

The Run-Down/Lucky

[DEFIANCE Wrestling is...]

[An Exclusive Presentation]

[Only on HULU PLUS!]

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[GO!]

RAHHH!

[Awwwww fuck yeah, DEFIANCE Wrestling is live from the Wrestle-Plex in New Orleans. “I Defy” by Machine Head plays out around the arena as the lights flash. We zoom around the fans who are whipping up a frenzy as they prepare for the second night for the DEF*MAX Tournament. Several signs from the crowd are highlighted...]

[Before things are passed over to our broadcast team, “Downtown” Darren Keebler and “The Motormouth of Malcontent” Angus Skaaland.]

DDK:

Welcome everyone to DEFIANCE Wrestling! I'm Darren Keebler alongside Angus Skaaland and we're here live from New Orleans with one hell of a show lined up for you tonight!

Angus:

Yes indeed we have, Keebs. And the focal point of the evening surely has to be the four second round matches of the DEF*MAX tournament.

DDK:

No doubt about it, Angus. Tonight we'll see the Southern Heritage champion, David Noble, kick his tournament off against the man that came up short against the former Southern Heritage champion Frank Holiday last week, Samuel T. Turner the Second.

Angus:

And in the second Bracket B match we'll see two former Southern Heritage champions go face to face as Frank Holiday takes on Curtis Penn.

DDK:

Who are you rooting for in that one?

Angus:

Ask again later.

DDK:

My partner, the Magic 8 ball.

Angus:

Fine, Frank's got my vote. I don't think you actually needed to ask though, did you?

DDK:

I just like to check. But Bracket B aren't going to be having all the fun, because we've got two Bracket A matches lined up for you as well, including Mushigihara, who battled Bronson Box to a draw last time out, going one on one with the woman that upset the FIST last week, Lindsay Troy!

Angus:

I hope the God-Beast sits on Troy tonight and puts a stop to that flippy-doo crap.

DDK:

Speaking of the FIST though, he'll be going one on one against Henry Keyes, who will be taking part in his first Tournament match as well.

Angus:

It's the BELL CLAP versus the Shoryuken, Keebs!

DDK:

And don't forget, outside of DEF*MAX action we're gonna see Troy Matthews square off against Jake Donovan as well this week.

Angus:

I can't believe it, we're actually gonna see one of those two pick up their first win in about four years. You know, unless they manage to draw against each other or something... which I wouldn't put past either of them...

DDK:

And in our opening contest we'll see The HIT take on Everett Swanson...

Angus: [listening to his earpiece]

Hang on, what's that?

DDK:

What? What is it? Why am I not getting it?

Angus:

I switched our earpieces when you weren't looking. It sounds like we're actually not going to see that opening match because the Hardcore Trapezoid or whateverthefuck that guy's name is no-showed again this week.

DDK:

I see.

Angus:

Check's in the mail, pal, fuck outta here!

DDK:

I'm sure we wish The HIT well in his future ende-

Angus:

Nah, fuck that guy.

[Music up: "Dark Lord Bowser"]

DDK:

Oh, here we go again...

Angus:

I don't believe it, the champion is gracing us with his presence at the top of the show for the second week running.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[The lights in the arena cut immediately as the deep, bass filled laugh of Bowser echoes around the Wrestleplex. One spotlight focuses on the center of the stage where a lone figure stands with the FIST of DEFIANCE draped over one shoulder and a microphone in hand. The fans immediately chant in unison so loud that they can be heard over the PA system.]

You got pinned!

You got pinned!

You got pinned!

Eugene Dewey:

Cut my damn music!

[Dewey rises to the chants immediately and his music is cut off way too early for it to really get going. Now there's nothing competing against the fans, so they just get louder and louder.]

You got pinned!

You got pinned!

You got pinned!

Eugene Dewey:

I didn't get pinned, I got screwed!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Dewey stomps his way down the ramp towards the ring, jerking his arm out of the way of fans that try to touch him.]

Eugene Dewey:

Lindsay Troy got lucky!

DDK:

By "lucky" does Eugene mean she hit one hell of a move and pinned his shoulders to the mat for a three count fair and square?

Eugene Dewey:

She got lucky because I was distracted by you...

[Eugene points to a group of fans flipping him off in the front row.]

Eugene Dewey:

And you...

[His finger moves to the fans at the back of the arena before circling the building.]

Eugene Dewey:

I was distracted by ALL of you as you chanted... I can't even bring myself to say it...

FUCK YOU, EUGENE! *Clap! Clap! ClapClapClap!*

FUCK YOU, EUGENE! *Clap! Clap! ClapClapClap!*

FUCK YOU, EUGENE! *Clap! Clap! ClapClapClap!*

DDK:

That's what they were chanting.

Angus:

Total disrespect for our champion there. Absolutely disgusting.

Eugene Dewey:

Yeah, that! I come out here week in, week out, I bust my ass, I break my back, I work harder than anyone else in this business, and that's what I get?

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Eugene Dewey:

I am a champion you should be proud of, not one you should be insulting!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

I'm gonna beg to differ on that one.

Angus:

Shhh, the champ is speaking.

Eugene Dewey:

I was distressed by the words of each and every one of you, and while I was in such a fragile mental state Lindsay Troy took advantage! For that reason I want that result expunged from the record of this tournament and I want a rematch to be held at a later date!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Eugene Dewey:

Lindsay Troy holding two points right now is an absolute travesty. She-

[...is about to interrupt the champ.]

["Trampled Underfoot" - Led Zeppelin]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Oh, Eugene, you'd better keep those next words soft and sweet, because something tells me you might be eating them very soon.

[From the back walks Lindsay Troy, dressed in street clothes, with a microphone of her own. She stands at the top of the ramp for a moment and soaks in the cheers from the fans before heading on down to the ring where Eugene stands, clearly angry at the fact that the Queen of the Ring feels she has the right to interrupt him.]

Lindsay Troy:

Oh, Eugene... you seem a little... **upset...**

HAHAHAHAHAHA!

[A big grin spreads across Troy's face as she ascends the stairs and steps into the ring.]

Lindsay Troy:

But you know as well as I do that these fans are as much a part of any wrestling match as this canvas, or these ropes, or those turnbuckles... And if they want to chant something like...

FUCK YOU, EUGENE! ***Clap! Clap! ClapClapClap!***

FUCK YOU, EUGENE! *Clap! Clap! ClapClapClap!*

FUCK YOU, EUGENE! *Clap! Clap! ClapClapClap!*

[Somehow that grin grows ever wider.]

Lindsay Troy:

Then that's what they're gonna do, and as long as they stay that side of the barrier and don't get grabby with the athletes or do anything rash then they can do and say whateeeeeeever they want.

BAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[That pop angers the FIST even more and he paces around the ring telling the fans to quieten down. Of course they don't listen and just grow louder.]

RAHHH!

Lindsay Troy:

See, Euge, it takes a certain kind of person to silence a crowd, and that certain kind of person clearly isn't you so you can't blame them for me beating you last week.

OOOOOOOOOOOH!

[That comment stops Eugene dead in his tracks and forces him to turn his attention to Lindsay.]

Lindsay Troy:

Struck a nerve, did I? Go ahead, tell me to stop talking about it... See what happens.

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Eugene Dewey:

Eugene Doney:
You didn't beat me-

Lindsay Troy:

Pretty sure I did. Pinned your shoulders, one two three, big crowd pop, Angry Ginger Champ. I can ask Jake the A/V Director to bring it up on the DEFIAtron if you need a reminder...

Eugene Dewey:

...

[Dewey's face turns redder and redder as he stares at the grinning Troy. He clearly wants to speak, but right now words are failing him.]

Lindsay Troy:

No? You don't want that? [shrug] Fine. No need for a tourney rematch, then. No need for the end result to be exactly the same as before, which would bring you out here and spout some more excuses, and then we'd start this whole song and dance all over again. Heh. No, the next time we face each other it's gonna be for that.

[Lindsay extends a finger to point at the 10 pounds of gold draped over Eugene's shoulder.]

Lindsay Troy:

Like I said last week... Match. Tourney.... **Title.**

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Finally Eugene managed to compose himself enough to speak again.]

Eugene Dewey:

You know what? Fine. Take your tainted victory, because I promise you it'll be the only victory you get in this tournament. I'm gonna make damn sure that you don't score another point over the next four weeks, even if I have to see to that myself!

Disembodied Voice:

Ahem.

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[The spotlight focuses on the Pleasure Dome where the Head Bitch In Charge, Kelly Evans, stands being fanned by her man slaves. She's got a microphone in her hand and a scowl on her face.]

Kelly Evans:

Let me stop you right fucking there.

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Kelly Evans:

I've worked too damn hard for too damn long to make sure this tournament is something that people remember, and I'm not going to let you fuck it up by doing something like rigging the whole damn thing until you get your own way, so here's what we're gonna do. Eugene, if you get involved in any match other than your own and do anything to directly influence the outcome of that match, I'll disqualify you from the whole damn thing so fast you'll travel back to nineteen eighty fucking five.

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Kelly Evans:

Have I made myself clear?

[Eugene scowls right back at Kelly, who nods at the FIST.]

Kelly Evans:

Good. You can carry on trying to prove you've even got a dick now. I've got work to do.

[With that the spotlight shuts off and Eugene is left with a red face in the middle of the ring. Lindsay Troy, meanwhile, tries so hard not to laugh but fails miserably.]

DDK:

Boy, the FIST does not look happy right now.

Angus:

Kelly Evans just publically neutered him, how would you expect him to look?

DDK:

Exactly like that.

Eugene Dewey:

You think that's funny?

[Dewey steps towards Troy, who immediately prepares herself for a fight, but Eugene backs off just as quickly as he

thinks of Kelly's words.]

Eugene Dewey:

Oh you'd love that, wouldn't you? You'd love to be able to blame me for causing your inevitable loss to Mushigihara tonight, wouldn't you? Well I'm gonna be the bigger man here and walk away, because I don't need to interfere in any matches. You're not gonna get past Mushi, and you're sure as hell not gonna get past Boxer. I, meanwhile? I'm gonna destroy Keyes tonight, and I'm gonna claim all of my remaining points to win this damn thing!

["Airship Pirate" - Abney Park]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Angus:

Oh come on, what now?!

DDK:

Something tells me Henry Keyes might have something to say to Eugene about his words just now.

[Keyes walks purposefully down to the ring while Eugene seeths, clearly frustrated that his plan to get everything off of his chest keeps getting interrupted and stepped on. Henry rolls into the ring and asks for a microphone, which is promptly thrown to him and his music cuts.]

Henry Keyes:

I must have misheard you, Eugene...I think I just heard something about you "destroying" me tonight?

[Eugene nods silently and Keyes smiles.]

Henry Keyes:

That's what I thought. But I'm afraid...that's just not going to happen.

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Henry Keyes:

Funny thing about this tourney - you look at the table and it looks like you and I are on even footing with zero points! But while I'm having my first match TONIGHT, youuuuu've...well.

[Eugene chews the inside of his mouth, clearly knowing where Keyes is going with this train of thought.]

Henry Keyes:

You soiled the bed, and now you're in last place...BELOW me!

OOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

[Off to the side Lindsay smirks even more. She covers her mouth up with her microphone hand, but that only means her fight against laughter is amplified for the audience, and Eugene, to hear. Dewey grows redder and redder as the seconds tick by.]

Eugene Dewey:

Do you really think you stand a chance against me? I'm the FIST of DEFIANCE. I've held this title for 458 days! That's 15 months! And where were you 15 months ago, huh? You were failing to capture the Southern Heritage title and then you disappeared for half a year. And I don't know why you're laughing...

[Eugene turns his attention to Lindsay.]

Eugene Dewey:

You weren't even a member of DEFIANCE when I won this title! My reign is longer than your whole damn career here! You both need to learn your goddamn place in this company, because it's sure as hell not sharing the ring with the longest reigning FIST in DEFIANCE history, and it's certainly not anywhere near the longest serving member on this roster.

[Troy's beginning to take exception to those words and steps in, but Eugene isn't done.]

Eugene Dewey:

I've been a member of DEFIANCE since 2010 and I've not missed a single show. Even when I was laid up in a hospital bed in an entirely different country the morning of GRINDHOUSE: Germany, I still made the show, and I still won this...

[Dewey lifts the belt into the air.]

Eugene Dewey:

I'm more dedicated to DEFIANCE than either of you could ever be, and the fact that you...

[Dewey looks Lindsay up and down with an expression of disgust.]

Eugene Dewey:

Or you...

[Then does the same to Keyes.]

Eugene Dewey:

Think, for one second, that you can stand toe to toe with me... it's just plain ridiculous.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Now Keyes steps closer to Dewey. The champ, to his credit, doesn't back down, but the fact that it's two on one might make his next action surprising as he takes a swing at Troy!]

OOOOOOH!

[But out of the corner of her eye she sees it coming and ducks. Dewey's fist continues on its trajectory and connects with the side of the head of Henry Keyes. The Airship Pirate is knocked back by the force of the strike. Troy backs off ever so slightly, but Dewey obviously has his sights set on her. He goes after the woman that pinned him last time out, but he's stopped by Henry Keyes, who grabs the FIST's arm and spins him around into a stiff elbow strike to the jaw. Dewey responds with a right hand, and soon Keyes and Dewey are trading blows in the middle of the ring.]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Oh man, here we go!

Angus:

Did you see that right hand from Dewey? How is Keyes still on his feet?

DDK:

He weathered that shot like only a DEFIANT could, Angus.

[Troy backs away and watches the two opponents for tonight brawl in the middle of the ring. She even seem to be enjoying the display, going as far as to lean back against one of the turnbuckles and lead the cheers every time one of Keyes' blows finds a home. Soon Henry manages to land two elbows in succession and gain the upper hand. He pushes Eugene back into the corner of the ring and whips him across it the turnbuckle. Dewey hits hard and stumbles

out...]

Angus:

YES! I mean NO! I mean... Awwwww dammit...

DDK:

Keyes is looking for the BELL CLAP!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[And that's when DEFsec swarm the ring and put themselves between Dewey and Keyes.]

Angus:

Dammit! ... I mean good for them! ... I mean...

DDK:

How close was Eugene to taking that BELL CLAP!?

Angus:

Too damn close...or, not close enough...or...DAAAAAMN it!

DDK:

Well one thing's for sure, Angus, we'll see Eugene and Henry get it on in a one on one match later tonight, and you can bet that's going to be bubbling from the start.

Angus:

I don't know if my heart could take much more of that.

DDK:

I don't think my ears could take much more. Did you hear the absolute nonsense Eugene was spouting off?

Angus:

Hear it? I agree with it.

DDK:>

You do?

Angus:

Of course. Dewey's put his heart and soul into DEFIANCE and made it the place to be for people like Lindsay and Henry, and now they're trying to usurp his place at the top of the mountain? I don't blame him for going on the defensive.

DDK:

It's called competition, Angus, it's what this business thrives on.

Angus:

Dewey still has a valid point.

DDK:

Well, I can see I'm not going to convince you otherwise, so how about we take it backstage while DEFsec restores some resemblance of order out here, eh?

[As David Noble walked through the backstage area, there was a determined look on his face. Tonight would be his first match within the DEF*MAX tournament and after his mission statement from the previous show, he was more than eager to show the world that he was ready to back up his words with actions. The Southern Heritage Championship resting comfortably on his shoulders, David knew he would have a rough match against Samuel T. Turner II, but he was more than up to it.

BAM!

[Noble was sprawled on the floor while the God-Beast stood over him, his chest heaving, as he looked down at the man. Mushigihara then wrapped his hands around the neck of Noble, hoisted him off of the ground and slammed him back first into the nearly concrete wall so hard that chunks of the concrete fell onto the floor.]

UGH!

[The grunt exploding out of Noble's chest as Mushigihara slammed him back first into another wall was all that you needed to know in regards to the amount of pain Noble was experiencing! Mushigihara was not done though as he hoisted Noble onto his shoulder and slammed through a wooden table that had various papers on it!]

