocking into the DEFarena steps. He pulls Turner up and keeps delivering European Uppercuts to Turner as he tries to retreat up the steps away from him. Keyes delivers one last European Uppercut at the landing knocking Turner to the floor.]

THHHUUUUUUUUDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!

Angus:

Fuck those are hard and loud!

DDK:

How do you think Turner feels?

Angus:

He SHOULD feel like a damn IJIT for picking a fight with THE BELL CLAP BARON!

DDK:

Maybe.

[Keyes pulls Turner up and goes for another European Uppercut, Turner side steps it and nails Keyes with a forearm strike to the jaw that wobbles Keyes. Turner goes for another but its blocked. Keyes gets his bearings back and pushes Turner into some fans.]

[A fan from ringside hands Keyes a chair. Turner's head goes on a swivel as he looks for a chair to grab. He can't find one so he grabs the next best thing, a female fan. Keyes holds back from swinging for a brief moment.]

Keyes:

TIME TO MAN UP SAMMY!

[Turner's still looking for a chair, sees a fan holding one, he grabs it and lets the girl go.]

DDK:

Can you believe he grabbed a fan?

Angus:

Yes, he was a lackey for Edward White.

DDK:

So very true.

[Turner swings his chair, Keyes swings his, the chairs collide.]

CRRRRRAAAAAAAAAASSSSSSHHHHHHHHH!

[They both drop their chairs. The fans start piling around the two, egging them on. Turner and Keyes square up, Turner delivers a forearm strike to Keyes.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Keyes answers with one.]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Turner!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Keyes!]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Turner!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Keyes!]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Turner!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Keyes!]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Turner cracks Keyes in the jaw staggering him. He delivers three straight forearms to Keyes hoping he drops. Keyes doesn't drop but he's standing on dream street. He swings again, Keyes dodges and headbutts Turner in the nose sending him backwards into the walkway behind the arena seats. Fans strain to turn around to catch the action while simultaneously ducking and covering as the two stumble around.]

DDK:

These two hosses are going at it tooth and NAIL.

Angus:

I think they're going to use the teeth and nails later...Keyes looks like he's probably bitten through a chunk of iron, don't you think?

[Turner hits the wall and slides down it to his butt. Keyes is on his knees shaking off the effect of the forearm strikes. Turner starts to move from his seated position. He wipes his mouth that's become bloody from Keyes' headbutt.]

[Turner gets up, Keyes makes his way to a standing position. They meet, Keyes swings, Turner ducks. Turner swings, Keyes ducks. Keyes swings again and hits Turner in the head with his fist. He swings again, Turner ducks and grabs him around the waist, spins him and runs him into the wall face first.]

THHHUUUUUUUUUDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!

[Keyes drops, Turner covers.]

ONE!...

...TWO!...

.....THR...NO, KICKOUT!

DDK:

Keyes smacked the wall HARD with his face!

Angus:

It didn't bust him open though did it?

DDK:

No, it didn't. You also have to give referee Brian Slater a lot of credit - he's been staying as close to the action as you can get without taking a wayward elbow. It's falls count anywhere, folks!

[Turner pulls Keyes up to his feet and locks on a rear waist lock. He picks him up, Keyes wraps his legs around Turner's so he can't suplex him. Keyes forces Turner's hands open and tries to squeeze out but Turner pushes him face first into the wall.]

THHHUUUUUUUUUDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!

[Keyes falls backwards landing on the ground. Turner covers him.]

ONE!...

...TWO!...

.....THR...NO, KICKOUT!

DDK:

Another close fall, this is crazy Angus!

Angus:

It's only going to get worse before it's over, Keebs.

DDK:

I guess we'll have to see.

[Turner pulls Keyes up and punches him in the head. Keyes returns the favor with a left hook to the to the floating ribs. Turner leans to the side and flashes a painful looking face. Keyes does it again with a right hook to the other floating rib.]

DDK:

Look Angus, Keyes is hurting the monstrous Turner with those shots.

Angus:

If anyone can do it, Keyes can do it. What if he BELL CLAPPED those ribs?? I bet Turner's heart would stop!

[Keyes throws another left into the floating rib. Keyes then Sweeps The Leg, Johnny and sends Turner crashing hard to the unforgiving floor.]

DDK:

I've never seen him sweep a leg before...usually, Henry's all arms and throws!

Angus:

I wonder if Mr. Miyagi taught him that or if it was Terry Silver in Karate Kid 3?

[Keyes covers.]

ONE!...

...TWO!...

.....THR...NO, KICKOUT!

[Keyes stands up and pulls Turner up. Turner wobbles back and forth. A few fans crowd around the two slowly and start chanting. Brian Slater does his best to make sure they keep their safe distance.]

BEEEELLLLLLL! *CLAP!* BEEEELLLLLLL! *CLAP!* BEEEELLLLLLL! *CLAP!*

[Keyes looks to the fans and back to Turner. He starts to grow a wildishly goofy grin upon his face.]

Keyes:

YOU WANT THE BELL CLAP, DO YEH??

[Keyes rares up to collapse Turner's eardrums with one burst of his studly BELL CLAP. He swings wide and wild, Turner ducks and Keyes' arms crash into each other. The resonance from the clap clips the microphone of the nearest camera.]

Keyes:

UUUUUGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

He missed! I can't believe it!

Angus:

What the HELL, KEYES?? You should've...Oh fuck, Turner's raring back!

[Turner swings hard at Keyes' throat.]

DDK:

LARIATO!

[Keyes ducks.]

Angus:

Wow, no finisher hit!

[Turner's momentum sends off balance and he crashes into a wall of fans that collapse from his body weight.]

Angus:

Oh shit, here comes another lawsuit pending against DEFIANCE Wrestling.

DDK:

This isn't exactly a Drew Siler situation Angus.

Angus:

No but I wish that piece of shit was hit with a BELL CLAP or a LARIATO every damn day.

DDK:

Why so much hostility?

Angus:

I still gotta piss, and I don't want to leave before this match is over now. Do you have a cup over there?

DDK:

I'm not...no, Ang. No.

Angus:

FUCK ME!

[Keyes makes his way to Turner as he fights his way off the crowd. Keyes punches Turner in the head twice. Turner tries to throw a haymaker, but it's blocked. Keyes tries and gets blocked too. Turner grabs him around the waist and hoists him up and over with an overhead suplex. Keyes lands hard on the floor.]

THHHUUUUUUUUDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!

Angus:

Oh shit!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

That was a rough landing, that floor has NO give!

[Turner with the cover.]

ONE!...

...TWO!...

.....THR...NO, KICKOUT!

DDK:

These are two tough, tough men.

Angus:

No shit, I think they're really machines. Something bionic is in that sleeve Keyes wears on his left arm, I'd bet Jonny Booya's missing left nut on that one.

DDK:

Anything is possible.

[Turner slowly pulls Keyes to his feet. He locks on another overhead suplex but he gets a thumb to the eyes. Keyes kicks him square in the knee cap dropping Turner to his knees. Keyes moves behind Turner butterflies both arms and flips over him and bridges.]

DDK:

Keyes has that cattle mutilation thing locked on Turner - this could be it!

Angus:

Keyes has to be the smartest man in this match. A submission move is just GENIUS. EVEN IF IT'S NOT A BELL CLAP, BUT I DIGRESS. GAWD.

[Keyes wrenches on Turner's arms.]

Slater:

TURNER DO YOU GIVE?

Turner:

FUCK YOU, NO! NEVER!

[Turner gets his knees under him and starts fighting out of the hold. He's making it to his feet and using all the power he can to get Keyes to his feet. Keyes thinks better of it and releases the hold to prevent counter-damage that could happen.]

DDK:

Wow Angus did you see the strength that took?

Angus:

I did, I always knew he had that retard strength on his side.

DDK:

Wow.

[The two mammoths stumble around catching their breath and clearing the cobwebs out. Turner slowly stumbles to the concession stand and grabs someone's cup from the counter and starts gulping it down.]

Angus:

What is this, the one minute rest period? Oh wait, Turner! Chug that and bring me the cup to piss in!

[Keyes makes his way to Turner and gets a refreshing spit shower. The liquid flies into Keyes' eyes, mouth and probably up his nose. Turner grabs the blinded Keyes and tosses him over the concessions counter into the stand.]

[Turner leaps over the counter and stalks a crawling Keyes. The attendants exit the concession stand quickly to get away from the maniacs. Turner nonchalantly kicks Keyes in the butt flattening him on the floor. Turner grabs a squeezable mustard bottle, opens, and starts pouring it on the back of Keyes' shirt as he laughs.]

DDK:

A mustard bath, seriously?

Angus:

He's stained him for life now Keeps. FOR LIFE. MUSTARD NEVER COMES OUT. Maybe that the "Blue Eyed Devil"'s sacrificial lamb?

DDK:

I seriously doubt - oh wow, he just threw and hit Keyes with that bottle. The disrespect!

[Turner turns and grabs a cup off the counter. Keyes is up, rubs mustard in his eyes, and takes the drink away from him.]

SPPPLLLLLAAAAAASSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

TURNER'S BEEN BAPTIZED BY A BREWSKI!

Angus:

This is getting sloppy REAL quick...enough with the damn snacks, GET TO HITTIN', you sumbitches!

[Turner grabs napkins and tries desperately to clean out his eyes.]

[The cameraman steps in the mustard and slides down.]

Cameraman:

Shhhhhii!

[The feed goes to a styrofoam crate.]

Angus:

GET UP! What a fuckin' dick. Zero professionalism.

DDK:

He's...well, maybe he's new. Let's see if we can get the feed back quickly here...

[The cameras jumbled around, a few static transitions, before another angle appears and we finally get back to the match.]

Angus:

Finally...

DDK:

I hope that cameraman is ok-

Angus:

I hope he's FIRED.

[Turner has regained control of the match. He grabs a handful of raw wieners and stuffs them into Keyes' mouth.]

Turner:

JUST YOUR TYPICAL FRIDAY NIGHT, HUH KEYES?

[Turner grabs Keyes behind the head and continuously forearms Keyes in the jaw. Without thinking, Keyes launches his entire fist into Turner's nuts, dropping him to his knees.]

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Can you believe Turner had the gall to put those wieners in Keyes' mouth and then make the derogatory statement?

Angus:

Oh yes I can, I even chuckled a little. This is the same douche that talked about the Holocaust on DEFtv #47. Keyes hasn't BELL CLAPPED yet, so he deserves it as far as I care!

DDK:

Yeah, so I guess Turner really is a dick now.

Angus:

Only 'cause Keyes may've just shoved it inside his body with that low blow.

[With Turner still down Keyes grabs a glass jar of pickles and smashes it against Turner's head dropping him.]

Angus:

HOLY SHIT!

[Keyes clears his mouth of the remaining wiener chunks and pulls Turner up to his wobbly feet. Keyes bends him over and hoists Turner up, powerbombs him on the concessions counter, and covers him.]

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYY!

ONE!...

...TWO!...

.....THREEEEE...NO, KICKOUT!

DDK:

That arm went up at two and a half, but how?

Angus:

Adrenaline? I don't know.

DDK:

Keyes and Turner both look spent and yet there fighting on somehow. That pickle jar - sloppy, but DANGEROUS!

Angus:

If you were wondering, fans at home - yes. This is what full blown hatred looks like.

DDK:

All I can say is this match is taking years off their careers and mine too!

[Keyes rolls off Turner questioning the count of referee Brian Slater. Before he can try to cover Turner again he's rolled off the counter and lands hard on the floor.]

THHHUUUUUUUUDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!

[Turner slowly crawls away.]

Turner:

FUCK...THIS...CONCES...SION...BULL...SHIT!

[He collapses on the floor and just lays there. Keyes leans on the counter trying to catch his breath.]

Keyes:

OH, I'M NOT DONE WITH YOU YET, BASTARD!

[Keyes crawls over the counter and stands over the now slowly moving Turner. Instead of pinning him he pulls him up to his feet and begins dragging him down the walkway. They pass the doorway they came up.]

DDK:

Where are they going?

Angus:

If they go to the bathroom I'm going to be pissed!

[Turner throws a forearm into Keyes' kidneys. Keyes lets go as Turner fires another forearm into his kidneys. Keyes turns around and forearms Turner in the jaw. Keyes pushes Turner away and into a new doorway. Keyes walks in and eats a Turner forearm. Keyes swings wild with a haymaker Turner ducks and forearms Keyes in the face. Turner grabs him for a side slam and drops him back first onto the spine of an arena seat.]

CRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAACCCCCCKKKKKK

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! KEYES' BACK HAS TO BE BROKEN! PARAMEDICS!

[Turner put Keyes on his back and goes for the pin on the steps.]

ONE!...

...TWO!...

.....THREEEEE...NO, KICKOUT!

DDK:

That arm went up at two and a half, this is craziness!

Angus:

Keyes is superhuman! Is he? Is his back? YOU CAN'T BELL CLAP WITHOUT A BACK, KEEBS! Tell me he's ok!

DDK:

I heard that sound too - time will tell if Turner gave him a chiropractic adjustment or something more sinister!

[Turner picks him up and drags him down the steps towards the ring. Turner swings him forward and let go. He watches Keyes tumble down the steps until he hits the arena floor.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Turner sits down on the steps and rests.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Turner's sitting there just wasting time. He's letting Keyes recover and doesn't even seem to care.

Angus:

Who cares? Let Keyes recover, let #GINGERFIGHT continue!

DDK:

Looks like Turner is getting back up now...look at that evil smile across his face. He's HAPPY about what he's done so far.

[Turner beckons Keyes to get up as he slowly makes his way down the steps through the crowd. Keyes stirs, hand on his back, before finally getting to a knee. The fans around him are cheering at him loudly to GET UP, GET UP! As Turner slowly makes his approach, he hawks and spits in Keyes's direction. A steel chair in the hands of a fan slowly makes its way into frame. As Turner finally gets near, Keyes grabs the chair in a wild flash and-]

CRAAAAAAAAAACK!**OOOOOOOOOOOH!****DDK:**

WHOA, WHAT A CHAIR SHOT BY KEYES!

Angus:

That'll sting you a bit more than a mustard bottle, eh Keebler?

CRAAAAAAAAAACK!**OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!****CRACK! CRACK****Henry Keyes:**

RAHHHHHHHHH!

CRAAAAAAAAAACK!

[Turner is on the ground after receiving a violent series of chair shots to the legs and back. Keyes, satisfied with his work, hands the warped and bended chair back to the fan who tries to open it up and sit in it. It is too fucked up to do so.]

DDK:

Keyes with a cover on the floor! One!

...TWO!

....NO! A kickout by Turner!

Angus:

You can't waste time like that - and why the hell did he give the chair back? He should've hit him FIFTY TIMES and then pinned him.

DDK:

It looks like Keyes has Turner up, dragging him by the scruff back towards the ring - wait, a shot to the ribs by Turner! Another right hand, oh dear - Keyes backs off, he lost that grip a little more quickly than you'd expect with his reputation.

Angus:

You still haven't told me if his back is ok...

DDK:

Do you think I know?

[Keyes's back is against the barricade separating the fans from ringside. Turner charges and Keyes bends down, flipping Turner up and into the ringside area with a hard SPLAT landing.]

DDK:

Favor: RETURNED!

Angus:

Look at these guys, Keebs! Blood, and sweat, and mustard, and beer, and I can see at least a couple welts on both guys...

DDK:

You're right, Ang, this has been a hell of a brutal showing between these two m-

Angus:

IT'S AWESOME! #Gingerfight is ALMOST everything I've hoped it would be so far!

DDK:

What's missing for you?

Angus:

...bruh. Like you have to ask.

[Keyes has made his way into the ringside area. Turner is still recovering from being back body dropped into the ring and the hail of chair shots from moments earlier. Keyes bends down and lifts Turner up, throwing in a straight elbow to the mush for good measure. Both men a little stumbly at this point, they're on their feet and briefly lock up before Keyes releases a surge of adrenaline and shoves Turner as hard as he can back-first into the ringside steps. Keyes goes for a cover, which is kicked out at two.]

DDK:

They're throwing EVERYTHING at each other, Ang!

Angus:

There's a lot of FIGHT in these fuckin' gingers!

DDK:

Keyes looking to do some more damage here - counter by Turner! Turner just throwing those clubbing hamhock fists into Keyes's midsection...He lifts Keyes up - BACK FIRST into the ring apron!

Angus:

There's that back again, you know I don't like where this is going!

DDK:

Back first again! Turner's regained the upper hand and he just tosses Keyes into the ring.

Angus:

In a match like this, why would you EVER bring it back into the ring?

[Keyes holds his back and is struggling to get up. Turner rolls in after him and lifts him up like a sack of potatoes over his right shoulder before drilling Keyes back-first into a corner of the ring. A few jabs later, and Turner raises Keyes up and positions him, dazed, on the top turnbuckle. The fans get antsy and rise to their feet as Turner steps up the ropes himself.]

DDK:

Ang, I'm not a prophet, but I think we're about to find out why we're back in the ring...

[Turner goes for a superplex, which gets blocked by Keyes as he locks his feet in the ropes. Keyes pops his head up, eyes as wide as dinner plates, before swinging his arms...]

Angus:

BELLLLLLLLL CLAAAAAAAAP!!!!!!

[Turner is STUNNED on the top of the ring but doesn't fall. Keyes wraps both arms around the bigger Turner, takes a quick glance towards the floor at ringside, and....]

BOOOOOOM!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

DDK & Angus (in unison):

OH MY GOD!

[Neither mans moving as they lay in the arena floor. Referee Slater checks on Turner to make sure he's ok.]

DDK:

I'm shocked, this is just nuts.

Angus:

Nuts? No way, this is grade A, A list violence here Keeps. This is an Eminem and Everlast diss war. Words don't do this match justice.

DDK:

I have to agree, this is a brutal fight, not a wrestling match, this is a fight.

[Slater leaves Turner to check on Keyes who has slowly begun to stir.]

Angus:

We're all lucky this was a no countout match or it would've been over half a dozen times by now.

DDK:

Maybe more times than that.

Angus:

This is one hell of a second match here tonight Keeps.

DDK:

I couldn't agree with you more.

[Turner starts to move around. Keyes sees this and crawls as quickly as he can and makes the cover.]

ONE!...

...TWO!...

.....THREE...NO, KICKOUT!

Angus:

DAFUQ!?!?

DDK:

Turner got his arm up at like 2.99999994.

Angus:

I'm seeing something in Turner I never saw before, but he's still a major DOUCHE!

[Keyes can't believe his eyes or ears. He just superplexed Turner from the heavens through the equator and straight to hell and he still kicked out. Keyes sits there stunned in disbelief.]

DDK:

Angus, this match isn't going to end until one or both of these guys wind up in the hospital.

Angus:

They're showing a lot and the fans are loving it. Hell I'm loving it.

[Keyes pulls himself up and leans on the ring apron. He leans on the ropes and looks down on Turner who's beginning to show signs of movement.]

Keyes:

C'MON, GET UP HERE!

[Turner looks up flipping the bird to Keyes who just smiles. He pulls himself up to the apron and Keyes backs away from the ropes. Turner slowly hoist himself on the ring and rolls under the bottom rope.]

DDK:

Keyes seems to be showing Turner respect right now.

Angus:

Yeah, I see that but that's not smart. Turner's "Lariato" can just appear from nowhere thought.

DDK:

The BELL CLAP is just as quick!

Angus:

Fuck, it's going to come down to a split second for the win.

[Turner and Keyes step to the center of the ring jawing back and forth, Turner throws a forearm to Keyes' jaw breaking the staredown.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Keyes answers with one.]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

ADRENALINE RUSH OF GINGERS!

[Turner!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Keyes!]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Turner!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Turner!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Turner!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Turner clearly has the harder forearm strikes.

Angus:

No doubt!

[Keyes is wobble on his feet. Turner swings and connects.]

DDK:

LARRRIIIIIIAAAAAAATTTTTTTTTTTOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

OH SHIT!

[The force of the lariat forces Keyes backwards into the ropes. He slips and goes under the top rope.]

DDK:

Turner's just knocked Keyes out of the...

[Keyes rebounds, spins, and connects.]

Angus:

REBOUND ROARING BELL CLAP! HOLY MOTHERFUCKING SHIT!

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYYY!

DDK:

WHAT A MOVE!

[Turner's down flat on his back. Keyes is face down on the mat with his hand lying over Turner's stomach.]

ONE!...

...TWO!...

.....THREE!

Angus:

HOLY SHIT, IT'S OVER! KEEBS TAKE OVER, I GOTTA PISS!

DDK:

Haha. You got it Angus.

[Referee Slater lifts the hand of Keyes in the air as he rolls over.]

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYYY!

Quimbey:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH, HENRY! KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!

DDK:

That was one of the wildest and greatest matches I've seen outside if the Main and Semi-Main events in quite some time.

[Keyes makes his way to his feet and leans on the ropes. He raises one arm in victory.]

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYYY!

DDK:

Congratulations Keyes, that was one hell of a match. As for Turner, he put forth the effort but just fell a little short.

[Keyes leaves the ring as Turner starts to stir, crawls over to the ropes and leans on the second rope staring at the back of Keyes shaking his head as he makes his way up the ramp.]

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

DDK:

Ok fans, I'm getting word we need to go elsewhere, we'll be back.

Performance Anxiety

[Cut to: The Office of Pepper Management Group. T-minus something before bell time.]

Frank Holiday:

Give it back.

Billy Pepper:

Nope.

Frank Holiday:

I'm good now, dude. Seriously.

Billy Pepper:

Oh, good, good. In that case... nope.

Frank Holiday:

Gah.

[Did we forget to set the scene? Sorry, brah. Billy Pepper's office is a far cry from the Pleasure Dome, but it's big enough to seat two or three clients in front of his neatly organized desk. What it's not big enough for, though, is pacing: and so Frank Holiday fidgets with nervous energy, sidling behind the leather chairs, sometimes gripping the burgundy upholstery, sometimes picking at the potted plants, sometimes rubbing his stubbled cheeks. But always staring, faraway through the walls, at the thoughts rampaging in his head.]

[Billy sits reclined in his chair, feet up on the desk, watching his friend mildly with his arms folded over his chest. The Southern Heritage Title lies across the varnished surface, its gold-plated plaques glittering under the fluorescent lights.]

Billy Pepper:

Have a seat, buddy. You're giving me a migraine.

Frank Holiday: [Pauses]

Make you a deal: I sit down, you give my phone back.

Billy Pepper:

Ahh, what a shrewd offer. No dice. You're on a Twitter timeout until after your match. I'm not putting up with any more of the madness I saw the last couple of weeks.

[Frank leans over the chairs and slaps the desk with one big mitt, snarling.]

Frank Holiday:

Goddamn it, you saw the BS he was saying about me! A dude who was supposed to be my friend! Fuckin' threw everything I ever confided in him back in my face!

Billy Pepper:

Frank. [Pauses uncomfortably] You kinda sorta did the same thing to him too.

[His friend blinks as if he'd just been flicked in the forehead, and furrows his brow. Billy shrugs.]

Billy Pepper:

Well, you did. It wasn't pretty. I'm doing you a favor.

Frank Holiday:

Pssh. What are you, my babysitter?

[Pepper pulls his feet to the floor and rises half out of his chair, palms flat on the desk, and stares at Frank, eye to eye, with a no-nonsense expression.]

Billy Pepper:

I am your manager, Frank. And you will cut the crap and listen to me. You and Dave have done nothing but yammer at each other for days on end. The time for talk is done. You need to take all that anger, all that aggression you were pouring into that stupid, juvenile flamewar, and channel it into your match tonight. Focus on the match, Frank. Focus on the win. Focus on keeping the SoHer Title around your waist.

[Holiday thumps two fingers on the selfsame title belt, eyes riveted on Billy. His next words are a guttural growl.]

Frank Holiday:

David. Noble. Is. Never. Getting. This.

Billy Pepper:

Right. Damn right.

[Frank continues to stare, unblinking, hunched over the desk, absentmindedly chewing his lower lip. Then he drops his head, either looking at the belt, or the paperwork piled under it, or maybe at nothing at all.]

Frank Holiday:

He's got his ace in the hole, Billy. His rabbit's foot. Mary-Lynn. She unlocked something in him and he's a different person than before. She shows up and he gets the pinfall on me, and now he's coming for the title. And you know she's gonna be around again tonight. Either out there or backstage, or somewhere. [Deep breaths] The way he walks around, lording that shit over me... God, that smug sonofabitch. Acting like this is a foregone conclusion already--!

[Again his hand comes up, and again it slams down on the oak, making the desk shudder.]

Frank Holiday:

He can't have this belt, Billy!

Billy Pepper:

Frank!

[Frank looks up, jaw clenched. Billy gapes at him.]

Billy Pepper:

What is going on with you here? You're letting him get under your skin like this? Jesus Christ! Who's the Southern Heritage Champion right now? Who?

Frank Holiday: [mutters]

I am.

Billy Pepper:

Damn right! You are! You singlehandedly overcame a three-on-one battle and pinned Tony Two-Hands. You beat Stockton Pyre so bad, he took his godforsaken diary and left town. You took on Alecander and smacked him down so hard, he left a spray tan silhouette in the ring! That was all you. And let me ask you this: did you need some lucky charm, some cheerleader in your corner to keep you going?

[Frank is staring at him. After a moment, he shakes his head ever so slightly.]

Billy Pepper:

No, Frank, you didn't. You won this title, you won those matches, because it's what you wanted. Your drive. Your heart. Your ambition. Not because anyone cajoled you, cuddled you, told you how special you were. [Eyebrows rising] You're a champion because you believed in yourself and you knew you deserved it.

[Billy points a finger in Frank's face.]

Billy Pepper:

And that's why you're going to stay the champion tonight. So what if David has Mary-Lynn backing him up? When did you ever need that? It's like you said before: being the Southern Heritage Champion means everything to you. What more do you need?

Frank Holiday: [Softly]

You're right, Billy.

[For the first time since this exchange began, the SoHer Champion manages a small smile. Billy smiles back, warmth laced with relief.]

Billy Pepper:

Good, Frank. That's what I wanted to hear.

[Billy settles back down into his chair. Frank leans pensively on his hands. There's a long, silent moment.]

Frank Holiday:

Billy?

Billy Pepper:

Yeah?

Frank Holiday:

I'm sorry for all that shit I put you through.

Billy Pepper:

Nah, forget about it.

Frank Holiday:

Nah, nah. It's true. And you got one thing wrong before. It's not just me. I do have a lucky charm in my corner.

[He looks at his manager and nods earnestly.]

Frank Holiday:

Nobody ever believed in me like you do, man. I don't know where I'd be without you.

[Billy just shakes his head.]

Billy Pepper:

Shut up and put it there, buddy.

[He leans forward and reaches out with a fist. Frank cracks a grin and extends his fist to intercept.]

[And then, at the moment of fistbump singularity, a loud, piercing Wilhelm Scream comes out of Billy's lapel.]

Billy Pepper:

The hell?

Frank Holiday:

I got a text. Gimme my phone.

Billy Pepper:

Hold on...

[He reaches into his suit jacket and extracts Frank's Galaxy S5 and passes it over the desk. Frank snatches it out of Billy's hand in a manner not unlike a dog snapping up a piece of steak and thumbs the screen. Billy pulls his hand back and looks affronted at this vicious reaction, but he quickly turns curious as he watches Frank read.]

Billy Pepper:

What's up?

Frank Holiday:

Uh... just look.

[Frank turns the cellphone screen so Billy can see. The text reads:]

Lexi

Got some time so watching your show

[They stare at each other.]

