

Hard Times

[From black we fade.]

[The show proper has not yet begun.]

[We're here now as tribute.]

[Every member of the DEFIANCE roster and staff stand clustered together at the top of the stage. Faces and heels stand shoulder to shoulder, this isn't about kayfabe, it's about respect,]

[Every single person on that stage wears a black arm-band, and even though I added this in at the last minute I want you to read this show as if every last one of them have those arm-bands on through every segment of the night.]

[We lost a goddamned actual real life icon this week.]

[Dusty Rhodes was a childhood hero of mine, and I still can't watch his promos without crying like a baby. Maybe I won't be able to for a while. There's very little I can do in the way of paying respects, but I can do this.]

[A graphic displays an image of The American Dream on the DEFIATron with the 1945-2015 etched onto it. The building is eerily quiet.]

DING!

DING!

DING!

DING!

DING!

DING!

DING!

DING!

DING!

DING!

[Slowly the entire gathered mass of DEFIANCE on the stage and in the crowd give the man one last standing ovation.]

[We're gonna miss you down here, Big Dust, but we know you'll keep on eatin' Pork n' Beans and throwin' elbows up there in that big ring in the sky.]

[The DEFIATron fires up.]

[Fade to black...]

[...and yellow pokla-dots.]

Run-Down

[There is black.]

[Then...]

[Machine Head's I Defy rips through the arena as the camera pans around another sold out crowd here at the Wrestle-plex in beautiful New Orleans, Louisiana. Fans cheer, chant, bang guardrails and lift their homemade signs high as the crane camera passes overhead..]

BEAST = RYAN
HARMONY... MARRY ME?
SIGN ME UP FOR THE CHURCH OF MALACHI
DEWEY GOT BEAT

[The following is a presentation of DEFIANCE Wrestling...and...we...are...live!]

NOBLE VS. HOLIDAY V
TROY IS MY DEFMAX CHAMP
MUSHI THE SUSHI BITCH
KEYES... BELL CLAP ME!

DDK:
LADIES AND GENTLEMAN... WELCOME TO DEFIANCE!

Angus:
That's right, one more week of DEF*MAX matches and this one promises to be a DOOZY of a week!

DDK:
Three HUGE matches that will end up determining how the cards will shake out and which two will be facing each other ultimately in the DEF*MAX finals!

Angus:
Oh man and the main event tonight... the MAIN EVENT tonight!

DDK:
Calm down there, partner. Sure enough, we are going to have in Block A action, Lindsay Troy squaring off against Bronson Box!

Angus:
Both of these competitors have, sadly, defeated our great overlord Eugene Dewey. Tonight though, we will watch as Bronson Box does battle with a... WOMAN?!

DDK:
Yeah, because you know, #girlcharacter.

Angus:
Huh?

DDK:
Don't worry about it. The winner in our main event tonight will be going STRAIGHT to the DEF*MAX finals and you have to know that Troy is ready for some action.

Angus:
Man, I thought she'd NEVER ask.

DDK:

No, you fool. As her motto has been saying. Match. Tourney. Title. Well, tonight, she has a chance to take a HUGE step in that direction.

Angus:

Not if Bronson Box has anything to say about it, fresh off a victory over his buddy, Eugene Dewey.

DDK:

That's not the only action of tonight though. While that takes care of Block A, we have TWO huge matches for Block B!

Angus:

That's right! Dan Ryan, the BEAST of DEFIANCE, going up against The Train Wreck himself, Frank Holiday. If Dan wins, he will face off against either Box or Troy in the DEF*MAX finals. Otherwise...

DDK:

Otherwise, we will see a play-in match at the PPV. If Ryan loses, Holiday will square off against one of the other two competitors in our other big match tonight. Curtis Penn vs. David Noble!

Angus:

Could you imagine it? Noble vs. Holiday... AGAIN?!

DDK:

That's definitely a match the fans are itching to see!

Angus:

In other action, Rich Mahogany will square off against Harmony!

DDK:

AKA, Angus' girlfriend. Well, in his mind at least.

Angus:

Shut up you.

DDK:

Also, Jake Donovan versus Sam Horry.

Angus:

But.. but... but... BELL! CLAP! Versus The God Beast! GIVE ME MY BELL CLAPS!

DDK:

I wish someone would Bell Clap you! A HUGE show! Where anything can happen! Let's see what the show is going to bring to us as we cut to the backstage area... where the FIST is arriving!

Angus:

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEES!

Not Even Saying 'No Comment'

[Earlier today.]

[Backstage. In fact, in the parking lot to be precise. The FIST of DEFIANCE, Eugene Dewey, makes his way towards the arena doors with a case slung over one shoulder, dragging another by the handle, and with the title belt that he's now held for 499 days wrapped securely around his waist.]

DDK:

Well, there he is ladies and gents, the FIST of DEFIANCE-

Angus:

The man that was robbed of the DEF*MAX crown!

DDK:

How do you figure that, partner?

Angus:

Well... If Lindsay Troy hadn't...

DDK:

Hadn't what? Beaten him fair and square in the middle of the ring?

Angus:

Well... yeah...

DDK:

As I was saying, the FIST of DEFIANCE has been extra quiet these last couple of weeks since being eliminated from the DEF*MAX Tournament, but Christie Zane tried to change that earlier, and... well, let's watch shall we?

[The FIST doesn't look like he's in a mood to be messed with, nor stopped, so Christie Zane cuts a stark contrast to him when she bounds in to view with her perky smile and even perkier... personality.]

Christie Zane:

Eugene, I was hoping to get a few words on what's going through your mind now that you're incapable of making the final of the DEF*MAX tournament. Care to comment?

[But the FIST carries on walking, not even batting an eyelid as Christie flutters hers at the champion.]

Christie Zane:

'Cause, like, you shook Bronson Box's hand after the match and everything, but you must have been pretty mad about losing, right?

[Still Dewey carries on walking. not acknowledging the first female to get this close to him since... well, ever.]

Christie Zane:

Ok, so, like, do you have any predictions of who's going to win tonight out of the two people that beat you during the tournament?

[God damn that might have been the wrong thing to say if Eugene weren't going to keep up the charade of not being able to hear Zane, but miraculously he does.]

Christie Zane:

Then how about Bracket B, 'cause, like, that's wide open, but Dan Ryan's on top going into the last round and he's-

[Finally Dewey snaps and stares right into Christie's soul. He pushes his face towards hers and forces his words

through tightly clenched teeth.]

Eugene Dewey:

Don't speak to me about Dan Ryan! Don't speak to me about Lindsay Troy. Don't speak to me about DEF*MAX... In fact, don't say another word, because if I hear that shrill, chipmunk like voice of yours say one more syllable I'll take that microphone and ram it so far down your throat the only thing we'll be able to hear'll be the noises you usually make when you're done trawling Bourbon Street. Got it!?

[Christie stops in her tracks and drops the microphone down to her side. Dewey tilts his head ever so slightly before storming off in the direction he was originally headed, leaving Christie fighting to hide a quivering bottom lip.]

[Back to the announcers and the present minute.]

DDK:

Jesus Christ.

Angus:

The FIST doesn't look like he's in the mood for pleasantries tonight, Keeps.

DDK:

I don't think I've ever heard him speak to anyone like that before.

Angus:

Except noobs on Xbox live.

DDK:

I've never played a game with Dewey in my life, and I don't think I want to.

Angus:

No, you don't. You'll get pwned.

Jake Donovan vs. Sam Horry

Darren Quimbey:

And now, for our opening match of the evening! Introducing first, from Mason City, Iowa, standing 6'2" and weighing in at 215 pounds. Ladies and Gentlemen...here is "THE PHOENIX!" **JAKE! DONOVAN!!**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[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 come out of their seats as Jake appears at the top of the ramp, one arm raised to the rafters. They're booing their former hero like he just kicked their favorite puppy, and Jake, he just stands at the top of the ramp, head thrown back, soaking it up.]

Angus:

I can't believe this! Mr. Flippy-doo fan kissers is actually loving all the hate.

DDK:

Dark times have come, indeed.

Angus: [chuckling with glee]

Don't you mean time to celebrate.

[As Jake begins to make his way down the aisle, his face all painted up in red, orange and black, his hair dyed a deep crimson, he keeps to the center of the aisle, eyes straight ahead, refusing to look at the fans. He's wearing black cargo pants with flames and a red and orange mesh phoenix running up the sides and an old school DEFIANCE t-shirt with Phoenix emblazoned across the front. Jake runs up the steps, pulls himself onto the top rope and raises his arms high before doing a summersault and landing in the ring.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent....weighing in at 241 pounds, he stands 6'3 and hails from the Queensbridge section of Queens, NY, he is "The Ronin!" Sam HOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRY

[Silence, no music hits, snatching the microphone from Darren Quimbey, Jake glares out at the crowd who'd begun to insanely cheer.]

Jake Donovan

Shut up! ALL OF YOU!!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Jake Donovan

I said shut up!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Jake Donovan

ALL OF YOU PEOPLE SUCK!!!!

YOU SUCK!!! YOU SUCK!!! YOU SUCK!!! YOU SUCK!!!!

[Flipping off the fans, Jake finally just waits for them to quiet down while he turns his attention towards the back, where nothing is happening.]

Jake Donovan

Where you at Sammy? Thought you were gonna take my head off Mr. Badass!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[A crumpled cup bounces off the chest of "The Phoenix." Still, no one emerges from the back.]

Jake Donovan

I thought you were gonna shut me up Sam. Go all MMA and break me? That's what you said to me at the show right? That's what you yelled when they were pulling us apart. Guess you finally realized that you're too over the hill to get in the ring with anyone these days!

[Laughter from Jake. More booing and throwing things from the fans]

Angus:

This is awesome! I can't even believe what I'm hearing out here. The phoenix is actually trash talking someone. I love it.

DDK:

Well these fans don't and rightfully so. Answer me this, Angus, does Sam Horry even work here?

Angus:

You tell me, someone booked him to be here tonight!

Jake Donovan

Tell you what Sammy, let's give you to say....the count of ten to come down here and face me, you chicken shit yellow bastard.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[Motioning to Brian Slater, Jake starts demanding that he count]

Slater:

1...

2...

[On the mic, Jake counts right along with him.]

DDK:

This is wrong, Angus!

Slater:

3...

4...

Angus:

No, this is funny as hell.

Slater:

5...

6...

DDK:

Jake Donovan cannot possibly think that there is anything honorable about winning a match this way.

Angus:

I don't think honor is a factor he particularly cares about at this point. Malichi has taught him well.

Slater:

7....

8...

DDK

Malachi has destroyed him you mean, and everything that was ever good about this young man.

Angus

Then my sincerest thanks to Malachi.

Slater:

9....

10...

Jake Donovan: [Smiling brightly and yelling at Brian Slater]

Raise my hand! Raise it dammit!

[Shaking his head, Referee Brian Slater raises the hand of the DEFIANCE Phoenix, as Quimbey grabs a second mic.]

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match, via countout, **THE PHOENIX! JAKE DONOVAN!!!!**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[Wadded napkins bounce off Jake's hair, a French Fry, ketchup and all, hits his cheek, leaving a slimy trail of red across the paint, while Jake grins and lifts the mic to his mouth.]

Jake Donovan

Sam Horry is a liar, a fraud and most of all, a coward. He might talk big and bad, but this right here just proves that when he comes to getting in the ring, he doesn't even have the guts to show up.

[Laughing]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Jake Donovan [More laughter and a little wink]

Of course it helps he don't have a job here yet!

[And with that Jake laughs, drops the mic, flips over the rope, and starts heading back up the ramp.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

DDK:

I knew it! I told you Sam Horry didn't even work here yet! There is no way they can let that win stand! That was a shame of a match, that was....

Angus:

Get a grip, you're gonna have a coronary and leave me to do all the work myself, which means I'm gettin' paid your

share too. Hey, wait, go ahead and yell all you want.

DDK:

You're about as despicable as Donovan, you know that?

Angus:

It's a gift I tell ya.

New Days, Old Wounds

DDK:

Alright I'm told we have a pre-recorded interview that Christie Zane did with Ryan Matthews earlier today outside the Wrestle-Plex.

Angus:

Pre-recorded interview? Who the hell does those anymore? Oh wait, people who have no business in DEFIANCE because they're barred from the building!

DDK:

Anyway fans, take a look...

[We cut to a video of Christie Zane in the Wrestle-Plex parking lot looking around for someone, only to have Ryan Matthews walk up to her with a hotdog in one hand and a bottle of water in the other, a smile on his face like the cat that ate the canary as he takes a bite of the hot dog. Christie composes herself and turns to the camera.]

Christie Zane:

I'm here with Ryan Matthews outside the Wrestle-Plex and Ryan I understand you asked for time on the DEFIANCE show this evening and were told that you would be denied entrance to the building so you asked for this time out here in the parking lot?

Ryan Matthews: [takes a swig of water]

That's right Christie, I came down here with the full intention of going inside and taking in the show, but security told me that apparently certain people think that I'm an insurance liability since I'm not officially on the DEFIANCE roster, yet. They are afraid of what I'd do if I got in the building even with a ticket. Afraid of what I might stir up. But hey, at least I got to hang out with some of the fans of DEFIANCE who actually tailgate these events. They've got a pretty sweet setup over in lot B, you should stop over there sometime.

Christie Zane:

All that being said, you made it clear you had some things to say prior to your match with Troy Matthews...

Ryan Matthews: [shakes his head, a smile on his face]

First off, like I've been telling people, his name is DAVID TROY. He has no link to my family, my lineage and if he did he'd have been left to rot long ago because our family doesn't suffer weaklings, losers, or the like. Second, yes I do have some things to say...

[He looks directly at the camera.]

Ryan Matthews:

Dave, the time for the mind games and all that is almost over. You've got your date with destiny at Maximum DEFIANCE, given to you because I'm sure you begged and pleaded with Kelly Evans to be the one to prove yourself and take me out. You've got the hopes of a lot of people riding on you Dave. Lots of people in DEFIANCE are praying day and night that you win because they know if I get back on the roster heads are going to roll.

[Pausing, Matthews takes another swig from his bottle, emptying it before tossing it aside.]

Ryan Matthews:

See, I have an agenda, not to win titles or get glory and fame, because those will come to me anyway, but my agenda is simply to right some wrongs that have been done to me. Call it payback, revenge, whatever you want to call it. The point is that people should be getting ready to root for the bad guy. And some people should be starting the clock on how long they have left in the wrestling business because Dave, starting with you, I'm going to leave a trail of bodies for others to follow the likes of which no one has ever seen.

Christie Zane:

Care to elaborate on that some more?

Ryan Matthews:

I thought you'd never ask Christie. I have plenty of people on my "list" if you will. The first of which is...

[Matthews looks off camera to the right and his eyes narrow and a scowl crosses his face.]

Ryan Matthews:

Something I can help you with?

[The camera pans back to reveal one of the newest rising stars of DEFIANCE, Harmony, who is on her way into the building for the evening's event. And if looks could kill, Ryan Matthews would have burned to ash.]

Harmony:

As a matter of fact, you can. Go take a long walk off a short pier in concrete shoes. That way, you'd not only be helping me, but you'd be doing the world a favour too.

[With that said, Harmony turns and exits stage right. Matthews looks after, a scowl still on his face.]

Christie Zane:

What...was that all about?

Ryan Matthews:

Old wounds Christie, never pick at them. We're done here...

[Matthews exits stage left, leaving Christie Zane with a confused and shocked look on her face.]

Office Envy

[We're outside the ornate, modern French doors that separate the lowly Wrestle-Plex from the palatial, extravagant, otherworldly recesses of the Pleasure Dome. Billy Pepper is standing here, staring at the great panels of frosted glass with chromed handles, and he's too awestruck to hide that hint of intimidation on his face.]

Billy Pepper:

Heh. Can you believe I haven't come up here since she took over? Never really needed to before. I usually just send an email or whatever. I, uh, maybe that's a better idea, huh?

[He tugs at his collar and swallows as a rising tide of panic threatens to wash away his willpower. A friendly hand pats him on the shoulder. Beside him is Pimp Jeezy himself, Blackimus Prime, the BAWLS LADY'S BOOTY CALL, one Tyrone Walker, giving him a toothy grin.]

Tyrone Walker:

C'mon, Big Billy Badass, she don't bite... much. 'Sides, I'm here to back your play, mayne, so let's do this, yeah?

Billy Pepper: [Nods thankfully]

You're right, Ty. What am I afraid of? This'll be a snap. Let's do this!

[He squares his shoulders, straightens out his suit jacket, puts on his winningest grin. Then he grabs the handles of both doors and swings them open in one move, entering the portal into the Skybox with confident strides.]

[The opulent decorations in velvet and silk, the leather upholstered couches, the mood lighting, the spray-tanned, shirtless manservants standing post on either side of the office are a tableau befitting an Old World harem. Billy takes it all in and, to his credit, manages not to trip over his own feet.]

Billy Pepper:

Miss Evans, Billy Pepper! It's been too long, am I right?

[Sitting behind her desk, dotting T's and crossing I's, Kelly Evans brings her eyes forward and addresses Billy Pepper with a quizzical gaze. Seeing Ty following in behind him, her eyes trail him as he pats Billy on the shoulder and leans in towards him.]

Tyrone Walker: [whispering]

You can do this, mayne.

[Kelly's brow arches at this and sits back in her seat, placing her arms on the rests of the chair. Billy nods bravely while Ty takes his station on the couch and begins sifting through a pile of comics to the right of him.]

Billy Pepper:

I know you're a busy person but I really appreciate you giving me just a few minutes of your time. Hehe.

Kelly Evans: [Coolly]

You're here, I'm here. Now spill it.

[Her abrupt manner throws Billy off for just a moment. He turns his grin up a notch to compensate.]

Billy Pepper:

Good call, good call. Let's get to business. You already know I've been working out of an office in the executive wing since your predecessor was here. Pepper Management Group. I have business cards.

[He starts to reach into his suit jacket to get one out, but stops himself midway, because why the hell would she need that? Get it together, idiot, he chastises himself as he puts his palms together and rubs them, for lack of anything else to do with his hands. Over on the couch, Ty is too embarrassed for the poor guy to look up from the copy of "The

Boys" volume 8: "Highland Laddie" in his hands.]

Billy Pepper:

Aaaanyway. Heh. Lately the needs of my client base have grown along with his successes here in DEFIANCE, and I got to thinking, maybe it's time to upgrade the workspace. Huh?

[Kelly looks at him doubtfully.]

Kelly Evans:

Your 'client base'. That's just Frank Holiday, right?

Billy Pepper:

Technically yes, but he requires as much attention as six, maybe seven men his size.

Kelly Evans:

So you have one client. And you want... what, exactly?

Billy Pepper:

Well, heh, to make a long story short, I'd like a bigger office. [Eyebrows perk up] Ooh, maybe something with a view. Doesn't have to be a corner, but I sure wouldn't turn it down.

Kelly Evans:

Still not getting it, and now I'm annoyed. Why do you need another office?

Billy Pepper:

Well, you've probably noticed on your, heh, financial statements there that Frank has been moving a lot of merchandise in the last couple quarters. He's spiking the ratings, has a huge social media presence, and he's bringing in a ton of fan mail. I have garbage bags full of it stuffed in a storage locker. It's becoming a fire hazard. Plus, I mean, he's a former Southern Heritage Champion, right? Just had an epic ladder match with David Noble in the main event of DEFtv 50? Strong contender in the DEF*MAX tournament?

[He trails off as Kelly's eyes start to glaze over.]

Billy Pepper:

...Is any of this making my case?