CRACK!

Mushiqihara:

OSU!

[Noble rolled around, grimacing in pain as he touched his abdomen and rib cage area. Mushigihara wasted no time as he ripped Noble off of the ground once again and repeatedly drove his knee into Noble's midsection! David tried to push Mushigihara away from him, but it was no use as the God-Beast hoisted Noble into the air and drilled him with a Beast Breaker onto the floor!]

B00!

[Noble laid on the floor, barely moving, as DEFsec started to move into the area. Mushigihara looked at them, daring them to get in his way. Mushigihara then picked up the Southern Heritage Championship off of the ground, looking at it for a moment, before dropping it across the chest of Noble. Mushigihara then looked around at the DEFsec before he looked down at Noble once again.]

Mushiqihara:

OSU!

Momma Said Knock Him Out

[Lance Warner nervously awaits the one man who continually pushes him around and in some way bullies him, which should be criminal. As Lance waits he begins his rundown on his next guest.]

Lance Warner:

While we wait on our guest let me remind you what happened to him on DEFtv 48. Samuel T. Turner II and Frank Holiday went at it tooth and nail. Frank got the win, but was badly busted open and bled like a stuck hog after connecting with the exposed top turnbuckle. The win by Frank gave him 2 points in the DEF*MAX Tournament and gave Samuel zero. He now finds himself in the same boat as the FIST of DEFIANCE Champion Eugene Dewey and the former Southern Heritage Champion Curtis Penn.

[Just walking in out of screenshot Samuel T. Turner II is walking with a purpose, hard, fast and in a hurry towards Lance.]

Samuel T. Turner II:

Whoa, whoa, whoa! What the hell are you doing? You're already out here spreading false facts on me. Go back and watch the video, Frankie tried to bust me open first, I just beat him to the punch.

[A brief pause.]

He knew I was going to get the two DEF*MAX points and he got scared and desperate. Anyone with two...or in your case, four eyes can see that shit.

[Lance slightly shakes his head no, which isn't noticeable to Samuel but it made the cameraman tighten his buttocks in fear for Lance's safety.]

Lance Warner:

Samuel I do apologize if I did spread any untrue facts on you and what your intentions were. I was only going by what I thought I saw.

[Samuel snarls his top lip up and looks at Lance, who he knows was being sarcastic.]

Samuel T. Turner II:

That will get you fucking hurt! Sarcasm doesn't suit you very well.

[Lance shakes his head furiously as Samuel leans in, getting in his personal space.]

Lance Warner:

I'm sor...

[Samuel cuts him off.]

Samuel T. Turner II:

Sorry, is that the word you were about to use?

[Lance nods repeatedly as he fears for his life and what Samuel may possibly do to him.]

Oh, okay, you're sorry, big deal. I'm sorry you ever shot out your dad's dick. You should've been one of the ones he

shot into a tissue and flushed.

[Lance drops his head; a fire is building in him and could erupt at any time.]

Come on, give us a little cry. Let's see those tears flow like blood from Frankie's head. Cry little baby, cry, cry.

[Lance looks up and into the face of the Blue Eyed Devil. A fire is in his eyes and he's had all he can stand.]

SSLLLLAAAAPPPPP!

[Lance hauled off and slapped the ever loving shit taste out of Samuel's face. Shocked at himself Lance drops the microphone as his hand starts shaking uncontrollably.]

[The shocked Turner reaches out for Lance but he backs away. Samuel makes a faint lunge toward Lance. Lance tucks tail and flees as Samuel bends over to pick up the mic.]

Samuel T. Turner II:

Boy, you just signed your own fucking death certificate. If I ever get my hands on you I will LARIATO you out of your penny loafers, for fucks sake!

[The enraged Turner tries to calm down, but once you anger a red head, the red hot flames within burn brighter and hotter than the pits of hell.]

David Noble, I hope you just saw that shit, 'cause that little shit Lance Warner is signing all kinds of death certificates today. Frank Holiday maybe the train awaiting a train wreck, but I'm that grimy ass wrecking ball that Miley Cyrus licked in her whoring video. I'm going to be your fucking huckleberry you Southern Heritage piece of shit.

[Samuel pauses again as he regains his normal heart rate.]

To say I'll beat you Noble is only a dream right now, but soon and I do mean soon, I'll have 2 DEF*MAX points and a win over the Southern Heritage Champion.

[A brief pause.]

So David, when you're flat on your back staring at the arena and production lights, you just remember to thank that little wormy son of a crack whore Lance Warner for the beating I will bestow upon you.

[He inhales deeply.]

Wreckage is coming to anyone who steps in the Blue Eyed Devil's warpath. I'll end careers, drink some beers, and laugh at all the jeers straight to the pay window. So fuck you all!

[He drops the mic to the floor. It bounced twice and rolled around on the floor as Samuel stepped over it to leave.]

DEF*MAX Tournament (Block B): David Noble vs. Samuel T. Turner

Darren Quimbey:

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

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And up next, we are going to have David Noble going one-on-one with Samuel T. Turner!

Angus:

Oh yeah. Noble, who just moments ago received a beatdown from Mushigihara backstage!

DDK:

Exactly. In the middle of giving an interview to hype his match and now he has to overcome that if he wants to get a victory in his first DEF*MAX match.

Angus:

That might be difficult considering the fact that STT is going to be looking to put on a beating to get his own first victory in the tournament after losing last week to Frank Holiday! Take it away, DQ!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first...

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

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

DDK:

And Turner is fresh off an impressive showing in BattleMania!

Angus:

Yeah, but that don't mean shit in DEFIANCE!

DDK:

Well, maybe he can use that to his advantage then.

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

[Out struts Samuel T. Thomas II.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

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

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

[Samuel steps into the ring and waits for his opponent.]

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

Jesus, these fans are loud!

DDK:

WHAT?!

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 DEF Arena 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.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Oof, you can see the pain on Noble's face!

Angus:

He'll need to overcome that in a huarrry.

♪ 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 STT.]

♪ 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 the shots he took courtesy of Mushigihara. Still Noble, looks ready to do battle as does STT.]

DING! DING! DING!

[At the sound of the bell, Turner explodes from his standing stance and connects with a series of forearm strikes! The strike comes in hotter and heavier than the previous one, with Noble doing the only thing he can; retreating to the nearby corner. Still, STT stays on him, leveling him with shot after shot after shot! Slater yells at Turner, but STT is not listening at all as Noble slumps into a sitting position in the corner.]

DDK:

And the effects of the beating he took from Mushigihara is slowing Noble WAY down here!

Angus:

Yeah, and if Noble doesn't do something fast, Turner is going to finish the job by taking his head off. Literally.

DDK:

I don't think you understand the meaning of that word.

Angus:

Um, yes I do.

DDK:

So you mean his head will actually be removed from his body?

Angus:

You clearly do not know the meaning of the word!

[The size difference between STT and Noble is evident and is playing a role into the early moments of this match. Turner drags Noble off of the mat and then whips him into the ropes before connecting with a spinebuster. The ring shakes as Noble's body is slammed hard into the mat. STT then mounts Noble and continues with a flurry of forearm strikes once again!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Sam has come out here a man possessed with fury!

DDK:

After losing the match to Keyes at AfterShock and another loss, this time against Frank Holiday, you have to imagine he is looking to get his frustrations out.

Angus:

Well, I think he's doing a great job of that right now.

DDK:

Noble would have to agree with that.

[Slater is yelling at STT to get off of Noble and Turner begrudgingly agrees to do so. Turner gets in the face of the Slater though, making it clear he will do whatever it takes to win this match. He grabs Noble by the back of the neck and peels him off the mat before whipping him into the ropes and nailing him with a big boot to the skull! Noble goes down in a heap as Turner walks around the ring, taunting him.]

DDK:

Sam needs to keep to the offense here.

Angus:

I never credited him with a great abundance of intelligence.

DDK:

Don't need a great abundance of intelligence to wail away at someone. You proved that for years!

Angus:

HEY!

[Slowly, Noble makes his way back up to his feet only for Turner to ambush him and nail him with a series of forearms! Each shot feels like a battering ram to the body of Noble who tries to push STT away with little effect. Turner then pushes Noble into the corner and connects with a few more forearms before whipping him into the opposite corner. Noble though manages to use his agility and hops onto the top turnbuckle before connecting with a moonsault on his opponent.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

Talk about a desperation move there from Noble!

DDK:

He needed something and he needed it fast because STT was running away with this match.

Angus:

Still, as you look at Noble, you can see the pain in his body. Mushigihara has gotten the best of him in two of our last three shows and a man with Noble's body just can't take that.

DDK:

David though has shown he is a fighter and just reminded everyone again with that moonsault.

[Noble then uses the ropes to get up to his feet and nails a rising Turner with a HARD knife-edge chop that echoes throughout the arena. STT's chest turns beet red in a matter of moments. Noble then kicks Turner in the midsection and connects with a snap suplex that plants Turner in the middle of the ring for only a brief moment. Turner scrambles to his feet and goes for a clothesline only for Noble to duck underneath it, wrap his arms around STT's waist, and connect with a bridging German Suplex!]

1...

2...-- NOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

OH MAN! STT was almost done for there!

DDK:

While Turner has the advantage in size and strength, Noble has got the agility and resilience boxes checked off here.

Angus:

Can never count out STT though. His mean streak as of late has been something else.

[As Noble rises to his feet, the victory almost being awarded to him, he turns to STT who is also getting up to his feet. Noble takes a step and feels the pain course through his body, making him pause as a result. This gives STT all of the opening he needs as he explodes and nails him with a sickening clothesline that turns Noble inside out!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Jesus.

Angus:

Someone might need to make sure Noble is breathing after that one.

DDK:

Seriously.

[Noble winces in pain as he fights his way to his knees. The only problem with this is the fact that STT comes up to David and starts stomping away at him! Noble does his best to deflect or block the shots, but the thundering boots eventually breaks him and he falls back onto the mat. STT then bounces off the ropes and connects with a knee across the back of Noble's head!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

The fans are not a fan of this new vicious STT. I have to imagine Noble isn't either.

DDK:

No, definitely not. Yet, that was his mission statement last week. He would fight each and every single person. Obviously this is DEF*MAX, so a tad bit different, but this is what he signed up for.

Angus:

Yeah, and then Mushi the Sushi Bitch had to get involved.

[David rolls around on the mat, clutching the back of his head. STT wastes no time as he grabs Noble and rips him off of the mat, nails him with a forearm to the face, and then connects with an overhead belly-to-belly suplex! Noble lands with a sickening thud as STT shows off his sheer power, the same power he showed in BattleMania that led him to finishing in the top 10. STT glares at Noble for a brief moment before going for the cover.]

1...

2...

3--NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

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

Angus:

And these fans are rallying behind Noble!

DDK:

In the short time that Noble has been in DEFIANCE, he has gained QUITE the following!

Angus:

That is true, but STT is no slouch. His performance in Battlemania last month was something else!

DDK:

He represented DEFIANCE proudly!

[STT stands up, yelling at the Slater about the count that he feels was a bit slow. The Slater emphasizes it as a two count and Turner drops back to the mat, slamming his fists repeatedly to the top of Noble's head.]

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

DDK:

SHEER dominance from Turner here!

Angus:

Yeah, this might be too much for Noble to overcome tonight.

[STT then climbs to the second turnbuckle, looks down at Noble, and then drops a fist right between the eyes of the SoHer champion! David though refuses to stay down, his body sluggish, but he grabs the ropes as he tries to make his way back up to his feet. STT greets him with a series of forearms to the back of the head before whipping him into the corner and nailing him with a big splash! Noble looks completely out of it as STT whips him across the ring once again and connects with another huge splash! Finally, STT whips him across the ring again, and nails him with one more big splash before covering the fallen Noble.]

1...

2...

3--NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

And Noble refuses to stay down! We have seen this several times from him, but this is something else!

DDK:

That it is. And you can see the frustration starting to creep in on STT's face!

[Sure enough, the frustration is evident on STT's face as the SoHer champion keeps fighting back, refusing to stay down. Noble is struggling to get to his feet and as he fights to get up to his feet, using the ropes, he is met with a demeaning slap across the face! David's head recoils and then STT does it once again before spitting in Noble's face. The fans are furious with STT's actions as he slams his knee repeatedly into the midsection of Noble before connecting with a backdrop suplex!]

Angus:

Okay, just pin him and end this Turner. You got one over on Noble, thanks to Mushi. Let's move on.

DDK:

I don't think that's what he has in mind though.

[Turner then grabs Noble and yanks him off the mat once again before he slaps him. The shot rocks Noble around as Turner then kicks him in the midsection and lifts him up for a powerbomb. Noble though manages to use the momentum to fly over STT's head instead! Turner turns around and is met with a superkick to the jaw from Noble!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Finally, some life from Noble!

Angus:

Was that life or just sheer instincts? Because he's not getting up.

DDK:

Well, he'll need to do something else to pick up some momentum.

[Noble, using the ropes, is slow to his feet. As he turns towards Turner, STT greets him with a forearm to the face!]

Noble though is ready to fight now and he lands two successive blows to the face of STT! He looks like he will get a third one, but Turner slams his knee into Noble's midsection before whipping him into the ropes. As Noble flies off the ropes, David connects with a flying forearm to STT! Noble then bounces back up to his feet and connects with a moonsault legdrop!]

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

Angus:

And the Wrestle-Plex is rocking as Noble is fighting his way back into this match!

DDK:

The fans are 110% behind the Southern Heritage champ!

Angus:

Now bust some moves!

DDK:

What, like a break dancer?

[Noble gets back up to his feet, stomping away at the back of STT's neck in the process. There is a certain rage in his eyes as the adrenaline courses through his body. He drags STT off of the mat and connects with a forearm to the face. He push STT into the corner and climbs up to the second turnbuckle before he starts wailing away with fists, as the crowd counts along with him!]

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

NINE!

TEN!

[At the end of the count, Noble connects with a hurricanrana that sends STT flying halfway across the ring. As STT gets back up to his knees, Noble runs full speed and connects with a Shining Wizard! STT slumps to the ground as Noble goes for the cover.]

1...

2...

3-- NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

And Noble is picking up the intensity here!

Angus:

I don't think STT knows what hit him!

DDK:

Noble is fighting for his life here in his first DEF*MAX match! He would love to get a victory, heading into his HUGE match against Frank Holiday at DEFtv 50!

Angus:

That is going to be one hell of a match.

[Noble then climbs up to the top turnbuckle and looks to be going for the Leap of Faith. He looks out at the crowd and then leaps, but STT moves out of the way! Noble though manages to land on his feet! STT turns around and is met with an enziguri from Noble! STT slumps back to the ground as Noble hops back onto the top turnbuckle once again. He goes for another Leap of Faith, but STT moves out of the way again and this time, Noble slams HARD into the mat.]

Angus:

CRASH AND BURN!

DDK:

And you can see that when Noble crashed into that mat that every bit of momentum and adrenaline left his body. The beating from Mushigihara having done it's job and then some.

Angus:

Come on, David!

[Noble gets back up to his feet only for STT to greet him with a kick to the midsection, which he follows up with a Buckle Bomb! David's head snaps dangerously against the top turnbuckle and as he stumbles out of the corner, it's only a matter of time before he is met with the Lariato!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[STT then goes for the cover.]

1...

2...

3!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner... **SAMUEL! T! TURNER!**

DDK:

And just like that, STT gets his first victory in the DEF*MAX tournament!

Angus:

A huge victory for him, but Noble definitely was at a disadvantage.

DDK:

Oh you have to imagine that Noble is going to get his revenge and then some on Mushi.

Angus:

Um, duh.

[Noble makes his way to the corner, his body feeling like hell as he watches STT go up the ramp. Fury courses his body as he sits there, wanting nothing more than to get revenge for the beating he took earlier in the evening.]