Billy Pepper:

...Really?

Frank Holiday:

...Wow.

[The SoHer Champ flops into a chair and runs fingers through his unkempt hair. He looks slightly dazed.]

Frank Holiday:

First time for everything, huh?

Billy Pepper: [Uncertainly]

That's... a heck of a surprise.

Frank Holiday:

Huh. Yeah.

[Frank's gaze drifts down to the Southern Heritage Title draped over the desk, and he thinks. He should be ecstatic, but instead he realizes his mind is in a turmoil.]

[She's watching? She never watches. I do what I do and I never even think twice about it. It was gonna be the same tonight.]

[Only tonight, she's watching.]

[...]

[Billy cuts into his internal monologue.]

Billy Pepper:

Proves Dave wrong, now, doesn't it?

Frank Holiday:

Heh.

[Self-righteous, sanctimonious Dave. Frank feels his blood boil again. He smirks.]

Frank Holiday:

Dave can fuck off straight to hell.

[Cut.]

Troy Matthews vs. Jake Donovan vs. Curtis Penn

[As the lights dim in the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex the number 1 selling DEFIANCE Entrance Music on iTunes plays over the loudspeakers, "ENAE VOLARE MEZZO." Stepping out from behind the curtain like DEFIANCE's own version of The Wizard of OZ, is Curtis Penn.]

DDK:

This is by far Curtis' strangest wrestling gear yet Angus!

[Angus takes a moment to look up from the desk and at Curtis Penn.]

Angus:

Uh..Keeps, that's not wrestling gear...that's what he wore into the arena tonight.

[Curtis strolls down the aisle and tries to give a few people hi-fives as he makes his way to the ring.]

DDK:

Angus, you might be right, those are Justin work boots and not his shitty little boots!

[Angus stares strangely at DDK's shitty little boot comment.]

Angus:

Keeps... are you all right? You just made a reference to his shitty lil' boots!

[Curtis ducks underneath the middle rope, paying special attention to his wrist. He walks over to the far side of the ring and calls for a microphone.]

TAP TAP TAP...

Curtis Penn:

Ladies and GentleMEN!

[He takes in the moment.]

Curtis Penn:

I know how this looks...and it doesn't look good does it?

[Another small pause.]

Curtis Penn:

I have come out here to inform all of you, that through no fault of my own might I add... that sadly I will not be able to perform out here tonight?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOBOOOOOOOOOBOOOOOOO

Curtis Penn:

Now hold on before you all start to riot...DEFIANCE legal has told me that if I were to perform tonight with my injured hand and this cast...

[He glances down at his wrist.]

Curtis Penn:

That I would not only be putting myself at risk, I would be putting my career on the line as well. Now, I could live with me being injured another month or so, but there is no way that I could end my career

[Flashing lights burst overhead like fireworks, wildly shifting between red and orange as "Fire it Up" erupts from the arena's speakers and the fans, especially all those teenage girls in the room, come out of their seats as Jake appears at the top of the ramp, one arm raised to the rafters.]

Angus:

Yeah, 'cause THIS is just what we need right now.

[The crowd is going crazy as Jake begins to make his way down the aisle, his face all painted up in red and black, his hair dyed a deep crimson. He's wearing black cargo pants with flames and a red mesh phoenix running up the sides and an old school DEFIANCE t-shirt with Phoenix emblazoned across the front. Tonight he's not slapping hands and he's not banging his head, instead, his green eyes are locked on the ring and there is nothing but hate burning in them as he glares at Curtis Penn]

DDK:

This, this is not the Jake Donovan that we are used to seeing. I don't think I've ever seen him ignore the people before.

Angus:

Who gives a rats ass about the people? I don't. At least he's not racing around like a kangaroo on crack.

[Still glaring at Penn, Jake drags his thumb across his throat, flicks the lighter he'd held concealed in his hand, and spits a fireball towards the ring, forcing the referee to leap back as members of the crowd let out shocked gasps and a few screams.]

DDK:

Holy....not the same Jake Donovan indeed!

Darren Quimby:

And his first opponent, standing 6'2" and weighing in at 215 pounds. Ladies and Gentlemen...here is The Phoenix.....Jake Donovan!

Angus:

Long as he keeps the flames to himself and doesn't cause a fire hazard....ech, Imma still hate him even if he does keep the flames to himself, the little flippy do freak.

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

"Look, I know the supernatural is something that isn't supposed to happen, but it does happen."

[GUITAR: ENGAGED.]

[FLASHY RED STROBE LIGHTS: ENGAGED.]

[CROWD: ENGAGED.]

[They know now that White Zombie's "Super-Charger Heaven" is kicking in, and that Troy Matthews, the Slayer of Giants, is on hand, and is materializing from the ether, solo this time. Decked out in his signature red-and-black getup, Troy looks upon the crowd with fire in his eyes and an excited grin on his face, dashing down the aisle and slapping hands.]

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

♪ On the edge of Route 66 yeah ♪

♪ He lived a dark and twisted life ♪

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

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

And their opponent, he hails from JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY, and weighs in at one-hundred eighty-eight pounds! He is "The Jersey Devil!" TROY! MmmmmmmmmmmMATTHEWS!!

♪ An eye for and and a tooth for the truth ♪
♪ I ain't never seen a demon warp dealin' ♪
♪ A ring-a-ding rhythm or a jukebox racket ♪
♪ My mind can't clutch the feeling ♪

[Troy stops right at Jake Donovan's side, staring daggers into Penn while shaking his head.]

Curtis Penn:

Slow your roll guys... I cannot wrestle tonight. Legal's orders!

[Troy simply rolls his eyes, while Jake taps him on the shoulder and points at one side of the ring and motions that he'll cover the other.]

Curtis Penn:

Now don't get any crazy ideas... I was just giving you guys a heads up. I mean, look I got you two booked on a DEFIANCE PPV!

[Jake and Troy inch in closer to Penn and he makes his move to the far side of the ring.]

Curtis Penn:

I'M IN STREET CLOTHES!

[Penn makes his way onto the ring apron and hops down.]

Curtis Penn:

NO... NO ... NO!!!

[Jake and Troy drop to the floor and cut off his escape. Penn looks left and makes eye contact with Jake, then to the right and watches as Troy turns the corner. Penn goes to slide back under the ropes and get caught by both ankles. Jake and Troy pull him back out to floor as Penn tries to scratch and claw his way into the ring.]

DDK:

Troy and Jake were not going to take NO for an answer Angus.

Angus:

Well I was kinda hoping they would.

[Angus picks up his pen and starts doodling.]

DDK:

Back elbow by Penn makes Jake turn loose, but a quick right by Matthews rocks Penn and gives Jake a moment to get back on board with their game plan!

[Both grab Penn and throw him into the barricade, Penn flips over the railing and into the crowd. Matthews reaches over to pull him back over the barricade and eats a boot for his efforts! Donovan gets hold of him, however, and smashes his face against the barricade and drops an elbow on the back of his neck before letting him drop to the floor so he can head up onto the apron.]

Angus:

Has the bell even rang yet?

DDK:

You know, what lemme check with the time keeper.

[Keebs, presses his ear piece for an update.]

DDK:

You're powers of perception amaze me... the match still hasn't officially started.

Angus: (still doodling.)

Hmmm.

[Penn climbs to his feet, grinning, as he grabs Matthews by a handful of colorful hair and rocks him with a stiff elbow. He grabs another handful of hair and hangs Troy of the barricade and waits for Donovan to jump on to the barricade. As Jake runs the corner Penn drops Matthes with a neck breaker right before Jake launches himself at Penn.]

Angus:

Well Mr. Flippity Doo just crotched himself on the barricade just as he was about to do some flippity shit!

DDK:

Curtis hops the railing and slides into the ring. Angus, he might not wanted to fight before the match began, but now Penn is livid. He's standing in the center of the ring calling them out.

Penn:

LOOK ATCHA NOW! THOUGHT YOU'D JUMP ME! PIECES OF SHIT! PICK YOURSELF UP AND COME AND FINISH THIS!

DDK:

Troy and Jake huddle up on the outside and discuss what went wrong with their previous game plan.

Angus:

I can tell you where they went wrong...

DDK:

Please enlighten us with your brilliance.

Angus:

They didn't let Curtis leave. They thought that they could take a one handed Curtis Penn. Unfortunately we've seen Penn beat four people with two hands, now if they would've grabbed my boi Ty this match would have been over!

[What Donovan and Troy decide to grab is a side of the ring each. Donovan leaps up on the apron first, only to have Penn drive him back to the floor. Penn turns in time to see Troy sliding in and rushes across the ring to stomp on his back only to get just one stomp in before getting nailed in the back of the head with a dropkick from Jake. Penn staggers into the ropes, groggy, as Troy regains his footing as the bell rings, officially starting the match.]

DDK:

Well whether Penn wanted it or not, he's got it now, this one is underway.

[Donovan and Troy immediately begin laying into Penn with forearms to the back before they each grab a handful of his hair, steadying him. Troy begins unleashing a series of Thai style roundhouse kicks to Penn's left side while Donovan nails him with a brutal series of roundhouse kicks to the right thigh and leg. Both men take a step back for a moment, before nailing Penn in the back with a dropkick that sends him spilling from the ring.]

Angus:

I thought this was supposed to be a match, this is nothing but a beat down. These two flippy dos are acting like a bunch of thugs, they're not even trying to face one another!

over by a Curtis Penn German suplex.]

Angus:

Like the little flippy do was actually smart enough to pay attention. I told you these guys were gonna fail against Penn without my boi TY out there to help them.

[Jake rolls to his feet, rubbing the back of his head, barely having time to block a roundhouse kick from Penn. Donovan fires back with one of his own and Penn blocks it with the cast before the pair start exchanging kicks, the loud snap of the strikes echoing even over the crowd. Penn with a kick to Donovan's chest, drives him back, and Penn pressing forward, ready to unleash another one when Jake fires off a roundhouse of his own, catching Penn on the casted wrist. Penn lets out a howl, clutching it, while Donovan drops to the mat, clutching his foot after hitting that cast.]

Angus: [snicker]

That was smart.

DDK:

What was smart was Troy Matthews waiting until both men were down before going after Curtis Penn.

[Troy grabs Penn by the arm and Curtis shoves him away, throwing a punch that Troy easily blocks and turns into a swinging neckbreaker and Penn is down again. Troy immediately makes the cover.]

1...

2...

DDK:

And Penn with his foot on the ropes and look at the look on Troy's face.

Angus:

Don't know why he's shocked, tougher men have failed to put Penn away with way more brutal moves than that. Neither of these little flippy dos is malicious enough to end this man, which is a shame 'cause I'm dying to see Penn get buried!

[Troy climbing to his feet and pulling Penn up with him, Penn with a thumb to the eye and follows it up with a series of headbutts, staggering Matthew. Penn with an uppercut only to get dragged to the mat by Jake Donovan with a schoolboy rollup and Jake immediately tries to transition into an armbar but Penn rolling with it does not allow Jake to get it locked in.]

DDK:

All three of these guys just so similar in their styles. Penn better be lucky he knew how to counter that hold or this match might have been over right there.

[Penn dropping a forearm across Jake's jaw before stepping backwards, trying to take a moment to breathe only Troy Matthews is right there with a bridging German Suplex.]

1...

2...

DDK:

And turnabout is fair play as Jake breaks it up with a stomp to the stomach of Troy Matthews!

[Jake reaching down to pull Penn to his feet whips him into the ropes and nails him with a spin wheel kick as he comes off and Jake pops right to his feet and grabs the top rope, leaping up and looking back over his shoulder before launching himself off with a corkscrew moonsault right onto Curtis Penn. Jake hooks the leg.]

1...

2....

[Matthews with a double axe handle to Donovan's back to break things up again.

Angus:

What was that you were saying about turnabout?

DDK:

I was saying that both of these guys want to be the one to put down Penn and whatever alliances they have outside of this match, they stopped as soon as Troy went for that first pin.

[Matthews pulls Jake to his feet and goes to whip him into the ropes, Jake with a reversal but Matthews with a reversal of his own, sends Jake into the topes. Jake comes rocketing off and Matthews leaps, catching Jake with a Frankensteiner and now Matthews with the cover.]

1...

THWACKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK

Angus:

Holy shit did you hear the sound Penn's foot made echoing off Troy's skull?

DDK:

I think the whole arena heard it!

[Penn with several stomps to Matthews before turning his attention towards Donovan who was slowly climbing to his feet. Penn quickly grabs Donovan by the hair and drags his face along the top rope before smacking his head against the top turnbuckle. Donovan staggers back, dazed, right into a full nelson but before Penn can turn it into his patented dragon suplex, Donovan grabs the back of his head and drops down, driving Penn's chin into his shoulder.]

Angus: [Getting excited]

Was that a tooth I just saw flying into the third row?

[Penn staggering backwards, arms windmilling gets NAILED by a superkick from Donovan who doesn't even bother to cover him, he just rushes into the ropes, springboards off and nails a rising Troy Matthews with a springboard dropkick sending him to the outside. Donovan heading to the top ropes, waits until Matthews begins to rise before launching himself off with a Phoenix splash that drives Matthews back to the floor and sends Jake spilling against the barricade.]

Holy shit!!!! holy shit!!!! holy shit!!!! holy shit!!!!

Angus:

Wanna tell me what made that dumbass think that would be a smart thing to do?!

DDK:

Who knows but these people here are loving it.

Angus:

So is Penn, he's the only one left on his feet and in the ring. Would serve these two right if they get counted out, bunch a flippy do ijits.

[The referee made it to seven before Donovan managed to drag himself back into the ring, Matthews right behind him. Penn was right there to greet both men with stomps and kicks as they struggled to get back to their feet. Donovan blocks a kick, hooking Penn's leg and taking him to the mat with a dragon screw leg whip, then locks in a heel hook,

Angus:

Nope, he just got lucky is all. Little freak is too stupid to actually scout anything.

[Jake rolls back to his feet, warily watching Penn, and now Matthews climbs to his feet as well, the pair glancing at one another, seeming to communicate, because they both advance on Penn, driving him back into a corner with strikes and kicks before sending him across the ring with a double irish whip. Penn slams into the far corner back first only to have Matthews follow him in with a splash that drives all of the air out of him. Matthews grabs Penn by the arm and whips him back in the direction of Donovan who nearly takes his head off with a spinning wheel kick.]

DDK:

This has to be the beginning of the end.

Angus:

Only if one of the flippy dos kills the other one first, which I would totally pay to see.

Angus:

I'm torn, Keebs, I don't know whether I hate Penn or Donovan more, so I'm just hoping Troy has a moment of clarity and runs the train on both of them!

[Penn staggers to his feet, stumbling about, and Jake Donovan sees an opportunity after glancing at the Jersey Devil. He locks Penn in a simple double-chickenwing and forces him onto his knees, while Troy rolls back into the ring, seeing red.]

DDK:

Well, it looks like the Skybreakers are working together to deliver the finishing blow; Troy's stomping that right foot, and could he be setting up the Tren...

[With a grin, Troy bounds towards Penn and whips out a VICIOUS roundhouse...]

Ka-THWACK!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Angus:

DONOVAN GOT IT! DONOVAN GOT IT!

[Indeed, the look of shock on Troy's face, as well as that of relief on Penn's says it all; at the last possible second before impact, Penn came to his senses and flipped forward, pulling Jake Donovan downward, and right into the path of Troy's foot, and before Troy could do anything, it nailed Donovan right in the temple and knocked him out cold.]

DDK:

Curtis Penn manages to get it together JUST in time to send Jake Donovan in the direction of the Trendsetter! Troy is beside himself, and Penn is up on his feet...

POP!

BOOO!!!!

DDK:

SPINNING BACKFIST, AIDED WITH THAT CAST BY PENN, and Troy Matthews goes DOWN!

Angus:

Dammit, Troy, you screw-up!

[With a snaky grin, Penn plops down onto Troy's corpse and Mark Shields has no choice but to count the fall.]

ONE

TWO

THREE

DING DING DING!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

[As “Enae Volare Mezzo” kicks in again, Curtis Penn rolls out of the ring clutching his wrist. Mark Shields follows him out of the ring to check on him, while Jake Donovan starts to come to.]

Quimbey:

YOUR WINNER... CUR-tis... PENN!

[Jake manages to get back onto his feet, looking around and at Penn in shock... before turning to Troy, who is just starting to stir, and walking over to him, extending a hand.]

DDK:

Although neither of them won, at least the Skybreakers remain allies through it all, with Donovan offering this kind gesture..

[Matthews takes Jake’s hand and rises to his feet...]

OOOOOOOOOHHHHH!!!

[And promptly gets shoved in the chest by Jake Donovan.]

Angus:

Don’t be so sure, Keebs, flippy-doo boy just dissed Matthews! They’re going at it now! FIGHT! FIIIIIGHT!!!

[The two former partners are now yelling at each other, certainly blaming each other for the loss, and even getting into each other’s faces.]

DDK:

Well, they did have problems with miscommunication throughout the match, though Jake Donovan receiving a Trendsetter was more a matter of Penn’s quick thinking, but it was certainly enough to bring this to a head!

[After a brief lull, Donovan and Matthews exit on opposite sides of the ring, leaving in a huff.]

I'll Take Those Odds

[The Pleasure Dome.]

[Kelly Evans stands at the windows of the Skybox with one hand on her hip and the other holding a thick manila envelope and typed, unreadable-to-the-camera, papers. The Man-Slaves, Francois and Bruno, stand to either side of her with palm fronds working full force. There's a nameless woman, looking like she's fresh off a Victoria's Secret runway show, behind the bar now instead of the guy from earlier. Having the night off, Tyrone Walker sits on the leather sofa and reads the trade paperback of Judge Dredd: Mega City Two. On the wall across from him, a flatscreen TV plays a live feed of the broadcast.]

KNOCK, KNOCK!

Kelly Evans:

ENTER.

[Kels turns as a completely unamused Lindsay Troy and Dan Ryan enter the room. Troy's got her eyes locked on Evans and doesn't notice Walker's presence. Dan Ryan pauses momentarily, getting a head nod from Ty, who once worked for the Ego Buster when he ran EPW many years ago. Ryan responds with an ever so slight tilt of his own head as he continues on, standing side by side with his sister-in-law.]

Lindsay Troy:

Kelly. What's this I heard in the hallway about Dan and I having one less person for our triumphant dismantling of Team HOSS?

Kelly Evans:

It would seem someone didn't play nice with Frank and now he's out.

Dan Ryan:

Three on two then? I'll take those odds.

Lindsay Troy: [smirks]

Still a fair fight to me.

Kelly Evans:

I'm not actually against this idea, but...

[Hearing the conversation up to this point, Ty sets the book aside and chimes in.]

Tyrone Walker:

Ahem.

[Everyone turns and looks at him.]

Tyrone Walker:

Say no more, I got your huckleberry right here.

[Ty stands up and approaches the one-man-short World Trios Tag Title Challengers. Ryan frowns, but then smirks ever so slightly, as though indicating, "That ain't a bad idea." Troy glances at Ryan, seeing his expression, then turns back to Ty. She looks...]

[...]

[INTRIIIIIGUE'd~!]

Lindsay Troy:

Sure you're not going to be *busy*?

Tyrone Walker:

I'unno, am I?

[Everyone turns to Kelly for confirmation. Kels rolls her eyes, knowing exactly what the look she's getting really means.]

Kelly Evans:

Oh, fuck you guys... [under her breath] I step out of line, one time, and suddenly...

[Ty interjects before this goes any further.]

Tyrone Walker:

In other words, I'm in. I got that freebie banked, I'm cashin' in tonight, let's do this.

RAAH!

Angus: [v/o]

YUUUUUUUJSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

DDK: [v/o]

Well, this is certainly a twist.

Angus: [v/o]

I mean boo-BOOOOOOOOOOO! I am so confused!

DDK: [v/o]

So just another day in the life of Angus Skaaland.

[Troy nods her head.]

Lindsay Troy:

Alright. [shrugs, resigned.] You're not the Ty I want here but you're the Ty I'll take in the meantime.

Ty Walker:

Word, I feel ya, gurl... Don't worry doe, I'll hold up my end of things, y'all jus' do the same an we'll handle dis bidness like mahfuckin' pimps, kna'sayin'?

Dan Ryan:

Yes.

[Troy gives Dan the side-eye.]

Dan Ryan:

I mean, I get the gist.

Lindsay Troy:

Right. [to Kelly] Any objections?

Kelly Evans:

Can't say as much.

[She brings the envelope and the papers back up to her face.]

Kelly Evans:

On your way, then.

[The three new teammates smile and we cut elsewhere backstage.]

Good Luck Charm

[Backstage in the Wrestle-Plex, in the guerilla area to be exact, David paces around, his nerves getting the best of him. He wrings his hands from the anticipation of his upcoming match against one Frank Holiday. It wasn't just the thought of Frank that was getting to him either. It was the title, the crowd, the spotlight, and his recent victories feeling more as flukes than solid wins under his belt. As he paces, he feels a hand on his shoulder. David turns and sees Mary-Lynn standing there.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Stop. You're worse than me before a trial.

David Noble:

What? I didn't know you actually practiced.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Just every now and then. Normally representing Jack and trying to make sure he doesn't go to ja-- never mind.

[Pauses.]

This is your big moment. Your big chance.

[David shakes his head.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

No need to shake your head. I can tell you're nervous. I've been around you enough to know when your body is tense. Listen, you've got to relax.

David Noble:

Not that easy. What if he is right? What if I don't belong in this match?

[Mary-Lynn grabs David's arm and rubs it gently.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Frank said a lot of things about me too, remember? Was any of it true?

[David doesn't need to answer.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Exactly. He is deflecting because he's nervous. Lexi doesn't have his back. He knows you can beat him now. He can feel everything that he thought was 'real' about to be pulled away from him and he is lashing out as a result. You're just the one standing in his way right now.

[David drops his head.]

David Noble:

And if I don't win?

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

What? Is that supposed to mean you're no longer a successful wrestler? That you're inept? That you never deserve a shot? No. Not at all. It means on this particular night, he just got a break that you didn't get. This sport, game, is just a matter of lucky breaks and who can win them when they matter the most. You never go undefeated doing this. You should know that by now.

[Pauses]

And I'm not going to look at you any differently. I'm really proud of you, the way you're turning things around. You haven't had a drink in how long now? No drugs either. The most important thing to me has been watching you put yourself back together, getting back to the old David. You win the title tonight? That journey doesn't end. You lose tonight? You've come so far already.

[David looks at Mary-Lynn.]

David Noble:

Because of you.

[Mary-Lynn shakes her head.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

No, it's because of you. You've done the hard work and Lord knows you had a lot of shit to bury yourself out of. I'm just happy I got to be here to finally see you get back to where you belong.

[She then slaps him on the arm.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Go out there and show them what you're made of Dave, because I've always known it. Remind Frank of what you're capable of doing. He's already scared of you, just remember that. You're going to do great. I promise. I already know it.

David Noble:

Frank's not going to know what hit him. He doesn't know what he's gotten himself into.

[David then smiles and turns on his heel. He takes a step away from Mary-Lynn when she grabs him by the arm and spins him back around.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Oh, I forgot one thing.

[Mary-Lynn brings her right hand around the back of David's neck and pulls him into her. She then kisses him on the lips and for a moment, it feels like time has frozen. After a few seconds have passed, Mary-Lynn ends the embrace and locks eyes with David.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

[whispers] Good luck.

[She then places her hand on his chest and playfully pushes him away. David stands there, shocked for a second before he walks away. A smile appears on her face.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Oh, that boy...

[Cut to the ring.]

SOUTHERN HERITAGE TITLE: David Noble vs. Frank Holiday (c)

Darren Quimbley:

The following match is one fall... and is for the **SOUTHERN! HERITAGE! CHAMPIONSHIP!**

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

One of the big matches everyone in this building has been anticipating tonight!]

Angus:

Well, the defeat of Frank Holiday would have everyone eagerly waiting.

DDK:

We both know that's not true at all.

Angus:

That's what you think.

Darren Quimbley:

Introducing first...

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

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

Darren Quimbley:

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

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

♪ 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:

Looking at the face on Noble, he is ready for a fight.

Angus:

After his heated confrontation with Holiday, the continued disparaging remarks from Holiday about Mary-Lynn, I can't blame him. Clearly bros before hoes has been tossed out the window here.

DDK:

These two had been very close the last few weeks, but that continued closeness of Noble and Mary-Lynn has remained prevalent while Holiday has been embarrassed by his girlfriend.

Angus:

Yeah, she's a total biznatch.

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! FFFRRRRRRRANK 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 Noble, who is in the corner, stretching.]

Angus:

And the animosity is oozing out of Frank as well.

DDK:

These two are going to fight. They are going to wrestle. And they are going to try to destroy each other. For respect. For that title.

[With anticipation for this match building to a fever pitch, both men are walking around the ring, feeling the big match atmosphere in the Wrestle-Plex. They walk slowly towards the center of the ring before they start jawing off at one another, feelings from their most recent encounter still fresh in their minds. Noble is pointing at the title and announcing it's going to be his. Holiday brashly flips him the middle finger, before he peels off his shirt. Instead of flourishing it for the crowd, he flings it away like a rag, never taking his eyes off the challenger.]

[Referee Benny Doyle has to remind Holiday to hand over the SoHer Title belt. The champion removes it with one hand and holds it out to the side, but Noble and Holiday keep their hostile gaze locked on each other.]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

You can tell these two are still not happy after they nearly came to blows at DEFTV 47! And if their epic Twitter war was any indication, this is NOT going to be a pretty match!

Angus:

Yawn. Get on with it. Beat each other up. Entertain us!

DING! DING! DING!

[And at the sound of the bell, Noble moves in from a simple lock-up, but Holiday comes out firing with fists. Each fist collides with David in the face and Noble does his best to cover up, but Frank is hot and ready.]

Angus:

Well, this is a side of Holiday I can like!

DDK:

Reminds me of how the last match between these two started, except a complete reversal.

Angus:

Well, Frank knows he has to come out and actually beat Noble this time around. If not, he loses that pretty title.

[Frank grabs David by the wrist, whips him into the rope, and connects with a big boot in between the eyes. Noble crashes to the mat, but not for long as he fights through the pain and gets back up to his feet. Frank is on top of him, whips him into the ropes again, and lifts David high into the air and drills him with a spinebuster that shakes the ring.]

DDK:

And Holiday is taking it right here to Noble!

Angus:

David needs to get his confidence back.

DDK:

It has been shaky as of late as he's not even certain he should be in that ring with Holiday.

Angus:

Listen, you enter a match with that kind of mindset, and it's not going to bode well for you or anyone else at all.

[As Frank walks over to the nearby corner, David is slow to get up to his feet. As he does, he turns towards Frank who explodes out of the corner and connects with a devastating spear that nearly breaks Noble in half!]

Angus:

Wow. Frank is showing what he is made of here tonight.

DDK:

Well, while David came into this match a tad bit shaky, Frank had a huge match against Aleczander last week that he won convincingly!

Angus:

Jesus, Keebs, don't remind me. Worst experience of my life.

[David slowly sits up, not quite certain what hit him as he hears the fans chanting his name. He grabs one of the ropes and helps himself up, not aware of where Frank is. David turns around and walks right into the waiting arms of Holiday who hoists him onto his shoulders. He walks around for a moment before connecting with the Train Wreck!]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAATAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

YOU HAVE TO BE KIDDING ME!

Angus:

Stop yelling. I have a hangover.