[Kelly inhales deeply and sighs loudly.]

Kelly Evans:

Listen, Billy, I can't deal with this right now. I have actual things, important things to worry about. And frankly we don't have any vacancies in the Wrestle-Plex for you at the moment. So, thanks for stopping by, and close the doors on your way out, m'kay?

[For all of Billy's nervousness coming in, and his anxiety standing here, all of it vanishes in a moment. He's struck dumb by her rejection.]

Billy Pepper: [Blinks]

Oh. Wow. Well, okay then. Thanks... I guess.

[Feeling bad for his friend, Ty sets aside his book, finally joining the fray.]

Tyrone Walker:

C'mon Kels, I told my boy you'd help him out, an' Billy's good people, an' he shoul--

[Evans turns to Walker with an expert level look of a disapproving significant other, shutting him up.]

Kelly Evans:

Ty, for the last time, stop promising things to your friends that you damn well know I'm not going to give!

[Scolded, Ty frowns and then turns back to Billy, apologizing to him with a look.]

Tyrone Walker:

Hmph... I'll keep working on it from this side, Billy...

[Pepper puts on a forced smile and tries, not too convincingly, to bury his disappointment.]

Billy Pepper:

It's all good, Ty. Space is overrated anyway. I kind of like being able to stretch my arms out and touch both sides of my office at the same time.

Tyrone Walker: [stretching out]

Sorry mayne, been forever since I been in tight spaces...

[Everyone on the planet looks at Kelly, who blushes in embarrassment and anger. Ty however immediately cringes as the words he just spoke register. Billy on the other hand is speechless and hopes that gaff doesn't further impact him. Turning toward his lady, Ty feels the glare that has developed on Kelly's face.]

Kelly Evans:

Really?

Tyrone Walker:

That's not what I--

Billy Pepper:

Quit while you're behind, dude... seriously.

[With that, Kelly's unimpressed gaze flicks back to the young man in front of her desk.]

Kelly Evans:

Doesn't your 'client base' need you, Billy?

Billy Pepper:

Oh. Right. Gotcha. Thanks, uh. Yeah. [Looks to Walker] Catch you later, Ty.

[Billy holds his head up and keeps his pace brisk, for the appearance of it, until he's through the doors and back in the hallway. Once he's sure he's by himself, he lets his breath out in one long sigh. Deflated, his shoulders slump as he stuffs his hands in his pockets.]

Billy Pepper: [muttering]

You got the touch, Billy-boy.

[He wanders off.]

Angus:

AAAAAAHHHAHAHAHAHAHA!

DDK:

Well, that certa-- Angus, compose yourself!

Angus:

Oh mai Malachi, I love MUHBOITAI, but hooooly shizzle, when foot meets mouth.

DDK:

Yes, I'm sure he'll be paying for that on the couch tonight.

DEF*MAX Tournament (Block A): Mushigihara vs. Henry Keyes

[Just then, the arena is plunged into darkness, save for a few scant golden lights as the Terminator-esque cadence of industrial drums and shattering glass of the Masafumi Takada masterpiece "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" blasts through the speakers.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Up next is a contest between two men whose roads in the DEF*MAX tournament ends tonight, but both have a strong desire to have a strong finish in this final round of preliminaries!

Angus:

It's the Beast Breaker and the Bell Clap, locked in mortal combat, Keebs... can't. fucking. wait.

[Amidst the golden smog and lights, the dapper, debonaire, and dashing Minister of Ungentlemanly Warfare, Eddie Dante, materializes to survey the scene and absorb the jeers of the crowd.]

Quimbey:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! The following contest is a BLOCK A match in the DEF*MAX tournament, set for ONE fall, with a FIFTEEN-MINUTE time limit! Introducing first! Accompanied to the ring by "The Curator of Chaos," Eddie Dante, he hails from Mito, Ibaraki Prefecture, Japan and weighs in tonight at three hundred seventeen pounds... this is THE GOD-BEAST! MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAAA-RAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

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

DDK:

And here we see a man dead-set on proving his case on why he's the number-one contender for the Southern Heritage Championship, and Eddie Dante would love nothing more than a championship for his mantle.]

[Indeed, the man behind the monster can be heard barking out strategies as the Japanese Juggernaut looks towards him in between paces around the ring.]

[Propellers.]

[Red beacons.]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

[Claps on claps on claps from the crowd. "Airship Pirates" by Abney Park blares throughout the arena as the fire-headed Gearshift Grappler hunch-struts down the ramp. He shakes his left arm every few steps, but tries not to make a big show of it. He has a manic grin and points to a few fans on his left that have top hats, monocles, fake mustaches, and classy vests that seem particularly enamored with the Airship Pirate.]

Quimbey:

And his opponent! From SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA! Weighing-

WHHHHHHACK!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

MUSHIGIHARA JUST ROLLED OUT OF THE RING AND CLOTHESLINED THE AIRSHIP PIRATE OUT OF HIS BOOTS! And Dante is just standing over him and gloating!

Angus:

Well, you should know what to expect when facing the God-Beast. You know what they say, roll right or roll splintered.

DDK:

I... uhh... what? Who the hell says THAT?!

Angus:

I dunno... someone who likes splinters?

[Meanwhile, Mushi is raining boots on Henry Keyes' back, leaving him to yelp in pain while Dante continues to laugh. The God-Beast grabs Keyes by his hair and lifts him up to his feet, before rolling him under the bottom rope and following pursuit, leaving Mark Shields to call for the starting bell.]

DING DING DING!**DDK:**

And this final-round contest in DEF*MAX Block A is underway! Both competitors have been mathematically eliminated from the finals, but Mushigihara in particular is looking to make a strong impression going into Maximum DEFIANCE; as the #1 Contender to the Southern Heritage Championship, he surely wants to make an example of Henry Keyes, and he's already got the ball rolling with this pre-emptive assault, which is what one would expect from a client of Eddie Dante's...

Angus:

Don't let Dante or Mushi hear that, Keebs, I'd hate for what's happening to Captain Mal over there to happen to you.

[As Angus says that, Mushigihara has hauled Keyes to his feet, only to heave him up and drop him with a TREMENDOUS scoop slam.]

DDK:

Well, you know...

[Mushigihara stomps his foot and bounces off the nearby ropes, before rebounding and FLATTENING the Airship Pirate with a senton, which he lays into while Shields dives in for the count.]

ONE!

TWO!

[It's an early two, but Keyes gets up, and is practically flagellating while Mushi nonchalantly rises to his feet, with Dante shouting encouraging words into his ears.]

Mushigihara:

OSU!

STOMP!**STOMP!****STOMP!**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

[Mushigihara has been laying boots into those ribs again, and looks to Dante yet again for approval, only to see that the Curator is grinning, hanging his free arm outward and making dangle, as if to make a signal to his God-Beast.]

DDK:

As we all know, DEFIAns, Keyes' sole victory in this tournament thus far was a BIG one at the expense of Lindsay Troy, but the Queen of the Ring managed to injure Keyes' left arm, and it seems like...

STOMP!**STOMP!****STOMP!****STOMP!****Angus:**

... ol' Dante's making the Goliath exploit that injury! See, that's the sort of thing that makes a quality manager, Keebs; the ability to scan an opponent for weaknesses and direct their client in the direction of those weaknesses; especially if that client tends to think that the best way out is forward!

DDK:

Indeed, love him or hate him, Eddie Dante is a manager in every sense of the word.

[Mushi grabs Keyes by the hair yet again, and drags him to his feet before locking in a hammerlock and scooping him up yet again...]

DDK:

And Mushigihara has him set up AGAIN - you've gotta say, it's a little surprising to see someone take the fight to Henry Keyes quite like this - wait a minute!

[As Mushi lifts Keyes up, Keyes floats over the God-Beast and lands on his feet, landing behind Mushi. Keyes then reaches up with his good arm and drops his opponent with a lightning-quick neckbreaker.]

DDK:

Right on cue!

Angus:

You have a real knack for that, you know?

DDK:

You think so?

Angus:

Yeah. Stop it.

[Keyes takes a few steps back and shakes his left arm out a few times, visibly angry that it's letting him down once again. Mushi isn't down for long and gets to a knee, and Keyes charges across the ring and dives forward with a smashing elbow to the mush which sends Mushi to his back. Keyes mounts and throws a furious series of hammer-like strikes to the head and chest of his opponent as Eddie Dante barks orders to cover up. Referee Mark Shields goes over to try to get the Airship Pirate off his opponent, and Keyes throws one final shot before rising to his feet and slapping his own chest with his right hand three times, causing a big cheer to echo through the crowd.]

DDK:

One thing you always have to say when it comes to Henry Keyes - he's ALWAYS going to fight tooth and nail.

Angus:

He's off his damn rocker most of the time - but there's one thing you gotta remember, Keeps.

DDK:

What's that, Angus?

Angus:

The BELL CLAP is the ONLY THING THAT MATTERS ON GOD'S GREEN EARTH whenever Henry's in the ring. And you can't fucking BELL CLAP with one arm.

DDK:

He did against the Queen of the Ring, probably the biggest upset of the bracket!

Angus:

...do you honestly think he'll do that twice?

[Henry motions for Mushi to get back to his feet. Mushi stumbles a bit before getting his bearings. Henry, while not known for lightning speed, is certainly the quicker man in this fight and begins to circle around his opponent. He gives his left arm one final shake before charging forward - Mushi raises his arm up in a clothesline, which Keyes ducks. Keyes rebounds quickly and locks on a Full Nelson hold and attempts to get leverage on the behemoth in front of him, while Mushi fights back.]

DDK:

Looks like Keyes is going for some kind of power lift here, but that may be difficult to do against - OOOOH!

[Keyes sweeps his leg in front of Mushi's and splats him hard for a face-first landing and a one-count. Keyes continues on the attack, grabbing Mushi in a front facelock that he squeezes in tightly. Mushi delivers a shot to the ribs, but Keyes just wrenches it in even tighter before whipping his entire body weight backwards into a DDT.]

DDK:

He's not letting that arm bother him for now, getting some shots here on the God-Beast!

Angus:

It's going to take more than a DDT to take down Fatboy, Keeps...

[AS IF ON CUE, Keyes brings Mushi up by the mask and Irish Whips him into the ropes, catching him on the return and dropping him across his own knee in a backbreaker. The weight of Mushi staggers Keyes and he clearly shows a bit of regret, but Mushi is sprawled on the mat clutching his back.]

DDK:

I'm not the only one with the gift, apparently!

Angus:

...god damnit.

DDK:

Cover by Keyes here!

1!

2!

Noooooo! Mushigihara able to kick out of that one!

[Keyes smacks the mat once before getting to his feet. He beckons the goliath to get up, and as he gets to a couple of

knees, Keyes rushes forward and locks on another front facelock, wrenching it in as tight as he can. He looks to the crowd, which gives their approval as he boisterously brags.]

Keyes:

THE BIGGER THEY COME, EH BOYS?

[...when Dante, now on the ring apron, barks something DIRECTLY behind Keyes and causes Keyes to turn his head. Mushi roars and breaks free entirely from the hold, sending Keyes into the ropes and nearly crashing into Dante. On the rebound, Mushi lifts Keyes high up in the air...]

Angus:

It ain't looking good for Keyes... OSU PRESS TIEM~!

[And sure enough, Mushi lowers Keyes down to his shoulders before pressing him up again like a barbell...]

Mushigihara:

OSU!

[...and again...]

Mushigihara:

OSU!

[...and again...]

Mushigihara:

Ooooooooooooooooooooo-OSU!

THUD!

[...before dropping him to the mat with reckless abandon.]

DDK:

And after three reps of the OSU Press, Keyes is definitely loopy at this point, you can practically see his eyes rolling around!

Angus:

Well, loopy or not, Henry ain't exactly the king of good decisions, he's rolling out of the ring and right into Dante's personal space!

[Dante is chuckling at this point, as he jabs the point of his cane into the ribs of the Airship Pirate, who is starting to finally twig to where he is...]

DDK:

Just BLATANT cheating there with that damn cane, and -

CRACKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK!!!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
HHHHH!!!!!!!

Angus:

BELLLLLLLLLL CLAP!! EAT SHIT, DANTE, YOU JUST GOT BELL CLAPPED THE FUCK OUT!

[Dante looks like he's just taken a sledgehammer to the brain and is out cold on the floor - meanwhile, Keyes is

HOWLING in pain and his left arm is fully dangling to his side.]

DDK:

Oh dear, shades of the match with Lindsay Troy, that arm doesn't look good!

Angus:

Ah damn. I forgot about that. SHAKE IT OUT AND BELL CLAP SOME MORE YOU GINGER BASTARD!

[Keyes rolls back into the ring, in obvious excruciating pain. The God-Beast is ready for him though, and greets him with a clubbing forearm to that injured arm, causing Keyes to howl.]

DDK:

Taking a shot at Dante may be the deciding factor in this match, Angus, because Mushi is more than willing to exploit that arm. And on top of that, Mushi is ENRAGED!

Mushigihara:

OSU!!!

[With a mighty shout, the Golden Goliath traps that injured arm of Keyes with a hammerlock, before scooping up the Pirate and PLANTING HIM with a nasty scoop slam that makes Keyes' weight land RIGHT on the arm.]

Angus:

OHHHHHH, THAT'S gotta smart, Keeps!

[As Keyes reels from the pain of that slam, Mushi leans over towards the spot where Dante's corpse is lying, and as DEFIANCE medical staff attends to the fallen manager, Mushi nods towards his benefactor before going back to work on Keyes, driving a right boot HARD into his forehead.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Mushigihara:

OSU!

[Mushi glares down at his fallen adversary and bounces off the ropes, rebounding with yet another THUNDERING senton held on for the cover.]

ONE!

TWO!

[This one is much closer, but Keyes manages to get his good arm out and raise his shoulder in time. Even with a mask on his face, one can clearly see that the God-Beast is nonplussed as he holds out three fingers in front of Mark Shields, who only shakes his head and holds out two.]

Angus:

He's pissed, Keeps, and even though no one likes the BELL CLAP more than me, it looks like Keyes is gonna get his bell RUNG.

[Keyes makes it to his feet in all the hubbub and death-glares Mushi before rushing in with a clothesline with that right arm... only to whiff it and leave himself, once again, at the monster's mercy. Mushi clamps on a bearhug...]

DDK:

Mushigihara preparing that BRUTAL suplex out of a bearhug that has toppled many competitors, but... is he grabbing that bad arm again?!

[Indeed, Mushi manages to add a hammerlock on the injured left arm of Henry Keyes to the mix, and commences SQUEEZING the life out of the Airship Pirate, who can only scream as his ribs and arm are crushed and twisted, leaving Mark Shields to ask Keyes if he gives up.]

Keyes:

YOU SHUT YOUR WHORE MOUTH, SHIELDS!

DDK:

Whoaaaaaaa, sorry about that, foiks...

Angus:

...we're not a fucking PG show, Keeps.

DDK:

...truth. It looks like Keyes refuses to submit here, and OHHHHHH! Up and over he goes, Mushi just sent him FLYING with that suplex! Hard landing for Keyes there!

[Indeed, Keyes was just suplexed with his weight landing, again, on that damaged arm, which makes Keyes yelp again.]

Angus:

Any more drops like that, Keeps, and he'll need a REAL arm made of gears! I'm over here and I'm wincing!

[The wincing doesn't deter Mushi, who makes a move, this time, for Keyes' legs. He grabs both legs and positions him towards a corner before catapulting him RIGHT into the turnbuckles.]

THUD!

[The Airship Pirate is reeling from the impact of that toss, so he clearly doesn't see Mushi, already back onto his feet, in time to avoid...]

DDK:

THE GOD-BEAST SETS KEYES _HARD_ ON HIS KNEE INTO HIS RIBS...

WHAM!

DDK:

AND BACK INTO THAT CORNER! And Keyes is STILL refusing to go quietly!

[Keyes snarls and spits on the ground before rising to one knee. Mushi, knowing he's in full control, takes his time approaching the injured Keyes.]

[He doesn't understand just how furious Keyes has become and walks straight into a thunderous European Uppercut.]

DDK:

You know what they say about a wounded animal, Angus!

Angus:

Yes yes, more dangerous, blah blah. The day I see a feral cat BELL CLAP, I'll concede to your stupid analogy.

[Another European Uppercut. Another. Keyes takes a step back, then charges forward with a hard spinning back elbow that hits Mushi square in the temple, dropping him to the mat.]

DDK:

You were saying?

[Keyes scrambles over for a cover but struggles to gain any extra leverage with his one good arm - and Mushi kicks out at two. Keyes smacks his own head in frustration that he couldn't finish the match there and slaps his left bicep in an attempt to wake it back up.]

[The camera flashes over to Dante. He's still out cold on the outside.]

DDK:

Close call on that cover, Angus - and look at Eddie over there.

Angus:

We are all witnesses to the Church of BELL CLAP.

[Keyes is doing his damndest to get that left arm moving, but it's clear he can't even get his hand above his waist. The crowd begins to clap widely, calling for that move they love so much. Keyes looks around the arena with a hint of desperation in his eye - he wants that move more than just about any of them. Mushigihara stirs. Keyes takes three determined steps forward and reaches his right arm out wide...]

[...and slaps the ever-living shit out of the God-Beast.]

OOOOOOOOOOHHH!!!!

DDK:

What a statement there! A true show of rebellion - the Airship Pirate never backs down!

Angus:

Ohhhhhhhh god. Mushi looks PISSED.

Mushigihara:

...OSU.

[The God-Beast's signature phrase can be used to convey many thoughts; pride, pain, anger, confusion... as he leans in, nose-to-nose with the Airship Pirate and bluntly, coldly, even, says his most oft-used word, even someone who just stumbled in on DEFtv while searching through the shows offered on Hulu Plus, can figure out the context here.]

["You done fucked up."]

WHAP!!!**Angus:**

JESUS!

[That was Angus, blurting in shock as Mushigihara unleashed a right forearm to Keyes' dome with enough power to send his consciousness on an airship of its own, hurtling towards the rings of Saturn. Keyes' eyes roll into the back of his head, but before he can drop to the mat like a sack of flour, Mushigihara grasps him and heaves him onto his shoulders like a rack of beef. The crowd's cheers and jeers rapidly plunge into a low hum of finality as the God-Beast releases Keyes' legs and swings him outward...]

DDK:

And Keyes is sent plummeting to Earth with that Beast Breaker and... that has to be it, folks...

[Mushi makes the cover, and really, it's academic at this point; Shields dives in for the count, but Keyes shows no signs of movement.]

ONE

TWO

THREE

DING DING DING!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

BOOM. SNAP. BOOM-BOOM-BOOM SNAP.

BOOM. SNAP. BOOM-BOOM-BOOM SNAP.

[“Mach 13 Elephant Explosion” starts up again as Mushigihara rises to his feet for the customary raising of the arm; meanwhile, Eddie Dante finally starts to stir with a little help from medical.]

Quimbey:

Here is YOUR winner... “The GOD-BEAST!” MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-
RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

[Dante, to his credit, is able to wave off the EMTs who were tending to him as he rolls in the ring to meet his client, who is presently making death-stares at the fallen form of his opponent, surely issuing words of congratulation.]

DDK:

Henry Keyes came into this match with heart to spare, but it just wasn’t enough to tackle Mushigihara tonight, fans. He’s going to need to get that arm back to fully-functional QUICKLY.

Angus:

I ain’t happy about it either, Keeps, but the raw power of Fatboy there, mixed with Dante’s gifts of strategy and distraction make for a dangerous package, and that’s why I think that, even if Mushigihara won’t be carrying the DEF*MAX trophy this year, he will at least be Southern Heritage Champion in short order.