For Every Action

[Outside the DEFArena in the back of a stretch limousine, Dan Ryan is leaning back and watching the show on a monitor that stretches the width of the vehicle. Ryan is in street clothes, and the DEFIANCE Trios Belt he won at Aftershock is next to him on the seat. The aftermath of Samuel Tiberius Turner's surprising win having just faded out, the show goes to commercial. Ryan's segment is up next. Tape delay, you know.

Click.

A little red light comes on next to the monitor and starts to blink.]

DAN RYAN:

Good show so far everyone. Seriously, totally top notch. There was a match. There was another match. Someone talked. There was a guy named after TV dinners. Really high quality.

ANYWAY.

I don't care about any of that, but don't worry guys. That doesn't mean it isn't any good. If someone told me you all had been recruited here while working on top in West Alabama Championship Wrestling, I'd totally believe it.

Also, I'm a condescending prick.

Curtis Penn was a rather laughable stone on the road to the finals of this tournament. He was a stone, and now that stone has passed. He was entertaining, in the sort of way Super Mario Brothers is entertaining when you've purchased an old NES you found listed on Etsy and feel like wasting an afternoon. He reminds me a little of me, only smaller, weaker and with far less talent. If I were ever struck by lightning and rendered like Rosemary Kennedy after the lobotomy, we would totally be just like twinsies.

But now....

NOW... I'm going to have a look at Mr. Eugene Orenthal Dewey, the scourge of Comic-Con, the walking Contra cheat code, the jumper of Donkey Kong's barrels, and reigning FIST of DEFIANCE.

I'm enjoying watching you mature into the man you're becoming. I remember my first foray into being a villain. Yes, I remember it like it was yesterday. I was seven. My family had just moved to Osaka. And just like you, someone something defiant something else, chair kicky and stomp stomp villain speech.

In that order.

Yes, I dream of Eugenie in his ultimate form, telling us what's important to him and who is worthy to be called DEFIANT. I applaud you winning the World Championship and then inspiring us all by merging it together with the FIST Voltron style to make one super belt capable of overshadowing all the rest. One belt to rule them all.

I realize I'm making this into a hodgepodge of references, but I want to speak the same convoluted language you speak, and I want to be very clear about something.

You are nothing new to me, Eugene Dewey. Everyone's in awe of you because they don't know any better. Little Eugene Dewey is a badass now. Well, imagine that. You like playing games, right? Well, I invented the game you're playing almost twenty years ago. They don't have plans for me around here like they have plans for you, but luckily for me... I know how to make my own plans. I know how to force a man's hand.

I'm not going away, Dewey.

Your road to come will be more difficult than you can imagine right now, because your dick is still stuck in an eternal

erection over your plan of world domination. Well, you and Pinky can try and take over the world all you want, but I'm here and I'm not going anywhere. Do you really have the killer instinct to put away the likes of me? Do you think saying no really matters?

Because I didn't ask.

I'm here, and whether you like it or not, you're gonna have to deal with me eventually. Like it or not, I am relentless, and I never get tired of the chase.

I can't wait for your match with Keyes tonight. Without a match of my own, I... hardly know what to do with myself. I think I'll go inside and find a nice comfy chair to watch it from.

I certainly hope you win. I'm such a HYUUUUUGE fan.

[Ryan winks.]

[The screen goes black, then to commercial.]

Agree to Disagree

[It's a door that some enter pissed off and angry, and others with bouncy energy and an ever present smile. When it opens, you can hear the early arrivals, kept at bay by security guards and metal railings, jeering or cheering the arrivals of their favorite DEFIANCE stars. Love 'em or hate 'em the fans have something to say about 'em and when that someone happens to be the DEFIANCE Phoenix himself, facepaint and all, these days the fans are a bit torn on the message they want to send him.]

[Which is why Jake steps through the door with a french fry on his shoulder and ice chips in his hair. Seems as if he's becoming quite the target for drinks lately. It might also explain the look he gives Kenny Freeman when he sees the newest addition to DEFIANCE just leaning against the wall without a care in the world. It's part exasperation and part envy, complete with a roll of the eyes and a muttered oath of annoyance.]

Kenny Freeman:

Hey man, everything alright? You look like you ran through the concession stand on the way here.

[Kenny smiles just briefly, before realizing Jake is in not in a joking mood. He gives a nervous look as he stops grinning. Jake's eyes narrow before he sighs heavily and leans against the wall opposite Kenny and gestures back at the door he just entered through.]

Jake Donovan:

No, nuthin's alright, especially not with those, those....

[He throws his hands in the air, voice trailing off. Never one to insult the fans, he's having a hard time doing so even when he's pissed off at them.]

Jake Donovan:

That's the kinda shit you gotta steer clear of around here. The people. They're worse than the guys you're gonna face. One day they'll love ya, the next day they they're laughing at everything you do, and three days after that they're ready to lynch you in the parking lot just 'cause you happen to be booked to face someone they like just a little bit more. It's all a popularity contest. Give it a few months, they'll have you wishing you were back in high school.

[This takes Kenny aback, prompting a tilt of the head before shaking it in disagreement.]

Kenny Freeman:

What? Ew, no. I've had enough of the acne treatments.

[Kenny chuckles.]

Kenny Freeman:

Nah, I understand though. I had a fair share of detractors, the ones that said I was too small to be in a wrestling ring. A few moonsaults and tornado DDTs later, people started to get me.

Jake Donovan:

And that's exactly my point. That's how it always starts. They look at your size and they don't believe, then you wow 'em and suddenly they're screaming your name. Until someone faster comes along, with a new flip or a new dive, or brighter facepaint, then its out with the old and in with the new and you mark my words, all those people that started to 'get you', will be interested in nothing but booing you outta the building.

[Kenny takes a moment to think about what is said, but cannot bring himself to agree, leading to another shake of the head.]

Kenny Freeman:

I dunno about that, Jake. I think you'll always be someone's hero. You can't please them all, but someone still cares.

[Kenny's words just prompted a fit of laughter from the Phoenix, the sound bitter and cruel]

Jake Donovan

You keep thinking that. You keep on believing those people out there are looking for heroes. The truth is way uglier than that. All they're waiting for is one of us to crash and burn. They're a buncha ghouls, all of 'em.

[That last remark sticks in Kenny's craw, leaving him to scoff at the notion.]

Kenny Freeman:

I think it'd be best to just agree to disagree, Jake. These ghouls help pay our bills, when it comes down to it. Maybe I'm just being too optimistic, but I'll always appreciate someone helping my financial situation.

[Jake just shrugged, turned his palms up as if he too agreed to just disagree]

Jake Donovan

Never said they didn't fill the seats that pay our checks, all I'm sayin' is, it isn't guys like us they're here to see.

[And with that the Defiance Phoenix, brushed the french fry from his shirt and shoved away from the wall, trudging down the hall like a guy headed for the gallows.]

Watch Yo' Mouth

[We're backstage hovering over the impressive spread DEF offers backstage at catering. The crowd erupts into its usual fits of jeers and cheers (mostly jeers) as the Original DEFIANT himself Bronson Box strolls into the scene, passively tossing a few things onto a small plastic plate. No suit and tie, he's in a pair of sweats and an old tank top emblazoned with the DEF logo. The crowd pops as we see a second figure enter the catering area, the eyes of Ty Walker scanning the room and settling on the former two time FIST of DEFIANCE.]

[He makes a beeline directly for Bronson.]

Ty Walker:

Aye son, lemme holla at you for a quick sec...

[Ty makes the mistake of placing a hand on Boxer's shoulder, attempting to forcefully spin the stocky little Scotsman around. Bronson bats away Ty's hand, turning and facing the founding member of Team Danger under his own power. The look on his face speaking volumes about his thoughts on Walker's presumptuousness.]

Boxer:

Call me son again you ridiculous cartoon.

[Ty's lips curl as Boxer bows up to the veteran, doing his best to ignore the comment.]

Ty Walker:

You stepped over a line last week.

[The Wargod grins.]

Boxer:

You'll have to be more specific, lad. Steppin' over lines is what I do.

[Ty narrows his eyes with a deep resentful sigh.]

Ty Walker:

Don't be gettin' cute. You know what I'm talkin' about. You fuck wit' Kelly, you fuckin' wit' me, heard? So you an' that **hooker** you call an agent better better walk real big circles around her and that skybox for the foreseeable future, ya dig?

[The utter seriousness in Walker's voice is evident. The seasoned veteran showing signs of the old Ty Walker, the man who occupies several Halls of Fame, with numerous World titles to his credit. A man who's as much a part of the fabric that makes DEF what it is as Bronson himself claims to be. Ty's not giving The Wargod an inch of breathing room. Boxer looks Walker up and down several times before opening his mouth again.]

Boxer:

Did I really get under her skin so bad she has to send her... what do you people call it, "baby daddy" to protect her? Interesting.

[Ty's had enough, he grabs Bronson by the shirt and pushes him back against the catering table, the whole thing shifting backwards, food going all over the floor. Walker has fire in his eyes, real fire. Anymore poking or prodding and he's going to be the one doing some serious line stepping real fast. Boxer sees this and manages somehow to keep his cool. Hate obviously brewing in his heart, The Scottish Strongman smoothes down his shirt taking a single step back towards Ty who at this point is burning holes in Bronson's forehead with his pupils.]

Boxer:

As much of a shameful caricature of old yourself as you've become, I want you to think back to when you and your

cohorts were actually relevant. Back when Team Danger ran roughshod over the pro wrestling landscape. Mindlessly cruel, endlessly conniving, no respect for authority, any short cut, any means to build your legacy higher and higher win, lose or indifferent. Every fan left with you and your friends names on their lips, didn't they Ty? Lofty levels of fame and infamy not many wrestlers fetch even with a career as well worn as yours.

Ty Walker:

I'm old, haha. Get to your fuckin' point, bruh.

[Ty bows up slightly, Bronson smiles coolly and continues.]

Boxer:

It's your friend Eric Dane who put *your* "woman" in danger, not me. For a man with so many vile cruel atrocities to his credit to lob stones at me doin' the same bloody thing is the pinnacle of hypocrisy, lad. If you thought for one bloody second that once "the great and powerful Oz" dumped the running of this asylum in her lap she wouldn't come crossways with myself and mine you're sadl...

[Walker takes a BIIIIIG step towards Bronson, actually managing to cut The Wargod off mid sentence. Ty leans in reeeeeeeeeeal close. He talks slowly and succinctly. Verbally no-selling every word Bronson's said.]

Ty Walker:

You fuck wit' **her**. You fuck wit' **me**. Ain't nothin' more to say, *son*.

[Suddenly a voice from behind Ty breaks the tension and makes him spin around, whomever he sees standing in the doorway causes him to immediately step away from Bronson in a serious defensive stance.]

Voice:

There a problem here fellas?

[As soon as the crowd gets a look at the source of the voice the entire arena absolutely erupts into a sea of boos. The traitor, the usurper, the current end boss of DEFIANCE, the reigning defending FIST Eugene Dewey; already dressed and ready for competition he slowly makes his way into the room taking a spot beside his... tag partner, business partner? Whatever they are, they're a unified front right now and Ty Walker has been around the block enough times to know how and when to pick his battles.]

Eugene Dewey:

I don't have a whole lot of time before my match, but if you want to keep pressing whatever your issue is I'm sure I can spare a few minutes.

[Eugene narrows his eyes with a sinister smile as Ty breathes a heavy irritated sigh slowly backing towards the door.]

Boxer:

I'd just got done with my workout upstairs and wanted to grab a bite to eat. Mr. Walker and I ran into one another and were just havin' a little chat is all. Weren't we boy'o?

[The FIST chuckles as he adjusts the ten pounds of gold and red leather on his shoulder.]

Ty Walker:

Yeah. One we'll continue havin' one of these days, believe that.

[Walker looks Eugene up and down with nothing but derision in his eyes.]

Ty Walker:

Lata'... champ.

[He spits the words at the feet of his former friend, Eugene Dewey. With a shake of his head and a crack of his

knuckles Ty Walker pushes through the door and makes a loud irritated exit out into the hall leaving Bronson and Eugene alone. The champ turns to Bronson with a pleased look on his lips.]

Eugene Dewey:

Just like you said.

Boxer:

Indeed... Now, though. Now I want you to do me a favor Eugene my boy.

[The FIST turns with a raised eyebrow.]

Boxer:

Go out there and split that gimmick infringing little wastrel Keyes in half for me, would you?

[Eugene smiles and rubs his hands together and starts towards the door with a nod. Bronson stops him with a wave of his hand, placing an open palm on the faceplate of Eugene's FIST of DEFIANCE championship. A long tense almost awkward silence passes between the two.]

Boxer:

Last week was disappointing, yes?

[Gone is the smile. Eugene is dead serious now. He nods in agreement.]

Boxer:

Don't let that ridiculous woman get in your head. Go out there and make them forget it ever happened. Savvy?

[Eugene nods with an intense almost eerie determination. He slips the FIST off his shoulder gripping the red leather and examining the elaborate gold faceplate. Without a word he turns and makes his way out of catering and down the hallway towards the gorilla position. We fade back to the announce booth as Bronson crosses his arms across his broad chest with a smile. A befuddled Angus Skaaland greets us with his usual razor sharp insight.]

Angus:

So are they FRIENDS? Friggin' PARTNERS? Goram MENTOR MENTEE fuckin' bullshit? I mean Christ on a crutch...

DDK:

I'm as perplexed by the relationship between these two former nemesis as you are, partner. But the tension building between Box and members of the owner of this company's innermost circle of friends continues to grow. Kelly, now Ty? This could get ugly fast.

Angus:

Ty better flip on the TEAMDANJAR bat-signal or something ASAP because if he gets cornered by the "Original DEFIANTS" again the outcome might be a little messier than a bunch ruined vegetable trays and luncheon meats.

DEF*MAX Tournament (Block A): Eugene Dewey vs. Henry Keyes**DDK:**

Up next we've got a match between two men who got into it at the top of the show!

Angus:

Oh god, this match...do you have anything for the shakes? I think I'm going to have the shakes.

DDK:

You're going to be fine.

Angus:

Am I, Keebs? Am I? For the first time I can remember, Eugene Dewey has made me proud to call him a DEFIANT, and he deserves to be at the top of the mountain. But...BELL CLAPS.....

[“Airship Pirate” by Abney Park blasts through the speakers. Red beacons of light shower the cheering fans as the be-goggled and mustachioed Henry Keyes strides manfully to the ring, back slightly hunched forward. Pockets of fans can be heard BELL CLAPPING to the beat of the music.]

Quimbey:

The following is a DEF MAX Grand Prix match scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from San Francisco, California...weighing in at two hundred thirty seven pounds! He is the AIRSHIP PIRATE...HENRYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!

DDK:

The last match we saw from Keyes was his victory at Aftershock, that HELLACIOUS brawl with Samuel Tiberius Turner II that made it all the way around the arena and even into the concessions stand!

Angus:

I still think about that roaring BELL CLAP every night...

DDK:

Every night? Not every day?

Angus:

You don't want to go down that road, Keebs. Trust me.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

[\[Dark King Bowser\]](#)

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

From Buffalo, Wyoming, and weighing in at two hundred and sixty pounds...

[Much like earlier in the evening a single spotlight focuses on the center of the stage where the FIST of DEFIANCE is already standing. He's wearing a black t-shirt with the Venom logo printed across it and the FIST of DEFIANCE title belt around his waist. Slowly Eugene Dewey makes his way down to the ring, once again ignoring the fans just like he had at the top of the show.]

Darren Quimbey:

He is the Undisputed FIST of DEFIANCE!...

DDK:

Pah...

Angus:

This feels like we've done it before...

DDK:

Like deja vu from last week?

Angus:

Yeah. Maybe Damien should have written his own entrance.

DDK:

To be fair, he did write the match.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is EEEEEUEEEEEEEEEEEEEENE DEEEEEEEWEEEEEEEEEEEY!