DDK:

Frank Holiday with the Train Wreck and things are over! This is going to be a simple victory for Holiday as Billy Pepper is yelling at him to pin Noble!

Angus:

This is not what I expected.

[Frank rolls over onto David and hooks the leg for the cover as the referee slides into position.]

1...

2...

3-- NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Noble kicked out at the LAST possible moment there!

Angus:

This kid's dream nearly went up in smoke! He was NOT ready for what Holiday has brought to the table so far. Probably still in shock after that kiss from Mary-Lynn.

DDK:

He is definitely not on his game and it makes you wonder if he will be able to do so now after taking the Train Wreck.

Angus:

If I have to watch Frank Holiday walk out of here with that title again, I might have to beat you up.

[Instead of wasting more time in the ring, Noble rolls out of the ring, crouches on his knees and tries to get his bearings straight as the fans continue to chant for him. The Wrestle-Plex is decidedly split between the two fan favorites.]

DAVE! DAVE! DAVE! DAVE! DAVE!

FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK!

[Noble uses the barrier to help himself up, still stunned from the Train Wreck. The fans pat him on the back as he attempts to right himself. With the fans' support, Noble runs and slides back in under the bottom rope. Holiday is ready for him as he starts stomping away. David fights through it though as he gets back up to his feet and connects with a knife edge chop to the chest of Holiday, which echoes throughout the Wrestle-Plex.]

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHH!

Angus:

Ouch! My chest hurts after that shot!

DDK:

Well, judging from the look on Frank's face, so does his.

Angus:

Well, I care less about him and more about me.

DDK:

Except, you didn't get hit.

Angus:

Your point?

[Holiday stumbles away from David, in a ton of pain, but Noble grabs him by the shoulder and turns him back towards him before connecting with another chop across the chest of Holiday. Frank grimaces in pain once again, but Noble wastes no time in nailing him with one more for good measure. With Frank in pain, David takes the chance to nail him with a series of forearm to the face before whipping him into the corner! David then runs at Frank before springboarding off the ropes and connecting with an enziguri!]

DDK:

And Noble is starting to get into a bit of a rhythm here after the beating he took from Frank in the opening moments of this match.

Angus:

It definitely looked as if this was going to be a quick match and we would move on, but as we have seen time and time again, Noble is not someone who just quits.

DDK:

Just like he told Frank last week, you can't count him out, so you best count him in!

[Frank slowly gets back up to his feet as Noble waits for him. As Holiday rises, David comes up behind him, and spikes him into the mat with a reverse DDT!]

Angus:

WHAT?!

DDK:

EQUALIZER! That's one of Noble's go-to moves to finish a match, and he got it and got all of it as Holiday is laid out!

[Pepper yells at Holiday to get back up, but Noble rolls him over and hooks his leg for the cover.]

1...

2...

3-- NOOO!

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

NO! NO! NO!

DDK:

And Holiday now is the one who kicks out at the last possible moment! We almost had a brand new champion!

Angus:

Oh my dreams would have come true! Damn you, Noble! Damn you, ref!

[Noble rolls off of Holiday and slaps his hand against the mat, thinking he may have pulled off the upset. Frank, grabbing the back of his head, slides into a corner while Noble walks over to an opposite corner. As Holiday gets back up to his feet, the Wrestle-Plex is on their feet, cheering for these two men who are at a stalemate!]

YEE!

FRANK!

DAVE!

FRANK!

DAVE!

DDK:

And the fans here are literally going crazy! This place has become unglued! They are invested in these two bright shining stars, the future of this business, and even in the early moments of this match, these two are giving and taking all they can!

Angus:

Listen, I hate Frank Holiday. That's all I have to say.

DDK:

Well that was insightful.

[A smile appears on both men's faces as the adoration from the fans gets their adrenaline pumping. They move to the center of the ring and immediately go for a collar-and-elbow tie-up. Holiday gets the advantage here due to his strength and puts Noble into a side headlock. David wastes no time in fighting out of it and puts Frank into an armbar. Holiday uses his strength once again and reverses it into an armbar of his own. Noble backflips and then connects with an arm drag on Holiday, before pulling Holiday's arm back and digging his knee into Frank's shoulder blade.]

Angus:

Tap, Frank, tap!

DDK:

I don't think that will be happening here as neither man is giving an inch in their current exchange.

Angus:

Listen, I said tap so he better start tapping!

[Frank then fights back up to his feet, drills Noble in the head with a fist, which breaks the hold David has on him. Holiday then bounces off the ropes and drops David with a shoulder block! Noble is quickly back onto his feet as Frank bounces off the ropes again. Noble drops to the mat as Frank leaps over him. David quickly bounces up to his feet and as Frank bounces off the ropes again, Noble connects with a headscissors! Rolling head over heels, Frank quickly moves to the corner and Noble retreats to his corner once again.]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

FRANK! FRANK! FRANK!

DAVE! DAVE! DAVE!

DDK:

And once again, these two men have reached a stalemate, with neither one getting any kind of advantage over the other.

Angus:

This is ridiculous. How difficult can it be to blast Frank Holiday in the face and get him for the cover?

DDK:

How about you go down there and give it a try?

Angus:

Trust me, I'm thinking about it.

[Both men exit their corner, frustration and angst starting to settle in. They enter another collar-and-elbow tie-up with Holiday once again getting the advantage on David with a side headlock. Noble wastes no time as he connects with a side suplex on Holiday! Frank gets back up to his feet clutching his head. David goes for a kick to the midsection, but Frank manages to catch it! Noble bounces twice before going for an enziguri to Holiday, but Frank ducks underneath it! Holiday then turns to put him into a half Boston Crab, but Noble rolls out of it and sends Frank crashing into the corner!]

Angus:

Come on, do something already! Stop dancing with the guy!

DDK:

These two know each other quite well at this point and are ready for just about anything!

[Frank turns around and starts to walk out of the corner when he is met with the sight of Noble rushing at him. Frank dips his shoulder and hoists Noble into the air before sending him face first into the turnbuckle! Holiday gets back up to his feet and catches a stumbling Noble, wrapping his arms around him. Frank then lifts and connects with a German Suplex!]

DDK:

And Holiday connected that with such author-- what the?? Oh man, Frank has kept his arms wrapped around Noble and is now rolling him over before he lifts him back up to his feet.

Angus:

Don't tell me he's going to--

[Before Angus can finish though, Holiday has connected with another German Suplex on the prone David Noble! Frank keeps his hands hooked before rolling him over and slowly bringing him back up to his feet. Holiday then connects with a third and final rolling German Suplex as Noble lays on the mat, seemingly lifeless!]

FRANK! FRANK! FRANK!

DDK:

That was sheer power from Holiday right there!

Angus:

Ouch.

DDK:

And Noble took the full brunt of that as the tide has definitely shifted to Frank's advantage.

[With the tide of the match shifting, Holiday takes a moment to get his bearings back after the back and forth with Noble. Frank then looks over at David who is clawing at the mat, trying to get back up to his feet using the ropes. Holiday shakes his head as Billy Pepper tells Frank to take him down. Frank walks over to the rising Noble and drills him with a series of fists! Frank then pushes David into the nearby corner and slams his knee into Noble's midsection repeatedly!]

Angus:

See, if Holiday just beat the fuck out of people, I would like him more.

DDK:

It's funny how that works.

[Holiday then whips Noble across the ring HARD and a crack is heard from Noble's back colliding with the corner. David stumbles out of the corner while Frank bounces off the ropes and takes him to the mat with a bulldog!]

DDK:

And Holiday isn't letting up in the least bit here as he is taking it to David. That bulldog had an extra bounce to it.

Angus:

Come on now, now bounce with me, bounce with me--

DDK:

What are you doing?

Angus:

Sorry. That just popped in my mind all of a sudden.

[Frank climbs to his feet and looks over at Billy Pepper who is cheering him on.]

Billy Pepper:

You've got this, Frank! Finish him!

Frank Holiday:

Brah, this isn't Mortal Kombat.

[Holiday then turns his attention to the somewhat-rising David Noble. Frank drills him in the back of the head with a flurry of punches before he drags him up off the mat and plants him in the middle of the ring with a uranage. Noble lays there, trying his best to roll away from Holiday, but Frank mounts him and drills him in the face with another stiff punch.]

DDK:

Jesus, Frank is unloading on David.

Angus:

Like I said, this is a Frank Holiday I can get behind!

DDK:

These two, while they definitely respect each other, they are brothers in a sense, at the same time they have some major differences at the moment.

Angus:

Bros before hoes, Keebs. I'm telling you, that is ALWAYS the code.

DDK:

Except for the fact that because Frank doesn't have a great relationship with Lexi, he thinks that the same applies to David and Mary-Lynn, who aren't even really dating.

Angus:

That kiss said otherwise!

[Frank then peels Noble off of the mat, kicks him in the midsection, hooks him in front facelock, and plants him with a sitout suplex. David rolls away from Holiday, hurting as he grabs onto the ropes. The fans are cheering him on, trying to will him to fight through the pain.]

DAVE! DAVE! DAVE! DAVE!

[Noble climbs up to his feet, clutching at the ropes, until he gets into the corner and uses it for support. As he does so, Frank comes charging full speed at him and connects with a running knee into the corner! David stumbles out of the corner, doubled over from the impact, and Holiday wastes no time as he lifts him up and nails him with a backbreaker.]

Angus:

This could only make me more of a Holiday fan if he just peed all over Noble.

DDK:

What are you talking about?!

Angus:

Go full baddie, Frank! You can do it!

[Noble looks around, lost and confused as he reaches out to the ropes. Frank comes up behind him, stomping away at

him.]

Frank Holiday:

Stay down, Dave! Just stay down!

[The anger builds inside of Frank as David pushes through. Frank had tried to warn David about something else and Noble had fought against him. As Holiday takes a few steps backwards, he knows that Noble just has to learn the hard way. Noble rises to his feet, turns towards Frank, and gets cut in half with a spear that sounds as painful as it looks.]

CRUNCH!

FRANK! DAVE! FRANK! DAVE!

DDK:

The fans here are so split in the middle, giving their praise and adoration towards both of them.

Angus:

Boo Frank Holiday! Boo him!

DDK:

You were dropped on your head as a child, weren't you?

Angus:

Maybe. I don't know. My mother alludes to it every now and then.

[Frank rolls over on top of David, hooks the leg, and the referee slides in for the cover.]

1...

2...

3--NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DAVE! DAVE! DAVE! DAVE!

Angus:

This kid has shown so much resilience. I don't get it. Do you think it's the amount of cocaine he does?

DDK:

He said last week he hasn't touched drugs or alcohol in a few weeks now.

Angus:

Yeah, but he's got like a reserve in his body from years of doing it, don't you think? Like a camel hump or something?

DDK:

I don't think that's how drugs work.

[Frank sits up next to David and just shakes his head.]

Frank Holiday:

You don't learn do you?! You just don't learn!

[He then lifts David up off the mat, kicks him in the midsection, and then hoists him up for a powerbomb! As Holiday

goes to finish Noble off though, David squirms out and plants him in the center of the ring with a DDT!]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And Noble there with the HUGE reversal!

Angus:

Frank was just yelling at David about how he doesn't learn. Well, Frank needs to learn that David doesn't know the words 'I Quit'.

DDK:

Both men are trying to get to their feet, but after going all out in the early parts of this match, you have to imagine they are feeling the toll of this match wearing them down.

[Frank slowly rises to his feet while David is on his knees. Holiday connects with a stiff jab to the face of Noble, who falls forward onto Frank. Holiday slowly pushes Noble off of him and drills him again with another fist. David once again falls forward, clawing at Holiday. Frank once again peels Noble off of him and goes to drill him with another punch when David blocks it and slams his fist into Frank's midsection! Noble struggles to his feet and rocks Frank with a right of his own! Holiday cocks his arm back and smashes it across Noble's jaw, who turns, falling to his knees.]

Angus:

They're just going to punch each other to death!

DDK:

That seems to be the plan as I look at this.

[Noble explodes back to his feet and decks Frank dead in the face! Before Holiday can connect with another shot, David drills another one across the chiseled jaw of one Frank Holiday. Noble then bounces off the ropes and goes for a flying forearm only for Holiday to catch him in mid-air and connects with a fallaway slam!]

DDK:

Jesus, the strength from Frank there! Even after this grueling match, he still had enough in him to stop Noble dead in his tracks.

Angus:

Listen, I hate Frank, and that was impressive.

[Holiday then walks over to the nearby corner and climbs up to the top rope, looking for an elbow drop. As he gets up to the top though, he is surprised to see Noble back on his feet. David rushes towards Holiday, runs up the ropes, and connects with a sickening enziguri to the back of Holiday's skull!]

CRACK!

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Such impact from that kick!

Angus:

Oof. My skull hurt after that shot!

DDK:

And Holiday is now straddled on the top rope, seeing stars.

Angus:

Not a good position to be in.

[Noble slowly gets back up to his feet, the fans chanting his name. He looks over at Frank and sees him dazed on the top turnbuckle. David wastes no time as he runs full speed at Frank, runs up the turnbuckles and connects with a top rope hurricanrana, catapulting the Southern Heritage Champion halfway across the ring! With the fans on their feet, the chants are once again split.]

DAVE! FRANK! DAVE! FRANK! DAVE! FRANK!

Angus:

Jesus, this is nuts.

DDK:

The fans are going back and forth here! All 4000 are definitely supporting both men here, but the dueling chants would have you thinking differently.

Angus:

Will, I liked David until he started to do that flippy-doo bullshit. Now I just want them to both impale themselves and die.

DDK:

Such happy thoughts that are running through your mind over there.

[Noble looks over at the flattened form of Holiday and crawls over before draping an arm across his chest. The referee slides into position.]

1...

2...

3--NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[David rolls off of Frank and uses the ropes to help pull himself up. He is still stunned from the beating he took from Holiday, but as he looks and sees Frank still on the mat, he sees his chance. He runs towards Frank before connecting with a running shooting star press! While still on Holiday, David hooks the leg as the referee starts to count.]

1...

2...

3--NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

And now Holiday refuses to stay down!

Angus:

That's nice and all, but this show can't just go on all night.

DDK:

Something tells me these fans disagree.

Angus:

No, no. There is a main event still to come-- never mind. Shoot me now.

[David is slow to his feet once again. Once he reaches a standing position though, he bounces off the ropes and connects with an elbow across the sternum of Frank! Holiday rolls over onto his knees, clutching his throat. Noble reaches down and slowly pulls Frank off the mat. David grabs Frank by the wrist and whips him into the ropes, nailing him with a dropkick in the process. Holiday starts to fight his way back up to his feet and turns towards Noble only to be met with a headscissors for his troubles!]

DDK:

David Noble has taken full control of this match now, Angus.

Angus:

Good. Pin him. Then let's all go home. Forget the main event.

DDK:

Yeah, I don't think these fans care to see that happen.

Angus:

You're under the impression that I care!

DDK:

Well, okay.

[Noble gets back up to his feet and brings Frank along with him. David then connects with a stiff jab to the jaw and while Holiday is stunned and his back is to him, Noble wraps his arms around his waist and connects with a German Suplex! Frank lands hard on the back of his head, but still tries to fight to his feet. As he gets to a somewhat standing position, Noble connects with a swift kick to the midsection, which he follows up with a bridging Northern Lights Suplex!]

1...

2...

3--NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And another near fall there for Noble! If Frank isn't careful, he is going to find himself without a title here soon.

Angus:

Which would be exciting if you ask me. Especially because Noble has cut out that stupid flippy-doo bullshit. Thank God.

[Frustration starting to seep in, Noble gets back up to his feet and drags Frank up again. He kicks him stiffly in the midsection and then lifts him up before nailing him with a facebuster! Holiday finds himself on his knees in a world of pain. David helps him back up before whipping him into the ropes. Noble goes for a roundhouse kick, but Frank manages to duck underneath it. David turns around, only to be met with a flying elbow from Holiday!]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

Ugh. This isn't happening to me.

DDK:

It appears Holiday isn't out quite yet!

Angus:

Of course he's not. He's like fucking Jesus Christ over there, coming back from the dead all of the time.

DDK:

Well, you're just ridiculous.

[Frank, using the ropes to his advantage, struggles to get to his feet. David is quicker to his feet and walks over to Holiday, only to be met with an elbow to the jaw for his troubles! Noble takes the shot and stumbles backwards, giving Frank time to get back up to his feet. Noble comes back at Holiday, only to be met with another elbow. Noble stumbles backwards again, though only momentarily, as he explodes at Holiday and clotheslines him, sending both men over the top rope and to the outside!]

Angus:

Oh, now things are going to get out of control. YES! MERC HIM IN THE FACE!

DDK:

Who in general are you talking about?

Angus:

Really, you don't know yet? Do you, like, not listen to me?! I'm so hurt right now Keeps! I thought we were brothers!

DDK:

We have never been brothers.

Angus:

Except for that one time we were Eskimo Brothers! Oh yeah! You thought I forgot about that!

[On the outside of the ring, Noble is the first one up to his feet while Holiday is using the barricade to hoist himself up]

1!

[Above both men, the referee continues to count while the fans watch on, hoping this doesn't end up in a double countout. Frank then turns towards Noble and David runs full speed at him before connecting with a Shining Wizard to the face of Holiday, which sends him over the barricade and into the crowd!]

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

2!

DDK:

And while the referee continues to count, David just connected with a brutal shot to the face of Holiday.

Angus:

Reminds me of the brutal shot to the face of this wo--

DDK:

No. Just no. The fans meanwhile are watching the fight unfold up close and personal.

Angus:

I'm just hoping Noble collapsed Frank's face with that Shining Wizard. That would be worth it to me.

3!

[With the referee still counting and Holiday on the floor, clutching his face with the fans standing above him. On the other side of the barricade, David grabs onto the barricade before launching himself over it and connecting with a leg drop to Holiday! The fans slap Noble on the back as he gets back up to his feet.]

4!

DDK:

The last thing that Noble needs to happen here is for this match to end in a countout, otherwise Holiday walks away with the Southern Heritage Championship.

Angus:

Jesus. Hold on.

DDK:

Where are you going?! Sit down!

Angus:

Going to help Noble roll Holiday back into the ring so we can watch David walk out of here with the title.

DDK:

Oh, how kind of you.

5!

[With that sound, Noble looks over to the ring and hops over the railing before sliding in under the bottom rope. David then slides right back out to the floor as Benny Doyle yells at him to stay in the ring. He walks over to Frank who is trying his best to get back up to his feet. Noble slugs him in the face and with Holiday stunned, David puts him into a front facelock and lifts him up for a suplex back onto the right side of the barrier; however, Frank slips out of it and lands behind Noble.]

1!

[Frank wraps his arms around Noble's waist, but David connects with a trio of stiff elbows, breaking the hold in the process. Noble then grabs Frank by the wrist and whips him into the steel steps, except Frank manages to leap over the steel steps!]

2!

[Holiday then turns around and looks up to see Noble leaping off the steps towards him! Frank though manages to catch Noble midair before he hoists him onto his shoulders.]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Jesus! What strength from Holiday!

3!

[With Noble on his shoulders, he stands there for a second before drilling him with a Train Wreck onto the steps!]

DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMN!

FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK!

Angus:

OH MAN!

DDK:

NOBLE IS DEAD! THAT'S A WRAP!

Angus:

Damnit! Damnit! Damnit!

4!

[Holiday drops to both knees as Noble's body is draped across the steps. Frank looks up at the referee and then back at Noble who is not moving at all. Billy Pepper walks over and looks at Frank before nodding his head. Holiday grabs David before rolling him back into the ring. He then slides in after Noble and goes for the cover with the referee sliding into position.]

1...

2...

3--NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Mother--

Angus:

Hey, watch your mouth. I'm the foul mouthed one around here!

DDK:

How in the hell did Noble kick out of that?!

Angus:

It's like he said last week to Holiday, you can never count him out!

DDK:

He's proving that right now. Both of these men are laying it ALL on the line!

[Frank rolls off of David and looks on in disbelief. With Noble barely breathing, Holiday was certain that this was it. He looks over at Billy Pepper who looks like he is in just as much shock.]

Billy Pepper:

Finish him, Frank. Just finish him.

Frank Holiday:

Yeah, bruh. Yeah.

[The tone in his voice gives way to his disbelief. He slowly gets to his feet, leans exhaustedly on the top rope, and looks out to see every single fan in the arena on their feet, waiting in anticipation for what is about to happen next. Frank sucks in heavy gulps of breath, wipes sweat off his face, and looks over at David, still laid out flat on his back. It's obvious Holiday hates to disappoint the fans, but more than that, the wheels are turning here as he tries to put together a gameplan to put this stubborn challenger away. Finally he goes over and pulls Noble up to a standing base. As he does, Noble explodes out of nowhere with a fist to his jaw! Frank stumbles backwards and then steps in towards David, but it's all Noble needs as he blasts him in the face with a superkick! The move is enough to drop Frank to one knee!]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

DAVE! DAVE! DAVE! DAVE! DAVE!

[Noble looks at Frank who is barely remaining on one knee. He then grabs him by the head and runs full speed at the nearby turnbuckle before connecting with the Shiranui!]

YEEAH!

Angus:

THAT HAS TO BE IT! COVER HIM! PIN HIM! STAB HIM!

DDK:

One, stop yelling in my ear. Second, stabbing him is quite illegal.

Angus:

Do I look like I FUCKING care?!

DDK:

No. Not one bit.

[Noble, with however much strength he has left, flips Frank over and goes for the cover, hooking the leg in the process!]

1...

2...

3--NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

YEEAH!

Angus:

Oh my--

DDK:

Are you crying?!

Angus:

It's dusty in here! And I wish these stupid fans would stop cheering every five seconds! Choose someone and stick with him.

DDK:

These are TWO of the BIGGEST stars in DEFIANCE today! These fans are showing their appreciation for them laying it ALL out on the line.

[Noble slowly sits up, exhausted plain and simple. He looks over at Billy and shakes his head. He then grabs the nearby ropes and pulls himself up. David slowly climbs up to the top turnbuckle, but the amount of time it has taken Noble to get up there is more than enough for Holiday to fight through the pain and meet him with a stiff punch to the face!]

DDK:

What are these two going to do?!

Angus:

Kill each other. That's the only answer now.

[Holiday climbs up to the top rope with Noble while Billy yells at him to not do that. With Noble dazed, Frank lifts Noble up and then onto his shoulders!]

Angus:

No. No. No. Not a Train Wreck off the top rope.

DDK:

That would surely end the match!

[With Noble up on his shoulders, Frank looks out at the crowd and sees fans with their hands over their mouths, cheering him on. Or cheering Noble on. At this point, he is so unclear as to which way the crowd is pulling as it seemingly changes direction with every big move. That time he spends there though is all the time that David needs as he elbows Frank in the head repeatedly! The move knocks Frank slightly off balance as Noble slides off his shoulders and starts to fall down to the mat, but wraps his arm around Holiday at the last minute and plants him with a top rope DDT!

BOOM!

YEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DAVE! FRANK! DAVE! FRANK! DAVE! FRANK!

DDK:

Holiday is done. That was it.

Angus:

That was beyond brutal to watch. I thought that Train Wreck to the steps on Noble was brutal, but Holiday's head just spiked into the mat from the top turnbuckle. This is over. Call the paramedics.

[Noble lays there, looking at Frank who seems to be worse for wear as his legs are hanging on the ropes. Billy is looking on in horror as the referee is checking on Holiday and signals the match is good to continue to the shock of everyone. David pulls Frank off the ropes and goes for the cover for what seems like the last time.]

1...

2...

...

...

...

3--NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

YEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

This is unreal.

Angus:

Like I said. You're going to have to kill them.

DDK:

I'm starting to believe that.

[David sits up, shocked. Floored. The fans are cheering him on, cheering Frank on, in shock, in disbelief, but most of all, appreciative of these two pushing beyond their limits and then some. David slowly gets up to his feet, his body

completely drained by this point. He tries to lift Holiday, but it is difficult due to Frank's weight and his current disposition. As he manages to get Holiday up to his feet, David is met with a knee to the midsection from Holiday. Before he knows it, Frank has hoisted David onto his shoulders and connects with a third Train Wreck!

BOOM!

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH

DDK:

No. No. No. Frank is not human.

Angus:

That would explain it all.

DDK:

And Frank doesn't have the energy to make the pin. He is laying there and Billy Pepper is yelling at him to move his ass!

Angus:

Well, that's the understatement of the century.

[Frank looks around, so out of it, it's not even funny. He rolls onto his elbows and knees and crawls over to Noble before draping an arm across David's chest.]

1...

2...

...

...

...

...

3--NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

YEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

How in earth did David get his right shoulder up?!

DDK:

I have no idea, but folks, right now in the Wrestle-Plex, it is DEAFENING! The fans are just going crazy over here!

Angus:

That is an understatement.

DDK:

I don't know if I've ever seen two men more passionately into this match, refusing to go down here. These two men, who respect each other so much, who are bros, are laying it all on the line, for respect, for honor, for a title, but most importantly, for these fans.

[Somehow, magically, Frank is sitting up and looking at David, shaking his head. He slowly gets up to his feet,

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

I can't believe that Holiday found the strength to fight out of that.

Angus:

You can't believe it?! Have you been watching this match?! Nothing short of a machete is going to keep these men down!

DDK:

Somewhere in the back, Mushigihara is watching this.

Angus:

Knowing he would have killed both of these men a LONG time ago.

[Noble struggles to his feet as Holiday is laid out on the mat. David pulls himself up and starts to climb to the top rope! As he gets there, Frank is still laid out on the canvas. Noble then leaps, connecting with the corkscrew Shooting Star Press!]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DAVE! DAVE! DAVE! DAVE! DAVE!

DDK:

LEAP OF FAITH! NOBLE HITS THE BIG ONE AND THIS IS OVER!

Angus:

Cover him! You are the new champion!

[Noble does just that, hooking the leg in the process.]

1...

2...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

3--NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

HOW?!

...

...

...

2...

...

...

...

...

3!

DING! DING! DING!

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:
WE HAVE A WINNER!

Angus:
WE HAVE A NEW SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION!

Darren Quimbley:
Your winner... AND NEW! SOUTHERN! HERITAGE! CHAMPION! **DAAAAAAAAAVID!**
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOBBLE!

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DAVE! DAVE! DAVE! DAVE! DAVE!

[Noble by this point is sitting in the corner, not believing what has happened. The victory was his and not in the form of a rollup or anything like that. At the end of a long, HARD, battle, he connected with the Last Chance and put away Frank Holiday. As he looks out, the fans are on their feet, CHEERING as hard as they can as the referee, SoHer Title in hand, helps Noble up. Benny Doyle starts to hand him the belt, but is quickly stopped by Frank Holiday!]

DDK:
What is Frank doing?!

Angus:
He lost! That's not his title anymore!

[This is very clear to Frank who yanks the title away from the referee. The now-former champion is drenched in sweat, chest heaving, hair bedraggled; he has a wild-eyed glare fixed on Noble. Noble stares back cautiously, himself spent nearly to the point of collapse. Holiday looks down at the title, clutched in white-knuckled hands, as if trying to find his own reflection in the golden plate.]

[After a long moment, Holiday closes his eyes, and begrudgingly shoves the belt into Noble's hands.]

[David looks at him, bewildered, before extending his hand out for a fist bump.]

No Power in the 'Verse Can Stop Me

[We cut from the arena and David Noble's triumph to Christie Zane, who is standing outside the women's locker room. She looks anxious, like she's been tasked with something she's not entirely sure she wants to be doing. A moment passes before the door opens and the Queen of the Ring emerges.]