DDK:

Time will tell, Angus... we’ll be right back, folks.

[The last thing we see before the camera cuts away is Dante staring into the camera issuing one of his edicts.]

Eddie Dante:

NEW. CHAMPION. What else is there to say, DEFIANCE? What else is there?

Mushigihara:

OSU!

Fireworks

[Jake was feeling pretty smug as he walked up the hall, a grin on his face and a cocky attitude. As he passed one of the sound techs, his eyes drifted to her backside swaying as she walked away, enough of a distraction that he never saw the approach of a very distracted Kenny Freeman. Kenny was digging in his bag, the bag practically to his face as he peered inside, searching for something elusive. When their shoulder's met it was jarring to both, much like the first meeting between the pair. Jake spun, barely keeping his balance, while Kenny stumbled, his bag hitting the ground, the contents spilling everywhere. Before he could bend to retrieve them, Jake was in his face, shoving him hard.]

Jake Donovan:

You idiot! I can't believe you didn't learn enough to stay outta my way!

[Not one to be bullied, Kenny shoved him right back, which pretty much killed the need for words as the two began throwing punches. Lip bleeding, Jake tacked Kenny, driving him to the floor and scattering more of his things around. The two wrestled on top of clothing and towels, neither getting the upper hand as they rolled into a crate. Jake cracked Kenny across the face with a forearm and Kenny fired right back with an uppercut before they went wrestling and rolling again, almost into a pair of black motorcycle boots. Two big, scarred up hands reached down and with a growl, wrenched the pair apart, then stepped between them.]

Derrick Logan:

You two look like a buncha idiots, ya know that?

[Lunging, only to be met with a stinging palm to the chest, driving him back]

Jake Donovan:

Get outta the way, you big ba--

Derrick Logan: [Interrupting]

Finish that sentence and Imma finish breakin' yer mouth.

[That silenced Jake, while a startled and furious looking Kenny Freeman watched the interaction play out between the pair before Derrick's eyes locked on his.]

Derrick Logan:

Don't say a word, just pick up your shit and meet this dumbass in the ring next show. Settle your issues there once and for all and then stay the fuck away from one another.

[Nodding, Kenny move to do as he was told while Derrick returned his glare to Jake.]

Jake Donovan:

Who the fuck do you think you are, givin' orders ta people, you don't even work here! Who the hell keeps letting you backstage!

[Derrick, chuckling]

Derrick Logan:

Wrong, on both counts, as usual kid. As of about Eight this morning, I'm the newest member of DEFIANCE security, and if I should happen to decide to get in the ring, well, let's just say that offer is still sitting on the table.

Jake Donovan:

Oh for fuck's sake, what idiot would hire you to keep peace in a hamster cage let alone back here!

Derrick Logan:

Considering you two fuck-ups were back here rollin' around like a couple gerbils on a wheel, I'm pretty sure you can

answer yer own damned question.

[Derrick paused and looked thoughtful for a moment, a smirk sliding across his scarred and weathered face.]

Derrick Logan:

Now, I can't have you makin' me look bad on my first night here, can I, so you and I are gonna go someplace and have a little talk.

[Startled, Jake's eyes went wide as he tried to back away. Not like he got far, sliding on one of Kenny's t-shirts and losing his footing. Derrick just chuckled cruelly as he hooded an arm around Jake's neck in something that very much looked like half a headlock and half a choke, and dragged the rather outraged younger wrestler away.]

The Precipice

[We cut from Jake Donovan and Derrick Logan to the lovely and beautiful Christie Zane, dressed to the nines, and feeling like a million bucks. She has a big smile on her face as she looks directly at the camera.]

Christie Zane:

Ladies and Gentleman... please allow me to introduce... the Southern Heritage Champion--

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Christie Zane:

DAVID! NOBLE!

[Into the shot appears Noble, dressed for his upcoming match against Curtis Penn. Slung over his right shoulder is the Southern Heritage Championship, something he holds close to his heart.]

David Noble:

Christie, thank you for having me.

Christie Zane:

Anytime! Now, before we get to your upcoming match against Curtis Penn, it appears your war of words has continued with Bronson Box as he finally addressed you, briefly, last week on DEFtv51 and then it spilled over onto Twitter. What is going on there?

[Noble pauses for a moment, his eyes growing heavy as he looks at Christie.]

David Noble:

Bronson Box is scum. Eugene Dewey is scum. And their one and only goal is to destroy DEFIANCE, to destroy everything it stands for, and to sully the name. I've got a huge problem with that. Not just because I draw a check from DEFIANCE, but because DEFIANCE saved my life. I will stand up every single day and protect DEFIANCE from scoundrels like Box and Dewey.

For months now, I have been talking about how The Future is Now. That the likes of Bronson Box and Eugene Dewey are old news, stalwarts that have grown stale in their routine. Box and Dewey, they decided to rip the heart out of DEFIANCE and stomp all over it. Unfortunately for them, DEFIANCE does not belong to them. It belongs to these fans and they will always run into issues because the likes of Frank Holiday--

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

-- and myself will not just stand idly by while they desecrate this place and these fans. For weeks, they didn't want to address me. I wasn't big enough for them. Now? They can't ignore me. Just on the past two shows, I was involved in the unquestionable match of the year and then went on to defeat Dan Ryan. No longer can I be ignored or brushed off. Each week, I am going out there and putting my heart out there. People don't just ignore that. Box has proven just that as all of a sudden, I am on his radar. He's getting worried. He's getting nervous. And he should. For the simple fact of that he is standing on the precipice with no way out and I'm going to take him out.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Christie has to wait for the fervor from the crowd to die down. There is a certain fury to Noble's eyes and stance, as if he's ready for a fight at any given moment.]

Christie Zane:

So then, what's next? Are you issuing a challenge to Box?

David Noble:

Bronson knows where I am. The fact of the matter is that I'm not hiding. I'm out in the open. I don't operate in the shadows. I don't sneak up behind people. I don't attack people in the parking garage. I'm in this arena, every single show, ready for action. So if Bronson wants a fight, he knows where to find me. I'm sure he won't fight me face to face, but what Box needs to know is that I have what he lacks; heart. Ask the likes of Mushigihara. He has learned the hard way that you might knock me down, but I will get right back up. So, find your 'bollocks', sir, because I'm always ready.

DAVE! DAVE! DAVE! DAVE! DAVE!

[The chant permeates through the backstage area.]

Christie Zane:

So tonight, you have a match against Curtis Penn with some serious implications on the line.

David Noble:

Serious implications? Yeah, you could say that. Because I'm pretty certain that instead of seeing some loudmouth like Curtis Penn in the ring, they'd much rather see Frank Holiday versus David Noble for the fifth time, providing these fans with ANOTHER match of the year.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

David Noble:

Yeah, that's what I thought. You see, tonight, I will go out there and stand in the ring with Curtis Penn knowing the road that I have traveled to get here. I know destiny waits on the other side of that match, another match with my buddy Frank as long as he takes care of business against Dan Ryan. The finals of the DEF*MAX is calling my name and I am ready to answer it. Frank Holiday. And then the prospect of Lindsay Troy or Bronson Box? At the end of the day, I want to be great, I want to be the best, and to do that, you have to face what people consider the best. I'm ready to do that.

So Penn, you are in my way. You can chickenshit with the best of them. You can hawk your DVDs and merchandise, but at the end of the day, I have no interest in any of that. I'm here for one thing and one thing only, and that's to get in the ring and give the best performance of my life. If it comes with titles and trophies, then all that much better. So, at least when it's all said and done, you'll be able to add another great match to your DVD collection.

The ending will be sweet, with me standing over you, and on my way to hopefully a date with destiny.

[With that, Noble walks away as his match is coming up next as we cut to the ring!]

DEF*MAX Tournament (Block B): Curtis Penn vs. David Noble

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is one fall... and is a **DEF*MAX BLOCK B TOURNAMENT MATCH!**

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Whereas Block A has come down to one match and one match only with Lindsay Troy and Bronson Box, Block B is a little messier of a situation.

Angus:

Exactly. Dan Ryan wins in his match against Frank Holiday and he is in the finals. Otherwise, we will have a play-in match at Maximum DEFIANCE.

DDK:

This tournament has been AMAZING and has provided some once-in-a-lifetime moments. Lindsay Troy defeating Eugene Dewey.

Angus:

That ladder match between Frank Holiday and David Noble for sure.

DDK:

How about Henry Keyes DEFEATING Lindsay Troy?! That was one hell of an upset.

Angus:

As was Noble defeating Dan Ryan last week.

DDK:

Exactly. A number of amazing moments in this tournament and tonight shall be NO different.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first...

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

Darren Quimbey:

The Former Southern Heritage Champion...

[After a few moments Curtis and his team take their first steps towards the ring.]

DDK:

Each week Curtis Penn has made it clear to his opponent that he plans on winning the DEF*MAX Tournament and has even been bold enough to explain to them how he is going to do it.

[Angus glances up at Keebs.]

Angus:

Yeah, but my BOI TAI made him look like a fool last week. Did you see how much my BOI hooked me up with last week?

DDK:

I sure did, Ty should be prepared for the repercussions of shifty dealings, especially when it comes down to that man.

[Keeps points at the DEFIANCE Ring Emperor, The Doctor of DEFIANCE, And the GREATEST SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION OF ALL TIMES! Curtis Penn.]

DDK:

Anyhow Angus, I have you a spoon handy to gouge your eyeballs out with because Curtis put together another vignette for David Noble.

Angus: [Coldly.]

Give me the spoon.

[The DEFIttron shifts into a PIP and shows Curtis Penn standing in front of a black DEFIANCE banner.]

Curtis Penn:

David Noble.

[He spits out the name with venom.]

Curtis Penn:

Weeks I've stood back and listened to you and Frank Holiday spit classic amounts of bullshit about redefining the Southern Heritage Division!

[Left hand rises and strokes the cleanly shaven chin of the So Her Legend.]

Curtis Penn:

Ask Frankie what I thought about his definition. I dragged Frankie, kicking and screaming, behind the woodshed and beat him unmercifully. I wanted him to know... I mean I wanted him to know that deep down, in the pit of his soul that the only reason he had a chance to hold onto that title, **MY** Southern Heritage Championship, was because I was focusing on something larger.

[His forehead wrinkles as his face turns scornful.]

Curtis Penn:

David Noble, I am not Frank Holiday. You are not turning my title into a pansy, marshmallow, cream puff TITLE! You're not man enough...champion enough to put the title up for grabs in our match tonight. I understand you want to continue to drag **MY** TITLE through the mud while blindly believing you're redefining what it took me over **SIX** months to build.

[He pauses.]

Curtis Penn:

David, you're shitting on my porch. And I don't like people shitting on my doorstep and it's just my luck that tonight I have you standing in my yard, caught like deer in headlights. Tonight, you the unfortunate luck of standing in the ring with the **GREATEST** Southern Heritage Champion of **ALL TIME** !

[He snorts.]

Curtis Penn:

David Noble, after I stomp you out I'm putting the Southern Heritage Division on notice. I'm taking my Southern Heritage Championship and placing it back around my waist.

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

Darren Quimbey:

Curtis Penn!

[At the sound of his name he wipes his feet on the top step before ducking underneath the top rope.]

DDK:

And Penn looks ready for a fight.

Angus:

That he does and a fight he will get.

DDK:

That was weird.

Angus:

Agreed. Let's move on.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in at 245 pounds... he is the **SOUTHERN! HERITAGE! CHAMPION! ... DAVID! NOBLE!**

[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, looking hobbled and bruised.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And if it wasn't for his victory against Dan Ryan last week, Noble wouldn't even be in consideration to make it to the Finals!

Angus:

That was surreal seeing Noble defeat Ryan. He took down a giant last week and made it clear he is still a force to be reckon with.

DDK:

His ongoing feud with Mushigihara has definitely impacted him, costing him two potential matches he could have won, with STT and Frank Holiday.

Angus:

Everyone has to overcome obstacles at the end of the day. Noble still has a chance though.

♪ 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 ♪

[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 staggered as he has a noticeable limp to his walk. The Southern Heritage Championship, hanging from his shoulder, is displayed proudly as he walked into the ring, his eyes focused on Penn.]

♪ 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 hands over his championship and sheds the shirt as there are a few bruises from his ladder match with Frank Holiday. Still Noble, looks ready to do battle as does Penn.]

Angus:

This will be the first time either of these two men have been in the ring together.

DDK:

And you can expect some fireworks as the referee is giving his final instructions and has just signaled for the bell to start the match!

DING! DING! DING!

[At the sound of the bell, both Penn and Noble explode out of their corner, heading straight for one another. As Penn reaches Noble, he slams his fist into Noble's jaw!]

THWACK!

[Noble, not to be outdone, connects with a fist of his own on Penn!]

THWACK!

[The shot rocks Penn, his head turning due to the shot. Penn fires back with another fist!]

THWACK!

[Noble stumbles back a few steps from Penn's fist before he slams his fist into Penn's jaw!]

THWACK!

[Both men then start trading punches at a furious pace before Noble slams his knee into Penn's midsection. Curtis doubles over from the shot and Noble slams his elbow into the back of Curtis' neck before nailing him with a swinging neckbreaker that plants him in the center of the ring!]

DDK:

And a round of furious jabs opens up the match before Noble can get the upper advantage here. You can see it in both men that they realize that victory here tonight could change EVERYTHING!

Angus:

That is correct! Depending on the outcome of Ryan/Holiday, one of these men could be end up in a play-in situation. Only if Holiday wins though. And both of these man have had success in defeating Holiday!

DDK:

Very true. Of course, defeating Dan Ryan is a different story, which Holiday has to do first.

Angus:

That he does and after Noble defeated Ryan last week, you can only imagine what the World Trios Champion is going

to have in store for Holiday this week!

[David meets the rising Curtis with a forearm shot to the back of the neck. Penn quickly retaliates with an elbow to the midsection that he follows up with a poke to the eye!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

And Penn with the blatant cheap shot!

Angus:

FUCK HIM!

DDK:

Calm down.

Angus:

Fine.

[Penn listens to the referee admonishing him for about half a second before he pushes him away and begins to club away at Noble with a series of forearms to the back of his neck! The shots nearly put Noble onto the mat due to the pure viciousness from each one of Penn's shots. He then plants Noble in the center of the ring with a bulldog!]

Angus:

And Penn is picking up the intensity here!

DDK:

There is a LOT on the line for Penn here tonight. He's been looking for a game changer after failing to get the FIST away from Dewey a few months back. This could be it.

Angus:

Plus, putting down the current Southern Heritage Champion would give him a ton of momentum heading into Maximum DEFIANCE.

DDK:

That it would.

[Curtis then flips Noble over and mounts him, mocking him in the process. He then pelts him with elbow strike after elbow strike to the side of Noble's head! With the damage done, Penn pulls himself back to his feet and bounces off the ropes before connecting with a leaping knee drop across the throat of his opponent!]

DDK:

And Noble thrashing around after that brutal knee drop to his throat!

Angus:

Penn is going to do any AND everything to walk out of here with the victory. If he has to maim Noble to do so, then he will.

DDK:

Sounds like you're condoning his behavior.

Angus:

Only as much as I condone you hanging out at Chippendales every Saturday night. Which I don't.

[With Noble still on the mat, Penn decides to turn his attention to his left arm as he slams his left boot repeatedly into it

before dropping his knee across it a few times! Noble rolls away in pain, grasping his left arm as Penn comes over again and slams his knee a few more times into it before locking him into the Wakigatame Armbar!]

Angus:

And Penn is going to try and make Noble tap out!

DDK:

After brutally attacking his left arm for the last few moments, he is trying to break the arm off!

Angus:

I'd like to rip Penn's arm off.

DDK:

You are a sick, sick individual.

[Noble is grimacing in pain and lets out a few short grunts, but as the referee checks on him, Noble refuses to tap out. Penn is not happy about this in the least bit as he wrenches Noble's arm back.]

Curtis Penn:

TAP! TAP YOU BASTARD!

[Noble continues to shake his head as the referee asks him if he wants to give up.]

DDK:

And Noble is refusing to tap out here!

Angus:

Color me surprised. I swear, you're going to need a shotgun to put Noble out.

DDK:

Well, he can be defeated.

Angus:

Yeah, after you RUN HIM INTO A SPEEDING TRUCK!

DDK:

Well, that's just not true.

[Noble starts fighting his way back up to his feet, with the armbar still in place. Penn continues to wrench the arm back and Noble yells out in pain as he does so, but he continues to fight through the pain. With both men on their feet, Noble springboards off the middle rope and connects with a bulldog of his own on Penn!]

Angus:

Stupid flippity-floppity crap.

DDK:

It worked there to free Noble from that armbar!

Angus:

Yeah, yeah.

DDK:

Don't sound so excited.

[As Noble fights his way back up to his feet, he grabs his left arm which is screaming in pain. Noble turns towards

Penn only to be greeted with an elbow from Penn to his left forearm!]

David Noble:

AHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Noble grimaces as Penn pushes Noble into the closest corner and slams his left arm across the top rope. David bends over in pain from the shot, but Penn continues his assault as he nails him with a hammerlock suplex! Noble rolls around in pain after the suplex while Curtis measures up his opponent.]

DDK:

And Penn continuing his assault on Noble's left arm!

Angus:

This entire tournament has seen Noble consistently injured thanks to the likes of the attacks from Mushigihara, his ladder match with Holiday, and his brutal beating from Dan Ryan. It's any wonder that Noble can get up every morning.

DDK:

Well, he is a fighter at the end of the day.

Angus:

Still, it really shows how big that bullseye is on his back.

[Penn then comes up behind Noble and places him in a straight-arm armbar, focusing his attention still on the left arm of Noble! David moans in pain as he tries to fight his way out of it. The referee checks on him, but Noble continues to refuse to tap out, gritting his teeth in the process. Noble then manages to use his agility to wrap his legs around Penn's neck, breaking the hold in the process!]

Angus:

And Noble managing to get out of that hold! Penn has done a lot of damage here and Noble needs to keep the pressure up.

DDK:

I think he can smell the blood in the water! He has got Noble right where he wants him.

Angus:

The best thing that Penn has done is kept Noble grounded! Once David gets going, he becomes that much more lethal. Curtis has devised a winning strategy thus far. Wait, what the hell is wrong with me?

DDK:

He really has and if he can keep this up, he's going to find himself that much closer to the finals of the DEF*MAX tournament!

[With the hold broken, Noble fights his back up to his feet and manages to block an incoming fist from Penn with his right arm! He then catches Penn off guard as he kicks him in the midsection before connecting with a high knee to the face! Curtis falls to the mat and as he does, Noble connects with a standing shooting star press on the former Southern Heritage Champion! Not wanting to lose momentum, Noble hops back up to his feet and makes his way to the ring apron before connecting with a springboard legdrop.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And the Wrestle-Plex coming to life as they see their hero taking it to Penn!

Angus:

This is what Penn wanted to avoid and right now, he is NOT avoiding it in the least bit. Which I love!

DDK:

He has to do something and do it fast or else Noble is going to keep picking up some steam.

Angus:

Which is in stark contrast to you trying to spit game every Sunday night.

[Noble starts to bring Penn up to his feet and only receives a devastating uppercut from Penn for his troubles.]

THWACK!

[Noble manages to fire back with a fist that connects on the money from his good arm!]

THWACK!

[Noble goes for another fist, this time with his left arm, only for Penn to reverse it and puts Noble into the Kimura Armbar!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

And this could be it! Noble might have to tap! Please don't tap!