[Eugene ascends the stairs and steps into the ring. He heads to the nearest corner and climbs up to the second turnbuckle where he spreads his arms out wide to soak in the crowd reaction.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

He might be undisputed, but he sure ain't undefeated, ask Lindsay Troy!

Angus:

BAZINGA! Uh, I mean, SHUTUP KEEBS~! The champ is here.

Ding Ding Ding

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

[After their spat earlier in the evening Eugene is understandably hesitant to leave his corner. Henry Keyes meanwhile, just like he always does, rushes headlong into danger and throws himself at the champion to a massive pop from the crowd!]

RAHH!

DDK:

And check out The Airship Pirate! He's not wasting any time in taking it to the FIST!

Angus:

I think I'm just going to strap myself in for this ride. My heart can't take it if I do anything else.

[Keyes unleashes a series of elbows that push Eugene back against the turnbuckle. He backs up and rushes in with a European Uppercut to the chest of the FIST and follows that up with another elbow. Henry backs up again, but not wanting to take another of those charging European Uppercuts Eugene rushes out of the corner and throws a clothesline at Keyes. Henry ducks to avoid the contact and goes behind, taking Dewey's waist as he goes.]

DDK:

Oooh, Keyes might be looking for a German suplex.

[Dewey seems to have Henry scouted though and charges forwards towards the ropes. Keyes holds on tight and goes with Dewey, but when Eugene hooks the ropes and pushes back Henry can't maintain his grip and gets thrown back. Keyes rolls backwards and gets up to his feet but Eugene is right there charging in with a sick clothesline that almost

turns Henry inside out!]

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH

DDK:

The FIST almost took Keyes' head off with that one, and now he's going for a quick cover!]

[ONE!]

[Keyes kicks out quickly!]

DDK:

And only a one count.

Angus:

You know, with a clothesline like that, I bet Eugene Dewey could throw a hell of a BELL CLAP...if, you know, Keyes ever wanted to show him how to do it right...

DDK:

I highly doubt that's going to happen.

Angus:

A man can dream!

[Eugene grabs a handful of Keyes' doofy hair and pulls him up to his feet. He hooks Henry up for a suplex and pops his hips, but Keyes blocks the attempt by sticking his leg through between Dewey's. Eugene tries to lift again but Henry once again blocks the attempt and then lifts Eugene with a vertical suplex of his own!]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Keyes drives the FIST down into the mat with the suplex before hopping back up to his feet where he roars to the crowd.]

DDK:

Stay on him, Henry!

[Keyes does just that and grabs Eugene by the neck. Dewey seems too concerned with the pain in his back to even consider the fact that Keyes is whipping him into the ropes, but he certainly feels the back elbow that he runs into when he meets Keyes back in the middle of the ring.]

DDK:

And look at our champion now! Running scared!

Angus:

He's not running, Keebs, he's taking a breather.

[From the commentators words it should be obvious that Eugene rolled to the outside immediately following the back elbow. Darren Keebler though is the one who seems to be more on the money as The FIST makes a beeline for the time keepers area and demands his title belt be handed to him.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Oh come on, what does he think he's doing?

Angus:

Probably trying to keep his title away from these theiving neckbeards.

DDK:

You're talking about these DEFIAfans, Angus...DEF, DEFansiants?

Angus:

..first of all, quit trying. Second, yeah, the exact type of people that would steal a fedora or download a car. They'd happily walk out of here with a title belt as prestigious as the FIST!

[Dewey snatches the title from the hands of the time keeper and hugs it as he makes his way around the ring. Carla Ferrari has started her count, in the ring Henry Keyes looks on confused as Eugene waves her off as he heads towards the ramp.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Looks like out champ is taking a walk...

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

And it looks like Henry Keyes isn't gonna let him!

[Keyes slides to the outside right in front of Dewey and clocks him with stiff forearm to the face. Stunned from the shot Eugene drops the FIST and gets spun around. Keyes grabs Eugene with another waistlock, but the FIST still has the wherewithal to reverse it, go behind on Keyes and drive him forwards into the ring post!]

THUD!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Did you hear that sickening impact!?

Angus:

It's not only the impact that I heard, but I saw what hit the steel. That's the well documented left arm of Keyes. The one he has so many problems with. That janky leather brace isn't just for show, yo.

[Henry drops to one knee and props himself up against the post as Dewey readies himself. Eugene steps in and delivers a thrust kick to Keyes' left elbow, sandwiching the joint between his boot and the steel!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Oh my god! He could have broken Keyes' arm with that kick!

Angus:

And that'll be 2 points for Eugene!

DDK:

2 points? We could be talking about a man's livelihood here, and it's fine to take that away from him for 2 points?

Angus:

Yep.

DDK:

...

Angus:

What?

DDK:

I thought you'd be more snide with your comeback.

Angus:

Okay, FINE. Yes, it will be a sad tragedy in the world of wrestling if we don't get any more BELL CLAPS, but points is points and wins is wins.

DDK:

I can't believe you'd be so cavalier about the BELL CLAP after all this time.

Angus:

I'm layered, alright? Like a sweet, delicious cake.

[Henry tries to pull his arm away but Eugene grabs it and slams it back into the steel, forcing it to wrap around the post. Henry howls in pain as he finally gets his arm free of the steel and puts some distance between himself and Eugene, who looks at his opponent and mockingly hold onto his elbow.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

I remember it wasn't long ago that Heidi was slamming Eugene's arm into the ring post.

Angus:

Monkey See Monkey Do, Keebs.

[Dewey bends down and grabs one of the joins in the mats around ringside. He pulls the padding up to expose the concrete floor below which draws a mixed reaction of jeers and excitement from the crowd around him.]

DDK:

What the hell is Eugene doing?

Angus:

He's taking it old school! I don't think I've seen the mats being pulled up in years!

[After folding the mat back on itself Eugene stomps on the concrete as he waits for Henry to get to his feet. As soon as he does so and turns to face the FIST, Eugene drives a boot into Keyes' midsection and shoves his head between his thighs.]

DDK:

Oh my...

Angus:

He's gonna piledrive Keyes into the goddamn ground, Keebs!

[Carla Ferrari stops her count and slides to the outside to try to convince Eugene not to do what he's planning, but he doesn't listen. He wraps his hands around Keyes' waist and lifts The Airship pirate into position!]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[But Keyes kicks his legs out and forces Eugene to drop him. Henry then straightens up and lifts Dewey off of his feet before backdropping him onto the floor!]

DDK:

What a reversal!

Angus:

That's more punishment to the spine of Eugene! Thank god he landed on those mats, at least.

DDK:

Thank...? He was gonna drives Henry Keyes' head into the concrete! Keyes just dropped Eugene onto the mats and you're thanking the big guy upstairs?

[Henry gets back to his feet and shakes out his arm, trying to get feeling back into it. Eugene starts to stir quite soon though and gets to a knee. Henry knows he's got to do something and grabs on for another waistlock!]

Angus:

Keyes is determined to hit that German.

DDK:

And it looks like he's gonna do it right onto the concrete!

[Eugene grabs hold of Henry's left arm though and tweaks it to break the grip of The Airship Pirate. He goes behind, taking Keyes' arm in a hammerlock as he goes, and tucks his head under the other arm of Keyes. In one fluid motion Eugene lifts Keyes off of his feet and falls back, dropping Keyes to the concrete with an arm trapped Belly to back suplex!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Even I felt that one, Angus.

Angus:

He's done. He's out. Count this one out, Carla, and give the man his points!

[Eugene rolls back into the ring and backs across it to a corner where he leans against the turnbuckle. Carla Ferrari meanwhile has no choice but to restart her count, having forgotten where she got to when she exited the ring moments earlier.]

[One!]

[Two!]

[Three!]

[Four!]

DDK:

Come on, Henry, get up!

Angus:

It's times like these when a man has to evaluate his future and live to BELL CLAP another day, Keebs. If he knows what's best for him, he'll accept his lumps and stay down.

[He doesn't listen to Angus though and starts to stir.]

[Five!]

[Six!]

[Keyes pushes himself up to his knees!]

[Seven!]

[Keyes rolls back into the ring on eight to break the count. Eugene doesn't waste time in jumping on him though and charges across the ring. He drops a forearm into the shoulder of The Airship Pirate and bring strike after strike down into Keyes' person. Henry tries to cover up as best he can and ever grabs hold of the bottom rope, but Dewey is relentless in his attack.]

DDK:

Hey come on, get him offa Keyes!

[Carla tries to do her job and counts Eugene's assault before forcing him to break at 4. Dewey backs off ever so slightly, but doesn't listen to Carla's admonishment before he pushes her aside and heads right back at Keyes. Henry though comes to life and shoots at Dewey, taking both of the FIST's legs out from under him and takes him down to the mat.]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Signs of life from Keyes! A second wind!

[In a repeat from earlier in the evening the two roll around on the canvas for a moment before Keyes ends up on top. He lands a couple of hard strikes to Eugene's body before throwing a right towards his head. Eugene manages to block the strike and brings his legs up so that he can wrap them around Henry's neck and head.]

Angus:

Holy shit, Keebs. Dewey has actually locked in a triangle choke!

DDK:

Where the hell did he learn to do that?

Angs:

Search me, but I think this is the first actual technical submission move I've ever seen the FIST apply successfully.

DDK:

It certainly looks like it's applied properly... Just look at Keyes.

[With his good arm trapped and only his bad arm to rely on to defend himself Keyes starts to fade fast. Carla is right there though to check the arm. She raises it up...]

DDK:

That's one...

[And again...]

Angus:

Keyes it out, Keebs.

[It falls.]

Angus:

One more time and Dewey's got the points!

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Henry keeps his arm thrust high in the air on the third raise and clenches his fist. He shakes it in the air, riling the crowd up and rallying them behind him. Henry plants a foot into the mat and pushes up with great strength, rolling Dewey onto his shoulders. Before Carla can count though Henry heaves Eugene up off of the mat and into the air before driving him back down into the canvas with a huge one armed powerbomb!]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

What strength and power from Henry Keyes as he powerbombs the two hundred and sixty pound FIST with one arm, and now he's got the cover!

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[-Eugene kicks out at two!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[Henry rolls of the the FIST and shakes out his arm before rubbing at the elbow. Henry doesn't spend too much time nursing his injury though as Eugene has started getting to his feet. Keyes grabs Dewey and delivers a European Uppercut to his chest to make sure he stays in control and nails another one to knock Dewey back towards the corner of the ring. Keyes grabs Eugene by the arm and whips him out of the corner, but Dewey reverses the momentum and ends up sending Keyes across the ring. Dewey follows in quickly and looks for a splash, but Henry avoids the attack and Dewey collides with nothing but turnbuckle. Henry quickly goes behind the fist and rolls him up with a school boy!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-Eugene kick out!]

[Dewey rolls back out of the school boy and gets up to his knees. Keyes is right there though to apply a front facelock.]

DDK:

He's looking for a DDT!

[Eugene lifts a foot up and plants it on the mat, putting a stop to Keyes' plan. Eugene the uses that foot to push himself up off of his knees and drives Keyes back into the corner of the ring. Eugene follows up with a couple of shoulder barges to the midsection of Keyes before straightening up, grabbing The Airship Pirate by the neck and pulls him from the corner. Dewey immediately turns him back towards the corner and throws him through the ropes so that Keyes' shoulder collides with the steel ring post.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

When steel meets flesh, steel always wins.

Angus:

Like rock.

DDK:

Rock always wins.

Angus:

...By definition it loses 1/3rd of the time.

DDK:

ROCK ALWAYS WINS!

[Dewey grabs Keyes by the waistband and pulls him back in, discarding him on the floor like he's nothing. He grabs Henry's arm and pulls it out to one side before stomping down hard on the elbow joint. Keyes howls out in pain as Dewey hits the ropes and comes back with a running senton that lands directly onto the arm as well! Dewey covers Keyes quickly!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[T-Keyes kicks out!]

DDK:

All of Dewey's weight just came crashing down on Keyes' arm. I'd be surprised if Henry could still use it.

Angus:

I'm surprised Keyes kicked out. I'd have given in a long, long time ago. Especially after that suplex on the concrete.

DDK:

That's what this tournament means to these guys, Angus.

[Dewey grabs Keyes by the hair and drags him up to his feet again, but the Airship Pirate is quickly back on the canvas again as Dewey body slams him down.]

DDK:

Oh no... Look at where he's put him.

Angus:

Are we gonna see a Senton?

DDK:

I sure looks like it. Dewey's headed up top!

[After ascending the ropes Eugene perches himself on the top turnbuckle. He looks down at Keyes, then out to the crowd and smiles at the DEFIAfans.]

DDK:

Look at Keyes!

[As Dewey smiles smugly at the fans Keyes comes to life. He leaps to his feet and hotfoots it up to the top to join Dewey. Eugene barely even sees him coming before Henry has his arms wrapped around Dewey's chest and throws him from the top with an avalanche belly to belly suplex!]

DDK:

CLOCKWORK! Clockwork from the top rope!

Angus:

How the hell did Keyes get up there so quickly!?

[Henry crawls over to where Dewey landed and covers him!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THRE-NO! Dewey gets a shoulder up!]

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

[Henry can't quite believe that Eugene managed to kick out and stares out into the crowd in disbelief. Both men start to stir on the mat and both slowly get back to their feet. Keyes the slightly quicker of the two, but it's Dewey that throws the first punch. Unfortunately for the FIST it's a weak one to the midsection that Keyes shrugs off and retaliates with a stiff elbow strike. Keyes lands a couple more blows that push Dewey back against the ropes and he sends the FIST across the ring. Dewey comes back and Keyes elevates him, but Henry's left arm buckles under the weight of Eugene and he doesn't get the air he should have done, or the even lift he was expecting. Dewey slips down the side of Keyes, grabs his arm and delivers a kick...]

DDK:

Was that a low blow!?

Angus:

Questionably low, I think you could call it, but I'm 100% sure it was legal.

DDK:

Keyes' eyes are crossed... I don't think that was legal.

Angus:

ONE HUNDRED PERCENT LEGAL. Keyes always looks like that.

[With Keyes stunned, Dewey hits the ropes and comes back with.. yep, you guessed it.]

Angus:

PAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAPOOOOOOOOOUNCE!

DDK:

There's the Biotic Charge, and Keyes goes sailing across the ring!

[Dewey hurries over to where Keyes now lays and covers him!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THRE-Keyes kicks out!]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

BANG BANG BANG!

[With frustrations setting in Dewey pounds on the mat and questions the speed of Carla's count. Ferrari assures the FIST it was a two, but he still doesn't believe her. She's adamant though, so there's no point in arguing further. Dewey grabs Keyes again and pull him up before whipping him into the corner. Dewey backs up for a little more of a running

start and charges in with a big splash. Dewey sprints out of the corner for the opposite ropes as Keyes falls to his ass, then the FIST comes back in with a running butt bump, sandwiching Keyes' head between the turnbuckle and his the gluteus maximus! Dewey grabs a leg to drag Keyes from the corner and covers him again!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THRE-Keyes kicks out again!]

Angus:

What's it gonna take to put Keyes away!?

DDK:

I think he's got one more weapon in his arsenal...

[And Eugene knows it. Rather than argue with Carla again Dewey holds a hand high to the sky and drops to one knee to wait for Keyes to get to his feet. Henry barely moves though, so Dewey grabs him by the hair and forces him to his feet. As soon as Dewey releases Keyes, The Airship Pirate comes to life once again and takes Dewey's back. He lifts the FIST and drops him with a belly to back suplex. Keyes isn't done though and keeps hold of Dewey. He pulls the FIST back up where he finally hits that German Suplex he's been looking for all match!]

DDK:

Shades of last week there, Angus.

Angus:

Do not mention last week.

[Keyes keeps a hold of Dewey one more time and nails him with a release german Suplex for good measure before popping up to his feet and signals to the crowd.]

Angus:

Awww yis, muhfuggin BELL CLAP!

DDK:

See? I knew you still loved it!