Christie Zane:

Lindsay, if I could have a moment before your match?

[The door swings shut behind Troy and she takes a deep breath.]

Lindsay Troy:

You can, Christie. But I already know what you're looking for. You'll ask me about my nerves, or how my last attempt at going after the Trios titles panned out, or if I'm prepared for tonight given the last-minute change in partners. You can ask me any or all or none of those things and my answer will still be the same.

None of it matters.

[A dismissive wave of the hand from the Queen.]

Lindsay Troy:

None of it matters because it should be Tyler Rayne, Wade Elliott, and Lindsay Troy going up against Team HOSS tonight. Us three and no one else; no offense to Dan and Tyrone.

[Troy pauses, taking another calming breath. Finding her center, so to speak.]

Lindsay Troy:

Anyone who has followed the careers of the Big Damn Heroes for any length of time before we came here should know that the bullshit levied against Ty and Wade a few weeks ago is exactly that...**bullshit**. And maybe nobody in DEFIANCE gives a fuck about that because we're not homegrown, started at the bottom now we here, long-timers. But EYE give a fuck about that, because Ty and Wade came here, came **back**, on account of ME.

[She points to herself for extra emphasis and then directs her glare toward the camera.]

Lindsay Troy:

The three of us blasted into your world and your lives with a "don't give a fuck, walk to the beat of our own drum" attitude and some people, MOST people, didn't like that. They had **Some Shit** to say about it. And yet, we've done what we've ALWAYS done, and that's flip the naysayers the bird on our way to victory. Might not've been right away, might not've been without some stumbling blocks, but we kept climbing, kept clawing, until we stood above the rabble. But they're not here now because of bullshit "failed drug tests" and I'm left to keep that torch burning.

Well, I welcome it.

[Smirk.]

Lindsay Troy:

You all don't know what you've left yourselves with. You may think you want Lindsay Troy out here on her own with her back against the wall. Maybe you think that'd be a breakout moment for me, that I'll have finally "arrived," but all that's done is serve to piss me off and make me want to break a few bones.

[The Queen's legendary temper is shining through again. It hasn't been seen since the business with the LBC.]

Lindsay Troy:

You *think* you want that side of me. What you don't *know* is I've tried like hell to temper that fire. Nobody here but Dan Ryan and Mary-Lynn Mayweather truly know the length, breadth, and depth my anger and revenge can go.

I pulled a mask over my face and gave this business a big "fuck you" when I won and held a world title for over two years.

I snapped a man's neck and put him in a wheelchair. Now he's six feet under.

I have consistently run roughshod over every place I've stepped foot in because I put myself first and didn't care who I trampled over. I wanted this time to be different. I'm supposed to have *learned something* over the years. But y'know...it ain't gonna be like that after all, and there are *so many people* to thank for it.

You should've been careful what you wished for.

[From off-camera, Dan Ryan and Tyrone Walker step into view. The Ego Buster's got some malice on his mind while Blackimus Prime's a bundle of goddamn energy.]

Lindsay Troy:

It starts tonight with three oversized clownbabies and their fuckstick mouthpiece and it's gonna continue long after that. You should've all let me be level-headed. Instead, you'll be prepping your regrets, because once I get goin' there's no power in the 'Verse can stop me.

[Troy turns to her left and storms off. Ryan and Walker follow.]

What else is there to say, but take it away Angus and Keeps!]

WORLD TRIOS TITLES: Lindsay Troy, Dan Ryan, Tyrone Walker vs. Team HOSS (c)

DDK:

And after that interview with Lindsay Troy, we're FINALLY here for the Trios Tag Title match, Angus! And this team that HOSS is facing tonight have a LOT of bad blood.

Angus:

This wasn't supposed to happen again! I gotta root for TEAM HOSS and MUHBOITAI! This... I can't... *wheezes* ... you say things, Keebs!

DDK:

We're going to take it to ringside and get right to the action! This is the record SIXTH defense for Team HOSS since they won those belts in spectacularly dangerous fashion when they assaulted two-thirds of Hookers 'N Blow months ago during our Canada tour! NOBODY has stopped them; they are undefeated as a trios unit and Lindsay Troy has already tried once to defeat them to no success.

Angus:

But now she has MUHBOITAI with her AND a very, very, very pissed-off Ego Buster. BAD things happen when Dan Ryan is pissed off. This team COULD have a chance, but l'unno...

DDK:

Let's go to Darren Quimbey for the introductions...

[And with that, we're over to the ring with Darren Quimbey now.]

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a Trios Tag Team Match scheduled for one fall and this will be for the DEFIANCE WORLD TRIOS TAG TEAM TITLES!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring first... THE CHALLENGERS!

["Carpe Diem Baby" by Metallica.]

[We're taking a ride in the Wayback Machine as the old Inner Circle theme song hits the Wrestle-Plex. It kicks into gear and Lindsay Troy walks out first with an all business swagger in her step. Halfway out on to the stage, she's followed by the power of this impromptu trio, as Dan Ryan stalks out, who is looking eager to murder the faces of those who cost him the World Title. Following them both out, and already getting rowdy, is the ever-animated Tyrone Walker.]

Darren Quimbey:

At a total combined weight of six hundred and ninety pounds... They are the "QUEEN OF THE RING" LINDSAY TROY, the "EGO BUSTER" DAN RYAN, annnd the "BLACK JESUS" TYRONE WALKER!

[Troy stops at the mouth of the ramp and cocks her hips as she puts her right hand on her hip and her left hangs to her side. A confident smirk curls her mouth as Dan Ryan comes up on her right flank, where he crosses his arms over his chest, and then on her left, she's joined by Tyrone Walker, who bounces around excitedly. Standing together, they form up united, pissed off, and ready to rumble as one, then they descend to the ring.]

DDK:

Troy, Ryan, and Walker are all phenomenal talents as individuals and Walker himself the previous Trios champion before Team HOSS... but that having been said, they all have their work cut out for them.

Angus:

You got that right.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents...

["Tag Team" by Anvil.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[The crowd is jeering to all heck. One by one, the brutal monsters flank the stage, each holding one of the three World Trios Tag Team titles! The lights started to flash rapidly in shades of red and white throughout the arena while the monsters stand with their belts. Junior Keeling appears to the side of them and smirks proudly. He wears his bright shiny blue sequined jacket and shades as he approaches the ring, talking a whole mess of shit to the camera.]

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring at a total combined weight of eight hundred and fifty nine pounds... They are accompanied to the ring by JUNIOR KEELING... They are the reigning, defending, and still UNDEFEATED DEFIANCE WRESTLING WORLD TRIOS TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... CAPITAL PUNISHMENT, ALECXANDER THE GREAT, annnd ANGEL TRINIDAAAAAAD... TEEEEEEAAAAAAMMMMM HOOOOSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

DDK:

Gaudy as ever, I see. But Team HOSS and Junior Keeling were all true to their word... they stuck it to Dan Ryan good when they cost him his long-awaited shot to be the DEFIANCE World Champion.

Angus:

Any one of them could get Virginia Quell'd if they're not careful, but as a collective... yikes...

[Angel celebrates the jeering with both hands raised, Aleczander struts confidently, and Capital Punishment walks out with his poker face on. The three big men rock the gold now as they hold them all up in the ring as a sign of solidarity. One by one, the monsters start their march to the ring as Junior Keeling takes the lead. They're nearly at the bottom of the ramp when two bodies from inside the ring come flying at them...]

DDK:

NO! TROY AND WALKER AREN'T WAITING FOR THE BELL! THEY JUST CLEARED STEREO SUICIDE DIVES!

Angus:

MUHBOITAI! I DUN TOLD YA, SON!

DDK:

They just wiped out Aleczander and Capital Punishment! Now Dan Ryan is gunning right for Angel Trinidad! The Ego Buster versus the Breaker of the Unbreakable!

[Lindsay Troy goes right after Capital Punishment and hasn't forgotten about that nasty Apron Powerbomb she took from him a couple weeks back. Meanwhile, Walker is eager to renew his old rivalry with THE HOSS OVERLORDS by taking on Aleczander, trying to fight the Mancunian Muscle halfway up the aisle. That leaves the veteran Ryan to take on the Rookie Monster, Angel Trinidad, and the two big bulls are going right at it!]

DDK:

It's breaking down and this hasn't officially started yet, but these six just HATE each other! There is no love lost between either side tonight and after everything Team HOSS have taken from these three whether it be partners or title opportunities, they want to make them pay!

Angus:

...That was a genuinely great description of all this shit. Kudos, Keeps!

[Angel is holding his own against Ryan and even slams a couple of headbutts into his face for good measure, sending him tumbling around. But when Angel gets a little bit too cocky, he goes charging at Ryan who is leaning back against the ropes. Ryan has enough wherewithal to move and Trinidad collides viciously with the post as the fans cheer!]

[Junior rushes over to try and get LT off of Capital Punishment, doing his best to block the blows from the Queen of the Ring. Junior pulls her by the arm only to eat a STIFF roundhouse kick to the head, dropping him right where he stands!]

Angus:

DAMN, THIS CROWD WENT CRAZY! AND THAT'S NOT FAIR, THEY ATTACKED BEFORE THE BELL!
CHEATERS!

DDK:

How is this ANY different from when Team HOSS has done this to the countless people they've injured and taken out of action?

Angus:

Because HOSS OVERLORD reasons!

[Lindsay Troy may have just gotten the cheer of the night by taking out Junior Keeling, but the reaction grows sour quickly when Capital Punishment gets back up, BARRELS right into Troy and SLAMS her hard into the barricade! But the cheers come back again...]

DDK:

OUCH! Dan Ryan nearly took Capital Punishment's head clean off with that lariat after he attacked Troy! Ryan is a man possessed!

Angus:

OUR HOSS OVERLORDS will recover, just you watch... also, because I haven't said this in a while... GO, TY, GO!

[As Aleczander is disposed of on the floor by Ty Walker, both he and Dan Ryan pick up Capital Punishment and throw him underneath the bottom rope so that way they can take this fight where it belongs – in the ring. Angel goes over to help both Junior Keeling and Aleczander and returns to what would be their corner while Dan Ryan helps his sister-in-law back to her feet.]

DING DING DING!

DDK:

We finally got some order here after an insanely risky gambit by the challengers, but consider the champions rocked! Now Ty Walker and Cappy are going to be the legal men!

Angus:

...Damn it, Keeps, why? This is my own Sophie's Choice when it comes to who to root for.

[Ty Walker is already in the ring as a groggy Capital Punishment tries to get back to a vertical base. At ringside, a pair of attendants have picked up the Trios Tag Team titles that got dropped during the pre-match scuffle and brought them over to the timekeeper's table for safe keeping while Blackimus Prime rears back...]

Angus:

LIGHTS OUT! GUERILLA RADIO!

DDK:

We're officially a few seconds in and Walker just NAILED Cappy with the Busaiku knee kick! That could be all

already!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

[Capital Punishment just barely gets the shoulder up as a woozy Trinidad and Aleczander watch on from their corner, breathing a sigh of relief that their undefeated streak as a team wasn't ended that quickly after all they've accomplished in DEFIANCE. Walker goes low and delivers kicks to the head of Capital Punishment before waiting on his target. He throws a few more shots to the head, but Cappy shoves the Human Pinball Wizard back to the ropes. Blackimus Prime uses this momentum to come right back and kick him in the head with a dropkick!]

Angus:

Ty's got these guys!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

[Another close one before Cappy's shoulder gets up off the mat. Troy is shaken, but looks fine otherwise while she and Dan Ryan cheer on Ty Walker. The crowd goes crazy as he runs off the ropes once more only for the Breaker of the Unbreakable to catch him off the ropes with a knee to the back. Navarro reprimands Angel who feigns innocence, but Aleczander comes into the ring undetected...]

DDK:

FULL NELSON SLAM! And all that behind Navarro's back, nonetheless!

[Aleczander makes to the outside like he was just taking care of Junior Keeling, helping him up after having his head kicked into the third row by seating him on a chair on the floor. Navarro reprimands the members of Team HOSS, but now Cappy is in control. He crawls over to where Walker landed and goes for a cover himself.]

ONE!

TWO!

TH... KICKOUT!

DDK:

A close one right there for Team HOSS! Among being by far the most dangerous trio this place has seen, there's no shortcut that these men WON'T take to win!

Angus:

That's why they've been successful for so long! My love for Ty knows no bounds, but OUR HOSS OVERLORDS are fucking beasts in that ring!

[Capital Punishment pulls Walker up and throws him into the corner before making the legal tag out to Aleczander. The Big Brit heads inside and the HOSSes use some teamwork as Cappy whips Aleczander right into a HARD shoulder strike to Walker's ribs! Things go from bad to worse for Blackimus Prime as he pulls Walker out and Irish whips him into an extra STIFF uppercut from Cappy with some stank on it! The crowd boos Aleczander, but the Brit turns over to Lindsay Troy and gestures towards her.]

Alecander:

You should've forgot about your man, love!

[Troy's usually not one to take the bait but after all that's happened in recent weeks, she just doesn't give a fuck anymore. She heads into the ring and to knock the smirk off Alecander's face, but Navarro and Dan Ryan both keep her back. That allows the Big Brit to kick the Black Jesus right in the rib cage, making him double over in pain!]

DDK:

And just like that, Team HOSS are in control again! This is why they've been champions for so long now!

[The Mancunian Muscle laughs at his plight before delivering a SECOND hard shot to the ribs, sending him skittering through the ropes where Walker lands unceremoniously on the floor. Alecander tags out to Angel Trinidad who hasn't forgotten about his singles loss to him some time ago. The Rookie Monster goes over to pick Walker up and applies a headlock before running forward with him, RAMMING him right into the barricade!]

Angus:

And I think we may have MUHBOITAI and his brain matter all over our barricade now!

DDK:

It looks like that pre-match attack only incensed Team HOSS even more now! And now Angel has him back and throws Walker back inside the ring. Angel with a lazy cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... KICKOUT!

[The crowd cheers when Ty's shoulders go up, but Angel isn't through with him just yet. He manhandles Walker in the corner and WAILS on the former Trios Tag Team champion with some hard shots to the chest as he smiles the whole way, enjoying causing pain to Blackimus Prime. The former Trios Champion then gets whipped across the ring and it looks like Angel has bad intentions on his mind as he charges...]

DDK:

NO! Walker just introduced Angel to both feet!

Angus:

Love you long time, Ty, but that was dumb.

[Indeed it may have been because Angel Trinidad is still standing and running into a pair of feet only seems to piss him off. Walker leaps to the second rope and jumps at him, but the Breaker of the Unbreakable has him in his grip. He sets him up and tries to THROW him overhead with his standing fallaway slam variation, but he doesn't see Walker back on his feet...]

Angus:

GAMENGIRI! Angel gonna feel THAT one!

DDK:

That he did! Both Dan Ryan and Troy are itching for the tag, but who is going to be so lucky to get it first?

[As the Rookie Monster continues to stumble around, seeing stars from Walker's impressive kick, Blackimus Prime is heading to his corner with the quickness. From there, he manages to get to Lindsay Troy and the Queen of the Ring is ready to kick somebody's ass!]

DDK:

She goes right for Angel! There's no argument about whether or not she can hang in there with the fellas, but can a direct assault really be this wise against men this powerful?

Angus:

Lindsay seems to think so!

[LT goes low with kicks to try and take the giant off his feet. Trinidad blocks a kick and grabs her with a claw-style hold and launches her halfway across the ring so that she collides with the turnbuckle. The Breaker of the Unbreakable charges in and goes for a splash again, but the Lady of the Hour slips through the ropes and brings both feet up, catching Angel with another kick! Keeling watches as Troy comes right back at him again with yet another flurry of left and right kicks to the legs - whatever she can do to get at the monster.]

DDK:

She has the Rookie Monster stumbling, but can she knock him down?

[As she charges off the ropes to gain some momentum, the answer to the question seems to be an emphatic NO... Angel buries a Kitchen Sink-style knee and takes her down with one blow! The Bronx native laughs to himself as a pained Walker and a pissed-off Ryan show more concern for their friend and in-law, respectively.]

Angus:

Stopped right in her tracks! They gotta come up with something different than hit-and-run. Team HOSS have proven they'll wise up to that shit quickly and make somebody pay.

[Angel PASTES her with two big clubbing forearms across the back before he whips her to the other side of the ring. He pulls a boot up to try for a big kick, but LT ducks underneath and uses the extra momentum to actually take him of his feet with a high-impact single leg dropkick! She jumps on his chest and tees off on the Rookie Monster with alternating lefts and rights.]

DDK:

Angel is finally off his feet for the first time in this match! Troy's taking it to him!

[The Rookie Monster tries to shake off the shots and get back to his feet as LT continues to lay into a kneeling Angel with kicks to the chest. Another big right from Angel staggers the challenger, sending Troy tumbling back to the ropes. Angel sees his chance to turn the tide and runs to the ropes, but already Lindsay Troy is right behind with a hard back elbow to the face. Angel remains dazed on the ropes as Troy gets a running start from all the way across the ring and lands a hard Shotgun-style dropkick to the chest that sends Angel tumbling over!]

Angus:

She's up, down, all-around! What kind of crap is this?

DDK:

And the fans love this! This can not be the game plan that Junior planned for tonight with Team HOSS. No one just goes BRAWLING with these giants like they have!

[The crowd is going nuts for the challengers as Lindsay Troy now turns her attention over to the man responsible for the powerbomb that cost her her first Trios title opportunity... RUNNING DROPKICK TO THE HEAD! Cappy goes to the floor and holds his face in pain, but Troy isn't done as she launches herself over the top rope with a corkscrew plancha on the floor!]

DDK:

Troy obviously remembers Cappy's part in hurting her former student, Mary-Lynn Mayweather, but she can't win the Trios titles by fighting Capital Punishment on the floor!

[Lindsay realizes this quickly and heads back into the ring where she goes to the top rope. As Angel tries to stand, she comes off the top rope with a springboard front-flip neckbreaker, bringing the giant down! She goes for the cover on

Angel...]

ONE!

TWO!

TH- NO!

[Angel throws her right off with a HUGE kickout, almost sending her through the ropes! She looks surprised that he still has this much power in him, but a woozy Trinidad is still ready to fight back. She tries to catch him with a reverse STO, possibly trying to segue into the Divine Right, but he throws her off the ropes...

DDK:

OOOOHHHHH! Spin kick! Ugly, but effective, and Troy just nearly got decapitated from that blow!

[Walker looks peeved, but he and Ryan, who has yet to tag in, can't do anything about it. Angel turns to both men in the corner and to the Ego Buster in particular, gives him the finger.]

Angel Trinidad:

I read the Twitter, it's YOU who needs to worry about getting erased by us, you punk bitch!

[Ryan doesn't take the bait, but he's resigned to his corner and just watches angrily as Team HOSS picks off his sister-in-law some more. Trinidad goes over to tag in Capital Punishment and the two whip her off the ropes before they lift her up and DRIVE her down with a hard double thrust spinebuster! Trinidad leaves the ring as Junior Keeling finally gets his bearings back.]

Angus:

Keeling has risen again! Team HOSS are now whole!

DDK:

They're holes of some kind, alright. But now Cappy's going for the cover on Troy!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Angus:

They need to just lay down! HOSS are not going to stop until they've eaten every single Trios team in existence! They've beaten a lot of them... TexMex Holiday, ACX, the Heirs of Wrestling, Team VIAGRA, Troy, Noble and Frank Holiday...

DDK:

That's just a who's who of the people they've wronged! Now Cappy has her in a bearhug! Nothing fancy about a lot of what Cappy does, but it doesn't need to be!

[Capital Punishment has her dead to rights in the center of the ring with nowhere to go, but that doesn't stop Troy from trying to fight back. She tries to pry apart the arms of the IWO legend, but he's too strong and she's certainly not at 100% for this to be effective.]

Hector Navarro:

Lindsay, do you give?

Lindsay Troy:

NO!

DDK:

Troy has almost never submitted in her career, but I think Capital Punishment knows that! He's just going to wear her down!

[He shakes violently on the hold and starts trying to ragdoll her when Dan Ryan has seen enough and BLASTS Capital Punishment in the back of the head to break it up! Navarro tries to reprimand him, but he's been sitting on the sidelines long enough and tries to pick up where he left off with Cappy. Capital Punishment fights back and the two come to blows!]

DDK:

Look at them go! They just absolutely HATE each other!

Angus:

HOSS FIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIITE!

[But the crowd starts booing when Navarro yells for Ryan to get back and threatens disqualification – something the challengers DON'T want at any cost. The Ego Buster reluctantly returns to his corner while Troy favors her back. When Cappy tries to pick her up, she stops him with a seated jawbreaker, stunning him long enough. She tries to get back to the corner, but sees Cappy charing at her so so she pulls the ropes down...]

DDK:

NOW CAPPY GOES OUT TO THE FLOOR... TROY HAS A CHANCE TO TAG...

Angus:

AND MUHBOITAI GETS IT!

[Walker's back in the game again and heads to the top rope as he waits for Capital Punishment stand again. When he's up to his feet, he gets taken down just as quickly with a HUGE mother fucking hell of a somersault dive all the way out to the floor!]

DDK:

Ty Walker just wiped himself and Capital Punishment out with a dive to the outside! Now both men are down, but Walker has to take this back in the ring!

Angus:

Of course he will! Black Jeezy ain't no fool!

[He manages to help muscle up Capital Punishment before getting him ring-bound once again. Aleczander tries to run around the ring to stop him right then and there, but Dan Ryan cuts that shit out quickly by running at him and cutting him off with a HUGE right hand! Now the two fight on the floor as Ty Walker heads back inside to deal with Capital Punishment. He charges right at Cappy who swings with a wild right-armed lariat, but he ducks and comes back with a springboard inside dropkick, catching Cappy right in the chest!]

Angus:

PRAISE BLACK JESUS!

RRRRRRRAAAAHHHHHH!

[The crowd is doing just that as he runs right at Cappy and catches him with a leaping back elbow in the corner. He turns him around and drops him across the second rope with a big reverse STO into the middle buckle and finishes off the combination by heading out to the ring apron. Slowly, he manages to head to the top rope to try and finish things off, but Angel Trinidad tries to cut him off as he's on top. Walker kicks him out of the way...]

DDK:

CAPPY'S BACK UP!

*OOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!***Angus:**

AND HE GOES RIGHT BACK DOWN! DAMN!

[The crowd gasps as the punch-drunk Cappy got back up after Angel's distraction and simply **SHOVES** Blackimus Prime off the ropes. Walker crashes hard on the floor in the worst way possible! The fans look on in shock as Ty crumbles near the barricade, not sure where the fuck he is exactly.]

DDK:

Just one move! That's all it takes from these powerhouses to turn the tide! Just when the challengers try to get something going, Team HOSS stymies them just as quickly!

[Capital Punishment goes to tag Angel and now they watch as Ty Walker is hurt on the floor. A sore Troy and the Ego Buster watch on as Team HOSS simply allow Walker to get back to his feet, but he doesn't look like he can. If he gets counted out, that's it...]

*ONE!**TWO!**THREE!**FOUR!**FIVE!***DDK:**

Can Walker even beat the count? If he doesn't that's it! Team HOSS retain!

SIX!

[Walker starts to get back up and holds onto his ribs in pain while a surprised Angel watches on.]

SEVEN!

[Keeling is almost stunned to silence as the Human Pinball Wizard gets to his knees and crawls back to his feet...]

EIGHT!

...

...

...

DDK:

ANGEL TRINIDAD WITH A PLANCHA OUT TO WALKER ON THE FLOOR! JESUS!

[Sure enough, Angel Trinidad saw Walker was about to beat the count, so the big fucker **DOVE** over the ropes, taking out himself and Walker in the process!]

HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT!

Angus:

DEAR GOD, THEY CAN FLY, TOO?! OUR HOSS OVERLORDS COMMAND THE LAND AND SKY! NOBODY IS SAFE!

[Angel Trinidad starts to come around slowly, and the crowd cheers Trinidad for perhaps the stupidest, yet most sensible thing he's ever done in the ring! Even his own teammates aren't sure what to make of his incredible move, but Angel quickly picks up Walker and throws him back under the bottom rope as the crowd grows louder!]

Angel Trinidad:

THIS DIVISION IS OURS!

DDK:

Boisterous, but hard to refute that... and now Trinidad goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... KICKOUT!

[Angel is in complete shock he didn't finish off Ty Walker right there after the nasty fall and his plancha, but as Team HOSS know, he's like a cockroach that won't go away!]

Angus:

THE BLACK JEEZY IS STILL ALIVE!

DDK:

Yeah, but you've gotta wonder how much more he can take!

[Lindsay Troy and Dan Ryan are both watching and hoping that Walker can get over to them – especially the latter as the Ego Buster has been wanting a fight, but he hasn't had an opportunity to really get one. The battle goes back to Angel Trinidad who throws a couple of hard punches followed up with a SICK body slam. Nothing fancy, but he goes up one more time and drops Walker down! And once more before he goes down a third time! Trinidad tries to break Walker in half before he tags into Capital Punishment again.]

DDK:

Uh-oh, what do they got planned now?

Angus:

Something involving rearranging Walker's bodily structure, probably... yikes, I need a minute here, man...

[Angel Trinidad whips Walker into a neutral corner and goes charging HARD, crushing the Extreme Franchise against the turnbuckles. Capital Punishment tags into Aleczander and then goes charging to the corner as well, brutalizing him with a nasty corner clothesline! Walker goes flinching but not before Aleczander comes running down the track, hitting a running back elbow!]

DDK:

OPERATION BULLDOZER! And Walker is hurt!

Angus:

But it ain't over yet, look!

[Before Walker could even fall to the ground, the legal man Aleczander gets back up and holds him in a gorilla press position and THROWS him up in the air...]

Angus:

BPI! BRITISH POWER INTERNATIONAL ON TY WALK... wait, that sucks...

DDK:

While my colleague wrestles with his apparent fanboy-ism, Aleczander goes in for the cover again!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE.... SAVED BY RYAN!

DDK:

The Ego Buster runs in and saves the match! I don't think Walker personally was going to kick out of that brutal succession of moves, but Walker needs a tag again in the worst way possible! There's no way he can take much more of this!

Angus:

Despite my fanboy-ism, as you put it... you're right. HOSS OVERLORDS and stuff!

[Ryan reluctantly returns to the corner as Aleczander drags Walker's prone body back to their side and goes back out to Angel Trinidad. The Rookie Monster wants him some more of Walker and wastes no time in going for a big series of kicks to the gut, punishing him some more. He then pushes him back and lands a stiff back elbow to the head! Walker goes down and looks hurt. Before Angel finishes things, though...]

DDK:

BIG BOOT TO THE FACE OF DAN RYAN!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[The Rookie Monster caught Ryan with a cheap shot, sending The Ego Buster out to the floor! Lindsay Troy wants to get in there and kick him around, but Angel Trinidad taunts her the whole way.]

Angel Trinidad:

So sorry, Queenie! Ahahaha!

[Walker is still down and hasn't moved so Angel runs off the ropes now and goes for broke...]

Angus:

SUPER MEGATON ANGEL BOMB! IT'S OVER!!!

[The massive running splash from Angel Trinidad has a lot of hang time on it and now he goes to finish it!]

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... TROY GOES ON THE ATTACK!

DDK:

Angel Trinidad is going to pay for what he did to Ryan just a second ago! Troy goes on the attack again and she's not stopping!