DDK:

You can see the pain written across Noble's face!

Angus:

Penn could break his arm if Noble is not careful. Just tap!

DDK:

You would think after you saying this every single week that you would learn that this isn't going to JUST happen.

[Noble ignores the referee as he puts himself into a position where he starts nailing Penn with a series of right fists until Penn eventually breaks the hold! As Noble fights to his feet, Penn rushes at Noble, only for David to sense him and connect with a superkick to Curtis' jaw!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And Noble caught Penn with all of that and then some!

Angus:

He really did. Quick, someone ask Penn for a discount on his DVD collection!

DDK:

I don't think Penn will ever be THAT out of it!

Angus:

Damnit. I really want one so I can take a shit on it, but refuse to pay full value for it!

[With Penn still down on the mat, Noble climbs up to the top turnbuckle and connects with a Frog Splash on his opponent! He then goes for the cover on Penn.]

1...

2...

NOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

And Noble almost picked up the victory there!

DDK:

We are entering the final stretch of the 4th quarter and you can tell BOTH men want to reach the DEF*MAX Finals!

Angus:

Jesus, these fans are loud.

DDK:

What do you expect in one of the biggest matches of this tournament?!

DAY-VID! DAY-VID! DAY-VID! DAY-VID!

[With the Wrestle-Plex rocking, Noble gets back up his feet and it is clear the adrenaline is racing through his body! Noble brings Penn back up to his feet and connects with a knife-edge that echoes throughout the arena.]

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Jesus, what a shot!

Angus:

MY chest is hurting after that one!

[Noble then picks Penn in the midsection before whipping him into the ropes! David then runs full speed at Penn only for Curtis to catch him with an uppercut to the jaw! Noble stumbles backwards from the shot and as he does, he bounces off the ropes and connects with a Superman punch on his opponent!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Penn then goes for the cover!]

1...

2...

3--NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And Penn almost walked away with the victory!

Angus:

That he did, but Noble managed to kick out in the nick of time! The fans here are pulling for Noble in a big way right now!

DDK:

Penn though managed to stop Noble's momentum dead in his tracks. Noble will need to do something fast here or else Penn might get the victory that puts Noble out of the tournament!

[Penn gets back up his feet and starts to strut around as the fans show their displeasure with Curtis. He then turns his attention back to Noble and brings him up to his feet. Noble though explodes on Penn with a series of right fists! He then whips Penn into the ropes only for Curtis to catch him with a swift kick to the chest. He then wraps his arms around Noble and connects with a side belly-to-belly suplex that plants Noble in the center of the ring!]

Angus:

And each time Noble tries to pick up steam, Penn has managed to pump the brakes on him!

DDK:

Penn has been impressive in that manner. Or desperate. Either way you shake it.

Angus:

I thought that looked familiar--

DDK:

--Yeah, that look of desperation on your face every time you strike out trying to pick up a hooker?

Angus:

That is NOT desperation! Just disappointment.

[Noble pulls himself up using the ropes and as he does, Penn comes up behind him and Noble manages to catch him with an elbow to the jaw! David goes after Curtis, only for Penn to push Noble HARD and into the nearby referee! The referee manages to catch Noble, but Penn then rushes at Noble and sends both men into the corner!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Apparently, Curtis is not content with taking out just ONE man!

DDK:

The referee is down and out!

Angus:

Penn is a bastard. Could be he didn't see him.

DDK:

Listen to yourself. Even you don't believe that!

Angus:

I really, really don't.

[Penn rushes at Noble only for David to get his boot up in time and connects with the side of Penn's head! David then connects with a springboard enziguri. He goes for the cover, but the referee is still down!]

DDK:

That would be a three count right there!

Angus:

Yeah, well, the referee has been knocked to the ground and is apparently unable to withstand any amount of pain.

DDK:

Hm... a problem you would think would be rectified by now since it happens ALL of the time.

Angus:

You would think...

[Noble walks over to the referee and tries to pick them up. It is clear to Noble the referee is still groggy, but starting to come about slightly. David climbs to the top turnbuckle as Penn is still down on the mat, in a world of pain. As David is looking for the Leap of Faith, all of the fans get to their feet.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Before he gets a chance to do anything though, Mushigihara PUSHES him off the top turnbuckle!]

DDK:
YOU HAVE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME!

Angus:
Mushigihara is making it clear tonight that Noble WILL be facing him at Maximum DEFIANCE!

DDK:
And now it looks as if Mushigihara is taking matters into his own hands! This is sickening! Disgusting!

Angus:
Capitalism at its finest, if you ask me.

[Noble slowly makes his way back up to his feet as Mushigihara enters the ring. David turns towards him and starts blasting away with a series of fists, but they have NO effect on Mushigihara! He then pushes Noble into the corner and starts pelting him with forearm shots! With the hell that Noble has been put through as of late, he is worn down in a hurry. Mushi then whips him into the ropes and connects with the OSU! Press!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:
JESUS CHRIST! Mushigihara is decimating Noble right now!

DDK:
And RUINING his chance at the DEF*MAX Finals!

Angus:
He is going to get his title match, one way or another.

DDK:
Clearly.

[Mushigihara stands over his fallen victim while Curtis Penn looks on, a smile on his face. Mushigihara then lifts Noble off of the mat and connects with the Beast Breaker!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:
Noble is done. Destroyed.

Angus:
That is true and Penn is just LAUGHING his head off about this. That bastard.

DDK:
Sick. Just sick.

[Penn then walks over to the referee and shakes him, trying to get him out of his stupor. The referee stirs again while Penn turns his attention back to Noble.]

Angus:

It will take a miracle for Noble to win this match now.

DDK:

I don't think Penn intends to give Noble enough time to get a second or third wind.

Angus:

Point.

[Penn then lifts Noble off of the mat and connects with the Curtis Plex! The referee meekly starts the count.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

1...

...

2...

...

3--NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Penn looks on in shock as Noble is nearly lifeless on the mat.]

DDK:

How in the hell?!

Angus:

Penn is FURIOUS!

[Penn immediately starts slamming his forearms to the head of Noble before he YANKS him up off of the mat and connects with ANOTHER Curtis Plex! The referee once again starts to count.]

1...

...

2...

...

3--NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[At the top of the ramp, Mushigihara looks on, ENRAGED, with Eddie Dante standing next to him.]

Angus:

I think Noble is fighting out of this not so much to fight back against Penn, but to show Mushigihara that he WILL NOT STAY DOWN!

DDK:

He is making a point!

[Penn grabs Noble again, spits in his face, and connects with a THIRD Curtis Plex! Once again, the referee with the count!]

1...

2...

3!

DING! DING! DING!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:
Your winner... **CURTIS! PENN!**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:
And Curtis Penn will be in the back tonight, ROOTING on Frank Holiday to win the match after he just picked up the victory over Noble!

Angus:
Oh yes he will, which will make Penn violently ill. Still, thanks to Mushigihara getting involved, he put down the Southern Heritage Champion and is still alive to make it to the DEF*MAX Finals!

DDK:
Meanwhile, Noble, you can bet he is going to be absolutely furious after what just took place.

[Sure enough, Noble is pulling himself up using the ropes. It is obvious he is in a world of hurt and is grabbing his left arm in pain. The referee hands him the Southern Heritage Championship and Noble holds it in his right arm. He walks over to the near side of the ring and looks at Mushigihara who is still standing there.]

David Noble: [yelling]
MAXIMUM DEFIANCE! YOU AND ME!

[He then holds up his championship.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:
Noble showing his DEFIANCE for Mushigihara.

Angus:
It might be the last thing Noble ever does because Mushigihara has absolutely destroyed him over the last few shows and it's going to take a miracle for Noble to defeat Mushigihara, especially in his wounded state.

DDK:
Yet, Noble is still standing there, even AFTER the beating he just took.

Angus:
Well, with that being said, the DEF*MAX tournament just got even more interesting as we wait for our last two matches of the evening!

Enough is Enough

[Another DEF*MAX match was over and it saw Noble being defeated by Penn. The only problem with that was the fact that Mushigihara ensured that victory for Penn as he attacked Noble, a recurring theme in recent months. This explained why Noble, drained from his most recent match, exploded into the guerilla area and was frantically looking for The God Beast.]

CRASH!

[Noble pushed over some lights, his anger starting to get the best of him as he then toppled over some chairs.]

David Noble:

Where is Mushigihara?! WHERE IS HE?!

[Enough was enough in Noble's mind. He wanted retribution, revenge, and pain. He wanted Mushigihara to KNOW what it felt like to continue to be assaulted at every turn, to have something he WANTED ripped away from him. He turned the corner and ran into some production assistants.]

David Noble:

WHERE IS HE?!

[They immediately knew who he was looking and pointed down the hallway. With title in hand, Noble raced down the hallway, debating how many times he'd crack the title over the head of the God Beast.]

David Noble:

Come out, come out wherever you are!

[As Noble turned the corner, he saw the men he was looking for; Eddie Dante and Mushigihara.]

David Noble:

I'M STANDING RIGHT HERE! LIKE A MAN! YOU WANT A FIGHT?! LET'S FIGHT!

[The fury flew from Noble's mouth as he stood there, arms outstretched, and as ready as he'd ever been to brawl with somebody. Eddie and Mushigihara turned around, seeing Noble standing there.]

Eddie Dante:

Ah, Mr. Noble--

David Noble:

Shut your mouth, pawn. This ends, now.

[Noble started to make his way towards Mushigihara, but Eddie immediately stepped in between them.]

Eddie Dante:

I assure you, Mr. Noble, you do not want to go down this road.

David Noble:

Oh Eddie, you have no idea how BADLY I want to go down this road. I'm done messing with you and your client, so you are going to get out of my way.

[Noble started to move forward and Mushigihara brushed Eddie to the side. It appeared that both men were about to come to blows when several DEFsec members rushed into the small hallway and placed themselves in between both men.]

David Noble:

No. MOVE!

[Noble started pushing several of them, dropping his title in the process! A smile appeared on Eddie Dante's face as once again, he knew he'd won this battle with Noble. David continued to push DEFsec, trying to get through them, but it was no use.]

DEFsec Staff:

We were sent here, Mister Noble.

David Noble:

By who?!

[Just at that moment, the person who'd ordered DEFsec appeared.]

Kelly Evans:

Who do you think?

[Noble turned and looked at Kelly.]

David Noble:

Listen, I have no more patience for this. I am taking matters into my hands now.

Kelly Evans:

Nice try, but not happening. For weeks I've seen this play out and it appears that both of you -- **BOTH** of you -- have a penchant for destroying our backstage areas and interfering in one another's matches.

[Kelly then looked at Mushigihara and Eddie Dante.]

Kelly Evans:

Especially you two. You've RUINED a marquee match at DEFtv 50, caused bodily harm to one of MY champions and, just now, you interefered in a DEF*MAX match that could have placed one of MY stars into a hotly anticipated match with possibly Frank Holiday. I'm done with this bullshit.

Eddie Dante:

Miss Evans--

[Kelly though lifted her hand, silencing him.]

Kelly Evans:

No, you're not doing the talking thing right now, Eddie. Can it.

[Dante, surprisingly, did as he was told.]

Kelly Evans:

At the end of the day, I know you all want to have at it and you will...at Maximum DEFIANCE. Southern Heritage Title number one contender Mushigihara versus the champ himself, David Noble.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Kelly Evans:

In the meantime, all of you cool your jets and try not to wreck my property and my backstage areas anymore.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Eddie Dante:

Now listen--

Kelly Evans: [death glare engaged]

EDDIE, DID I STUTTER WHEN I SAID "DON'T TALK", YOU INSUFFERABLE FUCKHOLE.

[Kelly then pointed down the hallway.]

Kelly Evans:

Walk away. **NOW.**

[Eddie looked looked stunned. He gazed at Kelly, then at David, before he turned and lead Mushigihara away.]

[Of course, he had one last barb to toss over his shoulder.]

Eddie Dante:

Enjoy that belt while you can, David... along with the rest of your faculties. At Maximum DEFIANCE, your fate is sealed.

[David Noble then knelt down and picked up the Southern Heritage title and held it aloft.]

David Noble:

He might be the God Beast, but I am the Southern Heritage Champion! So it's not me that should be afraid of you, but your client that should be afraid of me!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Eddie and Mushigihara disappeared, leaving Noble and Kelly alone. Evans turned and looked at the SoHer Champ.]

Kelly Evans:

David, you have entered DEFIANCE at a time of... turbulence... so to say. Things are upside down, to say the least, and I am doing my best to navigate these murky waters despite my approach to certain things. From Edward White to Bronson Box and Jane Katze, it would appear that we haven't even seen the worst of what's to come. Which is saying something.

David Noble:

Change is coming, Kelly. Change is coming.

Kelly Evans:

Yes it is. I also realize the impact that you've had on DEFIANCE. These fans are crazy about you. It's been awhile since someone like you has come in and had an instant connection with these fans.

David Noble:

I appreciate that, Kelly.

Kelly Evans:

Sometimes making difficult decisions paints you as a bad person when that's not necessarily the case. I want to see you do well here. I know you will do well here. Just keep fighting.

[Noble nodded.]

Kelly Evans:

Now, go take care of business with that God-Beast. I will kill myself if Eddie Dante is walking around here with another championship belt in close proximity.

David Noble:

Oh don't worry. I'm going to give him exactly what he deserves.

[Noble walks away and the scene goes elsewhere.]

Office Envy, Part 2

[She sits quietly at the sleek glass and chrome desk in her executive suite, pouring over her computer when she sees him. It's the fourth time he's made a pass by her door in the last ten minutes. A woman as busy as Jane Katze only has so much patience for things like this. She clears her throat and leans back in her chair riiiiight when we hear the loud scream from out in the hallway. It's not long before all seven feet of Jane's personal security Nicky Corozzo comes strolling through the office door with someone over his shoulder, kicking his feet and pounding his fists on Corozzo's huge back to very little effect.]

Billy Pepper:

I TOLD YOU THIS IS COMPLETELY UNNECESSARY!

Nicky Corozzo:

What you want I should do wit' him Ms. Katze?

Billy Pepper:

AND EMASCULATING!

[She motions towards one of the plush leather chairs sitting in front of her desk. Corozzo dumps his squirming payload unceremoniously ass over teakettle into the seat. Billy takes a moment to rake his fingers through his short, stylish hair and smooth down his lapels before addressing the long flawless pair of legs crossed in front of him... with the over seven feet of humanity still standing behind him.]

Jane Katze:

Sorry about that, but Nicky has orders to keep any riffraff from skulking around my door... lots of little ears up and down these hallways would just love to hear some of the conversations that go on in this room between myself and my clients.

Billy Pepper:

Oh, yeah, no, totally. I wasn't trying to eavesdrop, believe me. [Narrowed glance backward at Nicky] I sure didn't plan on getting carried in here like the Princess Bride either.

[Corozzo just grunts a guttural chuckle, patting Billy harder than necessary on the shoulder.]

Nicky Corozzo:

Sorry 'bout dat little fella'.

Jane Katze:

I'm not sure what you'd expect my reaction to be, you slithering back and forth past my office door after your client having caused several migraines I can remember vividly during his little spat with Mr. Pyre. So... what can I do for you, Billy.

[Billy gives a light laugh, absently stroking the soft leather armrests of his chair.]

Billy Pepper:

Well, I'm gonna be completely honest with you, Jane, even though it's a little embarrassing for me, but... Damn, this is really nice upholstery. This is real? [He shakes his head] Mine feel like beef jerky compared to this. Jesus.

[He notices Jane staring at him without comprehension. Billy smiles sheepishly.]

Billy Pepper:

Truth is, I was just trying to check out your swank office. You know. See how the VIPs live.

[Jane leans back in her chair with a biiiiig smile on her ruby red lips.]

Jane Katze:

Heels do tend to live a little better, Billy. You've been around long enough to know that.

[Jane gives Billy a cool stare from behind her executives desk, allowing him a moment to take in his surroundings. Billy can't help himself. He gives the office a slow visual sweep and purses his lips, impressed.]

Billy Pepper:

Only thing it's missing is a big cobra-headed evil tyrant chair, am I right? [Quick glance at Nicky] Kidding!

Jane Katze:

Eddie Dante might be getting some space up here, did you hear? I pulled some strings... he and Mushi being friends of mine and all. Good things happen to my friends, Billy. How is life managing one of DEFIANCE's white knights, humm? Exciting? Profitable? I hear things didn't go well earlier with Ms. Evans...

[Billy sinks back into the luxurious cushions of his chair, enjoying this way too much. A second goes by before he blinks, realizing what he's just heard.]

Billy Pepper:

Oh. You, uh, heard about that?

Jane Katze:

If it happens in this building chances are I have, yes. Especially things concerning Ms. Evans and her comings and goings, the people that bother her.

Billy Pepper: [Shrugs]

Good news travels fast, huh? I guess there's nothing secret about it. Frank's on the upswing, and Ty Walker tried to pull some strings to help me get some nicer digs. [Rueful smile] Buuuuut... Kelly wasn't having it. No room at the inn, as it were.

Jane Katze:

Do you know who old granny panties has to deal with to allocate space up here?

[Jane leans forward, playfully biting her lip.]

Jane Katze:

Go on, guess. I'll give you a hint. She still helps manage this facility top to bottom in addition to running a rather successful new management firm on this very floor, in fact. [She leans back again in her chair] It's a finite resource you know, big pretty offices like this. What makes you think you deserve one?

[Glancing around at the gorgeous view outside the floor-to-ceiling windows, Billy has that kid-at-Disneyland look on his face.]

Billy Pepper:

Business is up for us, actually. Really up. The space would come in handy. Who wouldn't want this? Plus, if you knew what it was like wrangling a guy like Frank Holiday, bless his soul, you wouldn't have to ask. Sack full of cats, that guy. Love him to pieces.

Jane Katze:

Billy, do you know who I manage, hell, do you know who I've managed? Men like Bronson Box and Edward White are the price I've paid for an office like this. Capitalizing on the opportunity to help build this facility from concept to reality, almost losing every dime to my name in the process. That's what I wrangle...

[Jane gets up from behind her desk... slooooooowly. The light grey miniskirt is inappropriately tight, as always. Jane walks around her desk and leans back, looking down at Billy Pepper.]

Jane Katze:

Is that little spitfire Frank a handful? Poor you. Poor poor Billy...

[Feeling the new, uncomfortable temperature in the room, Billy clears his throat and gets to his feet. Nicky Corozzo is right there, chest to face with him.]

Billy Pepper:

Riiight. So anyway. Really appreciate the time, Ms. Katze. Mr. Corozzo. [Glances up] Mr. Corozzo Extended Cut. I, ah, think I'm just going to be on my way now, actually. Frank's got a big match tonight.

[He awkwardly sidles around the massive bulk of Nicky Corozzo while avoiding proximity with Jane Katze. Before Billy makes it through the door, Jane stops him.]

Jane Katze:

Mr. Pepper. I also didn't get to where I am by being blind and stupid. If you either come to your senses and dump that appropriately named train wreck of a client, or perhaps the planets align and Mr. Holiday himself decides to change his... perspective...

[Nicky Corozzo skulks over to Billy and tucks a small white Katze & Associates business card into his coat pocket.]

Jane Katze:

Be seeing you soon, Mr. Pepper.

[Billy pauses, pulls out the card and taps it against his palm thoughtfully, as he peers around the office. Then he prestidigitates the slim rectangle between his thumb and middle finger, and flicks it with his index finger, sending the card pinwheeling at Jane like a cardboard shuriken, missing her exquisitely styled hair by inches. He grins at her look of sour surprise.]