[On spaghetti legs Eugene gets back to his feet.]

Angus:

Don't turn around, Eugene! I mean, BELL CLAP! But... Not Eugene! GAH! I can't make up my mind!

DDK:

You're a complex, complex man.

Angus:

Layers!

[Eugene stumbles around for another few seconds while Keyes waits patiently. Finally The FIST turns and-]

CLAP!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

SHORYUKEN!

[Dewey drops to one knee to avoid the BELL CLAP and, just as Keyes separates his hands, he rises into the air with a Shoryuken that finds it mark right on the tip on Keyes' jaw. Henry hits the canvas and Eugene falls into the cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THREE!]

Angus:

STILL THE CHAMP! STILL THE CHAMP!

DDK:

Christ, Angus, the belt wasn't on the line! This is a tournament match!

Angus:

Whatever, loser, Eugene showing once again that he's the smartest guy in the ring!

DDK:

That was a clever way of avoiding the Bell Clap and capitalizing on the opportunity!

[Inside the ring Eugene celebrates like he's won the title again, meanwhile Keyes rolls out of the ring rubbing his jaw. Dejectedly he makes his way to the back.]

Angus:

I'll say this, though, Keyes put himself out there tonight, he showed that he can hang with the big boys here in DEFIANCE, and I see big things for the Bell Clapper in the future!

DDK:

Fair enough.

Angus:

We agreed on something. I think we need to cut to commercial right here and now until we can get that problem solved.

DDK:

Sounds good to me.

[Cut away.]

New Followers

[Aaaaaaaaand we're back!]

["For Whom the Bell Tolls" by Metallica rips through the Wrestle-Plex. From the back steps Malachi, wearing a pair of black pants with Malachi written down the sides of them and on the back of them it says "He Has Risen". Behind him are his Malachites, wearing black and white singlets with black boots and black and white masks. On the back of each one of their masks though is a designation of sorts. More specifically, a roman numeral. The one on the far left has a I, the one in the middle has a II, and obviously, the one on the far right has a III.]

DDK:

Oh no, please, not more of this.

Angus:

KEEBS! Have I taught you nothing? Play cool with it. That's all. Or you risk going to hell.

DDK:

I'm not doing this. No.

Angus:

What?! Oh come on!

[As Malachi and the three men walk down the ramp, he hears the boos and jeers from the fans and he laughs at them. The bottom half of his face is covered in a dark brown beard. His hair, a dark brown as well, lands right above his neck, and his blue eyes are piercing.]

Angus:

I look out at this audience, Keebs, and I'm not going to lie, some of these women are straight up **FAWNING** over him.

DDK:

They are not.

Angus:

OH YES THEY ARE! Look at them!

[The camera then cuts to a woman near the guardrails who is basically eye-fucking Malachi. Truth be told, underneath all of the hate for people in general, Malachi was an attractive person. It was just the personality that cock-blocked him. So, basically, like most guys. Malachi ignored all of this though as he walked into the ring with the Malachites behind him. He walks to the opposite side of the ring and is given a microphone.]

Malachi:

Before I begin--

BOOO!

DDK:

Doesn't seem like they intend to let Malachi speak.

Angus:

Well, that's rather rude.

DDK:

Except the fact that everything out of his mouth is rude?

Angus:

FUCK YOUR FACTS!

[A sly smile appears on Malachi's face.]

Malachi:
 You boo me--

BOOO!

[Malachi clears his throat.]

Malachi:
 You boo me because--

BOOO!

[Slowly, that smile turns into anger as Malachi moves towards the edge of the ring and sees a handful of fans giving him the middle finger and cursing him out.]

Malachi:
 YOU BOO ME BECAUSE I SPEAK THE TRUTH!

BOOO!

[That anger quickly vanishes as Malachi turns back to his Malachites and smiles once again. They stand there, stoic, with their faces hidden behind the masks.]

Malachi:
 You see, I have this microphone and ALL of the time in the world. I am not going ANYWHERE whatsoever. So you can continue to boo me and I will continue to stay in this ring. I will wait. I will waste **YOUR** time and run out the time on **THIS** show. So you decide.

[Malachi then rolls out of the ring and lifts up one side of the apron before pulling out a steel folding chair that he slides into the ring. He then re-enters the ring and proceeds to sit in the chair, a cocky smile on his face.]

SCREW! YOU! MALACHI! *clap clap clapclapclap*
 SCREW! YOU! MALACHI! *clap clap clapclapclap*
 SCREW! YOU! MALACHI! *clap clap clapclapclap*

DDK:
 And Malachi is just sitting in that ring, with a smile on his face.

Angus:
 They are going to have to learn eventually you do not anger a God.

DDK:
 If you say that one more time, I am going to smack the shit out of you.

Angus:
 I'm calling it like I see it. Who cares if Malachi is an **ACTUAL** God or not. He believes it. People believe it. Believing might as well be reality for most people. Think of all the religions people have bought into, not just Catholicism or Buddhism, but all of the cults. Heck, Scientology.

DDK:
 It is flat out scary when you make sense.

BOOO!

GO! TO! HELL! *clap clap clapclapclap*

GO! TO! HELL! *clap clap clapclapclap*

GO! TO! HELL! *clap clap clapclapclap*

[The smile on Malachi's face only grows larger.]

Malachi:

Oh, isn't that cute? Just keep on going. I'm not going anywhere.

[The fans continue to boo him, but slowly, the crowd starts to hush. As Malachi realizes victory is his, he rises out of his chair and walks over to the nearby ropes.]

Malachi:

When will you all learn that you are not going to be able to stop me? When will you learn that I was **SENT** here on a mission?! You are all out of chances! You are all out of luck! You have **ANGERED** Him and He wants His pound of flesh! Do you think by booing me, you are helping your cause? Are you under the impression that if you jeer me that I will walk back through that curtain and leave you be? No. And you are fools for thinking so. You are idiots for letting that thought even cross your minds!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[The smile returns to Malachi's face as his body relaxes.]

Malachi:

At the end of the day, I have purpose. At the end of the day, I have a mission. At the end of the day, I am on the path of righteousness.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Malachi:

Please, continue to boo me. Continue to prove Him right. Continue to show Him how He has sent you His second son and you shower him with your disapproval. It will only worsen your punishment. You are only angering Him.

[A hush slowly falls over the arena once again.]

Malachi:

You all mock me. You laugh at The Church of Malachi. Yet while you sneer and jeer, I receive emails and phone calls and letters every single day, wanting to join the cause, seeing how the world is turning out and wanting to be saved from that. These three men behind me are the frontline of the Church of Malachi. Hundreds of members have joined. You all go to your churches and you tithe, you give ten percent of your money, and for what? To put your leaders on jet planes and send them around the world on your dime. It disgusts me what you do in His name.

[Malachi then spits onto the mat.]

Malachi:

That is what I think of that idea. No, there is no tithing. There is no money required. I will bless you. I will guide you. I will lead you. And in return, all I ask is for faith. Unrelenting faith. These three men? They have given me that and so much more! And as I look out at this crowd tonight... I see two individuals that apparently want to join the Church, to show their passion for His cause.

[Malachi then points out towards the front row where a woman and a man are standing next to one another. The woman, above average in height, is slender with long brown hair. The gentleman standing next to her is a little shorter than her, but definitely athletic and seems to be working out. His hair is brown as well, just very short. They are both holding a sign that says 'Convert us to the Church of Malachi'.]

Malachi:

Bring them into the ring.

[He looks at the Malachites and they immediately exit the ring, making their way over to the two individuals.]

DDK:

What the hell is this?!

Angus:

People BELIEVE in him, Keebs!

DDK:

Someone stop this right now!

Angus:

Or don't! Look at the body on that woman! God Damn! And an ass that could rival Lindsay Troy's!

[Such words would normally be blasphemous, but this was an ass that even Lindsay Troy could be proud of, searing corneas and destroying membranes all at the same time. As the Malachites escort the two into the ring, Malachi looks at both of them with curiosity. When they enter the ring, Malachi asks them to stand next to one another and face him.]

Malachi:

What are your names?

[He then places the microphone in the middle of them.]

Woman:

Um... Abigail.

Man:

Joseph. My friends call me Joe, though.

[A snarl comes over Malachi's face as he yanks the microphone back.]

Malachi:

Are you under the impression that I care what your friends call you? If you want to become a member of the Church of Malachi, then you go by your God-given name. Your friends are no longer your friends unless they want to convert as well. You live the rest of your lives with **MY** ideals, **MY** beliefs, and **MY** thoughts. There is no room for independent thought. You will **VOW** your lives to this church, to me, and to Him. Do you understand that?

[The two look at one another before looking back at Malachi as he places the microphone in front of them]

Abigail and Joseph:

[together] Yes.

BOOO!

DDK:

WHAT?! They cannot be serious!

Angus:

Well, clearly that guy is doing whatever the girl wants and for good reasons.

DDK:

Where is Kelly Evans?! Why is she not putting an end to this?

Angus:

Oh, she KNOWS she has sinned far too much to be accepted.

[Malachi looks at the two and slowly nods his head before turning his attention to the fans.]

Malachi:

No. No. **NO!** You will not **BOO** them! You will not **JEER** them! You will not **MOCK** them for their beliefs. You can come at me **ALL** you want, but I will **NOT** stand for this!

[The venom flies out of Malachi's mouth as his eyes glare at the audience.]

Angus:

Well, if there is one thing that is for certain, it is that he protects his flock.

DDK:

Well, I guess that's a good thing.

Angus:

Shit. Did I die?

DDK:

Shut it.

[Malachi then turns his attention back to Abigail and Joseph. He looks at Joseph for a long while.]

Malachi:

Do you love her?

[Slowly, Joseph nods his head.]

Malachi:

Are you married to her?

[Joseph shakes his head.]

Malachi:

Have you laid with her? Have you sinned with her?

[Joseph freezes as he looks at Malachi. He slowly moves closer to Joseph.]

Malachi:

Answer me. Now.

[Malachi then places the microphone in front of Joseph's face.]

Joseph:

Yes, yes I have.

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

YEAH YOU HAVE!

DDK:

Oh shut it.

[Malachi looks out at the crowd.]

Malachi:

Enough.

[Malachi then looks at Joseph. He studies him for a minute before looking over at Abigail, who looks embarrassed, before turning his attention back to Joseph.]

Malachi:

You realize that was wrong, correct? That you sinned and that you must be punished for that, correct?

[Joseph nods his head, looking embarrassed as well.]

Malachi:

Good. Do you devote your life to me?

Joseph:

Yes. Yes I do.

[He then looks at Abigail. Most men would be seduced by her good looks, but Malachi saw right past that. His blue eyes locked onto Abigail's eyes for a few moments as he moved closer to her.]

Malachi:

Abigail. Do you devote your life to me?

Abigail:

I devote my life to you. I devote everything to you. I am yours.

[Malachi slowly nods his head and looks out at the crowd.]

Malachi:

Let this be an example to all of you out there and to those in the back. A revolution is starting right before your very eyes. There is no stopping us. There is no pumping the brakes. We are here. The Church of Malachi is here. And we will destroy all that are not with us. So get on board and get on board soon, because this is just the beginning.

[Malachi then drops the microphone before turning his attention to Joseph. He quickly hoists Joseph onto his shoulders and holds him there as he looks out at the fans and then at Abigail. Abigail looks on and there is no emotion on her face. Instead, she looks perfectly okay with this. Malachi then connects with the Go 2 Sleep on Joseph, who drops to the mat, unconscious. Abigail walks over to Malachi and tells him that she's ready for her punishment. Malachi has a peculiar look on his face before he shakes his head. He then tells the other Malachites to take Joseph with him.]

DDK:

That guy isn't trained! He doesn't deserve that!

Angus:

He sinned! He laid with that woman!

DDK:

Then don't join the Church of Malachi or he's going to do the same to you.

Angus:

Yeah, let's not tell him about that.

[The camera then shows the Church of Malachi walking up the ramp with Malachi at the forefront, Abigail right behind

him, and the Malachites and Joseph bringing up the rear.]

Kings and Queens

[Hallway]

[Backstage]

[Lindsay Troy, now in her ring gear and holding her phone and a pair of earbuds, is on her way to the training center within the DEFplex to get some warm-ups in ahead of her match against Mushigihara. The door that connects that space to the arena proper is just up ahead, but before she can get there Eddie Dante and Mushi exit from a nearby room and end up blocking her way.]

[A collision course seems inevitable and the expression on Eddie's face sours upon catching sight of the Queen.]

Eddie Dante:

Ms. Troy. To what do we owe the pleasure of this encounter?

[Troy's face twists into a scowl to match Dante's.]

Lindsay Troy:

From what I can tell, it's no pleasure at all. [She motions to the door beyond Mushi's large frame.] I'm headed this way and you're headed to FuckOffsville. [A look to the God-Beast now.] So move.

Eddie Dante:

Don't be so sure of that, Ms. Troy. We have a match later tonight and the stakes are as high as ever... or have you already acquiesced and accepted your defeat at the hands of the God-Beast?

Mushigihara:

OSU.

[Eddie's voice takes on an almost-apologetic tone, as he tilts his head to one side and grins.]

Eddie Dante:

No one would blame you if you did. After all, he went to a draw with the mighty Bronson Box, and, well, as lauded as your own resume may be, the truth is that you, Ms. Troy, simply are no Bronson Box. And you most CERTAINLY are no Mushigihara. You may be the so-called Queen of the Ring, but what chance do YOU have face-to-face with the King of the Monsters?

Mushigihara:

Hmphmphmphmph... Osu.

[Troy smiles the smile of someone who's heard this rhetoric before in many different iterations from a great many people.]

Lindsay Troy:

If I had to take a guess, I bet his bones and tendons snap just like anyone else's. What's impressive is how fast I can make it happen.

[A smirk.]

Lindsay Troy:

What do you think, big guy? Five minutes in? Three? Maybe less? Should we take this betting line to Harrah's?

Eddie Dante: [scoffing]

Adorable. Simply adorable. The tough-talking smart-alec resorts to claims of maiming the creature who has made mere BLOODSTAINS of those foolish enough to cross him when there's NOTHING at stake. But in this grand tournament, the outcome of which could tilt this company on its very axis?

[The God-Beast simply emits a low growl under his mask.]

Eddie Dante:

He will stop at NOTHING to ascend to the top of DEFIANCE Wrestling, no matter how many cadavers he leaves in his wake. Box had the grit to be held to a draw against the God-Beast. You will not be so fortunate. Now, unlike you, we have somewhere important to be.

[He proceeds to walk down the hall. Mushi trundles after him.]

Lindsay Troy:

Oh? Meeting with Jane?

[That insight is presented with a sneer and it gives Eddie and Mushi pause. The Golden Idol looks over his shoulder to the Queen while Eddie does an about-face to regard her head-on.]

Lindsay Troy:

Isn't it a riot that a person who has no talent to speak of and who consistently failed at leveraging it to any success between the ropes believes she has the ability to see it in others? Because I find that knee-slappingly funny. Your great and glorious Bronson Box couldn't do shit with her in his Conclave, but he'll follow her lead upon his return with a smile and a song.

[She inserts the small headphones into her ears and laughs.]

Lindsay Troy:

The great Pied Piper of DEFIANCE. Have fun skipping along to your doom, boys. You're still playing for second place, regardless.

[Troy moves past Mushi, who surprisingly makes no move to impede her further, opens the proper door, and disappears.]

Eddie Dante:

Foolish woman. She's the one skipping into oblivion, and you'll be carrying her skull on a staff, Mushigihara, just you wait. Now come, it would be improper to keep Ms. Katze waiting.

Mushigihara:

Osu.

[The pair goes on their way, marching off-screen as we cut back away.]

Hook 'Em Up

[Cut to the Offices of William Pepper, Esquire and Associates.]

[Well, that's how he thinks of it sometimes. The plaque on the door actually reads "Pepper Management Group", which he'd thought sounded pretty impressive when he came up with it. Now? Maybe he'll have to up his professional game some more.]