[She continues to kick away at Angel, but Capital Punishment and Aleczander both run into the match and throw her off before disposing the Queen by tossing her out to the floor as Aleczander follows! Fights are breaking out all over the place. Outside the ring, Dan Ryan goes right for Capital Punishment!]

DDK:

I knew there was no love lost between any of these men and women but, Jesus, this has been a hell of a fight!

Angus:

In the ring, Angel is getting ready to finish things! Look! He's got Walker up top!

[Indeed, the Breaker of the Unbreakable has Ty Walker up top as the fights outside the ring continue. Team HOSS gets the advantage again as Keeling watches Cappy and Aleczander swarm Dan Ryan. Troy is getting her bearings and hasn't yet seen what's going on. Angel is perhaps thinking superplex of some sort, but Walker comes to life and headbutts him! And bites him in the forehead!]

DDK:

Angel Trinidad is biting off more than he could... chew, wow that was not even intentional. But here we are!

Angus:

MUHBOITAI isn't going to quit, no matter how many HOSS OVERLORDS are gunning for him!

[Walker throws in a few more shots to disorient the large Breaker of the Unbreakable before he shoves him off the ropes! Ty just barely has enough in him to land...]

Angus:

BOOM! HEADSHOT!

DDK:

The diving missile dropkick just caught Angel right in the face and now both men are down! Both Aleczander and Capital Punishment have taken notice and now they're back in their corner, but Troy and Ryan both look a little worse for wear!

[The camera has panned over to the challenger's side where Lindsay Troy is just barely able to stand after having been tossed into the guardrail by Capital Punishment. Meanwhile, Dan Ryan had his head kicked in by Angel, but he is looking on with intent and he's a powder keg about ready to explode. He reaches out his hand while Walker crawls towards his corner with barely anything left in the tank...]

DDK:

Walker needs this tag now and Dan Ryan wants it! These people are calling for it, too!

*WE WANT RY-AN! *clap**clap**clapclapclap**

*WE WANT RY-AN! *clap**clap**clapclapclap**

Angus:

Trinidad is going back to his corner and gets to Aleczander first! The Big Brit is in!

[Keeling is screaming at Aleczander not to let Walker get the tag and rightly, the Brit charges to make sure that doesn't happen. He grabs Walker's leg but Blackimus Prime rolls forward and propels Aleczander right at Dan Ryan, who LAYS him out with a big right hand! Aleczander falls to his knees now and Walker reaches over...]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

THIS PLACE HAS JUST COME ALIVE! THE EGO BUSTER IS IN!

Angus:

And with respect to OUR HOSS OVERLORDS, who I hope don't hear this, but after all the antagonizing they've done to him I don't want to be Aleczander now...

[And the crowd has gone nucking futs for the arrival of The Ego Buster! The former FIST of DEFIANCE goes wild on Aleczander in the corner, muscling him there and just teeing off on him with a barrage of seemingly endless right hands intent on causing brain damage... okay, even more brain damage to the dim, but powerful, Aleczander! He then charges over to the opposite side.... BIG BOOT TO TRINIDAD! And one a good shot to the head of Capital Punishment for good measure!]

Angus:

Who'd have thought that Dan Ryan had an Oprah Moment in him?

DDK:

Huh?

Angus:

YOU GET A BIG BOOT! AND YOU GET A BIG BOOT!

[Aleczander gets pushed to the ropes by Dan Ryan now and he tries to whip him, but Aleczander's strength allows him to reverse and send the big Texan across the ring. When he comes back, he tries a lariat that Ryan ducks under and keeps going to the ropes. As the Ego Buster comes back, he nearly fucking decapitates Alecz with a HUGE clothesline that turns him almost inside out!]

Angus:

But Angel is back!

[The Breaker of the Unbreakable goes for a big boot, but Ryan blocks it and returns fire with a HELL of a superkick – maybe not the best looking kick ever, but it was good enough to make Angel Trinidad's lights flicker and lay him out for the moment. Ryan returns his attention to Aleczander and charges at him in the corner with a hell of a clothesline that rattles the Big Brit! As Alecz comes out of the corner, Dan scoops him up and DRILLS him down with a release German suplex! The crowd is roaring along with the energetic Ryan as he's ready to strike whatever moves.]

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!***DDK:**

Cappy caught him with a cheap shot from behind! Team HOSS is ganging up on Ryan!

Angus:

Uh-oh...

[The "uh-oh" in question is Capital Punishment punching the Ego Buster with several brutal shots to the head trying to slow him down. Cappy tries to whip him, but Ryan stops him with a big move by grabbing him by the waist and THROWING him over head with a huge belly to belly suplex! Ryan is going suplex-crazy tonight and now he's ready to finish things off!]

DDK:

Now there's nobody left but Aleczander and Dan Ryan! This one's gonna be over soon enough!

[Dan Ryan feels it also and he goes to pick up Aleczander of the mat, not forgetting that Team HOSS cost him the prized DEFIANCE World Title shot he worked so long and hard to get when they were all stablemates in the Blood

Diamonds. Ryan picks Alecz up by the head and sets up what could very well be the Humility Bomb when Junior Keeling grabs him by the leg.]

Junior Keeling:

NO! NO! THOSE BELTS BELONG TO US!

[Ryan kicks him away and that allows Lindsay Troy to jump in again and connect with a baseball slide dropkick, taking Junior out of the match again! But Angel Trinidad is back in it. He grabs Troy by the leg and is rewarded with a dropkick from the sore, but able-bodied, Ty Walker. Now both of them run against the far ropes and on the return...]

DDK:

TANDEM TOPE CON HILOS! ANGEL TRINIDAD IS DOWN, KEELING IS DOWN, AND NOW ALL THAT'S LEFT IS FOR RYAN TO FINISH THIS!

[Ryan watches the skirmish go on outside between the other HOSSes and his tag team partners, but Aleczander sneaks up behind Ryan and catches him with a hard shot to the leg! Ryan goes down as the Mancunian Muscle sees an opening. He lifts him up...]

Angus:

ALEZANDER WINS THE MATCH! THIS IS OVER!

[The crowd jeers as the cheeky bastard Aleczander goes to hook the leg after hitting a move that has finished every match he's used it in...]

ONE!

TWO!

THRE.-NO!

Angus:

Was that it?! WAS IT?!?!

DDK:

NO! HECTOR NAVARRO IS SAYING NO! THAT WAS THE VERY DEFINITION OF TWO-POINT NINE-NINE, BUT IT WASN'T A THREE!

[If it were possible, Aleczander would've turned ghostly white after that. That should have been the finish right there, but Dan Ryan got his shoulder up! After having his title shot taken away by Team HOSS some time ago, he isn't going to be denied his revenge. Aleczander goes crazy and just swings right hands, bringing shots down on Dan Ryan with hate right behind it. He pulls him back up again and tries to go for a second one, but Dan Ryan elbows his way free! He pushes him off the ropes and when he comes back, he kicks him in the gut...]

DDK:

HUMILITY BOMB! HE GOT IT! HE GOT ALL OF THE MOVE!

[The elevated sitout powerbomb just finishes Aleczander in the worst way possible and now Dan Ryan goes for the cover! This is over!]

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-SAVED BY CAPPY!

DDK:

WE THOUGHT HE HAD IT RIGHT THERE, BUT CAPITAL PUNISHMENT JUST SAVED HIS PARTNER WITH A BOOT TO THE HEAD!

[The kick caught Ryan right in the face to save things for his team! He drags Alecander's body over to Team HOSS's corner so he could make the legal tag to himself! Capital Punishment is back now to try and finish things!]

DDK:

Capital Punishment... DAMN IT! He's got that baton in his hand and the referee's trying to contend with a fight between Walker and Angel Trinidad at ringside!

[Indeed, Navarro is as he attempts to break up their fight. Dan Ryan is still trying to recover just as Cappy tries to swing with the baton... but Lindsay Troy lunges for the weapon! She snatches it right from Cappy's grasp. HOSS's enforcer turns around, but he takes his eyes off the ball for just one second... one second too long...]

DDK:

SPEAR BY DAN RYAN!

Angus:

He got him!

[The Ego Buster has gone nuts now and hoists up Capital Punishment just as Lindsay Troy takes the baton and flings it up the aisle, making sure that it can't be used like it has in the past. Meanwhile, Ryan has Cappy up in the corner and holds out a hand to allow Troy the tag!]

DDK:

Uh-oh, what are they thinking here? Troy's up top!

Angus:

Nothing good! Can they beat Team HOSS here tonight?!

[Lindsay Troy is up top just as Dan Ryan has Cappy on his shoulders...]

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

WHAT A DOUBLE-TEAM MOVE BY THE IN-LAWS! DAN RYAN'S HUMILITY BOMB COMBINED WITH TROY'S FRONT-FLIP NECKBREAKER! CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IS DOWN AND NOW TROY GOES FOR THE COVER! DO THEY HAVE IT?!

[Troy holds on for dear life as Dan Ryan runs to the side of the ring to cut Angel Trinidad off at the pass!

ONE!

[Keeling tries to go in, but Walker stops him with a kick as well!]

TWO!

[Nobody's around now...]

THREE!

Angus:

HOLY SHIT! THE REIGN OF THE HOSS OVERLORDS IS OVER! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D LIVE TO SEE THIS DAY! I THOUGHT THEY'D HAVE THE BELTS UNTIL MY PUBES WERE ALL GRAY!

[Kelly golf claps, twice, then brings the microphone back up to her mouth.]

Kelly Evans:

Of course, I'm not gracing you with my presence to oooooonly offer up some props. No, I believe I have to offer some commiserations to our former champions as well.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Junior and Angel glare at Kelly. Aleczandar and Cappy have regained their bearings and have joined them as well.]

Kelly Evans:

Yes, Team HOSS, your run as Trios champions was certainly impressive. You were the longest reigning champions in DEFIANCE history and you had beaten a Who's Who of fantastic talent this company's had the pleasure of employing. Kudos to you are also in order. But your reign of terror, villainy, and annoyance [she directs that last one toward Junior] is at an end.

[She nods.]

Kelly Evans:

I guess all that's left for you all to do is Get...the FUCK...Out!

DDK and Angus:

What??!!

RAAAAAAAHHHHH---WHAAAAA????!

[The Team HOSS collective look shocked and confused. Hell, even Walker looks shocked and confused. Troy and Ryan....well.....]

[The in-laws just kinda smile.]

Kelly Evans:

I had the pleasure of some light reading material being delivered to the arena earlier; reading material that I'm sure you, Junior Keeling, never wanted to see hit the light of day.

Angus:

What the hell is Kelly talking about, Keeps.

DDK:

I dunno, but it doesn't sound good.

[The confused looks on Angel, Aleczander, and Cappy's faces grow. Junior's pallor starts turning white.]

Kelly Evans:

It would appear that dear Junior's bank account and dreams of everlasting glory for Team HOSS know no bounds as they've managed to cross over from our sport into the medical field. What a truly impressive feat, indeed, to have spent this much time and money on fucking people over only to have it all blow up in your face. What a *waste*.

[She scowls and shakes her head.]

Kelly Evans:

I think I've teased this long enough so let me put it bluntly. Junior Keeling paid a disgustingly large sum of money to a greedy little worm to have some drug tests tampered with, tests that would have been *clean* had he not decided to get a little too cocky with his money and his machinations. I don't think it'll take a rocket scientist to figure out which roster members' tests those happened to be.

BOOO!

DDK:

Dear God, he didn't.

Angus:

You mean the two suspended dimwits on the Big Damn Heroes aren't a couple'a druggies?

DDK:

You heard Troy, earlier, Angus. She said it was nonsense!

Angus:

BUT THE GIFT BASKET! BUT...WHA...GUH....EVERYTHING I KNOW TO BE TRUE IS CRASHING DOWN AROUND ME, KEEBS!

Kelly Evans:

Now, thanks to this bullshit, I have some major, MAJOR, damage control to do, which I don't LIKE having to do because I'd RATHER be doing OTHER THINGS. And since I haven't yet determined who knew what or where or who had no clue or whateverthefuckexcuse you all will come up with [she motions to Angel, Alecz, and Cappy], I've decided to just stem the tide of this raging headache and get rid of the whole lot of you IN HOPES that will buy me some goddamn time. Consider your dumbfuck asses terminated effective IMMEDIATELY.

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Kelly makes a motion with her free hand and DEFsec swarm in from the back and from the crowd.]

Kelly Evans:

Now get them the FUCK out of MY ARENA.

[Angel and Aleczander look like their world has crashed down around them. Capital Punishment looks like he could murder Keeling where he stands. Keeling's numb. He doesn't even react until a DEFsec member grabs him by the arm and starts dragging him and his charges away.]

[That's when HOSS starts to fight back.]

[In the ring, Ty Walker starts laughing. We're talking doubled-over, side-splitting laughter. He looks out to the crowd with a shit-eating grin.]

Ty Walker:

ALL Y'ALL REPEAT AFTER YA BOY. YOU GOT FY-ARD! YOU GOT FY-ARD!

[And of course, because it's Ty asking...]

YOU GOT FY-ARD!

YOU GOT FY-ARD!

YOU GOT FY-ARD!

[Kelly disappears from view. Team HOSS are not making this easy for DEFsec, which is why more guys pour out from backstage. The new Trios champions watch the developments for a minute before climbing out of the ring.]

[The fans cheer them all the way.]

Stake the Claim

[Backstage.]

[The roar of fans and the hammering of feet and bodies in the arena, filtered through brick walls, are little more than a muffled din here in this empty hallway. A lone man in track pants and a Lakers hoodie shuffles along, shoulders hunched, head drooped, with a stiff gait belying the pain coursing through his body. One hand is crammed in the hoodie's front pocket, the other is splayed over his face, kneading his forehead.]

[The former Southern Heritage Champion. Frank Holiday.]

[It's hitting him hard. The idea moreso than the physical punishment he'd endured tonight.]

[Billy tried to cheer him up, but Frank wasn't in the mood. He needed to be alone for a while. So he took a walk, in spite of the groaning ache of his battered muscles. And in his solitude the depression fills his mind, vaporizes around him, and engulfs the hallway, the city, the world, in impermeable fog.]

[He had everything. Now it's gone.]

[He feels a buzz in his pocket and hears the Rocky theme play. He pulls out his phone and answers without bothering to check the caller ID.]

Frank Holiday:

Yeah.

Woman's Voice:

So, uh, that sucked, huh?

[He flinches. Lexi. Frank leans his shoulder against the wall and growls.]

Frank Holiday:

You could say that.

Lexi Rubin:

It's funny, like you pretty much demanded I should watch this show of yours because it was so important. And then you lose. Right?

[His hand flexes around his phone, so tight the plastic creaks.]

Frank Holiday:

Actually, babe, I don't think it's funny at all.

Lexi Rubin:

Oh, stop pouting, you baby. It's not like you're the top guy or anything. What the fuck does it matter? And besides--

Frank Holiday:

Lexi.

Lexi Rubin:

--do you know I put off dinner at Daddy's so I could sit here and watch your match?

Frank Holiday:

Lexi.

Lexi Rubin:

And it was basically a wash anyhow. So, uh, you're welcome and everything.

Frank Holiday:

LEXI!

[His outburst echoes through the corridor, so loud it surprises Frank himself. The voice on the other end of the line goes quiet for a second, but it comes back with a vengeance.]

Lexi Rubin:

What the fuck, Frank?! You just about blew my ear out!

[He grits his teeth, mind ablaze with fury. His hands are hot, sweaty and quivering as he presses his cell phone up to his mouth.]

Frank Holiday:

SHUT THE FUCK UP.

Lexi Rubin: [Appalled]

ExCUSE me?

Frank Holiday:

You want a “thank you”? I’m giving you a FUCK YOU. Don’t ever call me again. WE’RE DONE!

[And he winds his arm up like a pitcher and spikes the Galaxy S5 against the far wall, reducing it to plastic and glass and precious metal shards that scatter across the floor.]

[Frank looks at the deep gouge left in the brick. He rolls his shoulders back, lifts his head, and through the residual pain in his muscles he feels, somehow, as though a weight he’d been carrying for longer than he could remember has vanished.]

THUMP

[A sudden violent sound from around the corner catches his attention. Frank snaps his head in that direction, and he heads over to check it out.]

Moments Earlier

[Elation. Joy. Triumph. These emotions, and many more, were coursing through David Noble’s body right now. Sure, pain was mixed in there from the hellacious match he had against Frank Holiday, but he was able to block that out. Crouching in a hallway, no one around him, he looked down and saw something that he didn’t have at the beginning of the night.

The Southern Heritage Championship.

He could hear the faint roar of the fans in the arena, still hot after an amazing match between Holiday and himself, which was only followed up by the World Trios Match. The fans were going crazy and rightly so, because another evening of DEFIANCE had surpassed all expectations.

For David, his expectations had been shattered. Never in a million years did he think the title would be his. It was surreal to think that he was the new Southern Heritage Championship. His mind kept replaying the moments in his head.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

That looks good in your hands.

[David looked up and saw the bright, beaming smile of the girl who mattered the most to him. She extended her hand and he graciously took it.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

I don't think I've ever seen a more intense match in my life. You two literally were determined to take one another apart.

David Noble:

Frank brought it. It's as we said. We were going to tear the house down again—

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

And you did. And then some. It was damn impressive.

[David looked at the title and then back up at Mary-Lynn.]

David Noble:

Thank you.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

For what? I didn't do anything. You won that title, not me.

David Noble:

You got my head straight so I could get that title.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Consider that a gift.

David Noble:

And that kiss from earlier?

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

I think we should talk about that later. You need to go patch things up with Frank.

[David pauses for a moment as he leaned against the wall.]

David Noble:

I tried.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

So? Is that it? If you stopped trying after not succeeding, well then, I wouldn't be in your life, now would I? So don't be a fool. He was upset after losing the match, David. He lost the title, the most important thing to him. Talk to him now.

David Noble:

I don't even know where he is.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

You're just in luck. I saw him down that hall and around the corner. Go do the right thing, David.

[He looked at Mary-Lynn and opened his mouth, but before the words could spill out, she place a finger against his lips.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Not now. Not here. Later, okay?

[David gave a quizzical look at Mary-Lynn as it appeared she was reading his mind. She gave him a smile, kissed him on the cheek, and walked in the opposite direction from where David would be heading.

David stayed rooted in the spot for a moment, the championship belt hanging from his hands. He didn't want this war

to continue with Frank. Things got out of control and now it was time to right the ship. Mary-Lynn was right about that.

David walked down the long hallway and as he got closer to the corner, he could hear Frank's voice. It sounded like he was talking to someone. David paused for a moment and it sounded like the end of the conversation was near. A few seconds later, it was with the sound of what sounded like a cell phone crashing into a wall. David started to make his move when a 317 pound truck ran smack into him and sent David crashing into the wall like the previously mentioned cell phone.]

THUD!

[Mushigihara looked down at his future opponent and grabbed him by the neck before ripping him off the tile floor. Three forearm strikes left Noble nearly unconscious as Mushi tried his best to break Noble's head from his neck! David was unable to put forth any kind of fight back, his body worn from his match against Frank and now this brutal attack.

Before David knew it, Mushi connected with the Beast Breaker, leaving David as nothing more than a broken champion. Mushi stood over the champion and breathed heavily.]

Mushigihara:

OSU! OSU! OSU!

[The commotion though was heard by another. As he rounded the corner, Frank looked at the destruction Mushi had enacted upon David Noble, who was sprawled out on the floor.]

Frank Holiday:

What the fu-- Oh hell no, you big sack of shit!

[In spite of his exhaustion, Holiday is immediately in fight mode. He launches himself at the God-Beast, going for a spear, but he realizes too late that he doesn't have his full strength now, and only succeeds in grabbing Mushigihara around the waist. The Japanese monster is more than ready for this. He clubs Holiday in the back with double fists, wraps powerful arms around Holiday and flings him against the wall.

Frank groans as he slides down to the floor, and cries out as Mushi kicks him in the ribs. Holiday doesn't have a lot of fight in him as Mushigihara leans down, closes his two hands around Frank's neck, and drags him off the tiles, holding him against the wall with pure might. Then he slams Frank against the wall once, twice, three times, and more -- skull bouncing off brick -- each time screaming in Frank's face.]

Mushigihara:

OSU! OSU! OSU! OSSSSSSSU!

[When the former SoHer Champion goes limp, Mushigihara again wraps his arms around him, and hurls him toward the other wall. Holiday hits a door and the lock busts open on impact, and Holiday is left lying half inside of a dark room, legs splayed on the floor of the hallway.]

[Mushigihara breathes deeply and surveys the carnage. He nods to himself with satisfaction.]

Mushigihara

Osu.

[The God-Beast steps over Noble and walks off, leaving behind two fallen bodies... and a major challenge.]

Itâ€™s a Celebration, Bitches!

[From that brutal beatdown of Holiday and Noble, we're taken to the open area near the wrestlers' entrance/exit.]

[Ty Walker is chillin' against the wall, pleased with himself. Lindsay Troy is standing with her arms folded over her chest and Cappy's baton in her hand; call it a souvenir. Dan Ryan is standing between them, eating from a large tub of popcorn. Where he got that from isn't important.]

All of Team HOSS, having at least been allowed the Former Champions Courtesy of getting their shit on their way out the door, are now being dragged toward the exit by DEFsec. Keeling in particular is beside himself as he yells at the security personnel.]

Junior Keeling:

YOU INGRATES! After everything Ed did for you? You're siding with THESE PEOPLE?

[He swats at one of them.]

Junior Keeling:

GET YOUR DAMN HANDS OFF ME.

DEFsec Guy: [pushes him forward]

Keep it moving, Keeling.

[HOSS and DEFsec get closer to the new Trios champions and the look on Troy's face when she locks eyes with Junior could turn a man to stone. Sensing the possibility of a further brawl, some of the security contingent step ahead to head off any attempts.]

Junior Keeling:

You can look hard as fuck all you want, girlie, but nothing's gonna take away what Team HOSS accomplished in this place.

[Troy wants to reply, badly. But she bites her lip, and her tongue, and says nothing. Ty however, has no such humility to hold him back.]

Tyrone Walker:

'Cept... We jus' done did it, an' yo ass been FYYYYY-ARD!

[Capital Punishment is next in line and he pauses long enough to glance at the baton in Troy's hand.]

Capital Punishment:

I'll be back for that.

Dan Ryan:

Bet you won't.

[Cappy looks at Ryan, who pops another handful of popcorn into his mouth.]

Dan Ryan: [holds out the bucket]

Want some for the road?

[A sneer is all Capital Punishment has to offer Ryan as he moves on his way. Angel Trinidad, however, smacks the popcorn out of Dan's hands as a final parting shot. He and Alecander even try to lunge at the Ego Buster after the fact but DEFsec is quick to cut that off at the pass. They push the disgraced team out the doors and out of DEFIANCE.]

Dan Ryan looks down at the floor and scowls.]

Dan Ryan:

Well that was uncalled for.

[He picks the bucket up off the floor and peers inside.]

Dan Ryan:

There's still some left. Who wants?

Tyrone Walker:

Man, fuck all dat, let's go get our drank on, find some bitches to mack on, get into fights wit' some drunk Tulane bros, burn this mothafucka to the ground tonight... YEAH!...

[Troy and Ryan look at Ty like the odd duckling that he is.]

Tyrone Walker:

Or yunno, somethin' like that, CEL-EH-BRAY-SHUN TIME, BEEEEEE-CHEZ!

Lindsay Troy:

Think I'll pass.

[Dan raises an eyebrow. Ty looks like someone punted his puppy dog down the hallway.]

Tyrone Walker:

Say whaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa?!

Lindsay Troy:

Look....I'm thankful you guys were there and we did this. But it's all just kinda....I dunno. I feel shitty that I'm the only one left and I'm supposed to celebrate a win without the guys who should've been here all along. It doesn't feel right.

Tyrone Walker:

Aww man, you gotta be bringin' the feels all uppinn' hurr like that? I feel you, doe, El Tee, I jumped in on this 'cause HOSS took out my boys, fucked 'em all the way up, an' weren't nothin' I could do 'bout it, 'til tonight, 'cause of y'all...

[Dan puts his hand on Lindsay's shoulder.]

Dan Ryan:

You know as well as I do that Rayne and Elliott are gonna want you to take this victory and not feel the least bit guilty about it.

[Troy shrugs, still not convinced.]

Voice:

Ahem.

[Enter the Baws. Everyone turns to address her.]

Kelly Evans:

Thank gawd you guys beat those fuckers, I'd've hated having to fire them while still holding the titles.

Tyrone Walker:

AYYYYYE! Hell yeah, woman, we 'bout to go get rowdy, or at least we should... You wanna go? Booze, bitches, an' beatdowns on Bourbon Street! Gettin' our drunk on, proolly goin' to jail, yunno, all the fun stuff.

Kelly Evans:

No jail.

Tyrone Walker:

Handcuffs doe?

Kelly Evans: [smirking]

Maybe later.

Tyrone Walker:

Dag... Okay, I can't go to jail, but are we doin' this or what?

Kelly Evans:

Go. All of you. Or else I'll fire you for disobeying Da Baws.

Tyrone Walker:

Yo, she mean it too.

[Troy shakes her head and sighs.]

Lindsay Troy:

Fine. Be ready in twenty.

[She walks off. Dan follows her. Ty starts doing a jig.]

Tyrone Walker:

Yeah, uh huh, gonna get mah drunk on, yeah yeah...

Kelly Evans:

Remember, no jail.

[Ty moves in closer to Kels, still cutting that rug like George Jefferson.]

Tyrone Walker:

Sure you don't wanna come? Yunno, make sure I stay in line an' shit?

Kelly Evans:

And leave all of this to the inmates? Not a chance.

Tyrone Walker:

A'ight, I'll behave... kinda. Though, I do hear the drunk tanks in Nawlins are awfully nice this time of year.

[Someone alert the bars. The new Trios champs are hittin' the town. We still have more to come from the Wrestle-Plex, though, so let's get to it.]

Jonny Booya vs ???

♪ OH MY GOD THAT'S THE FUNKY SHIT! ♪

BBBBBB0000000000000000000000!!!!!!!

DDK:

Fans, if you're just tuning in or returning, we're seeing "Big King Cool" Jonny Booya head towards the ring. Earlier today, Kelly Evans promised him a shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE, but - so far as we know - no official changes were made to the card.

[Booya is ready to wrestle. This means he's put on gloves. That's literally the only change between his real life attire and his wrestling attire. He stops to flex in a nearby reflective surface.]

Angus:

I have to reiterate Keeps, how much I hate that guy. I hate Curtis Penn. I hated Tom Sawyer. I hated Ronnie Long. But none of them, NONE OF THEM, are worse than Jonny Fucktard Booya.

[Jonny jumps into the ring, and calls for a microphone.]

Jonny Booya:

EUGENE! GETCHOOOR FAT ASSSS DOWN HERE YOU GAWDDAYUM **NERRRRD!** YOU CAIN'T RUN - not that your lardass self ever could - BUTCHU CAIN'T RUN NO MORE AN AH'M TAKIN THE FIST RIGHT DAMN NOW!

[A resounding silence.]

Jonny Booya:

AH AIN'T ASKIN AGAIN!

Kelly Evans:

Er... Jonny?

[Quick pan up to the skybox. Kelly Evans is watching the ring, a smirk on her face.]

Kelly Evans:

You're not wrestling Eugene Dewey. Eugene Dewey is wrestling Dusty Griffith in the main event to unify the FIST and World titles, just like we advertised. You're not participating.

Jonny Booya:

But... but you said Ah got a shawt at th' FIST of DEFIANCE!