Billy Pepper:

You know something, Jane? I have a feeling we will be seeing each other soon. DEF*MAX finals picture is looking clearer and clearer. After tonight we'll know who'll be one half of that main event. If your client's as motivated as you say he is... well, you know. All that Twitter chatter our boys have been doin'? Could be reeeeeeal interesting, is all I'm sayin'. So, ah... keep the card. [Looking around the office one last time with a cocky grin] ...If I need you, I know where to find you.

[Jane no sells the comment, going back about her business. Nicky gives Billy a shove towards the door.]

Jane Katze:

See he gets on the elevator.

Nicky Corozzo:

Come on, move it.

Billy Pepper:

No shoulder ride this time, big guy. I get motion sickness.

[The huge Italian rolls his eyes as he forcibly escorts Billy out.]

Harmony vs. Rich Mahogany

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall!

[The opening guitar strains of "Just A Girl" echo through the arena as the arena darkens and a purple hue surrounds the stage. A spotlight appears at the entranceway and as Gwen Stefani begins to sing, Harmony trots out onto the staging with a huge smile and pauses at the top, looking out at the fans before the song kicking in full force prompts an explosion of silver sparkling pyro either side of Harmony, who throws a hand up to the sky.

She strides down the ramp, taking a little time to make contact with the fans before she hops onto the apron on one knee and stands up, launching herself over the top rope with both hands. She leaps onto the middle rope and poses to the fans, blowing a kiss out to them before jumping down and staying loose.]

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from London, England and now residing in Manhattan, New York, weighing 150lbs, this is Harmony!

Angus:

There's my girl!

DDK:

Fairly sure she's not yours.

Angus:

It's only a matter of time, so stop being a hater.

DDK:

The large engagement ring I see her sporting backstage tells me otherwise.

["Love Man" - Otis Redding plays through the arena sound system and Rich Mahogany makes his appearance on the stage, gyrating his hips to the music before strutting down towards the ring, stopping in front of a female fan and allowing them to stroke his abs. He continues to the ring and rolls under the bottom rope, pausing in the centre of the ring to hump the mat before he jumps to his feet and grinds his hips once more.]

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent. From Austin, Texas and weighing in at 210lbs, Rich Mahogany!

Angus:

And there's my boy! WHAT'S GOOD RICH?!

DDK:

Why does this not surprise me?

[The bell rings and Harmony rolls her shoulders then tries to dive into a tie up, but Mahogany dives for the ropes, telling Shields to get her back. Harmony obliges and backs away, watching with an unimpressed look on her face as Mahogany straightens himself out then drops to the mat and does a few push ups, stands up and motions for Harmony to come at him. She shrugs her shoulders and looks for the tie up again, but Mahogany dives for the ropes as soon as Harmony steps forwards, almost begging Shields to keep her back. Harmony rolls her eyes and sighs, backing away from him and leaning against the ropes. Mahogany smoothes himself down then holds up a finger before performing a few jumping jacks as Harmony rolls her eyes in annoyance.]

DDK:

Mahogany is just messing around here and Harmony is not impressed.

Angus:

Messing around? He's ensuring that he's properly prepared for the match. I mean, look at that physique!

DDK:

Did you just tell me to admire his body?

Angus:

..... shut up.

[Mahogany finally stops and motions for Harmony to come in for the tie up, but just as she gets to him, he dives for the ropes once more and Harmony allows her frustration to show, throwing her hands in the air and turning her back to him. It's a mistake on her part as Mahogany spots his opening and dives at her, clubbing her with a hard blow across the back and shoulders that sends her into the ropes. Shields admonishes Mahogany but he pays it no attention as he turns Harmony around and throws her across the ring, grabbing her by the hair as she rebounds past and slamming her to the mat. Harmony grabs hold of the back of her head and Mahogany flexes his muscles as he stands over her before trying to drop the elbow, but Harmony rolls out of the way and leaves Mahogany to smash his elbow into the mat. Harmony rushes up to her feet and runs at the ropes, rebounding as Mahogany makes it upright to drop him with a wheelbarrow DDT!]

Angus:

Dear god, that lucky bastard.

DDK:

....what?

Angus:

He's been between her legs. God damn.

[Harmony rolls him onto his back and makes the cover...

1 ...

Mahogany kicks out!

Harmony quickly gets back to her feet and goes to pull Mahogany up, but he rakes the eyes and sends her staggering back, giving him enough time to roll her up from behind ...

1 ...

2

Harmony kicks out!

Harmony rolls herself to the corner and pulls herself up as Shields admonishes Mahogany for his tactics before he goes on the attack, charging at Harmony in the corner and she tries to hit a boot to the face, but Mahogany catches her foot and pulls her out of the corner, hopping on one foot. He waggles a finger at her attempt at an attack, but he's caught off guard as she hits him with an enziguri that rings his bell! Mahogany flops to the mat but he has no chance to breathe as Harmony quickly locks up his legs and bridges over to tie him up in a Double Leg Muta Lock!

Shields drops to the mat to check for any sign of submission as Mahogany screams out in pain, desperately reaching for the bottom rope as Harmony pulls back on his head and neck.]

DDK:

Harmony has an impressive arsenal of moves and she's not holding back here.

Angus:

That's not the only impressive thing about her, if you get my drift.

DDK:

Sadly, your drift gets you added to the sex offender's register.

Angus:

Hey, I was found not guilty in a court of law.

[Mahogany writhes on the mat, edging closer and closer before he finally gets his hand on the bottom rope and Shields calls for Harmony to break the hold. The brunette obliges and rolls away, allowing Mahogany the space to get to his feet before she tries to attack again. Harmony grabs Mahogany by the head to pull him up, but Mahogany gets a thumb in her eye just as he's on his feet, blinding Harmony temporarily. He waits for her to turn around and hits her with a hard right hand before trying to throw he into the ropes, only for Harmony to reverse it. She prepares for his return, but she's not ready for him to springboard off the middle rope and hit her with a huge right hand, landing a springboard bitchslap that staggers her back to the ropes!]

DDK:

That slap just echoed around the damn arena.

Angus:

I swear to god, if he's damaged her face, I'll murder him.

DDK:

Give it up already, she's not going to give it to you.

Angus:

Until she refuses in person, I'm still clinging onto the hope of a handie backstage.

BOOOOOOOOOO!!!

[The crowd are almost booing the arena down as three of the Malachites appear, making their way down the ramp and towards the ring. Their arrival prompts Harmony to head towards the ropes, yelling at them to get out of here, and Mahogany sees his opening. With Harmony facing the staging, Mahogany rolls her up from behind with a fist full of her tights...

1 ...

2 ...

Harmony kicks out!

Mahogany tries to capitalise on having her on the hop, charging with an attack that Harmony cuts off at the knees by dropping him with a drop toe hold, her eyes lingering on the Malachites as she quickly gets to her feet and pulls Mahogany up then throws him into the corner, charging from the opposite side and making his head snap with a handspring back elbow. Taking the momentum, she waits for Mahogany to move away from the corner before catching him with a double knee jaw breaker that drops him to the mat again. Harmony leaps to roll him over and make the cover ...

1 ...

2 ...

Mahogany gets a foot on the ropes!]

DDK:

Almost the three count for Harmony there.

Angus:

Why doesn't he just accept she's better and let her win?

DDK:

This is becoming obsessive behaviour here.

Angus:

Member number one of the Harmony Ass Appreciation club. Founding member in fact.

DDK:

Only member?

Angus:

I'm in the midst of a recruitment drive.

[Harmony rolls to her feet and turns around to find one of the Malachites up on the apron over the other side of the ring. Their appearance immediately grabs the attention of Harmony and Mark Shields, who make a beeline for the Malachite. Shields yells for them to get off the apron while Harmony takes a swing, the Malachite I's only reaction being to leap off the apron and watch on expressionless.

While they're distracted, the other two Malachites, Malachite II and III, roll into the ring and attack Mahogany, the sight of the first being enough of a distraction to allow the second to clock him right in the back of the head with a baseball bat that was concealed behind him. As quickly as they got in the ring, they roll out again as Harmony and Shields come back to the action.]

DDK:

What the hell did they do that for?!

Angus:

Don't you get it? They're giving her the assist!

DDK:

But why?

Angus:

Jesus Christ... to show her what being a part of the Church will do for her!!

DDK:

That's not Harmony's style and I don't think she'll appreciate it when she finds out.

Angus:

I don't care. COVER HIS PATHETIC ASS, HARMONY.

[Harmony grabs hold of Mahogany by the legs and pulls him to the middle of the ring, completely unaware of what's unfolded as she wraps his legs up and locks in The Fermata, bridging backwards on the figure four lock to increase the pressure! The hold only has to last for a few seconds before Mahogany taps out.]

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner, by submission, Harmony!

DDK:

Well Harmony takes the victory here but under rather shady circumstances.

Angus:

That's irrelevant now. Let my future wife have her victory.

DDK:

... I'm not even going to bother.

[Mark Shields raises her hand in victory and Harmony is all smiles until the replay of the last moments of the match appears on the DEFIAtron. She watches the Malachites interference and instantly rages at the Malachites, standing on the bottom rope and leaning over to scream at them "How fucking dare you!"]

DDK:

And Harmony is NONE too pleased!

Angus:

She should be THRILLED!

DDK:

Um, why?

Angus:

Because this is the dream.

DDK:

This is not the dream.

[Then "For Whom the Bell Tolls" by Metallica rips through the Wrestle-Plex.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

OH YES! DADDY IS HOME!

DDK:

...what?

Angus:

Do you not call him Daddy too?

DDK:

No. No I don't.

Angus:

Well, you're weird.

[From the back emerges Malachi, who hasn't been seen since DEFtv 50. He looks down the ramp as the Malachites scatter, forming a straight line against the far side of the barricade. Malachi slowly makes his way to the ring while Harmony remains there, defiant.]

DDK:

And Malachi looks none too happy.

Angus:

Can you blame him? He's giving Harmony a chance here, using his resources, and she is not only turning him down, but giving lip to his Malachites!

DDK:

...

Angus:

Don't give me that!

[As Malachi enters the ring, he demands a microphone and is immediately given one. Malachi paces around the ring, looking first out at the fans, and then back at Harmony.]

Malachi:

I've had to... attend to some business the last few weeks. During those weeks, I've given my Malachites very strict instructions.

[He stops and looks at Harmony.]

Malachi:

To look after you, to give you protection, to ensure that no obstacles were in your way. Instead of welcoming them, being a gracious person, you have done nothing, but to yell at them, to treat them with disgust. Enough is enough.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Malachi:

Silence.

[Malachi's tone is quite simple as he looks out at the crowd before returning his gaze upon Harmony.]

Malachi:

My Malachites, they follow me because they believe in me. That does not give you the right to abuse them. If you want someone to abuse, then that person is me. I refuse to do that to you though, because I can see you have a better purpose in life than that. So I will give you one last chance. Either join me or face me at Maximum DEFIANCE. The choice is yours.

[Harmony motions for Darren to hand her a microphone, taking a moment to sweep her curls to the side before she answers.]

Harmony:

Allow me to make one thing perfectly crystal clear to you. I am NOT some princess in a tower that needs protecting. I am a mother fucking queen and I've got this shit handled. I fight my own damn battles and I do it with grace, not some bullshit kool-aid drinking crap. I want absolutely nothing to do with your pathetic little cult and if kicking your arse at Maximum DEFIANCE is what I have to do to get that through your thick head, then I'm all for it.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Malachi looks as if he was slapped across the face when Harmony said the word 'cult.' He slowly nods his head.]

Malachi:

Fine. Let you be the latest in a long line of examples.

[He then drops the mic and turns as if he's going to leave, but instead he drills his foot into her midsection before hoisting her onto his shoulders and connecting with the Go 2 Sleep!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

That was uncalled for!

Angus:

Listen, I love me some Harm, but at the same time, you don't look a gift horse in the mouth.

DDK:

You disgust me.

Angus:

It's an honor actually.

[Malachi stands above Harmony before exiting the ring. As he does, the Malachites follow after him. As he makes his way up to the top of the ramp, he turns around, opens his arms, and looks as ready as he could ever be for Maximum DEFIANCE.]

Phone a friend

DDK:

It looks like we have a telephone call all the way from Harlan, KY from "The Blue Eyed Devil" "Samuel T. Turner II.

Angus:

Yes, lets do this! I'm missing that strong yet violent sumbitch tonight.

DDK:

Umm, ok. Samuel are you with us?

Samuel T. Turner II:

I'm here Keebs, but I want to say what up to my boy Angus.

Angus:

Yo, Samuel, this place isn't the same without you being here.

Samuel T. Turner II:

Don't I know it! DEFIANCE is nothing without me, fact.

DDK:

I hate to cut off this special moment between you two, but Samuel, what's the deal with you and Derrick Logan?

Samuel T. Turner II:

He's a punk bitch that thinks he actually scares someone. I've seen bigger and badder guys at the titty bars on the weekends. Just 'cause he been around for a minute longer than me means nothing. I don't care if he did this, that or the other in his 17 year career. He's just a big bitch, like Lance Warner.

Angus:

You got that right Samuel.

DDK:

I don't know how someone like you can say that Samuel, you're 22 or 23 years old, you've been wrestling 2 or 3 years now and you're telling us that Derrick Logan basically has no business in the wrestling ring.

Samuel T. Turner II:

Yea, that's exactly what I'm saying, move over oldies and let the new young superstars vault there way into the DEFIANCE history books.

DDK:

Samuel, I'm just curious but did you see the words that Derrick had to say about you earlier this week?

Samuel T. Turner II:

Did I! The dude said he wanted to slut slam me, I mean seriously, my ass is for exit only!

Angus:

He sure did, when you two meet be sure to wear an ass guard or a chastity belt, protect yourself!

Samuel T. Turner II:

I will Angus, but maybe I need something a little more heavy duty than all that, you know what I mean?

Angus:

Hell yea I do!

DDK:

Sorry to gut you off Samuel, but back to Lance an...

Samuel T. Turner II:

Fuck Lance! The day Derrick leaves and it's ole free Lance all alone he'll get his.

DDK:

But Samuel you can't touch a staff member without being arrested and basically fined and fired.

Samuel T. Turner II:

Sure, we'll see.

DDK:

What does that mean Samuel?

Samuel T. Turner II:

Nothing, just that we'll see how things turn out. I know Angus wouldn't mind getting his hands on Lance though.

Angus:

I'd bitch slap him around a little if need be.

Samuel T. Turner II:

See Keeps, I don't have to look far for help with Lance.

DDK:

This is one pointless telephone interview. Samuel why did you even call in, what's the point?

Samuel T. Turner II:

DEF*MAX, that's the point! The fact that I'm not winning DEF*MAX is a real travesty of justice. I was cheated by Dan Ryan and Frank Holiday and they know they cheated! I'm going to get back in the ring with them one day and it'll be locomotion forearms to their jaws. I'm tired of liars and cheaters. Boys, I'm coming for you. Derrick Logan, I'm coming to permanently shatter your jaw. So for now pray for mercy, beg for death!

[Click]

DDK:

Well it looks as if he's done with us.

Angus:

Keeps, you disrespected him, I would've hung up too.

DDK:

Ok, if you say so, but we'll be back.

Grab the Fucking Ring

[A backstage corridor.]

[Feet stomp on tiled floors. Doors burst open, slam shut. Shouted voices echo violently.]

Frank Holiday:

Where is he? I'm gonna stomp that son of a bitch!

Billy Pepper:

Frank, give it up! They're long gone by now!

[Ignoring his manager, Holiday shoulders open another door and leans into the darkness within, before he yanks it closed again, the door frame shuddering, and moves on to the next. Full reptilian search-and-destroy mode. Pepper can only shake his head and trail after him, knowing better than to get in the way when Frank is in this kind of mood.]

Billy Pepper:

There's nothing to be done about it now, Frank.

[Holiday pauses and looks back at him with a furious scowl.]

Frank Holiday:

After what that overgrown sack of tofu did? You saw it too, dude! Because of him, Dave's out of the running in the DEF*MAX tournament. We were supposed to get to the play-in match and put on another instant classic, but **NO**, he had to go fuck that up too. Again and again and **again** and **again** and he gets rewarded with a goddamn title shot?

[The rage flashing through his body, he snaps his foot out in a thunderous kick that takes a door completely off its hinges.]

Frank Holiday:

I got his reward right here! My foot in his fugly ass face!

[With Billy surveying the black hole of a suddenly-empty door frame, David Noble walks around the corner and takes a long look at Billy and Frank. Noble walks up next to Billy, his eyes planted firmly on the fallen door.]

David Noble:

So, um, shouldn't the door be on the hinges?

Billy Pepper: [Sighs]

It's a brave new world out here, Dave. Frank's pissed. My name's Captain Obvious, by the way.

[Holiday turns, red-faced, noticing his friend for the first time.]

Frank Holiday:

Dude. That was bullshit!

David Noble:

Yeah, it was. That's something he has to deal with now. Let me handle that. You need to get your mind focused here because you've got Dan Ryan and I'm not certain if you noticed, but he's rather large and tends to enjoy tossing people around the ring.

[David then looks at Billy.]

David Noble:

Trust me, I would know.

[David returns to looking at Frank.]

David Noble:

While it's sweet that you are kicking doors off their hinges for me, two things. One, you've got this big match. Two, that door didn't do anything to you. And just because you deserve an extra bonus, three, I'm going to kick Mushi's head right off his shoulders. Not just for me, but for you as well. Let that be my fight and let me take care of that. You need to take care of business.

[Holiday marches up to Noble, unrelenting.]

Frank Holiday:

You know what, Dave? It doesn't cut it anymore. What did we talk about? You and me putting dubyas on the board tonight, going to Maximum DEFIANCE in the play-in match, and we give everyone Holiday/Noble V on the biggest stage yet. Blow our last Match of the Year out of the water. Make sure one of us gets to the DEF*MAX final. Show this promotion HOW. WE. DO. IT. And when Mushigihara fucks it all up for us -- for you -- **for the eighteen millionth time**, you want me to back off? UH UH BRO! NOT HAPPENING!

David Noble:

I appreciate it, man. And I **promise** you that I will take care of it. There is nothing you can do right now though. Frank, everything -- everything -- I've been saying for the past few weeks will be for nothing, **NOTHING**. I've been screaming about how we [points at Frank and then himself] are the future. None of that matters if you don't focus and win this tournament. That time is now, Frank. So focus, realize what the endgame is, and grab that ring! Show the world what we are all about.

[Billy Pepper lays a hand on Frank's shoulder.]

Billy Pepper:

Frank, buddy, he's right. Dave's going to take care of things with Mushi, but you still have a shot at this.

[The hand is shrugged off as Frank rakes a hand through his hair, shakes his head. When he responds, it takes the full force of his tenuous willpower to be reasonable.]

Frank Holiday:

I hear what you guys are saying. I do. [Deep breath followed by a wild-eyed glare] But for the love of Christ, I need that Japanese asshole's head on a spike for everything he's done.

[Dave sighs.]

David Noble:

You know what, Frank...

[Noble then SLAMS Frank into the nearby wall, placing his right hand firmly against his chest.]

David Noble:

I've got Mushi. Let **me** handle him! YOU, though, YOU need to focus on the match at hand. Dan Ryan. Curtis Penn. And either Lindsay Troy or Bronson Box. Think about EVERYTHING we've been talking about. I will NOT allow you to lose that focus or to lose this tournament on account of me. Do not lose sight of the end, win this tournament, change DEFIANCE, change this business! So, focus, and grab the **FUCKING** ring!