[Behind his official looking desk and working a mouse, Billy Pepper's attention is set on the screen of the monitor in front of him. He could be playing Galaga and thinking no one notices, but we did... you know, if he is in fact playing Galaga. Old school.]

[On a small couch off to the right side, Frank Holiday is doing what he always does when he's not Trainwrecking fools... Tweetergramming on Facetrest. Or is it Instapinning on Googlebook? One of those social media spaces that everyone uses, Frank is doing it, furiously.]

[Billy glances up from whatever he's doing (Galaga).]

Billy Pepper:

Are you punctuating like we talked about?

Frank Holiday:

Don't control me, man.

Billy Pepper:

Sorry, I'm just thinking about the poor eyes and brains of whoever's going to read that.

Frank Holiday:

There's absolutely nothing wrong with the way I tweet. Stream of consciousness don't got capitals or punctuation. It just floooooows.

Billy Pepper:

Yeah, right. Is that why your timeline comes to life whenever you're in the can?

Frank Holiday:

You don't command the muse, dude. She comes when she's ready.

[Their attentions turn when the door suddenly swings open. No knock or nothing, how rude, right? Apparently not, because Frank smiles, Billy smiles, even Billy's plastic plant smiles.]

Frank Holiday:

What up, BRAH?!

[Tyrone Walker. He has arrived.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Billy Pepper:

Hello! What can we do ya for, Ty?

[Ty steps in, closing the door and then turns back to address the occupants. Giving the "nod," Ty gives the place a look see, immediately noticing the room does not have quite the space as the Pleasure Dome. Both Frank and Billy await a response from the Eldest Statesman of DEFIANCE.]

Tyrone Walker:

Sup, y'all?

[Ty slaps hands with Frank, and gives Billy some “dap.” Once again, Ty looks over the office, to which Billy adopts a quizzical look.]

Billy Pepper:

.....Ty?

Tyrone Walker: [snapping to]

Hmmm? Oh, right, nothin’ much, just rememberin’ somethin’ I told Frank the other day about bitches an’ whatnot... Aye...

[Ty is quite scatterbrained at times and tonight is such a night. Billy, who makes a living wrangling a man whose attention span has a half-life of about 8 seconds, is thankfully quite adept at this sort of thing.]

Billy Pepper:

Bitches, you say? Ohhh, you were talking about Lexi.

[SNAP!]

Frank Holiday: [Madface]

DO NOT SPEAK HER NAME IN MY PRESENCE.

Tyrone Walker:

Nah, not that bitch, I’m talkin’ y’know, bitches.

[Billy stares at Blackimus Prime with his eyebrows reaching for the ceiling.]

Billy Pepper: [Totally not getting it]

Ohhh. Now I get it.

Tyrone Walker:

What’s up wit’ this lil’ ass office, bruh? I can hook ya up wit’ a space that’s befittin’ a man of yo’ stature, ‘cause I’m in good wit’ the boss if y’kna’mean?

[Ty grins, Frank hoots, they “dap” like bros.]

Frank Holiday:

I heard that! No, literally, I heard that. Like, from the other end of the building, dude.

[Billy shakes his head and smiles at them. Ty shrugs, because hey, it’s probably true.]

Billy Pepper:

Ty, I got this closet space under the Edward White regime, and Kelly let me keep it. I’m 86% convinced she agreed to it just so there was someplace to keep Frank out of her hair. I’m not ungrateful, but... I’ve seen Kelly’s Skybox.

[Frank elbows Ty in the arm.]

Frank Holiday:

Billy too?! I thought Kels was exclusive now!

Billy Pepper:

I meant her office, you ass!

Frank Holiday:

Hah! Yeah, right. [To Ty] He’s got office envy.

Tyrone Walker:

A'ight, well I'm just sayin', I'mma problem solver, so gimme a holla if you ever wanna upgrade yo' situation...

[Billy nods appreciatively.]

Tyrone Walker:

But before all'a that, I gotta make good on a promise to my bro-mang here, an' hook 'em up with a real, quality bitch, the type that makes that horrid piece you was rollin' with a distant memory.

[The "Train Wreck" ducks his head and rubs his hands on his stubbly cheeks.]

Frank Holiday:

Aw, you're good people, dude. But I dunno. I just performed a skank-erectomy and I'm still in recovery, you know?

[Ty looks at Frank, confused, not at all understanding this answer. He's full on McKayla Maroney "not impressed" with this answer, trying to send a mental text message that says... "Naaah, nigga, you need to take me up on this..."]

Tyrone Walker:

Hmph... Yo' dick still work, right? You still got yo' nuts, right? Or'd that rotten hooker take all'a yo' manhood with her when you done did left her ratchet ass in the dumpster, like the nasty ass Oscar the Grouch that she's always doomed to be? You gonna let that get in yo' way? You bitchin' up on me, Frankie? Is you a bitch nigga, Frank?!

[Ty claps his hands together in prayer.]

Tyrone Walker:

Oooh LAWD... Please don't let my boy here fall prey to nasty-bitch-itis. He's in danger of fallin' to the wayside of becomin' a bitch nigga, LAWD... Mmmph, LAWD, give him the STRENGTH to overcome with the power of your mighty pimp hand an' RESTORE my homie's soul!

[Ty actually starts humming a very stirring rendition of a hopeful sounding hymn. During this... prayer?... Billy has been gaping at Walker, while Frank is peeking shamefully through the spaces between his fingers as he covers his face.]

Billy Pepper: [baffled]

Uh, hmm. Frank? Do you feel it yet?

Frank Holiday:

What?

Billy Pepper:

A mighty pimp hand restoring your soul?

[This little exchange hasn't deterred Ty's humming in any way. Actually, he's only getting louder -- and in a teeny tiny office like this, it doesn't take long before this gets unbearable. Finally, in a miraculous show of divine intervention, Frank leaps to his feet and flails his hands over his head.]

Frank Holiday:

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! HOOK ME UP! JUST KNOCK OFF THE HUMMING!

[Ty drops his hands and smiles, then puts one on Frank's shoulder.]

Tyrone Walker:

Bless you, for the lord has saved your soul, my brotha.

Billy Pepper:

And other important body parts, too. Pimp Jeezy be praised.

Frank Holiday:

Billy: SHUT. Ty: Thanks brah. Totes appreciated. Maybe it'll do me some good.

[Ty gives a him a look.]

Tyrone Walker:

Bruh, you ain't got no idea how true that is... You too, Big Willy...

[Billy looks shocked and makes like he wants to object, but Ty is having none of this.]

Tyrone Walker:

An' don't be tryin' to say no, 'cause I got hymns for days, bruh, an' all I ever see you doin' wit'cho'self is hangin' out here an' handlin' business for this man, you needa cut loose too... Like, I can sense it... There's a dog in there, an' he needs off his chain, so he can be wild n' out.

[Hanging on Ty's every word, Frank is nodding along, while Billy slumps in his leather chair and turns red.]

Frank Holiday:

You got some spooky powers, dude. I can vouch for all of that. This poor guy works too hard. The only action he ever gets is when his sack gets caught in his zipper.

[Ty cringes along with every man who is watching this... EXCLUSIVELY... on Hulu Plus! Cha-Ching!]

Billy Pepper:

When did this become about me?! Also, NOT TRUE!

Tyrone Walker:

True or not, it's 'bout time to roll out...

[Ty turns on his heel and makes for the door.]

Frank Holiday:

Hey, good seein' ya, brah, we'll catch up la...

[Ty stops and turns back around... Once again, confused.]

Tyrone Walker:

Ya'll comin' or what?

[Billy and Frank look to each other, now equally confused.]

Billy Pepper:

Uhm... Frank has a match tonight.

Frank Holiday:

Yeah dude, I still have work to do tonight.

[Ty frowns as he considers this "new" information, approaching a couple steps and then shrugs.]

Tyrone Walker:

A'ight then, I see how that'd be a problem for everyone in this room. Well, I'll tell y'all what tho, after this DEF*MAX bidniss, we're handlin' this bidniss properly.

Frank Holiday:

Deal!

[Ty and Frank bump fists once more, sealing the deal officially.]

Tyrone Walker:

Word, a'ight then, I'll holla at 'cha y'all later.

Billy Pepper:

Always a pleasure, bud!

Frank Holiday:

Take it easy, dude... by which I mean, take it easy on the massage table when you're HRM-HRM-HRM with Kels, right?

Tyrone Walker:

Fo'sho, tho' you might wanna run that past her...

[Ty snickers.]

Billy Pepper:

Or let's not go there, and just say we did.

Tyrone Walker:

Smart man, dis one.

[With one last grin at the dangerous duo, Ty takes his leave. Billy shakes his head at his client-slash-best friend. Having scored with a few dirty remarks so far and feeling on a roll, Frank opens his mouth to launch another one... but this has gone on long enough and we are mercifully going to cut elsewhere!]

Troy Matthews vs. Jake Donovan

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

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

[GUITAR: ENGAGED.]

[FLASHY RED STROBE LIGHTS: ENGAGED.]

[CROWD: ENGAGED.]

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

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

♪ On the edge of Route 66 yeah ♪

♪ He lived a dark and twisted life ♪

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

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

Introducing first, from JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY, weighing in at one-hundred eighty-eight pounds! He is "The Jersey Devil!" TROY! MmmmmmmmmmmMATTHEWS!!!

DDK:

Troy Matthews here looking really pumped up for this contest Angus!

[Just then, as Troy slaps a hand of a fan at ringside and tries to move on, the fan grabs hold of his hand and yanks him back toward the barricade only to land a hard elbow to the side of Troy's head, knocking him solidly to the floor, face down. The fan then hops the barricade, clad in a black jacket and Ohio State National Championship hat, and as Troy just begins to stir. When the fan pulls a fist back we get a good look at him.]

DDK:

That's Ryan Matthews! What is he doing here? Kelly Evans apparently had a meeting with him and told him he's not welcome back in DEFIANCE last week!

Angus:

That thick-skulled jerkwad never was one to listen to instructions well. Security needs to get out here and get this guy off my screen.

[Ryan Matthews lays into Troy with a series of fists, then a knee to the gut before he directs Troy head first into the nearby barricade. Seeing security coming, Ryan beats feet and hops the barricade again before taking off through the crowd, the rent-a-cops hot in pursuit...]

DDK:

Let's just hope Troy Matthews is okay! What a vicious assault by somebody who's not even on the DEFIANCE roster.

Angus:

I smell a lawsuit, Keebs. Ryan Matthews is gonna be broke as hell here in the near future methinks.

[The DEFIANCE medical staff is shown crowding around Troy, who seems to be stirring again. Jake stands in the ring, shaking his head at the carnage that was supposed to be his match with Troy Matthews. The disappointment is evident on his face, as he's been calling his ex trios partner out for weeks. Stalking to the ropes, Jake leans over it,

gesturing for a mic which a ring tech reluctantly hands to him.]

Jake Donovan:

This isn't over yet, Troy. I ain't done with you. The beating you just took is nothing compared to the one I'm gonna dish out when I do get you in the ring. You mark my words on that, you can only duck me for so long.

[The fans aren't really sure how to take this, some cheer, some boo, some watch the DEFIANCE phoenix and just wait to see what he does next.]

Jake Donovan:

I came out here tonight to fight, damnit. If not you Matthews, then there's gotta be someone in the back willing. I don't care who you are or how long you've been here, I'll fight anyone, just get out here and get in the ring. I'll shut this place down waiting, if I have to, but I ain't leaving here 'til I face someone.

Angus:

What an idiot, you showed up, you got paid, take the cash and go home, ya painted up little shit. Leave the fighting to the real wrestlers.

DDK:

Yeah, 'cause that's what he does this for, the money, right?

Angus:

What else is there?

DDK:

Maybe love for the sport? Maybe the competition.

Angus:

Maybe you need to sit down and shut-up, that's what you need to do.

DDK:

Sit down? You blind? I'm already sitting.

Angus:

Jackass, whatever, Jake might as well head to the back, 'cause no ones....

[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 Quimby:

Introducing, from London, England and now residing in Manhattan, New York, weighing 137lbs, this is Harmony!

DDK:

No one's what? Looks to me like someone has decided to take Jake up on his offer. I'd heard rumblings of this young lady coming to Defiance, but this is an unexpected debut.

Angus:

I think I'm in love.

DDK:

Oh boy, here we go.

Angus:

Shut up. Look at her. Just look at her.

[With the sound of the bell, both competitors begin to circle in the ring before diving into a tie up, pushing and jostling before Harmony pulls Donovan down into a side headlock. She tightens her grip but he pushes her off into the ropes, leapfrogging over on her return before taking her down with an arm drag that sends Harmony sliding across the ring. She scrambles up to her feet and charges at Donovan again, but is quickly sent flying over with another arm drag that sends her sliding to the edge of the ring. Donovan looks to use the advantage and runs for Harmony as she pulls herself up on the ropes, but the brunette drops back down and pulls the middle rope with her, leaving Donovan to sail out of the ring and hit the floor. Brian Slater begins to count as Harmony moves away from the ropes, giving Donovan the time to regroup outside the ring.]

DDK:

And Harmony definitely showing here that she can compete in DEFIANCE.

Angus:

She's also competing for a spot in my PANTS!

DDK:

Have you ever heard of sexual harrassment?

Angus:

Had to take a class on it. All I learned is that if you don't sexualize a woman, they view it as harassment.

DDK:

Oh, for God's sake, who was teaching the class? Floyd Mayweather?

[Donovan slides himself back into the ring as Slater's count hits six and goes on the attack, but Harmony quickly drops him to the mat with a drop toe hold then hits the ropes and catches him in the side of the head with a low dropkick as he tries to get back up again. Donovan rolls to the ropes and quickly gets up but is back on the mat in a split second as Harmony brings him down with a snapmare then wraps him up into a Lotus lock, sending Slater sliding to the mat to check for any sign of a submission.]

DDK:

Impressive work here from Harmony. She's playing to her strengths.

Angus:

I don't care how much it hurts; I want to be there right now.

DDK:

Is there any chance of you calling this match tonight?

Angus:

About as much of a chance as I have to score with Harmony tonight.

DDK:

So none at all.

[Donovan flatly refuses to give in and begins to work himself towards the ropes using his legs, slowly edging further and further until he eventually manages to drop his foot onto the bottom rope. Slater calls for the break and Harmony immediately unwraps her legs from around his arms, rolling away from Donovan who tries to get the feeling back into his arms and shoulders. Harmony attempts an attack but Donovan catches her off guard with a lightning quick

roundhouse kick to the side of the head that knocks her off her feet. Harmony tries to pick herself back up again, but just as she gets to her feet, Donovan charges and takes her down again with a hurricanrana that sends her flying into the corner. She pulls herself up and Donovan takes advantage of her dazed state, firing off sharp kicks to the chest as Slater begins to count for the illegal use of the corner.]

Angus:

NOT THE CHEST!!

DDK:

Donovan showing that he won't let this rookie get the better of him.

Angus:

What the hell are you talking about?

DDK:

Um, the match?!

Angus:

How could you be talking about the match at a time like this?!?!]

[As the count reaches four, Donovan stops the kicks and grabs Harmony by the head, charging from the corner and planting her into the mat with a bulldog before rolling her over and making a cover ...

1 ... No!

Harmony kicks out of the pin with force and sits up, checking her nose for any sign of blood. Donovan doesn't waste the opportunity, quick hitting the ropes opposite and slamming into Harmony's face feet first with a dropkick that sends her sprawling backwards.]

DDK:

Yeouch. That'll rearrange your facial features.

Angus:

How dare he kick her in the face!

DDK:

Well, that's the name of the game.

Angus:

The name of the game?! You should get kicked right in the balls for saying something stupid like that!

DDK:

I'd do the same for you, but clearly it would have no impact.