Kelly Evans:

I did not. I said you got a shot at **A** FIST of DEFIANCE. Not *THE* FIST.

Jonny Booya:

WHUT?! DAMMIT BITCH WHEN AH GIT UP THUR AH'MONNA

Kelly Evans: [laughing]

Relax, Jonny! I told you that you'd get a title shot if you win this match I've got lined up for you. The only thing is it's a former FIST of DEFIANCE, not a current one.

Jonny Booya:

So now yer rewardin' me with a legend to kill an' then a free title shawt for doin it? DAMMIT WOMAN MAKE UP YER DAMN MIND!

Kelly Evans:

Oh Jonny, Jonny, Jonny, brash and retarded to the last... *you're not getting rewarded*, you shovel-jawed piece of shit. Do you realize how many people can't stand you? Do you have even the slightest idea? Nonono, don't answer that, because I'm going to explain something to you.

[Kelly quits smirking and puts on her business face as Booya paces around the ring looking at the skybox.]

Kelly Evans:

You're not a badass, and the truth is, YOU KNOW IT TOO. You have spent your entire DEFIANCE career carrying bags for someone who you thought was able to protect you. First it was Kai Scott. Then you thought you could upgrade and you switched over to Edward White. And somewhere during all that, you started playing dumb, and you did it so well you actually got dumb. So let me spell it out. Edward White cannot do anything to help you any more, and Kai Scott hates your guts. And since Edward White can't help you, there's nothing protecting you from those people who hate your guts.

♪ *What'chu got? What'chu got? What'chu got? What'chu got?* ♪

[Lights go crimson.]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

Angus:

OH FUCKING HELL YES!!!

[Jonny Booya drops the microphone. With a trembling hand, he removes his shades.]

Kelly Evans:

INTRODUCING HIS OPPONENT! Hailing from Kingston, Jamaica, and weighing in at none of your business, you don't ask a woman her weight you *cad*s! She is a former FIST of DEFIANCE, also a former DEFIANCE Trios Champion and a former War Games winner! Appearing for the first time since Edward White fired her for questionable cause!

♪ *You better buck-buck-buckle up prepare for this impact* ♪

♪ *Car crash, whiplash, BAM! Snap your neck back!* ♪

♪ *In half! Why can't I be realistic?* ♪

♪ *Give 'em what they want and make the biddies go ballistic* ♪

[A hooded figure appears at the top of the ramp.]

Kelly Evans:

GIVE IT UP FOR CLAIRA! SAINT! SUUUURE!

VOOOOOOOSH!!!

[A row of sparkly white pyros flare up, and when they die down the lights are on and Clair St. Sure is standing at the top of the stage. She hasn't hardly changed since the day Edward White fired her for nearly winning her last match against Booya - still light coffee skintone, still rocking six-pack abs instead of large breastesesses, fists taped, hair in a mass of blond dreadlocks. But the hood on her trademark robe is down, and her eyes are focused down the ramp at Jonny Booya in the ring.]

♪ *That's the penalty! That's the penalty!* ♪

♪ *Payback's a bitch so you best keep running* ♪

♪ *That's the penalty! That's the penalty!* ♪

♪ *It's what you got, what you got, what you got coming* ♪

WELCOME BACK! WELCOME BACK! WELCOME BACK!

WELCOME BACK! WELCOME BACK! WELCOME BACK!

[Claira drops the robe at the top of the ramp and begins walking to the ring. Halfway she breaks into a sprint, and Buffalo Brian Slater calls for the bell and jumps back out of the way!]

DDK:

Kelly Evans tricked Jonny Booya into agreeing to wrestle Claira St. Sure by making him think he was getting a title shot, and now it's time for the retribution he ducked about 3 months ago!

[Claira runs into the ring, rolls, dodges a stomp and comes up to her feet ready to fight.]

[A rapid series of punches into the ribcage, a thrust kick to the side of the knee, a knee strike to the middle of the chest, and Claira grabs the reeling Booya in a modified half nelson and looks around to the crowd for approval.]

Angus:

KILL HIM! DO EEET!

[Knee!]

[Knee, knee, knee knee knee, right to the underside of Jonny Booya's oversized jaw.]

[Into a half-nelson facebuster!]

[Into an attempt at the Truly Untouchabreaker!]

[With Booya's one arm hooked over her thigh and the other one twisted around her calves, Claira reaches back for Booya's legs. Kicking in a blind panic, Booya gets one of them on the ropes. Slater starts the count, Claira drops the hold at 3, and Booya... is out of the ring like a shot.]

DDK:

So far it doesn't look like Claira's lost a step - if anything she's better, I don't remember seeing her use that half nelson and knee attack before. For the benefit of fans who don't remember, after Booya turned on the Truly Untouchables, Claira was given a match against Booya at our last PPV. She had the match won when Ed White's Diamond Protective Services came out and attacked Claira's manager Diane Parker. Claira went to her defense, and because she attacked security White used that as an excuse to fire her.

Angus:

I tell you man, I always thought Claira was alright. I'm still kinda don't-know-if-want about dem abs, but she takes this wrestling shit srs, and that's good in my book, y'know?

[Booya is stalling. Realizing he may well throw the match by countout, Claira climbs out onto the apron and runs towards him. Booya isn't sure what she's planning until it's too late - a flying busaiku knee off the apron connects square with his face.]

Angus:

She keeps doing stuff like that though, she's got a fanboy for life.

[Booya is a lump of shit on the floor. Claira uses that oversized chin of his as a hold to get him moving in the direction of the ring, and she rolls him in. Booya grabs the rope to pull himself up, and quick as lighting Claira snaps his arm over the rope! Booya howls and flops towards the middle of the ring. Claira stalks after him, wrenching that arm and flinging herself to the mat in a sort of modified arm dragon screw. Keeping the pressure on the wrist, she headbutts him on the back of the elbow joint twice, then shifts into a wakigatame!]

Angus:

BREAK HIS FREAKIN' ELBOW!

DDK:

Angus, can you at least try to keep it professional?

Angus:

STFU Keeps, you know you love this shit.

DDK:

Angus, I have to...

Angus:

Embrace your inner mark, Darren!

[Booya gets a foot on the ropes. Clairra breaks at 1, but wrenches the arm as she lets go.]

DDK:

Jonny Booya wasn't expecting this, he's completely off his game, and he doesn't match up well stylistically against Clairra. As a trained striker she can dodge his best and deliver her own fast enough that he can't counter, and she knows how to hurt him when they're down on the mat. He's got a huge weight advantage, but as we've discussed before, giving up a huge weight advantage is the status quo for these girls who get into the whole intergender wrestling thing, she's used to dealing with it.

[Clairra still has the arm. Booya, however, gets his knees under him, plants his feet and uses his size to fling her at the turnbuckle.]

[Clairra just jumps to the middle rope.]

DDK:

That was his counter last time they fought, and she had it scouted - triangle jump enzuigiri!

[Booya faceplants.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....KICKOUT!

[Clairra goes back to the arm.]

[Only this time, she stops to signal, and Booya, reacting more than knowing the counter, picks her up and slams her to the mat with a kind of spinebustery sidewalk slammy... thing.]

BBBBOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Angus:

Zero out of ten.

[Booya, favoring his right arm, pulls Clairra to her feet and pushes her into the turnbuckle. Holding her in place with his left arm, he uses knee strikes instead of punches.]

DDK:

Clairra has much, much better technique with her knees, but when you weigh 280 like Booya you don't need finesse to do some damage.

[Booya applies a gut wrench with his left arm. That's enough for him to take CSS over in a gutwrench suplex.]

ONE...!

...TWOKICKOUT!

[Booya shakes his head in annoyance as BBS holds out 2 fingers.]

Angus:

That wasn't even close to 3, what's his problem?

[Booya wraps one of them big ol' meathooks he calls hands around Clair's throat, stands up and heaves her straight up into the air with it, then just kind of shot puts her through the air. Clair lands on her back, but rolls all the way over onto her front. Instead of following up, he turns to look at Kelly Evans' skybox and, well...]

Angus:

AHAHAHAHAHA FUCKING IDIOT!

DDK:

I'm pretty sure he was trying to mock Kelly, Angus.

[You'll have to use your imagination as to what Jonny did. But with it done, he turns back on Clair.]

[And Clair has collected herself.]

[Elbow to the solar plexus!]

[Jonny stumbles back and falls to one knee.]

[Clair does a sort of handstand and enzuigiri's the kneeling Booya!]

[Booya faceflops.]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

DDK:

Clair St. Sure is back up, and those few moves she took may have hurt, but she's still got a lot of fight left - more than Booya, I think.

[Again grabbing that oversized chin, Clair lifts Booya up to his knees.]

[Slap!]

[Slap with the other hand!]

[Bell clap! Not quite on the level of the Steampunk Warrior's weapons grade Bell Clap, but If Henry Keyes wishes to collect royalties, he is advised to contact Diane Parker via email. Hell, Keyes hates Booya, maybe he gave CSS a pointer or two. Either way...]

[That clap left Booya's head spinning, what equilibrium he had left kerfucked, and Clair steps back - and just about caves in the back of his skull with a wheel kick!]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....KICKOUT!!!

DDK:

Booya's not out of this yet, but I think it's just a matter of time.]

[Claira steps back and waits on Booya to get up. He does it slowly. Claira walks in, jumps away from Booya's sloppy swing.]

[Roundhouse!]

[Roundhouse!]

[Crown Axe Kick!]

[Booya face-plants on the mat.]

ONE MORE TIME! ONE MORE TIME! ONE MORE TIME!

[Claira throws a thumbs up to the fans, then slowly guides Booya back to his hands and knees again using that chin.]

KERRRRRAACK!!!

[One more axe kick, this one across the back of the head, and Booya collapses to the mat.]

ONE...! TWO...! THREE...!

FOUR...! FIVE...! SIX...!

SEVEN...! EIGHT...!

NINE...!

.....TEN!!!

DING! DING! DING!

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

Here is your winner, as a result of a knockout - CLAIRA! ST! SURE!

Angus:

I came.

DDK:

TEE EHM EYE, Angus. And what a great way for Claira St. Sure to return to DEFIANCE!

Angus:

I could watch Jonny Booya's retarded corpse lie there for hours. This is worth the price of admission alone.

DDK:

You didn't pay anything to be here! You're on salary!

Angus:

That makes it even better. Hey, Claira's coming this way. CLAIRA! I LOVE YOU CLAIRA! YOU BEAT UP A GUY I HATE! Oh, you want water? Fine.

[Angus hands Claira a bottle of water. You know they keep a cooler full of water next to the commentator booth.]

[Claira, water in one hand and microphone in the other, rolls back into the ring. Opening the water, she - pours it all over Jonny Booya's unconscious head.]

[Booya splutters and kicks awake.]

CSS:

Paybacks a bitch, init then boy?

[The fans laugh as Booya, still lying on his belly, looks up at her. You'd almost feel sorry for the dude, but c'mon, it's Jonny Booya.]

CSS:

Now, miss Kelly tole me that if I break your arms she look the other way, but I don't want to go *that* far. But you're not getting away that easy boy. Naw, you're gone to understand somethin' before you leave this ring tonight.

[Booya still looks confused, like someone knocked him out with 2 axe kicks and then woken him up with water.]

CSS:

The reason you no win the FIST, an the reason no one wants to save you, is because all along, Jonny, all along - you were never bad. You were never worthy of the FIST. You were just... jelly.

[The fans roar with laughter.]

CSS:

Now, accept that, and you go on outta here, an maybe once you come to terms with it, you can be somethin more than that. Now, as you'd say... *git outta hurr boahi*.

[Claira does... a pretty damn good imitation of Jonny's voice.]

[And to prove the point, she throws an axe kick that lands inches in front of Jonny's face, her toes just brushing the tip of his nose.]

[Even Jonny knows when to fold 'em, and with his tail between his legs, he turns to leave.]

NA NA! NANA NA NA! YOU'RE JELLY! GOOD BYE!

DDK:

Angus, get down from there!

[Angus Skaaland has removed his headset, and is standing on the commentary table leading the fans in a song.]

♪ *NA NA! NANA NA NA! YOU'RE JELLY! GOOD BYE!* ♪

♪ *NA NA! NANA NA NA! YOU'RE JELLY! GOOD BYE!* ♪

♪ *NA NA! NANA NA NA! YOU'RE JELLY! GOOD BYE!* ♪

[Cut.]

Coming Attraction

[Everything goes black.]

[A voice like broken gravel pierces the darkness.]

V/O

DEFIANCE Wrestling has had ups, and it has had downs.

[A thumping bassline comes in low behind the voice.]

V/O

We've been kicked off of Television, blacklisted by venues in the United States, toured the World, survived a Hostile Takeover, and learned to THRIVE no matter what.

[The bass thumps harder.]

V/O

And now, finally, we find out just exactly who is the best of the best of the *best*.

[Abruptly the music stops.]

[Seconds pass before a logo gradually fades up in place of the darkness.]

[Once more, hot gravel.]

V/O

The DEFIANCE Grand Prix. Coming to an episode of DEFIANCE TV near you.

[The logo fades. Slowly.]

DEFIANCE Title Unification: Eugene Dewey (c) vs. Dusty Griffith (c)**DDK:**

It's been one hellacious night, partner.

Angus:

It sure has, Keeps.

DDK:

There's really not much left to say, Dusty Griffith and Eugene Dewey, one on one, winner takes all. Is there anything else you really need to know?

Angus:

Hell naw, lets roll this sumbitch down the hill and get going. History awaits, TAKE IT AWAY, DQ!

[Cut to a shot of the ring where the Voice of DEFIANCE awaits.]

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, it is now time for our main event of the evening!

[DatHeavenlyChoir.jpg]

RAHH!

[The lone spotlight highlights the center of the ramp as the house lights drop out. The fans whip into a frenzy as the Halo 2 Theme blares out over the PA. Slowly a figure moves into the spotlight, tipping the DEFIAfans over the edge.]

RAHH!

[In the center of the spotlight crouches Eugene Dewey, the FIST of DEFIANCE. He's not just dressed in his usual attire though. He's got a blue mask on that hides the top half of his face that has a white 'E' on the forehead' He's still got his usual Captain America t-shirt on, but over his black sweat pants he's wearing what look like blue chaps.]

DDK:

Remember where Eugene faced Heidi Christenson and came down to the ring dressed as Batman?

Angus:

Damn it, I forgot about how fucking stupid that was.

DDK:

Then I guess there's not much point asking you what you think of-

Angus:

It's fucking stupid.

[Eugene stands up, in his left hand he holds a shield bearing the same logo as the design on his tshirt, and in his other he holds the FIST of DEFIANCE. Eugene lets out a roar to the crowd, who roar right back at the ginger gaming guru!]

RAHH!

[The spotlight follows Eugene as he takes off at a sprint down the ramp and slides into the ring. Somehow he manages to raise up to one knee and plants a fist into the canvas as he poses for the fans.]

DDK:

I think Eugene tried to use headgames to mess with Heidi when he dressed as Batman. Do you think he might be trying to do the same thing here tonight with Dusty?

Angus:

I can't imagine any possible message Mayberry could take from this.

DDK:

Maybe he's trying to tell Dusty that he's a super soldier.

Angus:

There's only three super soldiers in DEFIANCE, Keeps, and they're way more HOSSOME than Dewey.

[Eugene stands up and heads to the corner where he poses again for the fans, still holding his shield and belt up high.]

Angus:

Besides, if anything is going to weigh on Mayberry's mind, it's gotta be his big buddy, Eff Dee Jay, no?

DDK:

A fair point, something about that seemed familiar, but I still can't quite figure why.

Angus:

It was messed up, so it's Just Another Day In DEFIANCE.

[The lights dim.]

[The audience buzzes with anticipation.]

[Cue that drum beat.]

[The lights begin to swirl around the arena in a wildly random pattern as the crowd begins to stomp their feet along with rhythm.]

RAAH!

[Stepping out on to the stage, Dusty Griffith brings the crowd to their feet as they erupt. Sporting his black and silver training jacket, with a towel around his neck that is also tucked into the collar of the jacket, the bottom of the DEFIANCE World Heavyweight Championship shows underneath the waistband of his jacket.]

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

[Striding out to the edge of the stage, Griffith plants his hands on his hips and scans the storming sea of humanity, all of whom are on their feet, cheering, stomping and clapping. His demeanor is that of a cold fury, focused, determined and ready to fight as always. There is also a clear edge of angered concern for the state of his friend, who was assaulted earlier in the night.]

Angus:

I'll tell you what isn't hard to figure out, Keeps, Mayberry is ready to break faces.

DDK:

Isn't he always?

Angus:

True, but now he's got the extra pissed offedness, I would feel sorry for Euge, but watching Mayberry pre-heated should be pretty damn fun.

DDK:

I'm glad Frank Dylan James' being put out of action has provided you with a silver lining.

Angus:

You mean aside from MUH BOI TAI winning his World Trios Titles back? Absolutely!

[As the song hits it's stride, Griffith heads down towards the ring, his hands reaching out for the fans to touch. Getting about halfway to the ring, Dusty takes off and dives in under the ring where he pops up and starts rebounding off the ropes, back and forth several times across the ring. Coming to a stop in the center of the j, bouncing on the balls of his feet.]

[Dusty turns to locate Euge as he backs into his own corner, never taking his eyes off of his friends, and for tonight only, his mortal enemy. As the music drops and the commotion settles, Quimbey takes the center of the ring for the formal introductions.]

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall to a finish... Two Champions enter the ring this evening and only One Winner Takes AAALLLLLLL!

OOOOOHHHHHHH-AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the first... He enters the ring tonight at Six Feet Tall and weighs in at Two Hundred and Sixty Pounds... Hailing from BUFFALO, WYOMING... This is... The Longest Reigning and Still Defending, FIST OF DEFIANCE!... EUUUUUUGEEEEENE DEEEWWWWEEEEEEY!

YEEEEAAAAAAA-RRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Having taken off his Captain America get up during Dusty's entrance, Eugene steps forwards and raises the FIST OF DEFIANCE title belt into the air with both hands. He doesn't take his eyes off of Dusty for a second and a determined smile spreads across his face.]

Darren Quimbey:

Annnnd his opponent!... He enters the ring tonight at Six Feet, Three Inches Tall and weighs in at Two Hundred and Ninety Pounds... Hailing from BOISE, IDAHO... This is... The Reigning, Defending, DEFIANCE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION!... DUUUUUSSSSTY GRRRRRRIFFFFFFFITHHHH!

YEEEEEEEEAAAAAAA-RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[As Quimbey runs through his introduction, Dusty steps out of his corner, unzipping his jacket and showing the DEFIANCE World Heavyweight Title strapped around his waist. His eyes never leave those of Eugene Dewey as he reaches back and unstraps his championship and holds it high for all to see.]

DDK:

I have absolutely no idea how this one's gonna go down, Angus. You might look at this match and think there's been no build, and no hype, but we've got two friends, two allies in that ring now facing each other. This is a match these DEFIAfans have been dreaming about for so long. Eugene Dewey versus Dusty Griffith. Friend versus friend. Brother versus Brother. Both of them want to walk out of here as the first person ever to hold both World title and FIST of DEFIANCE at the same time.

Angus:

They'll do more than that, Keeps. They'll become the first... I don't even know what they'll be called... Undisputed FIST of the WORLD?

DDK:

Probably need to work on that name.

Angus:

Whatever, they'll be leaving here as the undeniable top guy, not just in this company but in this business.

DDK:

Dusty Griffith has held the World title for 230 days, Eugene Dewey has held the FIST for an absolutely unprecedented 419 days. Looking at those numbers we can be sure whomever walks out of here as **the** champion is going have to earn it.

[While Angus and Keebler get on with their banter Buffalo Brian Slater heads over to Eugene and pats him down, checking on his arms, torso and finally his legs. Happy Eugene doesn't carry any concealed weapons on him he heads over to Dusty and does the same.]

Angus:

Hnnnnnng

DDK:

Are you OK, partner?

Angus:

Who the fuck pats down competitors these days? Slater's just keeping us in suspense.

[Satisfied that Dusty doesn't have anything on him either Brian backs off to the middle of the ring. He calls the two champions over to him and they stand nose to nose as he goes over the rules.]

DDK:

We're moments away, Angus.

[Slater asks for the title belts from both champions, who both hand them over at the same time. Brian holds the belts high to a huge pop from the crowd.]

RAHH!

[Eugene extends a hand to Dusty before they head back to their corners, and Dusty accepts it, which receives a round of applause from the fans, but as they turn back to their corner neither releases the others hand and both pull each other back in and go nose to nose once again. Both of them start trying to talk over the other one as Slater puts his arm between them to break them up and sends them back to their corners.]

OOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHH-AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Can you feel that? The intensity in here is palpable!

Angus:

COME THE FUCK ON! WE WANT WRESTLING!

DING!* *DING!* *DING!

YEEEEEEAAAAAAAHHHHHH-RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

LET'S GO DUS-TY!
LET'S GO EU-GENE!
LET'S GO DUS-TY!
LET'S GO EU-GENE!

DDK:

Listen to these fans! They're going bananas and they're split right down the middle. I don't think it's possible to tell who they want to walk out of here as champion more.

Angus:

Can I vote for neither?

DDK:

No you can't.

[Neither man moves from their corner. Euge checks his wrists and hands, smoothing over the taping on his wrists while wiggling his fingers and balling them into a fist. Across the ring, Dusty's hands grip the top rope as he leans forward, stretching his shoulders as he turns his neck, loosening it up. The whole time, neither takes their eyes off the man standing across from them, and when the fans fall to a simmer, they finally approach the center of the ring.]

DDK:

The opening move, it's like a Chess match.

Angus:

It's not Chess when one of them are playing Checkers, Keeps.

[Gauging each other as they look for an opening, they lunge forward, locking their proverbial horns in a collar and elbow tie up. They push and pull against each other, but neither manages to budge the other. Euge tries to break and sweep low, but Griffith is a step ahead and grabs a headlock, twists and takes Euge down with it. Dewey shows he has no interest in getting trapped on the ground with the larger, stronger World Champion, and rolls Dusty on to his shoulders before pushing off and escaping.]

Angus:

Is he seriously trying to fight inside of Mayberry's wheelhouse?

DDK:

Eugene is trying to show that he's just as good as Dusty in that ring.

Angus:

Yeah, well, he's not getting it done...

[Rolling back to their feet, Euge is the quicker of the two and grabs a headlock of his own. The FIST grinds on it for a moment, but then tries for the go behind, where he attempts to apply an Abdominal Stretch. Dusty counters out before Euge can lock it in, escaping with a Hiptoss that puts the FIST on his ass. Euge scrambles back to his feet and looks to engage with another tie up, but Griffith gets a Knee Lift that sets up a Gutwrench Suplex. Dusty quickly looks for a hold, but Euge is quick to scurry away again.]

Angus:

...And like I said, Mayberry is playing Chess, while Captain Nerdica is playing Checkers.

DDK:

Whatever he's playing, he deserves credit for trying to step up and prove he's one of the best!

Angus:

No... No he doesn't. You prove you're one of the best by imposing your will, not imposing someone else's will on them. That's just foolish.

[Dewey backs away towards the ropes, while Dusty pops back up where he bounces on the balls of his feet. Bringing his hands up with a gesture, Dusty invites Euge to engage again. Dewey looks back with a bit of frustration burning behind his eyes as he looks on at the cold, steel calm of the waiting World Champion. Dewey gets up and marches

over before throwing a hand up in the air.]

Angus:

What is that fool doing?

DDK:

I believe he wants to...

Angus:

I know what he's doing, I was being facetious.

DDK:

Yes, well, if Eugene wants a test of strength, I think the World Champion is more than happy to oblige.

[Indeed he is.]

[Dusty snorts and thumbs his nose, then brings his hand up to interlock it with Eugene's. Sealing their grip, they bring their other pair of hands together before slamming chest to chest as their arms flex, trying to obtain the advantage over the other. Eugene tries mightily to match Dusty strength against strength, as they separate and slam back into each other a number of times. As the contest wears on, Euge clearly begins to struggle against leverage Dusty's slight height and strength advantage grant him.]

DDK:

And Dusty has the FIST on his knees!

Angus:

Ugh, gawd, this is gross now... Headbutt him in the BAWLS!

DDK:

So what you're saying is, Eugene should force his face into Griffith's crotch?

Angus:

Ugh... NO!... I mean, yes... BUT NO!

[The FIST obviously does not stoop to such dirty tactics.]

[With Dusty lording over him, leaning forward to apply more downward leverage to control Dewey, the fans begin to rally.]

LETS GO EU-GENE! *CLAP*CLAP*CLAPCLAPCLAP*

LETS GO EU-GENE! *CLAP*CLAP*CLAPCLAPCLAP*

LETS GO EU-GENE! *CLAP*CLAP*CLAPCLAPCLAP*

Angus:

What're they saying, Lets Blow, Eugene?

DDK:

Will you stop it?!

[Griffith looks out at the crowd and growls, pressing down hard on his m, causing Euge to grimace. As the crowd continues to rally, Eugene begins to feed off of the energy, which in turn gets Dusty's eyes to go wide as Eugene gets himself to one knee.]

DDK:

He's doing it!

Angus:

And Mayberry can't believe it either!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Pushing himself up, Euge gets both feet back under him, causing the crowd to pop for his resiliency. Dusty doesn't go along with the plan however, and throttles Dewey with a knee lift and then throws him up and over with a Northern Lights Suplex, no bridge all impact. Flipping himself over, Dusty tries to grab a hold again, but this time Eugene flips as well, giving up his back in a north-south position. Grabbing a front facelock, Dusty pulls up on the FIST's neck, applying pressure to his neck and throat.]

Angus:

Mayberry is all over the guy, what can he do here, Keeps?

DDK:

I'm not sure, partner, having a man such as Griffith on your neck isn't a place anyone wants to be.

Angus:

Great analysis, how about you tell us something we don't know?

DDK:

You're a dick?

Angus:

I said tell us something we don't know.

[Euge struggles for a bit as Griffith cranks up on his neck, until finally getting himself back to one knee again. Griffith maintains his grip on Euge's neck, cranking and twisting on the hold while Brian Slater checks on him for signs of life. Dewey fights through it and gets himself back to his feet, and then tries to bull forward, but Griffith manages to set his feet. Dewey tries for some sharp, hooking blows to the body, but Griffith absorbs those shots. Seeing no other option, Dewey crouches slightly to get some extra leverage and then lifts Dusty off his feet and drops him back down with an Inverted Atomic Drop.]

Angus:

BAWL BUSSAH!

DDK:

And Eugene drops back to a knee and...

[As Dusty reels from the crotch drop, Eugene suddenly bursts up...]

Angus:

SHO...

DDK:

RYU...

Angus & DDK:

KEN?!

[No!]

[Dusty manages to narrowly avoid the rising Dragon Punch, staggering back in the nick of time as he falls back on his ass as Eugene rises and twists in the air.]

RAAH!

DDK:

Would you look at the expression on Dusty's face?

Angus:

Eugene got so close to hitting Mayberry with the Shoryuken he probably felt the air brush against his chin.

DDK:

I have no idea how Griffith managed to avoid that. It came from absolutely nowhere, and he knows it.

Angus:

And he knows how many people Eugene's put away with that Shoryuken. He doesn't want to get caught with it, no way, no how.

[A still clearly stunned Dusty Griffith slides his way back into the corner and lays against the bottom turnbuckle. Eugene meanwhile lands and stares daggers at the World champion, pinching the air as he does as if telling him just how close he was to making contact with the rising uppercut.]