[They glare eye-to-eye for a long moment, Frank breathing loudly through his nostrils. Eventually Holiday closes his eyes, and when he opens them again a second later, the mad anger is fading. He nods. Noble backs off a step or two.]

Frank Holiday:

Alright, dude. You're right. If anybody can put an end to this Mushi business, I believe it's you. [Wry smirk] I learned that first hand. And I promise you, Dave, I am gonna crush the rest of this tournament. Ryan tonight. Penn at Maximum

DEFIANCE. Then the final.

[Holiday pokes an index finger into Noble's chest -- not an aggressive move, but a comradely one.]

Frank Holiday:

I am gonna win this thing, Dave, and I'm gonna do it for me, and for you. And for every one of us who can see what the future of DEFIANCE could be, and who wants to make that future happen. That's my mission.

[He grins hungrily.]

Frank Holiday:

Watch me.

[Noble extends his fist for Frank to bump.]

David Noble:

Oh, I'll be watching man. I've got your back. Now get out there and do your thing.

[Holiday meets fist with fist. Epic dude fistbump engaged!]

[Then a third fist joins the juncture as Billy gets in on the action!]

[Frank and Dave give him a baffled look.]

Billy Pepper:

...What? The moment felt right.

[Holiday laughs uproariously before he clamps a headlock on his manager and noogies the shit out of his hairdo.]

Frank Holiday:

Don't you love this guy?!

Billy Pepper: [Muffled]

Akkhh stuhhhp!

[As Noble just shakes his head at the dynamic duo, Frank finally lets Billy go and gives David a salute.]

Frank Holiday:

See ya on the other side, brother.

[They head off toward the Guerrilla position to get ready for the upcoming match.]

DEF*MAX Tournament (Block B): Dan Ryan vs. Frank Holiday

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is for one fall... and is a **Group B DEF*MAX Tournament Match!**

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Here we go, Angus! This match is going to have major implications for Maximum DEFIANCE! Right now Curtis Penn is leading the pack in Block B with 5 points, after picking up a win over Southern Heritage Champion David Noble earlier tonight...

Angus:

A tainted win, Keebs! And I still can't believe that asshole even has a shot in this tournament! Everybody has failed me!

DDK:

Nobody's disputing it was tainted, but like it or not, Penn got the win and the points. And that means depending on the outcome of this bout, we might need a tiebreaker match to determine who will go to the final!

Angus:

I have a better solution. Somebody stab Penn in the eye. Problem solved!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first...

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

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

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

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

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 250 pounds, and accompanied to the ring by Billy Pepper... "THE TRAIN WRECK"! FRAAAAAAAAAANK! HOLIDAAAAAAAAAY!!

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

m/

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

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

DDK:

Frank was not happy, to say the least, about how things panned out for David Noble earlier. But it looks like he's managed to get his head back in the game. And you know this is a do-or-die scenario for Holiday, Angus -- he needs a win here to draw the score with Curtis Penn, and if that happens, those men will meet a second time in a tiebreaker match at Maximum DEFIANCE!

Angus:

Yeah, well, that's a lot of ifs, Keeps. Holiday lost to Penn, and Penn lost to Dan Ryan, so mathematically that means Holiday doesn't stand much of a chance tonight.

DDK:

I don't know if math actually works that way.

[Holiday stands in his corner and limbers up as he waits for his opponent.]

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... Hailing from Houston, Texas, and weighing in at 305 pounds!! He is one-third of the WORLD TRIOS TAG CHAMPIONS ...THE EGO BUSTER... DAAAAANNNN... RYYYYYAAAANNNNN!!!

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

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

[Ryan walks directly to the ring, rolls in under the bottom rope and climbs the nearest turnbuckle, keeping his arms down and smirking into the crowd as the music plays.]

DDK:

And here is the points leader in Block B! Despite his loss to the Southern Heritage Champion, David Noble, at DEFTv 51, Dan Ryan is still the man to beat with 4 points on the board. That means if he defeats Frank Holiday tonight, he will have 6 points, and he will leapfrog Curtis Penn and go straight to the DEF*MAX final match and take on the winner of tonight's main event!

Angus:

Damn right! Or should I say, DAN right! I'm 100% behind this man tonight, not only because a win would totally cockblock that raging spaz Penn, but because... well, lots of reasons, but mainly because I want to see Curtis Penn throw a fucking tantrum.

DDK:

But think about this: if this match should somehow go to a draw, Ryan will still tie with Penn at 5 points, and they'll have to go at it a second time before the final.

Angus:

That's not so bad. Ryan smashed Penn before and he can do it again. Which will amuse me.

[As the music fades and the lights come up again, referee Carla Ferrari calls Dan Ryan and Frank Holiday to the middle of the ring to give them some last minute instructions. Holiday looks up at the Ego Buster and gives him a small nod of respect, which Ryan returns. Other than that, it's no nonsense and all business up there in the ring.]

[Ferrari calls for the bell.]

DING DING DING!

[As soon as they hear the bell, the two men lunge at each other and lock up, each planting his feet, each straining at the other, grappling for position.]

DDK:

And we're off to the races here, Angus. A traditional lock-up between these two powerful competitors -- the veteran Dan Ryan, the up-and-coming star Frank Holiday, both looking for victory here tonight.

Angus:

Only one of 'em is going to find it, and I'm calling it now for Ryan.

[Like two bulls locked in battle, Holiday and Ryan shove and muscle each other back and forth in the ring, neither quite able to take the other off his feet. Ryan backs Holiday into the ropes, Holiday forces Ryan into a corner, and they end up back in the middle of the ring, finally breaking the tie-up. Holiday stares at Ryan, slapping at his strained shoulder muscles. Ryan stares back, rolling his neck slightly with a small smirk.]

DDK:

Dan Ryan barely seemed affected by that, but Frank Holiday is clearly feeling the burn from that physical exertion.

Angus:

No big surprise there, Ryan is bigger, stronger, and more experienced.

DDK:

That's all true, Angus. But you can never count Holiday out.

Angus:

Don't tell me what I can't do! You're not my stepdad.

[Holiday goes in for another lockup, and Ryan obliges, and this time Holiday is leaning further into it, applying leverage to make up for the power differential. Ryan backs up a step or two, but then he throws his weight forward, and sends Frank staggering backward, nearly into a corner. Holiday takes a moment to get his wits about him, and looks out to the crowd with an open-mouthed expression.]

DDK:

Ryan getting the better of that exchange, and Holiday seems like he wasn't quite ready for that much power.

Angus:

We always talk about how strong Frank is, but I'm telling you, he's no match for Dan Ryan in a straight-up battle of brawn.

[As Billy Pepper encourages him on, Holiday rushes at Ryan again. It's another lockup, but this time Ryan takes full control, kicking the canvas to ram Holiday back-first into the turnbuckles. Holiday arches his back on impact, and this opening lets Ryan wrap his burly arms around Frank and hurl him overhead in a belly-to-belly suplex! Holiday lands with a thud and he rolls into a seated position, nursing his lower back. Ryan grabs him by the head and hauls him to his feet, before whipping Holiday into the opposite corner. Holiday again smashes back-first against the turnbuckles and stumbles forward... into another belly-to-belly by Dan Ryan!]

DDK:

The Ego Buster is in charge!

Angus:

What did I tell ya?

[As Holiday tries to get back to his feet, Ryan intercepts him. He whips Holiday again, but Holiday does some footwork to reverse it, shooting Ryan into the ropes. Ryan comes charging back with a lariat that cuts Holiday down hard. And Ryan goes for the pin!]

ONE...

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Only a one-count, but a clear message sent by Dan Ryan: he's not playing around tonight, considering what's on the line.

Angus:

Holiday is going to need a lot more than his usual blunt force offense to make a dent in Dan Ryan's gameplan, Keeps.

DDK:

You're probably right about that.

[Ryan drags Holiday off the canvas and goes behind, setting up for a belly-to-back suplex, but Holiday elbows him in the head and quickly switches position to put on a rear waistlock of his own. Before he can do anything with it, though, Ryan throws a back elbow in return, and then runs himself and Holiday backward into the corner, sandwiching Frank against the turnbuckles. Ryan walks out of the corner, turns as Holiday starts to lurch forward, and he snaps off a superkick!]

[...But Frank dodges the blow, grabbing Ryan's outstretched leg and pulling him into the ropes!]

DDK:

What a counter by Holiday! Ryan's knee is hooked over the top rope and he's hopping to keep his balance...

Angus:

Pure luck!

DDK:

...And Holiday is on the move!

[Running at full tilt, Holiday bounces off the far ropes and comes back at speed -- NAILING Ryan with a clubbing lariat to the back! Already off-balance and half over the top rope, the force of the blow sends Ryan tumbling head over heels, and over the top rope, down to the floor below.]

DDK:

And Dan Ryan is shaking the cobwebs a little as he picks himself up... look out for Frank!

WHUMP!

[What happened is this: Trying to capitalize on his advantage, Holiday slingshotted himself over the top rope with a plancha, and Dan Ryan, seeing him fly, tried to dodge but didn't quite avoid the impact.]

DDK:

Both men down on the floor! I think Holiday caught him with an elbow but he didn't hit flush like he wanted to.

Angus:

Serves him right! You ever hear the story of Icarus?

DDK:

You mean the man who flew too close to the sun and fell to his death?

Angus:

What? No! I'm talking about Icarus Washington, Tampa's favorite pimp who got too drunk and walked onto a busy freeway. Tragic end for a colorful man about town.

DDK:

Exactly what does this have to do with this match?

Angus:

Who said anything about this match? I was just asking if you heard.

DDK:

[Exasperated sigh]

[As Carla Ferrari starts a ten-count, both Dan Ryan and Frank Holiday are starting to get back on their feet, and it's difficult to tell which of them took the worst of that aerial assault. Ryan is the first to make a move, though: he grabs Holiday by the head and throws him into the barricade, all 250 pounds of stuntman moving the rail back a couple of feet as the ringside fans scramble to kick their chairs backward. Ryan follows up by battering him in the head with hard right hands, then he grabs Holiday's arm and goes to whip him into the ring apron. Frank won't move, though: his arm is hooked on the rail. He throws a knee into Ryan's midsection, and a second one, before lunging forward with a lariat that sends Ryan staggering back into the apron. Holiday starts throwing right hands of his own, and Ryan returns in kind!]

DDK:

We're up to a count of five, and these guys don't seem to care. They're just whaling on each other.

Angus:

Like we said before, it's Dan Ryan's match to lose! A draw here still gets him to Maximum DEFIANCE, so if anybody needs to get his ass in gear, it's Frank Holiday.

DDK:

That was... actually pretty good analysis.

Angus:

And you thought I was just another pretty face.

DDK:

Nope. Never.

[As Carla hits seven, Billy Pepper calls out to his boy to get back in the ring. The reminder does its job: Holiday breaks away from the skirmish and slides under the bottom rope. Ryan goes in after him, and the fisticuffs continue, until Dan Ryan piefaces Holiday back a few steps. Holiday comes back with a charging lariat, ducked by Ryan, who swings in behind Holiday and clubs him in the neck with a stiff forearm shot. Holiday hunches his shoulders in pain, and this gives Ryan the opening he needs to grab him in a rear waistlock... and LAUNCH Holiday with a release German suplex!]

Angus:

YEAH! That's what I'm talking about!

DDK:

Ryan threw him halfway across the ring with that suplex, and Holiday almost landed on his neck! Ryan covers for the pin...

ONE...

TW-- KICKOUT!

DDK:

And Holiday gets the shoulder up. But that last move did some damage I think, Angus.

Angus:

Everything Dan Ryan is doing out there is doing damage. That's what he does.

[Holiday sits up on the canvas, gingerly rubbing his trapezoids and grimacing. Ryan charges at him and hits him full in the face with the sole of his boot, flattening him, then leaps vertically before dropping a big leg across Holiday's head!]

DDK:

And another pin attempt...

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Closer but still not enough.

Angus:

This is Ryan being Ryan, Keeps: once he has his opening, he goes for the kill. Incidentally, I've been thinking about the final match.

DDK:

Oh?

Angus:

Yeah, so assuming Dan Ryan moves on, he's got one of two opponents. It could be Bald Bastard Bronson Box, which you know will be insanely hardcore. But then again, it could be Lindsay Troy. That'd be weird, right?

DDK:

I'm pretty sure they're both professional enough to put their personal relationship aside for the sake of competition, Angus.

Angus:

No, but seriously, it'd be weird. Dan's married to LT's sister. They already got into it over some kind of spinach puffs or something at the last family dinner, so don't you think this would make it super awkward?

DDK:

Dude. Ryan showed LT portraits of vaginas last week. I don't think anything could get more awkward than that.

Angus:

Oh right. Jesus. Why does this family not have a show on TLC yet?

[Ryan peels Holiday off the canvas and shoots him into the ropes. Ryan gets in crouch position for a spinebuster, but he's left hanging as Holiday hooks his arm on the top rope, stopping his momentum. Ryan runs at him with a lariat, and

Holiday drops down with a low bridge, Dan Ryan's bull charge leaving him draped precariously over the top rope. Holiday crawls clear of the scene as Ryan tries to shift his weight and avoid toppling out of the ring. Just as Ryan pushes himself away from the ropes, Holiday gets to his feet, scoops Ryan up from behind, and lets out a roar as he rotates 300 pounds of Ego Buster into an inverted powerslam!]

DDK:

FACE FIRST TO THE CANVAS! What a move by Holiday! What POWER!

Angus:

He's fighting the inevitable at this point! Just lay down!

DDK:

I hardly think that's on his mind now, Angus.

[As Ryan pushes up on hands and knees, he's shaking his head to clear it. Holiday backs into the ropes, throws himself forward and drops an elbow across the back of the head, flattening Ryan again. He gets to his feet, drops a leg this time, and then he grabs Ryan by the head to haul the big man off the canvas. Ryan lashes out with fists to the midsection, but Holiday puts an end to it with a hard knee shot to the face. As Ryan recoils, Holiday scoops him up from the front, groaning as his battered back muscles fight through pain to lift the Ego Buster up onto one shoulder... and then he THROWS Ryan with a high-angle bodyslam in the middle of the ring!]

DDK:

Holiday is building momentum here, Angus! That strength of his is on display, but the thing about delivering these moves on a man the size of Dan Ryan is, Ryan's own weight is working against him when his body impacts the canvas.

Angus:

Quiet you, with your talking and words. Ryan's gonna pull it off in the end.

[Holiday straightens up and looks down at Dan Ryan laid out on the mat. Then he glances out to the crowd as if asking them what his next move should be. This gets a whole section of fans on their feet, screaming and chanting.]

FRANK! FRANK!

FRANK! FRANK!

FRANK! FRANK!

[He nods, and grins, and points to the top rope.]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

He's calling for it! The flying elbowdrop!

Angus:

He's wasting time pandering to the stupid fans!

[With one backward glance to make sure Dan Ryan is still where he left him, Holiday starts climbing the turnbuckles. He perches at the very top, steadies himself with both hands, and then stands upright, flashing the devil horns before he takes flight!]

WHAMMMM!

DDK:

NO ONE HOME!

Angus:

YESSS! CRASH AND BURN, BABY!

DDK:

Holiday took too long and Ryan got out of the way! Holiday floundering on the canvas now, and Ryan rolls him up!

ONE...

...TWO...

...THR-- NO!

DDK:

And it nearly cost Frank the match!

[Outside the ring, Billy Pepper has his elbows on the apron and his face in his hands, looking relieved to see his client kick out. Dan Ryan kneels up beside Holiday and shakes his head at him.]

Angus:

That was a huge mistake on Holiday's part, and he's going to pay the price in T-minus five seconds.

[Indeed, Ryan gets to his feet and pulls the beleaguered Holiday off the mat by his head. He hoofs Holiday in the gut for good measure before stuffing him into a standing headscissor.]

DDK:

And he's about to go for it! Humility Bomb coming up!

Angus:

Three! Two! On-- whaaaat?

[Before Ryan can flip his prey up into powerbomb position, though, a ginger-'fro'd bullet bursts through the curtain at the top of the ramp and pounds its way toward the ring.]

DDK:

EUGENE DEWEY IS HERE!

Angus:

Why the... What's he doing out here?

[Sporting an angry face almost as red as his hair, the FIST of DEFIANCE gets to ringside and climbs up on the apron. Carla Ferrari is right in his grill, ordering him away from the ring, but Dewey's having none of it: he leans over the top rope and shouts furiously at Ryan. The Ego Buster smirks coldly, throws Holiday aside and marches toward him.]

DDK:

Eugene wants a piece of Dan Ryan, and Ryan's about to give him one!

Angus:

Watch out, Eugene! Ryan'll take that scalp of yours if you're not careful!

[Just as Ryan reaches past Carla to take a swing at Eugene, though, the FIST drops down to the floor. Dewey backs away, beckoning for Ryan to join him outside the ring. Dan Ryan shakes his head in disbelief and waves dismissively at the champ as if shooping away an annoying fly.]

DDK:

I guess Eugene didn't want a piece that badly.

Angus:

He must've come to his senses.

[As Carla loudly orders Eugene to vacate the area, Ryan slowly turns back to the match -- where Frank Holiday comes to life, lunging from a crouched position on the canvas into a short-range spear to Dan Ryan's midsection!]

DDK:

SPEAR! Ryan is down!

Angus:

That's just like Frank to take advantage of a distraction!

DDK:

Holiday was down on the mat getting his breath back -- I don't think he was even aware of what happened! That was pure instinct to strike when he saw his target!

[Holiday fights back to his feet, bringing the groggy weight of Dan Ryan with him. Gritting his teeth with exertion, Holiday lifts Ryan up into a fireman's carry...]

WHAAMMMM!

DDK:

TRAIN WRECK!

Angus:

Wha- what! What is happening?!

DDK:

Holiday hit it! Ryan is down! And there's the pin!

ONE...

...TWO...

...THREE!

DING DING DING!

DDK:

God DAMN you, Eugene!

[In the ring, Frank Holiday scoots back from Dan Ryan and uses the ropes to pull himself up to his feet. Down on the floor, Billy Pepper is throwing elated fistpumps.]

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match by pinfall... THE "TRAIN WRECK"! FRANK! HOLIDAAAAAAAAY!!!

DDK:

It's official, folks! Holiday has won this match, and we have a tie at the top of the scoreboard in Block B! That means he will face Curtis Penn one more time in a play-in match at Maximum DEFIANCE, and the winner of that match will take his place in the tournament final.

Angus:

This blows and sucks, Keeps. Holiday had better thank Eugene Dewey for the assist on this one, because if not for that epic display of nerd rage, it would be Dan Ryan getting his hand raised.

DDK:

It may be, but we'll never know now.

[As Dan Ryan sits up, he's visibly pissed. Holiday looks at him and gives him a "good match" nod of the head, but Ryan just turns and glares up the ramp at the curtain. Frank, who missed the intervention of the FIST, misreads Ryan's demeanor as a reaction to the match outcome, and he simply shrugs his shoulders. Holiday steps out of the ring to join his manager, and they head up the ramp together, slapping hands with eagerly reaching fans.]

What's She Gonna Do?

Angus:

That's what you get! That's what you get when you poke the bear, Keeps! You get the horns!

DDK:

I don't think that's the saying...

Angus:

Of course it is! Dan Ryan rustled the jimmies of the FIST and Dewey responded-

DDK:

I'm gonna have to stop you there, Angus, because I've just got word that Lance Warner has managed to catch up to Eugene Dewey backstage! Lance, what's the word?