[Donovan scrambles up and hits the ropes, going for a somersault leg drop on the rebound, but he finds nothing but canvas as Harmony rolls out of the way, leaving him to crash and burn. Harmony takes the advantage, waiting for Donovan to about get to his feet before hitting the ropes and taking him down with a swinging neckbreaker then jumping up and hitting a standing moonsault, and hooking the leg ...

1 ...

2 ... No!

Donovan rolls over as he kicks out, giving Harmony the opening she needs to lock him up in a Double Leg Muta Lock!]

DDK:

Now there's a move you don't see very often!

Angus:

I think I've died and gone to heaven.

DDK:

I can live in hope.

[Slater hits the mat again to check for the submission, but Donovan refuses to give in and begins to use his elbows to drag himself towards the bottom rope. It's an act that seems to take forever, but his efforts finally cause Harmony to break the hold as the extension of her body loosens her grip and she relents. Donovan crawls to the ropes and begins to pull himself up, but Harmony charges at him to attack, only for Donovan to duck down and lift her up over the top rope, sending her crashing to the floor!]

Angus:

I'll be right back.

DDK:

What the hell are you doing?!

Angus:

She's hurt! I need to rescue her.

DDK:

Trust me, she's going to take one look at you and need some real help.

Angus:

Asshat.

[Harmony tries to regroup but as she turns around, she's sent crashing into the barricade by Donovan flying through the ropes with a suicide dive, leaving Slater to stand in the ring and begin the count. Donovan pulls himself up to his feet then drags Harmony up and rolls her into the ring then climbs to the top rope in the corner and sails through the air with a Phoenix Splash, landing on Harmony at full force before hooking the leg ...

1 ...

2 ... No!

Harmony gets the shoulder up and Donovan looks shocked to see it happen but he doesn't waste the chance to capitalise, locking her up in a fujiwara armbar as she rolls over. Harmony cries out in pain but refuses to submit, instead pulling herself towards the bottom rope and reaching out desperately for the bottom rope.]

DDK:

It could be over here if Harmony can't get to that bottom rope.

Angus:

Does she look like she's going to give up any time soon?

DDK:

Anything is indeed possible. The pain is evident in her face.

Angus:

Oh that heavenly face.

DDK:

I am going to smack the shit out of you in a minute.

[Again Slater asks if she wants to give in and she almost yells at him "NO!" then gives one final pull and manages to wrap her hand around the bottom rope. Slater calls for the break and Donovan breaks the hold immediately, backing away from Harmony and allowing Slater to check she's able to continue. Donovan goes on the attack as soon as Slater backs off, but he's stopped in his tracks as Harmony gets an elbow up and dazes Donovan, allowing her to hit the ropes and plant Donovan with a Wheelbarrow DDT! Harmony rolls him over and makes the cover ...

1 ...

2 ... No!

Donovan kicks out and Harmony looks at Slater, who holds up two fingers. Harmony climbs to her feet and waits behind Donovan for him to make it to his feet before wrapping him up from behind and throwing him over with a dragon suplex, keeping it bridged to make a pin ...

1 ...

2 ... No!

Donovan kicks out again, leaving Harmony to roll out of the way. Harmony wastes no time in grabbing Donovan by the head and running at the turnbuckle for a Shiranui, but Donovan pushes her off and sends Harmony crashing into the turnbuckle chest first. Harmony staggers back from the corner but Donovan hits her with a dropkick to the back, sending her crashing into the turnbuckle once more then grabbing her by the head as she staggers back again, Donovan plants her with a neckbreaker that makes her instinctively grab for her head.]

DDK:

This has been an impressive showing by both parties.

Angus:

How can he abuse the tatas like that?

DDK:

The what?

Angus:

Tatas. God, have you been living under a rock?

[Donovan waits for Harmony to get to her feet before catching her with a kick to the midsection and dropping her on her head with a nasty flipping piledriver! Harmony flops to the mat and Donovan rolls her over to hook the leg ...

1 ...

2 ... No!

Harmony kicks out at the last second! Donovan gets to his feet as Harmony sits up and he fires off stiff kicks to her chest, the crowd counting every kick up to ten. Donovan charges at the ropes behind Harmony and flies back towards her, sending her sprawling forwards with a neck snap that slams her forwards. Harmony lies back on the mat holding her neck as Donovan heads to the top rope, taking a second to steady himself before flying with a shooting star press that misses the mark as Harmony rolls out of the way at the very last second!]

Angus:

CRASH AND BURN, BABY!

DDK:

Donovan missing that Shooting Star Press could spell disaster for him!

Angus:

All of that flippity-do shit!

DDK:

Yes, we know, you're not a fan of it.

[Slater starts to count as both competitors lie on the mat, chests heaving from the exertions of the match. The count reaches five and Harmony starts to get to her feet, finally getting here as the count hits seven. Donovan almost makes it to his feet as Harmony goes to attack, but he stops her in her tracks with a jawbreaker that sends her staggering back into the corner. Donovan backs up into the corner and goes for a handspring elbow, but he's stopped by Harmony getting both feet up in the corner, sending him sprawling to the mat. He stands back up again but is immediately pulled down as Harmony wraps herself around his arms and pulls him into a crucifix pin ...

1 ...

2 ... NO!

Donovan kicks out!]

DDK:

Near pinfall for Harmony there!

Angus:

Damnit Donovan, just give up already and let her win.

DDK:

From what I've heard about Harmony, I doubt she wants it to go down that way.

Angus:

She might not, but I do.

[Harmony gets to her feet and waits for Donovan to attempt to stand up, jumping onto his back as he's bent over and flipping him with a leg trap sunset flip powerbomb! She quickly untangles herself from around him and leaps to her feet, landing a standing moonsault before hooking the leg ...

1 ...

2 ... NO!

Donovan gets the shoulder up! Harmony doesn't waste any time, standing up and grabbing hold of Donovan's legs to look for The Fermata to finish the match, but the bell rings before she can lock it up, signalling the time limit has been reached.]

DDK:

Damnit.

Angus:

My thoughts exactly!

Darren Quimby:

The match has reached the fifteen minute time limit and therefore, this match is a draw!

[Both competitors show their disappointment at the result in their bodies, but Harmony immediately puts a hand out to Donovan, helping him up from the canvas. The dejection is clear in Donovan's body language, but Harmony holds out a hand for him to shake and he hesitates for a second then shakes her hand, pulling her in to raise her hand in the air with his own.]

DDK:

Show of respect between competitors in what has been one heck of a match up.

Angus:

Blah blah blah, good sportsmanship. What a load of crap.

Second Chance

[Malachi watched the previous match in a hallway that led away from the guerilla position. Leaning against the wall, with his Malachites behind him, he had a look on his face that could not be deciphered. Instead, he waited patiently, until he heard footsteps creeping down the hallway. As the person grew closer, it was clear who Malachi was waiting for.]

With paint staining his arms and chips of it just missing from his face, Jake Donovan looked frustrated and disappointed all at the same time.]

Malachi:

Jake...

[Jake froze. He knew the voice instantly, recalled Malachi's offer and his own reluctance to accept. Slowly, almost as if he could will the man away simply by delaying, Jake turned his head, barely able to meet Malachi's gaze.]

Malachi:

When will you learn? When will you figure it out? You are lost. Wandering in the deep forests with no end in sight. Each turn you make leads you back to same exact spot you started in. The trees may look differently. The stumps may feel out of place. At the end of the day though, you have gone nowhere. You have walked around in circles and while you think you are making headway, all you have done is wear the spot you are standing on to the point that you could lay down and disappear forever.

[Jake slowly drops his head, rubs at the paint smearing his arms.]

Malachi:

You can join me, Jake, and I will give you purpose, enlightenment. You think that I am just looking to stab you in the back, but I am not. I am trying to give you something that I can see you are needing so badly. As much as He wants me to punish all of you, I can still feel His compassion in my heart and it is telling me to reach out and help you. So let me do so, Jake. Let me help you. Let me save you.

[Raising his head, Jake looks at him again, running the offer through his head. There is interest in his eyes and skepticism too. He shakes his head slowly, glances away. He isn't ready.]

Jake: [Uncertainty in his voice half of his statements are almost questions]

I-I don't know. Maybe you're right. Maybe I'm too lost to even see how lost I am. I just...I can't give you my answer yet.

[The look in Malachi's eyes could burn a hole through Donovan. Slowly, Malachi raises his left hand and strokes his beard.]

Malachi:

One week. One... week. Then it's time for you to make a decision.

[With that Malachi and the Malachites walk away, leaving Donovan to think about what it is that he wants.]

A Short Interlude

[The camera pokes carefully around the corner. Obviously hidden from the trio of DEFIANCE superstars standing just out of earshot of the staff bustling around the gorilla position right outside the entrance tunnel. Jane Katze has a smile on her ruby red lips, Eddie Dante nods to an unheard question. The God-Beast Mushigihara stands with his arms crossed over his massive chest listening, looming over the conversation like some sort of massive gargoyle.]

Mushigihara:

Osu.

Eddie Dante:

Indeed my friend, I echo that same question. So, what you're proposing is some sort of new faction? Because Mushi and I aren't really interested in sharing the spotlight, we...

[Jane politely holds up a hand.]

Jane Katze:

Factions are like a blunt weapon, Mr. Dante. What I'm proposing is more akin to a scalpel. Talented, like minded individuals, sharing information, lending each other a hand when needed... maneuvering the political landscape of DEFIANCE together. A landscape I quite literally call home now, by the way.

Eddie Dante:

And with a corner office, no less; exactly how did you manage that?

Jane Katze:

I was Edward White's bookkeeper, Mr. Dante. I helped allocate the funds that built this facility from concept to multi million dollar sports-entertainment vacation destination reality.

[A playful grin spreads across her ruby red lips.]

Jane Katze:

Lets just say I know people.

[Eddie Dante laughs with an impressed shake of his head.]

Eddie Dante:

I'll be honest with you, Ms. Katze, I was looking forward to telling you where to put that business card of yours, but frankly? I'm impressed by your gumption.

Jane Katze:

Well, that would have been uncomfortable for the both of us... here, take another. Maybe perhaps you know people too?

[Jane pulls another card from her jacket, Dante slipping it into his breast pocket with an impressed chuckle.]

Jane Katze:

This can be as formal or informal as the two of you like. Katze & Associates is simply a resource to empower talented people like yourself and Mr. Yamazaki here against a, lets say sometimes... volatile administration. DEFIANCE can be a lonely place without friends, gentlemen.

Mushigihara:

Oooooosu.

[Eddie nods his head and pats The God-Beast on the shoulder.]

Eddie Dante:

Yes, Mushigihara, I absolutly agree, there are plenty of benefits to reap from new...friends.

[He looks back up to Jane Katze, grinning with a sinister delight.]

Eddie Dante:

This is something we'll need to consider further, if that's quite all right. You will hear a response from me shortly though, rest assured. You've piqued our interest. For now, though, if you'll excuse us we have a certain Queen to depose... until next time, then, Ms. Katze...

[Dante bows, takes Jane's hand and gives it a little peck before striding off towards the entrance tunnel. The God-Beast lingers, imposing his presence on the young woman for a moment more before nodding.]

Mushigihara:

Osu.

Eddie Dante: (off-screen)

No wasting time now, Mushi! Greatness awaits!

Mushigihara:

OSU!

[And with a mighty shout, the God-Beast turns on his heels, following after his manager. Jane grins a wiiiide ruby red smile as we fade back to the announce booth.]

DDK:

Well she looks rather proud of herself, doesn't she?

Angus:

Did you see the way Mushi looked at her there at the end? I thought he was gunna' eat her. Just a fuckin' delicious sexy assed snack for the God-Beast.

DDK:

Would you stop?

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

[Right from the back, we're taken to the arena proper. The lights are cut, 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.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

And here comes the God-Beast! Mushigihara has been riding on a lot of momentum as of late, in between terrorizing the current AND former Southern Heritage champions, and staking a claim in the DEF*MAX tournament!

Angus:

Staking a claim, Keebs? He managed to get a point off of Bronson FUCKING Box. I mean, sure, Lindsay Troy might have beat the FIST, but holding the Wargod to a draw ALONE makes him the easy favorite for Block A!

[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.]

DQ:

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-RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

[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 video game music goes dead.]

DDK:

In any case, Angus, Mushigihara is dead-set on taking this whole tournament, but he's gonna have to get past THE QUEEN if he's gonna stand a chance, a fact that both he and Eddie Dante clearly acknowledge!

[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.]

[Kill those lights, kids.]

[Cue those fans.]

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

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

[That all-too familiar clavinet intro blasts through the DEFplex, and the crowd roars to its feet. Cell phone screens and camera flashes begin illuminating the blackness, and red, silver, and gold pyro explode like cannon fire.]

♪ 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 ... ♪

[Lindsay Troy throws the curtain aside and strides out with a smirk on her face. She stops briefly at center stage to give her mammoth opponent a once-over, then marches toward the ring.]

DQ:

And HIS OPPONENT! Hailing from Tampa, Florida, and weighing in tonight at one hundred eighty pounds, she is ONE-THIRD of the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Champions... "THE QUEEN OF THE RING!"
LIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIINDSAAAAAAY TROOOOOOOOOOYYYYYY!!!

[At the bottom of the ramp she jumps flat-footed onto the apron, then catapults herself over the top rope. She scales a corner to pose a bit before hopping down and turning in mid air, looking Mushigihara as dead-eyed as one can through his mask.]

Angus:

Lindz is staring down her opponent, but Mushi just might be staring down his dinner!

[Troy's mouthing off to the God-Beast, but Mushigihara seems to completely ignore it, rolling his shoulders almost in contempt of whatever she's saying.]

Angus:

I can't quite hear what she's trying to say to the big man...

[A beat. Then...]

WHAM!

[That sound would be Lindsay Troy going in on Mushi with a stiff-as-fuck forearm.]

Mushigihara:

OSU!

[And that one would be the God-Beast heading into a fit of rage.]

Angus:

Does this bitch have a death wish?

DDK:

Troy's not one to back down from anyone for any reason. She's going in swinging and that might be her best course of action, quite honestly.

[Troy doesn't give pause in her attack. She keeps going right after Mushi. The God-Beast tries to shake her off but finds his arm being grabbed and an Irish-whip attempt being made. He reverses and sends Troy into the corner. He follows her in but his attempt to avalanche her fails. Troy dodges by hopping over him with a sunset flip and a pin attempt. Mark Shields is there for the count.]

ONE!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Early pin attempt is easily escaped, but it should definitely agitate the God-Beast, which is both a sound strategy AND a risky one.

Angus:

Yeah, as in, “risking whether he’ll just beat you, or beat you to death with your own limbs.”

[Mushi rises to his feet, shaking his head before turning back to Troy.]

DDK:

Eddie Dante, as you recall, referred to Mushigihara as the King of the Monsters, in reference to Lindsay Troy’s oft-used and well-earned moniker of “Queen of the Ring.” Given Troy’s use of in-ring ability versus Mushi’s raw power and anger-fueled arsenal, it’s hard to dispute the claim.

[Troy’s right back on the attack, connecting with effective strikes and kicks to Mushi’s body. The big man swats at her, but she dodges the attempt and keeps right on at it. She snaps off a front kick which doubles Mushi over, then tries to put him away quickly with the Final Judgement.]

DDK:

Troy’s going for the double underhook front-face plant here. It could be over!

Angus:

Ha! Not likely!

[It’s true. Mushi had enough presence of mind to stand up, which brought Troy up and over his head. She tumbled to the mat thanks to a back body drop. Mushi wrenches her off the canvas and pulls her up into a stalling double-arm vertical suplex. He puts her back down to the canvas with a **CRASH!** and goes for the cover.]

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

[Mushi continues the offensive and drives a few forearms into the side of Troy’s head while she remains on the mat. Eddie Dante is loving this on the outside of the ring. He barks orders to the God-Beast as he gets Troy to her feet again.]

DDK:

Troy’s in a bad way here, partner.

Angus:

Doesn’t really matter how good she is, or thinks she is, Troy can’t overpower Fat Boy!