DDK:

Eugene has forged his career on pulling that uppercut out of nowhere. Dusty knows it and he's got to be on the lookout for it now, because Eugene's made it quite clear he's going to be looking to hit it anyway he can.

[The World champion reaches up and grabs hold of the top rope to pull himself to his feet. Eugene meanwhile stands up in the middle of the ring and backs off slightly to allow his opponent space to return to the fight. Dusty doesn't hesitate and charges in much quicker than Eugene could anticipate and wallops the FIST with a chop to the chest. Dewey reels from the strike but retaliates quickly with an open palm strike to the mouth of the champ.]

DDK:

That hit right on the money!

[The strike rocks Dusty and causes him to stumble back. While he checks his mouth for blood Eugene charges in and drives a shoulder into the champs midsection. He drives Dusty back and together the two fall through the ropes and out to the arena floor.]

DDK:

We should have known the ring couldn't hold these two, Angus!

Angus:

We've got a fight on our hands!

[After falling to the outside Eugene ends up on top of the skirmish and throws a right hand that Dusty manages to protect himself from. As Dewey throws a left Griffith catches the punch and rolls Dewey onto his back. Dusty unleashes with a couple of hard elbows to the face of Eugene and stands up, pulling the FIST up with him. Before he can throw any more strikes though Eugene comes to life and throws a punch of his own that connects with Dusty's jaw.]

DDK:

The thing about Dusty is that he can absorb strikes like that and come back with... well, this.

[Dusty reaches out and grabs Eugene's head with one hand and lays three consecutive elbows into Dewey's face. As he winds back for a charged up strike Eugene throws a wild haymaker that Griffith ducks. He goes behind on Eugene and places both hands in between the FIST's shoulder blades to push him forwards into the ring post!]

SMACK!

champion isn't letting up and sets off after him.]

Angus:

Are we gonna need that Benny Hill music?

[Dusty closes the gap on Eugene quickly, but Dewey is still able to make it to one of the wider walkways before Griffith can catch him. The DEFIAfans all whoop and cheer around them as Dusty throws a right and Eugene responds with a wild body shot. Dusty hits a left and Eugene kicks out at Griffith's leg. The kick knocks Dusty down to one knee, allowing Eugene to grab his head and threaten a DDT on the arena floor, but Griffith throws a stiff right hand into Dewey's breadbasket to cut that off.]

DDK:

Dusty just avoided having his face driven into the concrete!

Angus:

He should have gone with it, It might have improved his looks.

[Dusty gets to his feet and scoops Eugene up as though for a fall away slam. He charges Eugene forwards and drives him into the railings at the front of the tiered seating before dumping the FIST into the front row. Climbing over, Dusty grabs Euge and pounds him with a few clubbing forearms. Dewey fires back with a few fists to the midsection as the World Champ drags him further into the crowd. Griffith responds with a few more clubs to the back of Euge's shoulders and neck. The FIST reels up and clobbers Griffith with a forearm and then a quick pair of palms.]

DDK:

And they're already fighting like mortal enemies!

Angus:

You know what's better than having a title, Keeps?

DDK:

What's that?

Angus:

Having the other guys title too...

[Angus trails off when he sees Dusty and Euge's storm of flailing arms coming towards the commentary booth. Euge nails Dusty with a couple more good forearms, rocking Griffith upside his jawline and driving him towards the stage where Angus and Keeps reside. Dusty shifts momentum as Euge tries to drive his back against the stage, grabbing and slamming him against the heavy metal of the platform. Dewey tries to bounce back, but Dusty charges in with a couple of quick steps and Euge gets off a forearm, but Griffith still slams into him with a body splash.]

Angus:

Nooooo, no, no, noooooo!

DDK:

Dusty just bent Eugene across the edge of our stage!

[Dusty backs off after eating the forearm for a split second, then leans Euge against the commentary station stage and lights him up with another chop. Euge fires back with a palm, dinging the butt of his hand off of Dusty's left cheek bone. Dusty pulls back and cracks him again with a chop, but Euge fires away with another palm, and another, hitting a couple more in quick succession. Dusty responds with an elbow, visibly knocking Dewey's head to the side, then cracks him from the other side, whiplashing Euge's skull back the other way. Grabbing the FIST, Dusty rolls him on to the stage, instantly bringing Angus and Keeps out of their seats.]

Angus:

FFFUUUUUUUU... WHAT ARE YOU FOOLS DOING?!

DDK:

These two lunatics... OH, SON OF A...!

[Dusty climbs up, then lifts Euge to his feet before grabbing him by his ginger fro and slamming his head into Angus and Keebs' desk. All around them, the fans rowdy fans in the immediate vicinity cheer wildly for the show they're getting so up close and personal. Dusty pulls Dewey's head back and tries to slam his face into the desk again, but Euge gets his hands down to block, then blasts Griffith in the gut with an elbow before returning the favor and slamming Dusty face first into the desk.]

DDK:

And they've just scattered our stuff all over the floor!

Angus:

GORRAMIT GET AWWWWF MAH LAWN YOU ASSHOLES!

[Euge tries to slam Dusty again, but as he pulls the World Champ back, Dusty quickly twists and hammers Dewey with a hard clothesline to the chest. Having the wind knocked out of him, Dewey gets his back turned to the desk and Dusty follows up with another clothesline, knocking him back and on to the surface of the desk. Positioning Euge sideways on the desk, Dusty stands to the side and brings down hard, clubbing blows to the chest of the FIST, each blow making a loud, thudding sound.]

Angus:

How am I supposed to work under these conditions?

[Dusty hops up onto the announcers table and grabs Eugene by the head to pull him up to his feet. He places Eugene's head between his thighs and sets up for-]

DDK:

Oh my god he's going to powerbomb Eugene through our desk!

Angus:

Oh for Christ... watch my damn coffee!

DDK:

Coffee?

Angus:

It's Irished up.

DDK:

...

Angus:

It's St. Patricks day.

DDK:

That was almost two weeks ago!

Angus:

Give a fuck?

[Before Dusty can lift Eugene, the FIST ducks out and stands up, lifting Dusty onto his shoulders. Quickly he falls back and drops Dusty onto the table with a samoan drop!]

RAHH!

[The table collapses under the force of the samoan drop and the two champions land in a heap at the feet of Angus and Darren.]

Angus:

THIS IS WHY WE CAN'T HAVE NICE THINGS!

DDK:

Eugene Dewey just drove Dusty Griffith through our announce table! If this is the first DEFIANCE show you've ever seen you'd be forgiven for thinking these two were mortal enemies, but I can assure you, they've actually been very good friends. This is just how much walking out of here as the number one guy in our industry means to both of them!

[Euge rolls to his knees, heaving breath as the double impact of hitting the table then the sudden stop of the stage knocked the wind out of him. Dusty rolls away from the carnage, his hand clutching at his back after taking the brunt of the damage. As his breath returns, Dewey locates Dusty and crawls over before rising up. Pulling Griffith to his feet, he drags him away from the wreckage that they have left of Angus and Keeps station.]

Angus:

Thanks assholes... THANKS A LOT, fuckers!

DDK:

It's not that bad and now they're leaving...

Angus:

Our set is DESTROYED... Thanks to your favorites, I might add.

DDK:

We still have chairs, now sit!

Angus:

FINE!

[Angus and Keeps return to their seats as random staffers flood in to clear the debris, meanwhile Eugene leads Dusty over to the main stage. Getting over there, Eugene tries to set Dusty for something, but the World Champion comes to life with a quick European Uppercut that rocks Euge's head back. Grabbing on to him, Griffith hooks him for a suplex, but Dewey blocks and throws a couple of hard shots to the ribs. Dusty responds in kind and tries for the suplex again, but Euge blocks, breaks free and scores with a knee lift before grabbing the suplex himself and dropping Griffith's back on the steel of the ramp with a Textbook Vertical Suplex.]

OOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

What an impact, Griffith's spine crashing into the hard metal rampway!

Angus:

Good! That derpy bastard smashed through our desk!

DDK:

Eugene had a part to play in it too!

Angus:

And I hope, at some point, Mayberry cracks him open for it too!

[Dusty recoils in pain from the crash landing on the steel. Eugene gets up and gives Griffith little time to recover,

dragging him up and then leading him down a bit of the way towards the ring. Grabbing the World Champ, Euge lifts him up for a slam, but Dusty squirms free to land behind Dewey and blasts him with a clothesline to the back of the neck and then grabs a rear waistlock and drops the FIST on to the ramp with a Backdrop Suplex. Euge clutches the back of his head upon impact as Griffith rolls away to continue recovering.]

YEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAA-RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And ye shall receive, partner.

Angus:

It's the least he could do, the jerk!

[Pushing himself up, Griffith drags Euge up and then hoists him on to his shoulders with a fireman's carry before stalking back towards the ring. Getting within range, Dusty ducks forward and dumps Euge on to the apron before dropping a big, frying pan like open hand down on the FIST's chest. Turning him around just so, with Euge's bottom half now in the ring, Dusty climbs up, takes aim and with a short hop, looks to decapitate Dewey with a leg drop...]

THUD!

OOOOOAAAHHHH-UUUGGGGHHHH-RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Eugene moves out of the way in the nick of time!

Angus:

ASSSSBUUUUUSSSSSSSSSSSAAHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Good grief, Griffith may have just seriously jacked up his spine there!

[Griffith bellows in pain, his back arching as his face contorts with agony. Sliding off the apron, Dusty stumbles around a bit, completely losing track of the FIST. Dewey is up and on the apron, holding the top rope for balance as he shakes the cobwebs for a bit. As they clear, Euge locates Dusty a few steps away and then looks out to the crowd as he waits for Griffith turn turn back around. When Dusty turns, Eugene dashes forward and dives at him with a Somersault Cannonball.]

Angus:

INCOMING!

DDK:

Dewey taking a high risk there and scores big!

RAAH!

[Eugene pops up and hollers a battle cry to the fans, who pop for the spot. Soon they are joined by Brian Slater who demanding they get the fight back in the ring. Euge throws his hands up in surrender, acknowledging Slater's command before rolling Griffith into the ring. Returning to the ring, Euge takes Dusty to the center of the ring, lifts and then slams him back down, then runs the ropes and comes back with a front flipping Cannonball Senton Splash before rolling over the cover.]

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

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Dewey turns Dusty over and begins tying him up...]

Angus:

What's this nerd gonna fail at locking in now?

DDK:

I think you might have spoken too soon there Angus. Eugene looks like he's got a pretty decent Seated Surfboard applied there.

[Eugene pulls the arms of Dusty Griffith back, compressing his shoulder blades together, and digs his knee into the champ's spine.]

Angus:

Where the hell did he learn to do that?

DDK:

I have no idea. I'm not sure Dusty even knows.

[Dusty grunts as Euge pulls back on the hold, trying to free himself, but the FIST constantly rocks back and forth to keep up the pressure. Referee Brian Slater gets in close to check on Griffith, asking if he ready to give, but the World Champ emphatically shakes his head 'no'.]

DDK:

Maybe he taught him...

Angus:

Hah! You'd have to feel pretty stupid to get locked up in a hold you taught a guy how to do.

[As Euge continues to apply pressure, the friction causes his grip to slide due to sweat, which allows for Dusty muscle out of the hold. Dewey sticks to him though, moving around Griffith and applying a front facelock as he pulls him back to his feet. Grabbing a wrist, Euge Irish Whips Dusty into the nearest corner before charging in after him, where he hops, turns in mid-air and uses all 260lbs of himself to smash into Griffith with a back elbow. Bouncing off Dusty, Euge spins back around and wallops him with a palm before spinning him around and driving a forearm into the small of Griffith's back.]

DDK:

What's the FIST got in mind here?

Angus:

Is he actually trying to...?

[Pulling Dusty out of the corner, Euge grabs a rear waistlock, lifts and then sets Griffith on the top turnbuckle. Once Dusty is set, Dewey fires a few more shots to his lower back and then climbs up on to the middle ropes. Sensing the danger, Dusty tries to fight him off with some back elbows, but Euge subdues him with a double axe attack to the back of his neck and shoulders. Grabbing the suplex as Euge throws Dusty's arm over his neck, he stands upright, but again, Dusty fights as he grabs the actual turnbuckle to prevent himself from being thrown.]

Angus:

Mayberry's gripping that turnbuckle like it's the title, Keebs!

DDK:

That's because if Eugene hits what he's thinking, it could be!

[Getting frustrated, Eugene grabs Dusty by the hair, leans back and then Coconut Smashes him with a headbutt to the back of the neck. The first one doesn't work, so Euge goes full Samoan and rapidly fires headbutts into the back of

Dusty's head and neck until he lets go. Once he does, Euge grabs the suplex, lifts and falls back with it...]

WWWWWHHHHHHHHHOOOOOOOOO-

FLASHBULBS POPPING!

CCRRRRRRRRRAAAAASSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

OOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Landing in a heap, Griffith takes almost all of it on his upper back and shoulders. Dewey hits the canvas hard as well, with Dusty's 290 pounds causing his own impact on the mat to have a bit of extra velocity. Slater checks on both as Euge finally comes to and scrambles over to make the cover.]

ONE!... TWO!... THR...?

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

NOOOOOOO!... KICKOUT!

Angus:

WHAAAAAAAAAT?!

DDK:

That was a hell of an impact and somehow, Griffith survives!

[Euge looks to Slater very briefly, getting the 'two' sign. Getting up, Dewey drags Dusty into position, hits the ropes and scores with a running Fat Man Senton and holds on after the impact for another pin attempt.]

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

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Eugene doesn't waste time, immediately going to the next thing as he pulls Dusty up, snapmares him back down and applies a reverse chinlock.]

Angus:

What is this?

DDK:

Looks like a chinlock, partner.

Angus:

I know that! I mean, what is this? What is this nonsense? Since when can this ginger nerd wrestle?

[The surprises don't end there, because Euge doesn't rest on his laurels, switching up his hold and applying a Dragon Sleeper.]

DDK:

Perhaps he's been inspired by the enormity of this match? He did have some time to cram.

Angus:

What? Did he plug himself into the Matrix and suddenly learn how to grapple? [mocking Keanu, sorta] "I can haz, learn

how to rattle, RAH-FULL-COPTER!"

[Euge cranks on it for a little bit before using the hold to pull Dusty back to his feet. The Champ however doesn't completely go along, rolling over as he gets to his feet. Grabbing a wrist, Dusty backs out of Euge's headlock, pulls him in and swings with a clothesline, but the FIST ducks the blow. Getting behind Dusty, Euge straightjackets Dusty arms and throws him with a German Suplex, no bridge, all impact, causing Dusty to flop over on to his front after landing on the back of his head. Dewey gets back up and looks for another German, but Dusty catches him with a sudden Victory Roll.]

ONE!... TWO!... THREE..... NO!... KICKOUT!

RAAH!

DDK:

Holy... Eugene almost got caught out of nowhere!

Angus:

And he knows it too, he's sweating more than the time his mom caught him jer...

DDK:

Please, don't finish that thought...

[The shock wears off and Euge is back up, pushing Dusty to the ropes before whipping him across the ring. Stepping in, he ducks, but Dusty dives over him with a Sunset Flip.]

ONE!... TWO!...

[Euge rolls back, planting his feet and driving forward to roll Dusty up on to his shoulders.]

ONE!... TWO!...

[Dusty pulls on Eugene's head and rolls back so that he's now on top of Euge.]

ONE!... TWO!...

[Dewey reaches up with his legs and pulls Dusty back for the pin.]

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

[Dusty pops out of the pinning predicament and they both scramble away, ending the duel in a stalemate.]

RAAH!

DDK:

I tell you what, Angus, this has been a heck of a battle so far.

Angus:

Accept for that whole part where they ruined our stuff, sure!

DDK:

You need to move on, partner. Live in the now, as it were.

Angus:

I am living in the now... Where our stuff is destroyed.

[Having taken a momentary breather while the fans applauded their efforts, Euge and Dusty close in on each other once again. Griffith strikes first, landing a chop, and then a second and third, backing Eugene up, he pulls back an arm and swings forward with a clothesline that Euge ducks. Spinning back around, Dusty eats a European Uppercut that snaps his head back, giving Dewey the opening to the rush him with a flurry of palms and forearms, kinda like E. Honda's hundred hand slaps only more forearm-y, that back him up to the ropes. Whipping Dusty across the ring, Euge comes flying back with a Butt Bump, colliding with Griffith's face and chest.]

Angus:

Dewey's usually gotta pay for someone to touch his ass like that!

DDK:

I'm sure Mrs. Dewey's son has never...

Angus:

You're right, absolutely, even a hooker wouldn't take his money, HAH!

[The blow staggers Dusty back into a corner, where Euge follows up with a full speed, running Body Splash. Backing off a step, he pulls Griffith as he lifts and drops him with a Side Walk Slam near the corner. Positioning him just right, Euge looks to the turnbuckle and points up.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Eugene looking to go up top again?

Angus:

Does Dewey think he's a Fatcrobot or something?

DDK:

Eugene thinking Senton here?

Angus:

If he is, he's going up the wrong way!

[Eugene slowly begins ascending the ropes like a ladder, his back to Griffith on the mat. As he gets his feet on the second ropes, he takes a deep breath, clearly not comfortable being this high up, but fortune favors the bold, so he's going all the way up. As Euge gets both feet up on the top rope, he's suddenly shoved from behind...]

CRRRRROOOOOOTTTTTCCCCCHHHHHH!

OOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

The World Champion just...

Angus:

Cracked the FIST's nuts...

[Eugene groans something awful as his hands both descend to his crotch...]

Angus:

Not for the first time. HIYO!

[...but he's got bigger problems as Dusty climbs up behind him.]

DDK:

And it's broke this match wide open for Dusty!

Angus:

Look on the brighter side, Mayberry just guaranteed Euge won't be spreading his ginger nerd seed ever.

DDK:

That's disgusting.

Angus:

I know, the very thought of him breeding is terrifying.

[Grabbing a rear waistlock, Dusty heaves Euge up from his seated position with pure muscle, forcing Euge's feet on to the top ropes. Squatting slightly, Dusty bursts up, out and away from the corner, and throws Eugene from the top rope...]

FLASHBULBS POPPING!

WHHHOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

[...to the middle of the ring with a German Suplex that sees Dewey flip ass over tea kettle in mid-air and flop on his face.]

CRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHH!

RAAH!

Angus:

HAAHAHAHAHA... He wanted to do a Moonsault and Mayberry helped him out!

[Dusty gets up to his feet while Dewey remains face down, but curled up with his arms wrapped around his body after the impact on his chest and stomach. Dusty looks at Euge and then to the crowd, giving them all a look as he snorts and thumbs his nose.]

Angus:

Oh yeah, here we go, Keeps.

DDK:

Eugene might have had him, but he took one too many chances.

[Pulling Euge up, Dusty blasts him with a couple of forearms as he drives him back against the ropes. Whipping him across the ring, Dusty steps in and takes aim, swinging with a clothesline that Dewey, running solely on instinct, ducks. Dusty turns quickly, cutting Euge off on the next rebound with a big Spinebuster, slamming him Arn Anderson style. Picking him up again, he whips him to the ropes and catches him, taking up and over with a full 360 degree Powerslam.]

ONE!... TWO!... THREE!...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH?!

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

KICKOUT!

[Dusty doesn't look for a count, ripping Dewey off the mat before driving a shoulder into his gut and lifts him off his feet.

Holding Eugene up in a Bearhug, Griffith locates a far corner and then charges towards it, crushing Euge against it. Euge slumps against the turnbuckles as Griffith backs off a step, it's only so he can open up with a barrage of left and right Clubbin' Blows, knocking Dewey back and forth as he alternates high to low, going to the body and head.]

DDK:

Griffith knocking Dewey around like a cat with a ball of yarn...

Angus:

A big, angry, suplex cat, with the biggest ball of orange yarn ever!

[Slater steps in and orders the break after several uncontested blows, which Griffith complies with and backs off as he turns and roars to the crowd, while Slater checks on Euge.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[In the corner, Eugene shakes his head 'no' to the question "have you had enough?" Good thing too, because Dusty is back around and ready to hand out some more damage. Pulling Euge up by the head, he presses him back into the corner and then whips him into the corner. Bouncing out of the corner, Dusty charges across the ring...]

DDK:

Stampede coming up...

Angus:

INCOMING!

CRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSSSSSSHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Dewey out of the way!

[Moving at the last second, Euge causes Dusty to collide with nothing but turnbuckle, or so he thinks as Dusty manages to just get his hands out in front of him to catch the ropes and lessen the impact. Shaking a couple of cobwebs loose, Dewey then rushes towards the ropes as Dusty backs out of the corner. When Eugene comes off the rebound, Dusty turns, rushes to close the gap, and tosses him up and over with a quick Belly to Belly Suplex. Dusty scrambles to his feet and rushes to attack as Eugene rolls to a knee. As Dusty closes in, Eugene springs his sudden trap, exploding up off the mat...]

Angus:

SHO-

DDK:

-RYU-

[Nuh uh.]

[Dusty not only dodges back just enough to evade the rising uppercut once again, but he also snatches Dewey as his back turns during the spiral of the Shoryuken with a full nelson and plants him on his head.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

DRAAAAAAGON SUPLEX!

DDK:

What a counter there by Griffith!

[Dusty rolls him over for the counter.]

ONE!... TWO!... THREE?!...

RAAH!

NOOOOOOOO!... KICKOUT!

[Dusty rolls Euge back over, steps over and reaches for his arms, squatting down, he drapes Dewey's arms over his knees and locks in the Camel Clutch.]

Angus:

Oh gawd, he's bending him in half, Keeps!

DDK:

Dusty has had trouble keeping Eugene down, this is certainly one way to accomplish that.

[For the record, Eugene isn't in one of those lame ass Scott Steiner Recliners where his knees are up and there's no goddamned pressure on him. No. He's flat on his stomach, legs kicking, and being bent back with Dusty taking a deep seat and pulling back as hard as he can on the chinlock element of the hold. He's going full on Break His Back, Make Him Humble, Iron Sheik style with this bastard. Euge flails and kicks, but after the Dragon Suplex that drilled him on top of his skull, he was completely helpless to Dusty's will when it comes to this hold.]

DDK:

I can't believe he can even be bent back like that.

Angus:

Mayberry is teaching his own version of yoga out there, it's called "fuck your spine" yoga.

[Dusty continues pulling on Dewey's chin, bending him back more and more, causing Euge to holler an almost gurgling cry of pain. Slater gets down to check on Eugene, but the FIST isn't interested in giving it up as he tries to pull an arm free. Everytime Dewey is about to slide an arm loose, Dusty pulls back violently, leaning back with his full weight.]

DDK:

If Griffith pulls back any further, he could snap Dewey in half!

Angus:

I'm not seeing the downside to that.

LETS GO EU-GENE! *CLAP*CLAP*CLAPCLAPCLAP*

LETS GO EU-GENE! *CLAP*CLAP*CLAPCLAPCLAP*

LETS GO EU-GENE! *CLAP*CLAP*CLAPCLAPCLAP*

DDK:

And these fans would disagree with you, partner!

[With the crowd rallying behind him, Eugene again summons the will to fight, desperately fighting to loosen an arm, which he does. Getting that arm free allows him to pull at Dusty's grip, putting pressure on Griffith's hold on him, eventually getting his other arm to slip free. Dusty tries to maintain his hold on Eugene's head, but with both hands free, the FIST uses both to break Griffith's vice like grip. Dusty stands up, and as Eugene tries to get himself up on his knees and elbows, Griffith short hops up and drops his weight straight down on Dewey's back.]

Angus:

These fans might be rallying for him, but Mayberry is all out of fucks to give.

DDK:

I'll tell you what, he may have wanted to ground Eugene, but it's also do a heavy amount of damage to setup Dusty's Atomic Powerbomb.

[Euge takes the blow to his back, but again pushes himself up and Dusty hits him again with another Banzai Drop across his back, and a third time for good measure. Feeling he's subdued the FIST enough, he tries to lock him up with the Camel Clutch again, but Dewey instantly starts fighting it, struggling with his arms so they can't be put in place. Getting frustrated, Dusty gives up on the hold, standing up and over Euge, he reaches down for a fistful of his ginger fro and pulls him up to his knees...]

THHHHHUUUUUMMMMMMMP!**DDK:**

Oh god, what a sickening shot to the head!

Angus:

Mayberry's going full on HOSS here with those!

[Rearing back with his free arm, Dusty swings it back forward, smashing the inside of his forearm against the side of Eugene's skull. Then he alternates with the other arm, then with the other and the other and other again, rocking Dewey's head back and forth with left and right blows. He does this several times until Dewey merely slumps forward in a heap, rolls him over and tries for the pin.]

ONE!... TWO!... THR...

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

RAAH!

KICKOUT!

[Dusty eyes Slater with a dead serious look, growling his disappointment that that wasn't enough. Dusty pushes himself to his feet and brings Euge up with him, picking him up for what appears to be a bodyslam, he quickly hurls him up and over with a Fallaway Slam, dumping him like a sack of garbage.]

Angus:

Here we go, Keebs, it's ANGRY SUPLEX CAT TIME!

DDK:

You really want to make that a thing, don't you?

[Dusty is up and Euge tries to roll, but his whole body is in agony and only manages to rock back and forth as Dusty stalks over and helps him back up. Hooking him, Dusty tosses him with a Back Drop Suplex. Dragging him up again, Euge tries to fight back and throws a looping blow that does nothing, as Dusty clutches him with a Bearhug and then flings him up and over with another Belly to Belly. Dusty rolls to his feet, and shockingly, Eugene is also trying to get up.]

DDK:

Say what you want, but Eugene Dewey is as tough as they come.

Angus:

Yeah? Well, Mayberry'll just keep suplexing this basement dweller until he can't get up.

[Sucking at his teeth, the annoyance is clear on the World Champion's face as Eugene tries to get to his feet. Stomping over, Dusty waylays him with a chop and then a forearm to the back of his shoulders, to which Euge comes

to and hits him back with a forearm of his own. Dusty buckles him with a knee lift to the gut and then dumps him with an Exploder Suplex before rolling over to make the cover.]

ONE!... TWO!... TH...

RAAH!

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

SHOULDER UP!

["DAMNIT!" Dusty exclaims with anger, he doesn't even bother to look at Slater for the count. Getting up, Dusty rolls Euge over before pulling him up, by the back waistband of his pants, right into a rear waistlock. Griffith attempt to suplex Dewey again, but the FIST blocks it, hooking a leg around Dusty's. Letting go, Dusty rears back to land a forearm across Euge's back, but eats a back elbow from the FIST. A second one finds it's mark as well, and a third, and Eugene rushes away towards the ropes, but Dusty rushes behind him and drives a knee into his midsection. Turning him around, Dusty takes him over with a German Suplex...]

DDK:

Griffith holding on and rolling with it...

[...Maintaining the waistlock, Dusty brings himself and Dewey up, and with Euge out of it again, he's helpless when Dusty hooks a Full Nelson...]

Angus:

DRAGON SUPLEX!

DDK:

AGAIN!

[...Griffith doesn't end there, bringing his hands down and pulls Euge up again as he rolls them to their feet. Switching his grip, he chickenwings Dewey's arms...]

DDK:

TIGER SUPLEX!

Angus:

No Bridge, All Impact, YUSS!

[Throwing Euge up and over with the Tiger Suplex, he releases in mid-air and lets the FIST crash back on to his head and shoulders. The impact is such that Dewey actually rolls backwards up to his feet and stumbles back into a corner. He's not given any time to breathe though, as Dusty charges in with a running knee lift. Pushing Euge back, Dusty exposes him before pulling back and cracking him with a chop. Seemingly noting that it isn't having quite the same impact, Dusty grabs Eugene's shirt.]