[Backstage. Lance Warner is trotting along, trying to keep up to the pace of the FIST of DEFIANCE, who is walking briskly away from the Guerilla position.]

Lance Warner:

Guys, I'm almost running to keep up with the FIST of DEFIANCE right now, who as we all just saw, cost Dan Ryan his match against Frank Holiday, and caused the elimination of the Ego Buster from the DEF*MAX Tournament! Eugene, what happened, why did you do it?

[Unlike earlier in the evening, Eugene Dewey now wears a smile on his lips. He even halts his power walk to turn to Lance and answer his question.]

Eugene Dewey:

Why did I do it? Why did I cost Dan Ryan the match? Why did I cost Dan Ryan the tournament? I'll tell you why, Lance. Because if I can't win DEF*MAX, then a guy like Dan Ryan, who I proved wasn't on my level five hundred god-damned days ago, ain't winning this thing either. The Ego Buster, the Whistle Blower, the Turn Coat, the Button Pusher, or whatever moniker Dan Ryan wants to be known as has run his mouth week in, and week out since I merged the World title and the FIST, and tonight I proved that old adage true. Keep your words soft and sweet, because you may have to eat them later. Well Dan Ryan just got served a big plate of his own words, and I bet you they tasted like lemons coated in ear wax.

Lance Warner:

But, Eugene, what about Kelly Evans' decree a few weeks ago?

[The FIST scoffs.]

Eugene Dewey:

What about it?

Lance Warner:

Well, Kelly told you if you directly influenced the result of any DEF*MAX tournament match then you'd be disqualified from the tournament.

Eugene Dewey:

She did, didn't she? Well guess what? I've already lost! So I guess she can't do a whole lot to me now, can't she?

[Dewey flashes a wide smile at DEFIANCE's roaming reporter.]

Eugene Dewey:

Any more questions? No? Good.

[And with that he heads off leaving Lance by himself.]

Lance Warner:

Well, there you have it guys. More strong words from the FIST of DEFIANCE after those shocking events... Back to you at ringside.

[Back to the announce table.]

DDK:

Thanks Lance. How about that then Angus?

Angus:

He's got a point. Dan Ryan has been pushing buttons for a good few months now.

DDK:

But to cost the man the DEF*MAX tournament like that...

Angus:

Hey, I'm keeping my words soft and sweet. I don't want Dewey to cost me something insanely important in a few months time.

DDK:

Well I-

Angus:

And I suggest that you do the same!

Cheap Heat

[Lights out.]

Angus:

Seriously? He's going to do this EVERY time he comes out now?

DDK:

Oh, sweet Jesus here we go.

Angus:

Oh shit, that's right! Bronson asked you to be his mic stand tonight, right?!

DDK:

I'm a professional, I'll do my job. Everything will be... ummm... fine. It'll be fine.

[A faint whistling wind. The faithful, in on the gag at this point, respond as only they can.]

*TURN THE LIGHTS ON! *clap clap clapclapclap**

*TURN THE LIGHTS ON! *clap clap clapclapclap**

*TURN THE LIGHTS ON! *clap clap clapclapclap**

[We barely hear the song start, when the man in black finally kicks in with his haunting lyrics "You can run oooon... " the lights come back on with a pop and he's immediately drowned out by the reaction from the DEFIANCE faithful at who they see grasping onto the top rope in all his mustachioed glory. The man himself, per usual, is already standing on the ring apron taking in the reaction with a biiiiig smile.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

The personal animosity between these two superstars is going to make for one hell of a main event.

Angus:

Hope LT was checking out the DEF video library leading up to this one. Bronson has quite a history with these lady wrestler types. And announcers, now that I think about it.

DDK:

Har har, Skaaland. Now, if you'll excuse me my services have been requested by the terrifying former World champion currently glaring at us from across the ring, so...

[The clatter of Darren Keebler taking off his headset is heard. Bronson has already in the ring at this point. He holds the ropes open for Darren Keebler beckoning for him to come down and join him. Keebs jogs down the ramp, stopping at the ringsteps with a sigh before climbing up and into the ring with the former two time FIST of DEFIANCE.]

Angus:

DON'T DIE, BUD! I'M WAY TOO STONED TO CALL THE MAIN EVENT ALONE!

[Keebler shoots his partner a sideways glance back up at the commentation station before walking to center ring where a microphone is waiting for him. Bronson stalks closer, hooking his thumbs in his singlet and raising his eyebrows at the diminutive announcer.]

Angus:

Awww, Jesus... he looks about as comfortable as my aunt Mable in church. this is where Darren would ask me why and I say "Cause she's a slut." ... or something. FUCK! See? I'M SERIOUS, I CAN'T DO THIS BY MYSELF!

[Darren starts things off.]

DDK:

Bronson, it's an honor a superstar the caliber of yourself would request...

Angus:

Oh, bad move dude! I told you, mic stand, mic stand!

[Bronson puts his hand over the top of microphone and moves it and Keebler's arm towards his face.]

Boxer:

I requested your presence because you and your foul little partner seem to have grown a little big for your britches on commentary since I made my way back here to the company I helped build... You don't like me much, do you Darren Keebler?

[Our intrepid lead announcer looks absolutely terrified. Angus is noticeably silent, the temperature of the segment having dropped several degrees in the last minute. The fun is most definitely over.]

Boxer:

At least the bleach blond nincompoop has the decency to be conflicted... but you, you just piss all over me just like the rest of this lot don't you Keebs?

[The Wargod cracks his knuckles and quickly licks his lips as he stares holes into Darren Keebler's forehead with nothing but bad intentions behind those eyes. The camera catches a shot of Angus Skaaland up at the commentary table... standing, headset off and watching with concern.]

Boxer:

Lindsay Troy doesn't like me either. Truly. You see, Ms. Troy and myself were like ships in the night, passing by one another. Just as I was unceremoniously tossed aside by this company little Ms. Troy and her boy toys were making their way through the door looking to coast to the top of the card on success they had elsewhere... but that's an old song and dance. Isn't it? No. That's not the problem I have with Lindsay Troy, Darren.

[Darren pulls the microphone back out of instinct to ask a question. Bronson, wide eyed, grabs the microphone yet again and pulls Darren's arm back towards his face.]

Boxer:

Move again and I'll break your bloody arm, Keebler.

*FUCK YOU BRONSON! *clap clap clapclapclap**

*FUCK YOU BRONSON! *clap clap clapclapclap**

*FUCK YOU BRONSON! *clap clap clapclapclap**

Boxer:

Test me. See if I'm bluffin'.

[The tension is palpable. We get another view of Angus up at the commentation station gritting his teeth, obviously not happy with this one goddamn bit.]

Boxer:

When I made my way back here, the very first person I saw was Ms. Troy and those two oafs she used to have fight all her battles for her. She acted as though she didn't even know who I was... from then on I'd see her, walking around backstage with a level of self importance even a man like myself finds... unpleasant.

[He lets that last line sink in for a moment.]

Boxer:

She's a loudmouthed little GIRL that for many many months now has been needling me. Endlessly needling me with

her pathetic passive aggressive nonsense. You strut around here all proud that you're "doin' it on your own"... that you've stepped out from behind the Big Damn Heroes to win the DEF*MAX yada yada yada and on and on with that bloody mouth of yours. I see a little girl with some lucky wins still strollin' around here with two bigger stronger men watchin' your back, all the while you perpetuating the falsehood you're some sort of... Queen.

[He looks out at at the hard camera.]

Boxer:

I know you're back there listening to me, Lindsay. I know you're going to come back at me with your trademark venom, you're going to refute everything I say, piss on my body of work, act as though I'm not the raging beating heart of this company... go and head and Tweet away ye' tw*beep* because Bronson Box isn't scared of you and your words. Just like he's not afraid of David Noble's WORDS or Frank Holiday's WORDS or Tyrone Walker's WORDS or Dan Ryan's WORDS... keep squawkin', the lot of you. Keep hopin' the bloody franchise of DEFIANCE Wrestling notices ye' and his relevance rubs off on your pathetic, hollow, so very average careers.

[Bronson grabs hold of the microphone and gives Darren a hard shove down to the canvas.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Boxer:

Come at me lass. An' tell yer' little friends... shops open.

PFFFFT

weeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

[Bronson spikes the microphone with all his might, the shrill whine it emits simply cuts through everybody in attendance. An eardrum massacre. As the electronic death throws of the ringside mic subside Bronson pulls down the straps on his singlet and crouches down dead center ring. His eyes locked on the entrance curtain. The camera lingers on Bronson's expression as Darren Keebler books it up the rampway and back over towards the commentation station.

[We hear him fuss getting his headset back on.]

Angus:

You didn't wet yourself, did you?

DDK:

Can we please just get back to our jobs? I think I've been humiliated just about enough tonight.

Angus:

Threaten us all you want dickbag, you can't silence this announce team.

DDK:

Well wow, thanks Angus. Honestly. I means a lot to hear you say...

Angus:

Oh, fuck you. What I meant was all I'd have to do is call Eric and get his ass fired. We're untouchable man, the bald prick know that.

DDK:

You're awful.

Angus:

Tell me more about how "I mean a lot to you"... gaywad.

DEF*MAX Tournament (Block A): Lindsay Troy vs. Bronson Box

DDK:

Moving on. Folks, like I said, this is going to be one hell of a main event. The backstage animosity between these two superstars is off the charts.

Angus:

Seems to be a pattern forming with Box and all the female talent that pass through DEF, have you noticed that? Heidi, Clara, Kelly, his old girlfriend whats-her-name, hell even Jane before she figured out how to monetize his craziness.

DDK:

I believe that's just called being a misogynist, Angus.

[Bronson Box paces in the ring while Benny Doyle makes his way in-between the ropes. Darren Quimbey has elected to make the introductions from the timekeepers' table.]

Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, this is the final match in the DEF*MAX Grand Prix and it is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

RAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

Quimbey:

Introducing first, already in the ring, from the Scottish Highlands...weighing in at two hundred thirty five pounds....he is the ORIGINAL DEFIANT....THE WARGOD...BRRRROOONNNNNSSSSOOONNNNNN
BOOOOOOXXXXXXXXXX!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Bronson whips his head to the left and the right, sneering at the fans in the first few rows, before fixing his eyes and his body toward the entrance ramp.]

Angus:

Here we go, Keeps! Showtime!

["Trampled Underfoot" - Led Zeppelin]

[That all-too familiar clavinet intro blasts through the Wrestle-Plex and the crowd roars to its feet. Cell phone screens and camera flashes begin illuminating the blackness as the lyrics kick in.]

♪ Greased and slicked-down fine ♪
♪ Groovy leather trim ♪
♪ I like the way you hold the road ♪
♪ Mama, it ain't no sin ♪

♪ Talkin' 'bout love ♪
♪ Talkin' 'bout love ♪
♪ Talkin' 'bout ... ♪

[Normally, this would be about the time where Troy would part the curtain, saunter out onto the stage, and rounds of pyro blasts would shoot upwards like cannon-fire. The DEFIAfans get the pyro, but they don't get Troy on the stage.]

[They get Troy on the apron behind Box where she's jumping up to the top rope.]

RAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

FROM THE CROWD! HUUUUUGE springboard missile dropkick from Troy!

Angus:
Clever girl...

DDK:
A Jurassic Park reference?

Angus:
I like to keep my commentary culturally relevant, Darren. You should try it sometime.

[Box turns around at the very last moment and catches two boots square to the jaw. Benny Doyle calls for the bell and moves out of the way of a charging Troy.]

DING! DING! DING!

[Troy pounces on the downed Wargod and starts hammering away with unrelenting fists.]

DDK:
Troy got the drop on Box and now she's putting work in on his smarmy mug.

Angus:
I give the girl credit...it's a nice attempt to get him to shut up but, well, many have tried and all have failed.

[Troy gets up to her feet and starts in with some hard Thai-style kicks to Box's ribs. Box rolls out of the ring to get away from the assault, and Benny Doyle steps in front of the Queen to allow him some breathing room before he starts his ten count.]

DDK:
As much as I hate to admit it, that was a smart move by Box.

Angus:
She'd better watch herself; Box is a master at playing possum.

[Box is seething outside the ring by the bottom of the entrance ramp, wiping his face and trying to get a gameplan together in his head. Inside the ring, Benny Doyle's up to four now. Troy's not one to wait on anybody so she darts behind Benny and runs toward the far-side ropes. She's got a head of steam as she barrels back across the ring toward Bronson.]

DDK:
OH GOD LOOK OUT!

[Troy dives through the middle rope, catches the Original DEFIANT around the neck and swings her legs around. The momentum takes Box with her and she spikes his head against the ringside mats with a Tornado DDT!]

RAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:
GOOD LORD WHAT A MOVE!

Angus:
The talking is OVER, Keeps! I mean... for now, Lord knows these two egotists won't be able to stop pestering each other on Twitter like a couple of school children, whatever the hell the outcome.

DDK:

True enough.

[Troy's up to her feet now with the beginnings of a cocky grin playing across her mouth. She turns to find Box has rolled over onto his side and she punts him HARD in the kidneys. Box groans and rolls forward, getting closer to the stairs. Troy lands another kick, pushing him closer. When she thinks he's close enough to where she wants him, she takes a few quick steps back, charges, and leaps through the air in hopes of landing another dropkick.]

[But there's nobody home.]

CLANG!

Angus:

Swing and a miss!

DDK:

Bronson has an opening here, let's see if he can capitalize!

[Now it's Box's turn to land some kicks to Troy's back. He's relentless, incensed. He starts to drag Troy back up to her feet but she grabs him by the head again and falls to the mat, connecting with a jawbreaker. Box stumbles away for the moment but when Troy stands up again, he charges and drops her back down with a vicious clothesline.]

Angus:

Did you see the way her head hit the floor? Good God...

DDK:

Bronson Box isn't here to wrestle, he's here to hurt Lindsay Troy.

[Benny's up to eight now and Box quickly pulls Troy to her feet and pushes her under the bottom rope then slides in after her, locking on a tight side headlock. Cranking it in tight, Troy punching away at Bronson's enormous redwood like arm. Boxer slowly crawls he and his opponent to a standing position.]

DDK:

There is no more determined fiery athlete than Lindsay Troy, but Bronson's strength is just off the charts.

[Just as soon as the words escape Keebler's mouth Bronson goes about reminding everyone of one of his other notable attributes, deftly maneuvering his side headlock into a Cobra Clutch. In one quick motion he hoists Troy's much taller but much lighter frame up into the air and drives the small of her back across his knee. He wastes no time doing it again... and again and again, dropping her unceremoniously to the mat where she clutches at her back.]

DDK:

Brutal brutal offence from the Wargod.

Angus:

What's he settin' up for here? I know that look...

Boxer:

YOU READY LASS, EH?!

[Boxer reaches down, grabbing a fistfull of his opponent's hair, wrenching her violently to her feet. He waylays her with a series of quick stiff forearms across the face before tucking her head between his boulder-like thigh muscles. The crowd pops hard.]

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

HE'S TRYING TO END THIS THING EARLY! BOMBASTO BOMB!

[In one quick motion Bronson hoists Troy up to his shoulders and starts off towards the turnbuckle. Before she makes contact she manages to slip behind Bronson, using his own momentum to send him face first into the turnbuckle.]

Angus:

She reversed it, Keeps!

DDK:

Huge save from the Queen! That would have been devastating.

[Troy wastes zero time, reaching down for Bronson, who is still crouched in the corner holding his face. He's playing possum, just like Angus warned, and he reaches up just as Troy is within reach and claws her across the eyes with his well known "red" right hand. Troy lets out a shriek, stumbling back clutching her eyes.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

BAD FORM! Someone needs to force him to trim those damn nails, that shit's ridiculous.

[Troy backs into the opposite corner to try and regain some vision as the blood starts to run from several deep scratches across her face. Bronson stalks out of his corner, walking along the ropes enjoying the reaction from the faithful. He takes his time, jawing with the regulars on the front row that always seem to have something to say.]

Angus:

Box better keep his eye on the ball, Troy isn't someone to dick around with.

[Box finally focuses, turns towards Troy and sets up for a lariat. He licks his lips as he watches Troy bleed against the turnbuckle. She turns and Bronson lunges forward with all his might but catches nothing but empty space. Troy dodges the maneuver and transitions into a crisp reverse neckbreaker that levels the Original DEFIANT.]

DDK:

The resiliency of Lindsay Troy, ladies and gentlemen!

[Troy showing a sense of urgency now by running into the corner and using her upper-body strength to lift herself upside down and into the air. She holds the position there for a moment and then drops back down, twisting her body into the air and connecting with an elbow drop right to the heart of Bronson Box. She hooks both legs for the quick cover. Referee Benny Doyle slides in for the count.]

1...

2...

[Bronson kicks out with enough authority to send Troy tumbling off towards the center of the ring.]

DDK:

KICKOUT BY BOX!

Angus:

Yeah, but did you see her go flying? You were right on the money earlier, the strength difference is going to be a real factor in this one.

[Troy wipes at her face again; the blood from earlier is drying. She's quick to her feet, walks back over to her foe, still on his knees near the ropes. Before she can find a hand-hold Boxer fires back with a stiff European uppercut that violently whips Troy's head back, wasting no time racking her jaw with another that sends her staggering backward.]

DDK:

Bronson's European uppercut is just so so deadly, Angus.

Angus:

Remember Box's last match against Keyes? Dude nearly European uppercutted the Baron of the BELL CLAP~!'s head clean off.

[Bronson grips his right wrist and wriggles his fingers, an eager look in his eyes. Still clutching her jaw, Troy turns just in time to see the Wargod lunging towards her with his clawlike right hand.]

Angus:

FIERY RIGHT HAND, KEEBS! FIERY RIGHT HAND!

DDK:

No! Look!

[With the deftness and ring awareness of a true ring general, Troy catches Bronson's wrist and again uses his own momentum against him. She sweeps Box's right leg, sending him ass first to the mat. She doesn't let go of the Wargod's right arm, instead she swings down back-first to the mat.]

DDK:

Cross armbreaker locked in tight on Bronson Box!

Angus:

Troy is just crushin' it with these reversals tonight.

[Troy wrenches back on Bronson's arm with all her might. Box silently grits his teeth, twisting and turning his body, searching for a way out. He somehow manages to find his knees and struggles violently to find his feet.]

Angus:

He's not trying to lift her, is he?

DDK:

The pressure on his arm will be excruciating...

[With a low guttural cry of pain, Bronson gets to his feet and hoists Troy's shoulders off the mat, cross armbreaker and all, taking step after painful step towards the ropes.]

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

Bronson Box showing that pure grit and determination.

[Box exhaustedly drops to a knee and hooks his free arm around the middle rope, dropping Troy and her still very locked in cross armbreaker shoulder-first down to the mat.]

Angus:

Troy's locked on that arm like a damn pitbull.

[The referee steps in and begins Troy's five count.]

Doyle:

Come on Troy, 1... 2... 3... let him go LT, let him go!

[She waits until the very last acceptable second to release the hold. Box falls back on his ass and scoots himself

towards the nearest turnbuckle clutching his now dangling right arm.]

LETS GO LINDSAY! *clap clap clapclapclap*

LETS GO LINDSAY! *clap clap clapclapclap*

LETS GO LINDSAY! *clap clap clapclapclap*

[Troy doesn't even give the Wargod time to breathe before sprinting in with a vicious boot across his sheared dome. She continues to rattle loose every thought, feeling, and memory from his head with a flurry of kicks, punches, and forearms across his mustachioed mug.]

Angus:

Holy shit look, he's gettin' up!

[Troy's eyes grow wide as her opponent shrugs off every other shot with almost superhuman resilience. She scowls, steps back for a running start, and lunges towards him with what looks to be a cartwheel back elbow. Before Troy can spin around and crack her opponent across the nose, Box lunges at her, hooks the arm and shows her he too knows how to use someone's momentum against them. He levels the Queen with a one-armed side slam that leaves her lying.]

DDK:

HUGE move from the former two time FIST of DEFIANCE!

Angus:

Notice he used his left arm, that right arm is hurt, Keebler. Troy did some real damage with that cross armbreaker.

DDK:

Hoisting her like he did probably wasn't a smart idea. Then again, Bronson has never really been that keen on self preservation when he's in one of his moods.

[Bronson drops down and hooks one of Troy's legs with his left arm. Benny Doyle is right there with the count.]

1...

2...

RAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Solid kickout at two from Lindsay Troy!

Angus:

I know for a fact what's driving these two, Keebs. We mentioned it earlier. They can't STAND one another. The idea of losing to the other is just too much for either to bear!

DDK:

Bragging rights can be as precious as any gold belt, partner. Especially here in DEFIANCE.

[Bronson is quick to his feet, trying desperately to work the kinks out of his right arm. He goes as far as to run himself shoulder first into the turnbuckle just to reawaken some nerve endings Troy might have shorted out.]

Angus:

I'm not sure what's pissing him off more, the fact he hasn't won yet or the fact she actually managed to take a real bite out of him with that armbreaker.

[Frustration and burning hatred behind his dull brown eyes, Bronson reaches down and gets two huge fist fulls of his

opponent's mop and drags her toward the center of the ring. Literally whipping her up and off her feet by the hair, Box catches her in mid-air and locks in a tiiiiight bearhug, managing to pin both of her arms in the process.]

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

Angus:

Jesus, she's in some real trouble now. Bronson can wreck shop with these old timey wrasslin' moves. Would you look at the veins in his shoulders?

DDK:

Bronson is raw power personified, partner, no doubt.

[Troy wriggles desperately in Bronson's hulking grip trying to free one or both of her arms to put up some sort of offence but to no avail. Desperate, trapped, without recourse, Lindsay Troy uses the only weapon still at her disposal...]

DDK:

WICKED HEADBUTT TO BRONSON! AND... AND ANOTHER!

[Troy's back to bleeding from the gashes across her face so it takes us a moment to notice the trickle of blood from Bronson's forehead.]

Angus:

How does Bronson manage to turn every single one of his matches into one giant healthcode violation? Hep C lawsuits here we come...

[Furious now, Bronson fires back with a headbutt of his own. All the while wrenching harder and harder on Troy's arms and midsection. With a wild warcry she fires back with another headbutt that sees Bronson's grip falter for just a moment. All Troy needs to free her arms. Before she can claw, rip, or dig into Bronson's face however she pulls her head away just barely missing Boxer's teeth as he tries to clamp down on her cheek or maybe her chin.]

Angus:

Did he just try to BITE her fucking FACE?

DDK:

The Wargod isn't letting go, Troy's going to have to pull out something unexpect...

[The words don't even escape Keebler's lips before Troy finally utilizes her freed arms and bell claps the Scottish Strongman, compressing his temples.]

Angus:

Did Troy just break out a Henry Keyes-esque BELL CLAP~! ??

DDK:

Looks like it, partner.

Angus:

Is that a trademark violation? Gimmick infringement? WILL SHE SUFFER FROM FIERY GINGER RAGE?!

DDK:

I think desperate times just call for desperate measures.

[Indeed, as she hits Box with another bell clap and he can't help but release the hold. Troy has little time to celebrate however, the damage done. Box steps in, drops a knee, hooks her legs and forces her down to the mat in a double leg takedown so crisp Troy's head pops off the mat upon impact. Box goes for the quick cover.]

1...

2...

3...

DDK:

NO, SHE GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

[Benny Doyle shoves two fingers into his face and Bronson pounds the mat in frustration.]

Boxer:

THAT WAS THREE DAMN YOU...

[As Bronson continues to try and intimidate the official, he allows Troy time to catch her breath in the process. He turns back to her only to be greeted with a boot to the guts that sends the Wargod to his ass. She lunges forward and locks in a tight guillotine choke.]

DDK:

LINDSAY TROY WITH THE FLYING STRONGMAN!

Angus:

She's throwin' shade poaching Bronson's old finisher...I might have to give her a golf clap for that one.

[Troy applies the maneuver with precision, but having been brought up in the British tradition Bronson's grappling well is deeper than most. He finds his way out by getting up to the balls of his feet and maneuvering his body up and away from Troy's legs. Once he's to her side, he punches her in the ribs to have her break the hold around his neck. He grabs her arms, whips her up and over to catch her back. The crowd erupts as The Original DEFIANT pulls, out of nowhere...]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

BOSTON MASSACRE! BOSTON MASSACRE ON LINDSAY TROY!

[Boxer's ignoring the pain in his right arm by now and wrenches back on Troy's head, cranking her neck with every haggis-fueled muscle in his upper body. She screams out as the first sharp stab of pain goes running up her spine from the small of her back.]

Doyle:

What do you say, Troy?

Troy:

Fuck no!

[She reaches desperately for the ropes juuuust a fingertip out of reach. He pulls back harder, squeezing another cry of pain from his opponent. The audible proof of her pain brings a sick, sadistic, blood-soaked grin to his face.]

DDK:

This man is despicable.

Angus:

Well, playing devil's advocate... dude's backing up what he always said. This fight is goddamn incredible. Win or lose this match is stealin' the show.

Doyle:

Come on LT...talk to me, do you submit?

[Troy, determined, shakes her head NO and kicks out with her leg trying to maybe hook the rope to the side of her to no avail. Once again helpless against Bronson's superior strength, she on the next most effective weapon at her disposal. The scream that escapes Bronson's lips when Troy sinks her teeth into his right hand sounds like that of a wounded animal.]

DDK:

If Bronson can try and get all bitey, so can the Queen!

[It's enough to loosen Bronson's grip just enough to give Troy the fingertip worth she needed to maaaaaybe grab hold of the ring rope. Seeing her fingers brushing the middle rope Bronson quickly releases the hold and drops down across her neck with all his weight.]

DDK:

Bronson with a CLUBBING double ax handle to the back of Lindsay Troy!

Angus:

Look at her though, that Massacre took it out of her, man...

[Bronson's cold brown eyes peer out from behind a crimson mask of blood and sweat and watches as Lindsay Troy slowly, desperately, claws her way to all fours.]

LETS GO LINDSAY! *clap clap clapclapclap*

LETS GO LINDSAY! *clap clap clapclapclap*

LETS GO LINDSAY! *clap clap clapclapclap*

DDK:

Just listen to these people, Angus!

[The eardrum-splitting reaction from the crowd, the unwavering support of the faithful, it looks as though Troy might manage to will herself to her feet, but her fan-fueled momentum is cut short by a sharp punt to the midsection from Bronson.]

Boxer:

COME ON LASS, WHERE'S THAT SHARP TONGUE OF YOURS NOW, EH?!

[Another sharp kick to the ribs from the Wargod.]

Boxer:

SEND ME ANOTHER TWEET YE' WEE T*beep*!

Angus:

Yeaaaaeah I don't think he should have used that word...

[The camera catches the look in Lindsay Troy's eyes. A furnace fed by frustration. And don't you know years of scratching and clawing up the ranks of a male dominated sport like professional wrestling have left Lindsay Troy with piiiiiiiles of frustration. Bronson rears back to land yet another stinging kick to the midsection but the Queen reaches up and catches his leg. Troy gets to her feet with a look on her face that could melt steel.]

DDK:

Troy has Boxer in a precarious position here!

[Bronson swings wildly, catching nothing but air. Troy ducks his punches with the quickness of a prize fighter. Troy

tosses Boxer's leg aside, spinning him around. Once he's facing her again she lands a brutal roundhouse kick to the gut, doubling Bronson over in pain.]

DDK:

SHE'S GOING FOR THE FINAL JUDGMENT!

Angus:

HOLY SHInope, nope she's not!

[Once again digging down deep and showing why he's called, pound for pound, the bar-none strongest man in the DEFIANCE roster, Box powers Troy up and over in an attempt to reverse the setup into a backdrop. Troy manages to avoid the counter and land on her feet. Bronson turns and absolutely levels Troy with another brutal European uppercut. Unphased, Troy takes a few determined steps right into the Wargod's personal space and screams a guttural warcry before crushing the former World champion with a series of brutal forearms that further open the wound on Bronson's forehead.]

RAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

TROY JUST HAS ZERO QUIT!

Angus:

I know for a fact Troy would rather sniff Eugene Dewey's sweaty jockstrap than eat a loss from Bronson. She might want DEF*MAX more than she's wanted anything in her whole career, Keeps.

[With her opponent stunned she pops off the ropes and runs full-speed at Bronson.]

DDK:

SPINEBUSTER FROM THE WARGOD!

[Box stops Troy cold, picking her up mid-sprint and leveling her with a brutal spinebuster. He hooks both legs for the pinfall.]

1...

2...

3...

DDK:

KICKOUT! SHE GODDAMN KICKED OUT!

RAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Box screeeeeeeamms out in frustration. Troy again uses Bronson's temper tantrum against him by reaching up and rolling him up in a quick small package. Benny Doyle is on top of the count immediately.]

1...

2...

[Bronson rolls through into a pinfall of his own. Doyle again makes the count.]

1...

2...

[Troy kicks out with authority. Bronson rolls away and gets to a knee just out of arm's reach. The Queen rolls up onto her knees, exhausted, but still able to return the look of contempt she's receiving from The Original DEFIANT.]

THIS IS WRESTLING! *clap clap clapclapclap*

THIS IS WRESTLING! *clap clap clapclapclap*

THIS IS WRESTLING! *clap clap clapclapclap*

DDK:

What a match!

Angus:

I'm getting gassed just calling this thing. How are these two still standing?

[Bronson is the first to make a move, lunging in towards Troy but is cut short with another brutal kick to the gut. The set up is so fast we barely register what she's doing before...]

DDK:

CRADLE DDT! CRADLE DDT FROM THE QUEEN OF THE RING!

Angus:

How the hell did she pick him up after all of this?!

[Troy's strength has always been incredibly deceptive, though. She rolls through, hooks both legs, and leeeeeeeans back with all her weight for the pinfall.]

[The faithful chant along as Doyle slides in for the count.]

1...!

2... !

3... NO! KICKOUT! KICKOUT! KICKOUT!

RAAAAHHHHHHBOOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAHHHHH!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

[The crowd goes absolutely bananas as both competitors collapse to the canvas. It's a few moments before either stirs. Troy's the first to move, clawing inch by inch up the nearest available turnbuckle. As she gets to her feet, Bronson is just getting to his knees a few arm lengths away. Troy rushes in and takes the bottom half of the Wargod's head off with a brutal shining wizard that leaves Bronson swaying on his knees. In the time he manages to plant one wobbly boot firmly on the canvas, Lindsay Troy has ascended the turnbuckles. She brushes blood caked strands of hair out of her eyes so as to get a better view of her opponent juuuuust managing to stand upright.]

Angus:

What's she going for here?

[Standing atop the uppermost rope, Troy runs a thumb across her neck and points down at Bronson before reversing position so her back is towards the ring. Wasting no more time and no more motion, she leaps back towards her opponent, corkscrews through the air and absolutely PLANTS the Scottish Strongman's noggin into the canvas with one of the most spectacular-looking Tornado DDT's the DEFIANCE Faithful have ever seen...]

DDK:

CROWNING GLORY! HOLY SHIT, SHE PULLED OUT THE CROWNING GLORY!

Angus:

GAAAHHHHHH GODDAMN FLIPPY-DOO MOVE OF DOOM, AFTER ALL THAT PUNCHY-KICKY HOO AND HIYAH GOODNESS!

[Unfortunately, referee Benny Doyle was standing juuuuust a little too close to the action and caught Troy's foot clean across the top of his head on her way down.]

DDK:

Benny's down! Bronson's down!

Angus:

AWWW DUDE NO WAY! Get up Doyle, you pussy!

[Benny tumbles to ringside out cold. Bronson is out cold, the glazed look on his face as he counts the lights above the ring says "Boxer has left the building" loudly and clearly. Troy manages to get to her feet, falling back against the ropes for a moment and noticing immediately the lack of a referee in the ring.]

DDK:

She has this WON!

Angus:

But there's nobody to make the count! Being a flippy-doo is gonna cost the Queen!

DDK:

Wait... wait, look, what's going on over on the other side of the ring? Some fan is climbing over the barricade from out in the audience...

[It's easy to mistake the rotund redhaired figure for one of the DEFIANCE faithful at first. But as Angus, Darren, and the fans all get a better look at the man it becomes clear this is no fan.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

You've GOT to be kidding me... AGAIN?!

Angus:

THE FIST OF DEFIANCE IS HERE TO SAVE THE DAY, KEEBS!

[Troy barely has time to react as the reigning, defending, FIST of DEFIANCE sliiiiides under the bottom rope and makes a beeline straight for her. With her back against the ropes she has nowhere to go, he waylays her with a series rowdy forearm shots before signaling to the crowd with a sinister grin that would make the Joker proud...]

Angus:

SHORYUKEN~!

DDK:

Would someone back there send out a damn referee?!

[Lindsay Troy collapses like a sack of laundry. Juuuuust as referee Carla Ferrari comes sprinting from backstage Eugene books it from the ring, backing up into the little alcove where the ring announcer and timekeeper sit. He shoves Darren Quimbey out of his folding chair and steps up atop it as Carla slides into the ring to begin a ten count.]

1...

2...

3...

DDK:

They're both down. They aren't moving, Angus.

4...

5...

6...

7...

Angus:

SOMEONE GET UP!

8...

9...

10... ! **DING! DING! DING!**

Quimbey: [a little disheartened]

Ladies and gentlemen! Referee Carla Ferrari has ruled this match... a draw.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Eugene smiles from his perch at ringside as Troy and Bronson begin stirring...]

A Serious Roadbump

DDK:

This is just awful, ladies and gentlemen. Eugene Dewey in one night single handedly screwed Dan Ryan and Lindsay Troy out of the DEF*MAX finals, Keeps!

Angus:

When Eugene was eliminated from the tournament he obviously threw all his effort behind Bronson. As if there was ever going to be any doubt.

[Troy is the first to regain her bearings. The first thing she sees clearly is the brackets up on the DEFIAtron showing her mathematical elimination from the tournament.]

Angus:

She needed a win, not a draw.

DDK:

One point, Angus. ONE measly point.

[Eugene hops off the chair and makes his way around the ring, reaching in and assisting Bronson out of the ring. He shakes consciousness back into his partner pointing up at the brackets still up on the screen. A cruel smile crawls across Bronson's face as he sloooooowly turns his head towards Lindsay Troy who's completely upright and gripping the top rope white-knuckle tight.

Angus:

Ooooooooooooo she's fuckin' pissed...

[Before the Original DEFIANTS even have a chance to react, Troy LAUNCHES herself over the top rope with a gorgeous corkscrew plancha that levels the duo and sends them both tumbling and stumbling back up the rampway.]

RAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

INCREDIBLE MANEUVER!

Angus:

CAN WE STOP WITH THE FLIPPY-DOO NOW?!

[Troy is quickly back to her feet stalking after them, stopping halfway up the ramp with a murderous smile on her face. Bronson and Eugene stop cold, both turning back towards the entrance curtain in unison.]

Angus:

IT'S THE EGO BUSTER, KEEBS!

RAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[The fans go bananas as the two parties who had their DEF*MAX dreams stolen tonight slowly close in on the Original DEFIANTS. Dan Ryan cracks his knuckles as Bronson and Eugene stand back to back, preparing for an all out brawl before a familiar voice cuts through the scene like a knife.]

Voice:

E-GOD-DAMN-NOUGH!

[The mechanical whir and hum of the Pleasure Dome's infrequently used sliding glass windows is heard, as the huge bank of windows slowly open we all get a good view of Kelly Evans' office in all of its glory. The BAWs Lady stands with hands on hips looking down at the four superstars with a gaze of pure unfiltered "fucking pissed off" etched onto

her beautiful face.]

Kelly Evans:

I told you to keep your god-damned-fucking-hands off of my tournament, but that's just not possible is it? So just what am I going to do with you, Mr. reigning defending what the fuck ever, hmmm?!

[Eugene smirks and mouths "nothing."]

Kelly Evans:

Oh-ho-ho, that's where you are WRONG, Euge!

[Eugene bellows from the floor, "You can't disqualify me, I'm already out of the finals!" as he laughs at the Matriarch of DEFIANCE. Which does nothing but draw more of her considerable ire.]

Kelly Evans:

Oh, but I can punish you in so many other fun ways, you fat tub of goo. For instance, after all of the trouble you have given me, I could do something everyone in this building would love to see happen... And take away the ONE thing you hold dear and that is the FIST OF DEFIANCE!

[That gets Eugene's attention and he starts off in a rage, fists shaking, spittle flying from his mouth as he incoherently barks at Evans like a rabid dog. Boxer puts a hand on Dewey's chest trying his best to calm him down, as he's currently still loopy from Troy's Crowning Glory and leaning on the FIST for support.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Oh my god!

Angus:

She wouldn't do that, Keeps... would she?

[Kelly shakes her head with a flat 'no.']

Kelly Evans:

Nuh-uh, that would be too easy of a punishment for you, and it would deny these fans, our faithful the privilege of seeing someone take your little precious away from you like the sniveling, backstabbing, FAT little Gollum that you are.

[Bronson rolls his eyes at the name calling session, talking quietly with Eugene, still trying to calm his partner down. Kelly's notices, her death glare turning to Box.]

Kelly Evans:

Oh, shut the fuck up, Boxer! I have half a mind to overturn this decision right-fucking-now and put Lindsay Troy into the finals--

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Now it's Boxer's turn to rage as he quickly shoots daggers from his eyes at the Skybox, calling Evans a harlot of some sort.]

Angus:

Can she do that?

DDK:

She's the BAWS Lay-Dee, Angus, I think she's got the power to do exactly that!

Kelly Evans: [waving her hand dismissively]

... but Lord knows I don't want to have to deal with Jane Katze's sniveling, whiny bullshit and her cockroach lawyers crawling up my office walls tomorrow if I do. So I have a BETTER idea.

[Everyone falls silent. Dewey seeths. Boxer seeths. During Kelly's monologue, Troy and Ryan inched closer to the dastardly duo on the ramp. Now, however, they wait with baited anticipation. Kelly's gaze sloooooowly turns back to Eugene.]

Kelly Evans:

It occurs to me that you don't have a match for MAXIMUM DEFIANCE... DO YOU, Eugene?

[She lets that hang in the air for a moment.]

Kelly Evans:

Well guess what... NOW YOU DO, FUCKBREATH! How does defending your prize in a THREE WAY DANCE with the two people you just royally FUCKED out of a chance to win the DEF*MAX sound to you?!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Lindsay Troy and Dan Ryan are aaaaaall smiles as the fans cheer, stomp their feet, rattle seats, and bang guardrails in approval. Of course it goes without saying that the FIST doesn't like that announcement one bit and returns to throwing a nerd rage temper tantrum.]

Kelly Evans:

The both of you are gonna have a hell of a night ahead of you at the pay-per-view. [Smirks.] Might want to start getting your affairs in order.

[The Pleasure Dome's windows retract back to their closed state as Eugene and Bronson exchange a look between them.]

[Their master plan just hit a serious road bump.]

[FADE TO COPYRIGHT.]