DDK:

I think Dusty has an idea here...

Angus:

Oh god, please don't expose any more of his dayglow skin as is necessary!

[Snarling, he grabs two fistfuls of Euge's shirt and with a handful of mighty pulls, Dusty rips it open in the front, exposing the solid and muscle chest of the FIST. Tearing it open further, Dusty cocks an arm back and lights him up for real this time.]

CRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCK!
WHHHHOooooooooooooooooooooo!
THHHHHUUUUUMMMMMMMMP!

[Dusty follows the chop, right as Euge snaps back forward, with an elbow. Liking this little combination, Dusty continues to blast away. Chop. Whooo. Elbow. Repeat.]

CRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCK!
WHHHHOooooooooooooooooooooo!
THHHHHUUUUUMMMMMMMMP!

CRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCK!
WHHHHOooooooooooooooooooooo!
THHHHHUUUUUMMMMMMMMP!

CRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCK!
WHHHHOooooooooooooooooooooo!
THHHHHUUUUUMMMMMMMMP!

CRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCK!
WHHHHOooooooooooooooooooooo!
THHHHHUUUUUMMMMMMMMP!

Angus:

His chops are no Roger Stevens, but damn, they're turning Dewey's chest into hamburger!

DDK:

It's certainly going to be a nasty shade of reddish-purple when he wakes up tomorrow!

[Slater finally steps in, demanding Dusty back off. Dusty complies, at first, but then pushes Slater aside and opens up on Euge again, but then suddenly, Dewey comes to life as he shoves Dusty away. Not to be deterred, Dusty marches right back, but eats a straight palm to the mush, making him back up as a hand checks his mouth. Dusty growls and advances again, and eats another, then a chop, to which Dusty responds in kind. Euge hits another, backing Dusty up a step, who returns fire with another and off to the races they go.]

CRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCK!
WHHHHOooooooooooooooooooooo!

CRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCK!
WHHHHOooooooooooooooooooooo!

CRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCK!
WHHHHOooooooooooooooooooooo!

CRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCK!
WHHHHOooooooooooooooooooooo!

CRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCK!
WHHHHOooooooooooooooooooooo!

CRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCK!
WHHHHOooooooooooooooooooooo!

CRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCK!
WHHHHOooooooooooooooooooooo!

CRRRAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCK!

WHHHHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

CRRRAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCK!

WHHHHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

CRRRAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCK!

WHHHHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Several volleys back and forth, each causing sweat to explode in a cloud around them from every skin searing blow to the chest. Each chop sapping a little more resolve from them, as they slow their output. After a few more, slow, incoming shots, they eventually stop, heaving with their chests burning red, especially Eugene's. The fans erupt with applause for the duel ending a stalemate.]

RAAH!

Angus:

Disgusting.

DDK:

I don't know how either of them can remain standing after such punishment.

Angus:

Shoot, how is Eugene even alive? He's been tossed and dumped more times tonight than by all of his "girlfriends" that "live in Canada".

[Euge strikes first, kicking Dusty in the gut before grabbing his head, presumably for a DDT. Dusty doesn't allow it, immediately grabbing Dewey's legs and sweeping them out from under him. Trying to turn him over for a Boston Crab, Euge fights it, eventually pulling Dusty in and kicking him off. Staggering back, Dusty charges back in as Euge gets to a knee. Clearly knowing what the FIST has in mind, Dusty changes up tactics as he kicks his feet out and plants both of them in Dewey's chest with a Shotgun Dropkick. So hard is the blow, and so surprised by it is Dewey, that he was left wide open for it and gets tumbled end over end, right into the corner.]

Angus:

INNNNNNNCOOOOMMMMMINNNNNNNNG!

[Having popped up immediately, Dusty charges in and crushes Euge between the turnbuckles and himself with a full speed, running Body Splash, Bray Wyatt style too. Dusty grabs a wrist and whips Euge back across the ring with all of his might, sending Dewey crashing into the turnbuckles with a furious thud that shakes the ring. Charging back across, Dusty scores with another full speed, running Body Splash that smashes into Euge with full force. Backing off, Dusty throws his arms up in the air, locking his hands and signalling for the Atomic Powerbomb.]

RAAH!

Angus:

It's over, Keebs, ITS OOOVVVVVVVAAAAARRRRR!

[Euge stumbles out of the corner, completely punch drunk as Dusty turns, grabs him and stuffs his head between his thighs.]

DDK:

This is it, history is about to b...

[Nope.]

[Before Dusty can even lock his hands, Euge, be it instinct to survive or knowing what he's doing, pushes up and tosses Griffith over with a Back Body Drop, escaping certain doom.]

RAAH!

[Eugene hunches over briefly, but then explodes towards the ropes. Coming in off the rebound, he looks to launch himself at Griffith as he rises up with the Biotic Charge. Dusty bursts up and absolutely wrecks Euge with an elbow. Falling back, Euge scrambles and charges right back in and eats another elbow that rocks him, Dusty follows up with a second, this time from the left, then a right elbow, Euge refuses to fall. Grabbing him by the back of the head, Dusty opens up with a savage flurry of elbows, smashing his right arm into Dewey's face, then runs towards the ropes. Euge ducks a clothesline, and Dusty continues to run the ropes.]

DDK:

ROARING...

Angus:

ELBOW!

[As Dusty comes off the rebound again, he spins, looking to gain some extra momentum for one more big elbow, but as he does this, Euge drops to a knee and when Dusty comes back around.]

Eugene Dewey:

METSU...

[Uppercut to the gut doubles Dusty over.]

Eugene Dewey:

SHO...

[Euge explodes off the canvas, bringing the Rising Dragon Fist with him.]

Eugene Dewey:

RYU...

[And it lands, square, under Dusty's chin, snapping his head back as he leaves his feet and then collapses in a heap on the mat.]

Eugene Dewey:

KEN!!!!

ULLLLLLLLLLTRRRRRR COMMMMMMBOOOOO POPSPLOSION!

Angus:

HOLY FUCK AMAZEBALLS!

DDK:

Eugene just scored the DESTROYING RISING DRAGON FIST!

Angus:

AND HE GOT ALL OF IT, KEEBS!

DDK:

COVER!

ONE!

AND A HALF!

TWO!

AND A QUARTER!

THHHHRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

??

YEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

ZOH-MAH-GAWWW HISTORY HAS BEEN MADE POPSPLOSION!

RAHH!

DDK:

You've got to hand it to him, Angus. Eugene earned that victory here tonight.

Angus:

No doubt, Mayberry ain't some jobber. I don't think I'd have blamed Dewey for throwing in the towel or just not kicking out several times during that one. The kid's got heart. He's always had heart.

[Eugene climbs the ropes and stands staring out into the fans with both hands raised. Brian Slater meanwhile has been handed the FIST and the World title belts and stands in the middle of the ring waiting for Eugene to come and collect his titles.]

DDK:

Enjoy your moment, Kid!

Angus:

Not for too long though, I need to go get hammered.

DDK:

Really?

Angus:

I'm losing my buzz since they spilled my coffee.

[Dewey hops down from the turnbuckle and turns to face Slater, who hold both titles out for Eugene to take. Dewey takes a step towards the official but the belts are suddenly ripped from his hands by another man.]

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

What's this?

[Dusty Griffith stands there with a belt in each hand and stares down at them. Eugene stares at his friend uneasily as he waits for Griffith to make his next move.]

Angus:

Take a look at Mayberry's face. He knows how close he was to making those titles his.

DDK:

He looks pained.

Angus:

Wouldn't you be if you'd just lost your world title?

[Dusty continues to stare at the belts for a second or two more before looking up at Eugene. He swallows the lump in his throat before taking a step towards Dewey. The fans are on tenterhooks meanwhile and fall silent as they wait to see what's coming next...]

...

DDK:

What's Dusty gonna do?

...

What the hell do you mean 'Yes'!? Eugene Dewey just low blowed and Shoryukened Dusty Griffith!

Angus:

I mean what I said! YES!

[Eugene stands over Dusty, staring down at the former champion with a borderline emotionless expression on his face. Brian Slater re-enters the ring and puts himself between the new champion and his, what's probably safe to say, former friend, but it's for naught as Eugene heads over to corner of the ring closest to the time keepers area and demands a microphone.]

Angus:

You might get your answer here, Keeps.

BOOO!

[The garbage starts to fly as Eugene heads back into the middle of the ring.]

Eugene Dewey:

Each and every one of you can sit down and shut up right now!

BOOO!

Eugene Dewey:

Dusty, I hope you can hear me, because what I have to say is probably of great interest to you right now.

BOOO!

Eugene Dewey:

For nearly five years I've walked down to this ring and I've tried to give each and every one of you something to cheer for... Something to believe in... Someone to rally behind...

BOOO!

Eugene Dewey:

I've stood against every single person that's ever tried to hold DEFIANCE to ransom or take control from your precious Eric Dane, and what have I got for it? NOTHING! Jack Fuckin' Shit! No thanks, no handshakes, no nothing. Eric Dane hasn't even acknowledged my existence, despite the fact that I've been here longer than anyone else in the history of this company!

BOOO!

Eugene Dewey:

When Jeff Andrews and The Untouchables took over, who was it that stood against them? Me!

BOOO!

Eugene Dewey:

But who did Eric Dane choose as his champion that he'd help take the title from Jeff's iron grip? Was it me? No, it was 'COOL' Cancer Jiles, and we all know how that turned out. When Tom Sawyer was taken out of action by Kai Scott, who did Eric Dane turn to to lead the DEFIANCE charge? Was it me? Again, no. He called upon TEAM DANGER because he didn't trust me to get it done.

BOOO!

Eugene Dewey:

Do I even need to tell you who stood up against the Blood Diamonds when Edward White took over? Because once again IT. WAS. ME!

BOOO!

Eugene Dewey:

But I wasn't good enough, was I? No, only one man was good enough, yet he still had to prove himself to Eric, didn't he? He still had to demonstrate that he was capable of leading DEFIANCE against the evils that plagued it.

BOOO!

Eugene Dewey:

And then what happened? All that work, all that effort, and Edward White's downfall came at the hands of a whistleblower. Good job, Dusty. Thank God we had YOU leading the troops!

BOOO!

Eugene Dewey:

If Eric Dane had come to me on week one and said 'Eugene I need your help. Edward White has me over a barrel and he's about to have his way with me' I'd have said 'Leave it to me Eric, and two weeks later White would have been out of here faster than the love child of Captain Falcon and The Flash.

BOOO!

Eugene Dewey:

But no, Eric went with that...

[Eugene points down at Dusty who has started stirring but still isn't showing many signs of life.]

Eugene Dewey:

I proved tonight that I'm not some kid. I'm a man. I'm **THE** man, and everyone that's been handpicked by Eric Dane, whether they're Cancer Jiles, Tom Sawyer, or Dusty Griffith can't hold a candle to me.

BOOO!

Eugene Dewey:

Four hundred and nineteen days I've been the lifeblood of DEFIANCE. I've been DEFIANCE heart and soul for fourteen months and nobody has given two shits about it. Nobody has ever thanked me for my part in fighting against Edward White. Nobody has ever thanked me for competing in the EFG: BATTLEMANIA. Nobody has ever thanked me for making DEFIANCE the premier wrestling promotion in the world for so long.

BOOO!

Eugene Dewey:

So from now on I'm going to start thanking me. So, from the bottom of my heart I say, Thank you, Eugene Dewey. Thank you for giving so much to DEFIANCE despite getting so little back. Thank you for helping to keep this company afloat despite piss poor management decisions and paper champions. Thank you for being the one and only guy to stick around through thick and thin, and thank you for giving all these noobs something to cheer for for the last five years.

BOOO!

Eugene Dewey:

You're all fucking welcome!

BOOO!

[Eugene raises his title belts in the air again as garbage continues to towards and into the ring.]

DDK:

I'm speechless here, partner...

Angus:

I'm goddamn impressed, personally. Kid's finally showin' some sack.

DDK:

That may very well be but...

[Before Darren can continue every single light in the arena goes dark.]

Angus:

Good lord, what now?

DDK:

I haven't the slightest idea. I'm still in shock, partner. This can't be just Eugene, someone must be pulling the...

[*music*](#)

[The first few chords echo through the darkened arena and cause Darren Keebler to stop cold mid sentence. The faithful pop first, *hard*.]

RAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

... strings? Oh Angus, I know that music.

[The tune is cheery, light, almost fun.]

Angus:

No fucking way, dude.

[From an outsiders perspective, or perhaps a newer fan of DEFIANCE the pleasant little piano tune might seem out of place on a show like this. The faithful though, they don't need to see anything, they're already leading the charge, starting chants, telling everyone around them what's going down... they know exactly what happens when "The Entertainer" by ragtime pianist Scott Joplin plays here in DEFIANCE. Even in the inky black arena, the reaction from the sold out crowd grows and swells into without a doubt one of the loudest in DEFIANCE to date.]

DDK:

Just LISTEN to these people Angus!

WAAAAAAAAAR-GOD! WAAAAAAAAAR-GOD! WAAAAAAAAAR-GOD!
WAAAAAAAAAR-GOD! WAAAAAAAAAR-GOD! WAAAAAAAAAR-GOD!
WAAAAAAAAAR-GOD! WAAAAAAAAAR-GOD! WAAAAAAAAAR-GOD!

Angus:

Killer night to finally grow a set and tell the faithful to eat it, Eugene.

[The lights come back on with a pop and the music is cut immediately.]

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

OH MY GOD! HE'S HERE, HE'S ON THE DAMN RING APRON!

[Sheared head, waxed handlebar mustache, brown and grey striped singlet. He's all hard packed muscle sinew and bulging veins, a fire plug of a man but a commanding presence regardless of his less than standard height. The second the crowd collectively process all that information it's complete and total deafening *anarchy*.]

DDK:

THE ORIGINAL DEFIANT IS BACK! BRONSON BOX HAS RETURNED HOME!

[The chant hasn't stopped. Eugene hands the belts off to a ring attendant and plants his feet.]

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Angus:

Guess we know who was in Jane's limo earlier. Gird your ginger haired loins, fat boy!

[Bronson Box is already at ringside, having seemingly appeared out of thin air in the cover of darkness. Every single fan new and faithful alike and screaming, stomping feet, slamming guardrails, chanting at the top of their lungs. Dusty Griffith at this point has come somewhat around and has limply scooted into the nearest corner to recuperate now that Eugene's focus is *squarely* on the Scotsman peering at him from the apron.]

BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX!

BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX!

BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX!

[Griffith (very) groggily nurses his jaw and quietly takes in the absolutely deafening reaction.]

BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX!

BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX!

BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX!

DDK:

Angus you had the right of it; you picked a hell of a night to turn your back on the faithful, Eugene Dewey! There is nobody, and I mean nobody more dedicated to this brand, to its fans, to...

Angus:

... kidnapping children, to throwing an over the top temper tantrum and subsequently murder stomping defenseless women, to betraying his friends over and over again, to nearly crippling his former tag team partner, to getting DEFTV thrown off ESEN...

DDK:

... to *DEFIANCE Wrestling* than the "Bombastic" Bronson Box!

[Ever so slowly Boxer steps through the ropes and plants his feet on a DEFIANCE canvas for the first time in many many months.]

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, the animosity between the two DEF originals Eugene Dewey and Bronson Box is well documented here in DEFIANCE. Many credit the string of upset wins Dewey scored on The Wargod early on in his

tenure as the start of his meteoric ascension. A fact that has always rankled Boxer to no end. If you were listing the greatest rivalries in DEFIANCE history, you're looking at one right here ladies and gentlemen.

Angus:

It was after Eugene pinned his ass to the mat that Boxer kicked the shit out of that poor producer lady and almost fucked over the whole damn promotion.

DDK:

Eugene is treading in dangerous territory here partner.

[Eugene squares his shoulders as Bronson makes a slow calculated beeline directly for the undisputed FIST of DEFIANCE. A stagehand nervously rolls into the ring and hands Bronson a microphone.]

BOXERS GUNNA KIIIIILL YOU! BOXERS GUNNA KIIIIILL YOU!
BOXERS GUNNA KIIIIILL YOU! BOXERS GUNNA KIIIIILL YOU!
BOXERS GUNNA KIIIIILL YOU! BOXERS GUNNA KIIIIILL YOU!

[Bronson waits a few beats for the crowd to give him the chance to speak.]

[He draws the microphone up to his lips, his eyes locked on the FIST of DEFIANCE.]

Bronson Box:

...

thud

[We barely register the smile shared between the two men as Box wordlessly drops the microphone to the canvas. Together, Eugene and Bronson swarm Dusty Griffith still sitting prone against the turnbuckle. Any lucidity the former champ might have found in the last few minutes is rattled from his dome by a tremendous running knee across the temple from Bronson, followed by a series of stiff kicks across the jaw from Eugene.]

BOOO!

DDK:

WHAT IN GODS NAME IS GOING ON HERE?

Angus:

Looks to be like we might have found the *string puller* you mentioned earlier. I also have a pretty good picture of who took out ol' Franky boy earlier.

[Both men drag Griffith to his feet, *together*, allowing Bronson to walay jaw rocking european uppercut after european uppercut under The Old School Shooters chin sending him staggering back into the corner where Eugene lays in several stiff back elbows for good measure. Eugene assists Dusty in once again taking his seat against the turnbuckle, laying kick after reckless kick across the face and chest of his former compatriot.]

DDK:

These two men have LITERALLY torn each other apart on SO MANY occasions... I, I'm at a loss here, Angus. A complete loss.

[Bronson scoops up the microphone with a flourish, turning back to the punch drunk Griffith. Box kneels down and grabs a fist full of hair, pulling Dusty's face towards his. Box pauses to look Griffith up and down, studying his face before uttering his first word to the faithful in months.]

Angus:

Here we go. Finally, some answers.

Bronson Box:

...

thud

[Bronson wordlessly drops the microphone yet *again*.]

DDK:

Aww, come on, no! No more!

Angus:

They're goin' back to the well, Keeps!

[Not letting go of his handful of Dusty's hair Box reaches down into his boot with his free hand.]

DDK:

Oh no, we... we need security out here now. Can anyone hear me back there?

Angus:

Oh hush, he's not going to kill him...

[From his boot Bronson pulls a long. Rusty. Metal. Spike.]

Angus:

... just *stab* him a little.

DDK:

The first time we saw Boxer pull forth this nasty piece of hardware it was during the first five way Ladder War to unify the DEFIANCE *World* title. Ed White, Chris Cannon, Cancer Jiles and Boston Bancroft were never quite the same after that night.

[As Bronson licks his lips and rolls the spike this way and that in his hand Eugene backs a few steps away, his eyes... his cold, emotionless eyes... never leave Dusty.]

DDK:

Oh come on, no.

[Box grips the spike tight with sinister intentions written all across his face. Quick as lightning Bronson digs the instrument deep into the fleshy forehead of his foe. The agonizing scream that escapes Griffith's lips is enough to chill the blood of even the most jaded of the faithful.]

DDK:

Is nobody back there going to stop this madness?!

Angus:

Good TV is good TV, Keebler. Kelly wanted some "buzz", remember?

DDK:

This couldn't have been a part of this "plan" of Jane's, no way. Dusty is too important to DEFIANCE for Kelly to sign off on this wholesale slaughter of one of its biggest stars.

Angus:

Are you really that surprised? This is just Box reminding everyone just who the **hell** he is, little Miss *Evans* included. Buzz, buzz Kells. Buzz fuckin' buzz.

[His carving of Dusty's forehead complete, Bronson steps away allowing Eugene to lay a few more boots across his former friends face and chest. Box slowly strolls away from the grisly scene, gingerly plucking the fallen microphone from the canvas.]

DDK:

This is insane.

Angus:

He didn't start calling himself The Original DEFIANT because it looked cute on a t-shirt, Keeps.

[Tossing the microphone around in his hands, Box watches with a smile as Dewey rakes his boot across the gory mess that was his friend and ally Dusty Griffith's face just a few minutes ago. His eyes closed, his head slumped down the blood runs thick down Griffith's face, down onto his chest, pooling on the canvas between his legs.]

[Bronson brings the microphone to his lips for a third time and the entire arena collectively holds its breath.]

Bronson Box:

My entire career...

Angus:

Finally.

DDK:

Shhh.

Bronson Box:

A career I've spent exclusively *here* in DEFIANCE, mind you. I PROUDLY marched out to this ring week after week, year after year flying the colors of this company on my back. When all anyone seemed to give a damn about was who *owned* the bloody place I was putting an arse every eighteen inches by putting on the most talked about performances each and every time I was allowed to ply my trade here on this hallowed canvas. Whilst the management paraded pet project after soulless pet project in front of you people to stroke their own egos.

[Pointing back at Dusty with an accusatory finger.]

Bronson Box:

This SELFISH wretch wouldn't have given Eric Dane or this company the time of DAY if it weren't for me setting the STANDARD this place is so renowned for, night after bloody night!

[Box starts to pace around the ring. Licking his lips his speech quickens.]

Bronson Box:

I helped forge in blood the title my good friend here has single handedly made the top prize in the company. Just like I personally forged the World title that came before it from the ASHES of the WfWA. From day one, the first card, the first *match* I made Eric Dane's company my bloody *religion*.

[That fire starts to ignite deep in his almost coal black eyes.]

Bronson Box:

What was my thanks? I was shelved by Edward White. Put away. Forgotten. Just like Eugene here I got no fanfare, no thanks, no pat on the back. I was just sent home to watch as useless prats like... [waving a hand towards the still bleeding Dusty Griffith being tended to now by ringside doctors] this lot, like Dan Ryan, like Lindsay Troy and

countless others that waltzed through this ring with zero respect only to defame the temple I built... [he stops and looks over at Eugene] correction, the temple *we* built.

[Eugene rubs his hands together and gives Boxer a nod before landing a swift kick across Griffith's jaw that sends the medics scattering.]

Bronson Box:

Eugene and myself are unequivocally *the* marquee attractions in DEFIANCE and that's not an empty boast, it's the undeniable *truth* ladies and gentlemen.

DDK: [quietly, talking to someone in his headset]

What do you mean she's "letting this play out?" He's lost a *lot* of blood and they won't let the medics near him. Well when?

[Bronson continues undeterred.]

Bronson Box:

I'm so goddamned proud of this young man standing right here [clapping his free hand on Eugene's shoulder] boo him if you feel so inclined but that changes *not* the fact the decision he made tonight was one of COURAGE not cowardice.

BOOO!

DDK: [quietly]

Courage? Oh spare me.

[Bronson's pacing of the ring continues.]

Bronson Box:

I laughed along with the rest of you when Eugene Dewey set foot in this company, I joined in making jest. His physique, his style of dress, his passions, he seemed to me like he seemed to everyone else. A fool dressed in motley. A gimmick taking up space on my precious roster. All said of me, once. I was blind to that. Now? Now I see clear as day standing before me is a *true* kindred spirit. My eyes were opened. Eugene Dewey is an Originator of DEFIANCE in every sense of the word... [pointing back towards the reigning defending undisputed FIST] and now *his* eyes are finally open *too*.

[Bronson kneels again in front of Griffith, grabbing a squishy fist full of his blood soaked hair.]

Bronson Box:

Open to the fact no matter how many titles he wins or how many chivalrous factions he throws a white hat in with it all amounts to DUST... because in the end there will always be men like this puffed up pretender standing in his way in one fashion or another. But now I'm back, and Mr. Dewey and I have worked out a little arrangement in my absence. Dusty Griffith? So long as I'm breathing? You will *NEVER* get another fair shot at that title *EVER* again!

Angus:

I know this is grisly as fuck and Bronson is a terrifying basket case but watching Mayberry get taken down one or two pegs by his "little buddy" is giving me a semi.

DDK:

This isn't a joking matter, Angus.

Angus:

Who's joking? Griffith's had this beating coming and you know it, it was just a matter of time. Box looks at Dusty as a goddamn *usurper*, he took the throne and Bronson wants that shit back. Fire and fuckin' blood, man.

DDK:

You've been watching waaaay too much Game of Thrones, partner.

Angus:

Audio-book actually, the show's great but theres way more tits and blood in the books.

[Bronson yanks painfully again at Griffith's hair. He lurches to his feet, not letting go of the handful of Griffith's hair. Dusty slumps forward onto his knees dragged agonizingly along to the center of the ring bleeding the whole way. Bronson continues.]

Bronson Box:

He's going to reign supreme as FIST of DEFIANCE for as long as he bloody pleases and there's not a damned thing you, Dan Ryan or that stupid *WHORE* Eric foolishly put in charge can do about it... [through clenched teeth] do you hear me Dusty? DO YOU BLOODY HEAR ME, *BOY'O?!*

[The Wargod continues, his cool couldn't be more lost at this point.]

Bronson Box:

Bronson gets sent home, Heidi Christenson gets a bloody *restaurant*. Bronson gets sent home, and Dusty Griffith becomes *Wooooorld Champion*. Bronson gets sent home and Ed White builds his little skybox and rules from on high for months on end. BRONSON GETS SENT HOME AND ERIC DANE *PER USUAL* DOES NOT ONE BLASTED THING ABOUT IT!

[He stops and gives Eugene a nod, tossing him the spike. The FIST plunges the instrument into the turnbuckle Dusty's called home the last few groggy blood soaked minutes of his life, ripping the padding free exposing the cold hard steel bolt underneath. The cotton padding lands all over the canvas. Blood and cotton absolutely everywhere.]

BOOO!

Bronson Box:

He thinks he can hide behind the skirts of that disgusting trollop he's put in charge, does he? ... have I been away so long he's forgotten what I *DO?*

[Looking down at Dusty with a sadistic smile.]

Bronson Box:

Lets you and I remind him, old friend. What say?

[Box tucks Griffith's head between his massive thighs and wraps his tree like arms around the former champions waist.]

BOOO!

DDK:

Not this, come on no!

Angus:

God, this is so brutal. I feel like I'm at a fuckin' Gwar concert.

[In one quick motion Dusty is nearly five feet off the canvas, hoisted over Bronson Box's massive shoulders. The Wargod takes several lurching steps towards the exposed turnbuckle and releases Griffith's massive frame into the air...]

CLANG

DDK:

BOMBASTO BOMB! BOMBASTO BOMB ON GRIFFITH! Oh. My. *GOD!*

BOOO!

[Dusty Griffith hits the steel lug dead center between his shoulderblades. His body slumps to the canvas limply. His features are almost indistinguishable through all the blood but it's obvious the former champion is several blocks past dream street the way his head snapped back like it did.]

BOOO!

Angus:

Would you listen to these people? I can barely hear myself think.

DDK:

Honestly now, where the HELL is security?!

[Almost on cue several large meatheads in DEFsec shirts sprint from backstage followed closely by road agents and EMT's. Bronson and Eugene both hit the canvas at the same time, bailing under the bottom rope to ringside. Eugene holds the spike aloft as Bronson leans under the bottom rope and screams back at Griffith.]

Bronson Box:

The short *pathetic* reign of Dusty Griffith is *over!*

Long live the **KING**.

thud

BOOO!

[Bronson drops the microphone one final time, wrenches the FIST of DEFIANCE and now defunct World title straps from the ring attendant, and hands them **BOTH** back to Eugene. Using an open folding chair the champ steps up onto the corner of the barricade holding both title belts hiiiiigh above his head for all the faithful to see as the credits begin to roll.]

[Fin.]