[Mushi lifts her up over his head and starts in on the OSU! Press. One. Two. Three. He’s about to try for a fourth and a slam when Troy lands a fist to the side of his head. Mushi’s stunned and Troy hits another. And another. She wriggles out of his grasp and drops down to the mat. Instinctively, she leaps into the air and connects with a standing dropkick!]

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

[The God-Beast sways but remains upright. Troy hits another dropkick. Again, nothing doing. She runs across the ring, rebounds off the ropes, and launches herself toward him with a flying forearm! Mushi stumbles backwards. Troy’s back up to her feet and connects with a roundhouse kick that finally sends him to the mat.]

DDK:

Troy with that big kick and a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NO!

[Mushi doesn't so much as kick out as he does PUSH out of the cover, floor-pressing Lindsay up and dropping her behind his head before climbing back to his feet. Eddie is revelling in this display of strength, taunting Lindsay all the while. Mushi waits for her to rise to her feet before flattening her with a POWERFUL clothesline and reaching back down to peel her off the canvas.]

Angus:

Fat Boy's got his momentum back, Keebs, and being in his grip is the most dangerous place to be.

DDK:

Indeed, Angus, and it does NOT look good for Troy right here.

[DDK's observation only becomes more apparent when Mushi cinches in a bear hug and hefts the Queen off her feet before squeezing the life out of her. Shields darts around the big man to check on Troy. He asks if she wants to tap but she grits her teeth and shakes her head.]

Angus:

Dumb. He'll snap her ribs like kindling. Might as well call it a night and hope Eugene and Bronson aren't watching.

DDK:

Eddie's yelling at him to squeeze tighter. You can't think she'll be able to hold on for too much longer.

[Troy tries to break free by throwing a couple overhead muay thai elbow strikes to the top of Mushi's head, but that doesn't do anything other than make him angrier. Rather than listen to his manager's request that he squeeze her tighter, he simply decides to heave her up and over his head with a belly-to-belly suplex. Troy crash lands in spectacular fashion and Mushi begins stomping away.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Hah! Troy thinks she's so smart, but those elbows weren't going to do anything other than piss him off. He might snap her arm off like a chicken wing and eat it.

DDK:

Not if the Queen has anything to say about it.

[Mushi's about to grab Troy by the hair when she springs into action. She kicks her legs against his shins, which causes him to stumble, then she grabs his arm and uses that momentum to drag him down to the canvas. With the God-Beast stomach-first in front of her, she wraps her long legs around his neck and squeezes as hard as she can.]

DDK:

DIVINE RIGHT! THERE IT IS!

Angus:

Dammit, no!

[On the outside of the ring, Eddie Dante is beside himself. He can't believe Mushi let himself get caught like that.]

DDK:

Mushigihara is clearly struggling here, and I don't even think HE fully understands what he's got himself into, as he's kicking his legs out everywhere he can in hopes of breaking out...

Angus:

Ugh, dammit, Fat Boy made a critical mistake and he's paying for it! Eddie can't believe it!

[He tries and tries, but Troy has just the right leverage to keep Mushi from getting far; however, Mushi's legs have started to stretch out a bit, a fact that the Curator thinks to utilize as Mark Shields leaned in to ask the God-Beast if he gives up.]

Mark Shields:

Mushi, you had enough? Give up?

Mushigihara:

Osu... no!

[Taking advantage of Shields' distraction, Dante reaches into the ring under the bottom rope and grabs the God-Beast's ankle and, after a slight struggle, manages to drape his leg onto the bottom rope. After taking a minute to catch his breath, he calls out.]

Eddie Dante:

SHIELDS! SHIELDS! CHECK HIS FOOT, CHECK HIS FOOT!

[Almost on cue, Mark Shields looks to the bottom rope and sees Mushi's foot, then leans into Lindsay Troy to tell her to break the hold.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

[Eddie, for his part, simply turns to the sea of DEFIAfans behind him, smiles, and takes a bow. Meanwhile, Mushigihara, rising to his feet with a little aid from the ropes, is slowly getting his energy back while Lindsay Troy grits her teeth and seethes.]

DDK:

And the fans here clearly not supportive of Eddie Dante's role in this match!

Angus:

Oh, please. Eddie Dante's simply looking out for his client and just so happens to be cunning enough to aid the God-Beast and evade the watchful eyes of DEF's Finest. If Troy's got a problem with it she can get her own damn manager!

[Troy rushes in and forearms Mushi in the head, then again, and again, before going for an Irish whip attempt to the ropes... only for Mushigihara to counter with one of his own. On the rebound he prepares to waffle her with another clothesline, but she ducks, and leaps to the nearby middle rope, leaping off with a springboard and wrapping her legs around the God-Beast's head.]

DDK:

Troy with the hurrica--

THUD!!!!

Angus:

NOOOOOOOOOOPE!

[Indeed, as she was attempting to hurricanrana the big man, she made it to the point where her head was at the bottom, just before taking Mushi over and down, before he snaps back to reality and holds her at the nadir. He heaves her back up, almost vertically, and sends her plummeting back to the canvas with a NASTY sit-out powerbomb. Mark Shields is on the case, rushing in for the count.]

ONE!

TWO!

THR-- 2.999999999!!!

RAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!

[Troy, at the LAST POSSIBLE NANOSECOND, manages to kick out of the pin. Eddie's jumping up and down in a huff, and Mushigihara's mask begins to shift as he realizes that he is not yet victorious.]

DDK:

I don't know how Troy managed to kick out of that but the match continues on!

Angus:

Hope she's got her will updated.

[The Queen's gathering her bearings and coming-to, but Mushigihara simply does the "it's over" gesture of crossing his arms and snapping them back out to his sides as LT stumbles to her feet.]

DDK:

This isn't looking good, Angus, Mushi's sneaking in behind Troy...

Angus:

Beast Breaker, comin' up~! GET THE CHAMPAGNE ON ICE, EUGENE!

[Mushigihara lifts LT in the rack to set up the Beast Breaker, but she manages to slip free and land on her feet behind him. She kicks Mushi a few times in the legs with those nasty roundhouses, then runs to the ropes with a head of steam and bounces off. Mushi's in the process of turning around on her return so he's not fully aware of what's about to hit him.]

CRAAAACK!

WHUMP!

RAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

SHINING WIZARD! FULL FORCE! MUSHI'S DOWN!

Angus:

NO NO NO NO!

DDK:

Eddie's on the other side of the ring, he can't get there! Troy with the cover! Shields in position!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

RAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!

[Troy leaps to her feet and lets fly with a Tiger Woods-esque jacked-up victorious fist pump. Mark Shields gets to his feet and, a little reluctantly, raises her arm in victory.]

DQ:

The winner of this match, LIIIIIIINNNNNDDDDSSSAAAYYYYYYY TRRRRRROOOYYYYYYYYY!

Angus:

DAMMIT, KEEBS! NOT AGAIN!

DDK:

You better believe it, partner! Lindsay Troy caught Mushigihara with a skull-knocking Shining Wizard for the pinfall and another two points!

[Troy bails out of the ring as Dante rushes in and tends to his client, who is just now coming-to after the end of the match. The Curator of Chaos tries to calm the God-Beast down, but once he realizes what's happens, he slams his fists onto the mat and rises to his feet, letting out an angry roar before stampeding out of the ring.]

[Troy's backpedaling up the ramp after stealing that one from out of nowhere. She holds her index and middle fingers up in front of her for the cameras. Two plus two equals four, kids. The Queen is on a roll.]

[Cut away...]

A Promise

[...to the Pleasure Dome. Another evening of DEFtv is quickly coming to an end with just one match remaining on the card; Holiday vs. Penn. Sitting behind her desk, being fanned by her Man-Slaves, Francois and Bruno, is Kelly Evans pouring over a set of documents in front of her. Across from her, sitting on a black leather couch (FUCK YO COUCH!) is one-third of the World Trios Champions, Tyrone Walker, with a comic book in his hands.]

Tyrone Walker:

The HALE?!

[Kelly doesn't even look up from her papers.]

Kelly Evans:

What's wrong?

Tyrone Walker:

This is some facken bolshet. I mean, are you serious?!

Kelly Evans:

What are you going on about?

Tyrone Walker:

They made Iceman gay!

[Kelly still doesn't look up from her papers.]

Kelly Evans:

Who?

Tyrone Walker:

You know! Iceman! *PEW* *PEW*!

[Finally, Kelly looks up from her papers, looking as annoyed as ever. Which is pretty impressive since that's probably her default face.]

Kelly Evans:

...PEW... PEW?

Tyrone Walker:

Yeah, you know! Bobby Drake! Ice comes out of his hands and shit!

Kelly Evans:

...PEW... PEW?

Tyrone Walker:

Um, yeah. First they turn Thor into a chick, an' now this...

[The struggle, it's real as Ty shakes his head.]

Kelly Evans:

And I let you... fuck me?

[Kelly then sighs as Ty lays on the couch. Kelly's eyes then start to make their way back to the papers on her desk when the door flies open and in steps a man that gets instant recognition from the fans.]

RAAH!

[Kelly looks up once again while Ty nearly falls off of the couch as he tries to crane his neck around to see who stepped into the place.]

Tyrone Walker:

What da hell?!

Kelly Evans:

Mr. Noble. So nice to see you.

[The expression on David's face though couldn't be far from nice. As he fills out the white shirt and blue jeans he is wearing, everyone's eyes are focused on the bruises and welts on his face thanks to the savage beating he took from Mushigihara at the beginning of the show and then the brutal match he had with Samuel T. Turner II. There is a look of anger, wait no, that is clearly a look of PISSED OFF on his face right now.]

David Noble:

Kelly--

[Before Noble can get another word out, Kelly lifts her finger up to silence him.]

Kelly Evans:

Before you even get started about your match earlier tonight against Samuel T. Turner II, no. I will not issue you a rematch. No, I will not vacate his points or give you points to make up for it. What happened, happened. It sucks, I know, but--

[In the middle of her sentence, Noble closes the door behind him, takes a few steps so he is standing in front of her desk, takes the Southern Heritage Championship that is hanging from his shoulder and DROPS it onto her desk.]

THUMP!

[Kelly looks at the championship and then at Noble.]

David Noble:

Consider this my metaphorically dropping my dick on your desk moment. I'd do it for real, but I don't want to upset your plaything over there.

Tyrone Walker:

Thanks, bruh. Appreciate that. It would have gotten hella awkward around here.

[Kelly glares at Ty, wanting him to shut up now. She then looks back at David.]

David Noble:

I don't know what kind of person you take me for, Kelly. I frankly don't know what you make of me at all because this is the first time I've been in your office--

Kelly Evans:

--Pleasure Dome--

David Noble:

Sure. That. This is the first time we've even had a face-to-face with one another. So let me break it down for you. Sam, he beat me in that ring tonight. He knows that his victory is tainted. I, frankly, don't give a damn. That's one match. He will have to live with the fact that it was the only way he could have beaten me tonight. For you though to **THINK** for one second that I came in here to demand a rematch or for the result to be corrected, suggests to me that we have a clear failure to communicate. So let me introduce myself. I **am** David Noble. I **am** the Southern Heritage Champion.

And I make **NO** excuses. Sam will get what's coming to him one day.

[Kelly slowly nods her head as Noble stands above her.]

David Noble:

My grief, one that you would do well to resolve in a timely fashion, is with Mushigihara. Because, as I'm sure you are aware of, he decided to ambush attack me. I would love to tell you that this is only the first time, but it isn't. You see the bruises on my face? The cuts? The welts? Well, you have not seen **ANYTHING** yet.

[Noble then takes off the white shirt he is wearing and throws it onto the ground. For the women at home, I know you appreciate it as it's clear that Noble has been hitting the gym hard as evident by his six-pack and ripped body. You're welcome. Beyond that though, there are several bruises across his body and a long, dark, discolored bruise at the bottom of his rib cage, right above his abdomen area. Even Kelly does a double take at the sight.]

Tyrone Walker:

Dayum. Mushi done did whooped yo' ass, boy.

[David quickly turns around and glares at Tyrone.]

David Noble:

I'm quite aware of what the bitch did to me. His only problem is that he doesn't care to do it face-to-face or even in the ring.

[Noble then looks at Kelly again.]

David Noble:

I'm not asking you to place sanctions against him or anything of the sort. I'm just making it crystal clear to you that there will be consequences for his actions and you best not get in my way.

[Kelly slowly nods her head.]

Kelly Evans:

That seems fair enough.

David Noble:

And I wasn't asking for your permission either. [pauses] Anyways, the real reason I am here is because I was summoned by you. Via letter.

[A smile slowly appears on Kelly's face as she sits up.]

Kelly Evans:

Ah, yes. I had almost forgotten all about that. I'm glad that when you're not walking in here, dropping titles on my desk, and acting like you run this place that you are a man who can follow directions and orders.

[The words are rather pointed as Noble stands there, shirt still off, glaring at his boss.]

Kelly Evans:

You made some rather, how should I put this, candid remarks last week. Not only as it pertains to Mushigihara and Frank Holiday, but also Eugene Dewey and Bronson Box. You also happened to speak about me and this new generation of DEFIANCE. I am here to remind you that you are contracted to do a job and that is to go out there and wrestle. It is my job to determine who is where on the pecking order. And your comment about me being fucked if you ever end up on top? Couldn't be further from the truth.

[Noble slowly licks his lips, his hands closed off into a ball as if he's ready for a fight.]

Kelly Evans:

At the end of the day, I am the boss around here, and I will be the boss for as long as I so care to be so. Eric Dane, who signed you if you didn't forget, also signed me into this position. So your threats are not appreciated, David. You want to get to the top, you need to understand that for all of the wrestling talent you might have in that ring, and I will not deny the fact that you do, you also need to understand that it takes a lot more than talent to get to the top. You want to get there? Prove it, to me.

[As Kelly leans back in her chair, signaling she has said her peace, a smile comes over Noble's face as he leans in close to Kelly.]

David Noble:

A threat? Oh no, you have it all wrong, Kelly. That was a promise. You can sit in your ivory tower all you want and think that your actions and opinions are what matters at the end of the day, but you are dead wrong.

[Noble then walks over to the window that leads out to the arena. He pulls it open.]

David Noble:

No, you see, you have it **ALL** wrong Kelly, because it is **THESE** fans that make the decisions at the end of the day.

RAAH!

[Noble then closes the window and walks his back over to Kelly's desk.]

David Noble:

That clock is ticking, Kelly. Second by second, I am getting closer and closer to showing the world where the **TRUE** talent of DEFIANCE lies.

[Noble then picks up his title and places it back over his shoulder.]

David Noble:

And if you have forgotten where it lies, tune into your main event next week to get a **GOOD** look at it. That too, is a promise.

[Noble then turns around and sees Tyrone laying there on the couch still. David then opens the door and walks out it, leaving Kelly and Tyrone to themselves.]

Tyrone Walker:

Well damn.

Kelly Evans:

That did not go as well as I expected it to.

Tyrone Walker:

Now you know how Bobby Drake feels.

[Kelly rolls her eyes. Ty shrugs and turns his head towards the door, his mind churning with thoughts.]

Tyrone Walker:

I'll tell you what tho', I like that kid. He's got that French thing, jenny-say-quan, kna'sayin'?

Kelly Evans:

I... [she doesn't even bother trying] Ugh, you like everyone, don't you?

Tyrone Walker:

What can I say, I'm a man of the people.

[She sighs and goes back to her papers, a little smile curling up as she does so, while Ty goes back to his Bobby Drake drama.]

[Cut to elsewhere.]

Frank's Counterpoints

["Elsewhere" is the Interview Stage, and the always perky and stylish Christie Zane standing front and center with a bright white grin. With a coquettish tilt of her shoulder, she lifts a mic to her glossy lips to speak.]

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, please join me in welcoming my guest! He is one of the rising stars competing in the DEF*MAX tournament, and he will step in the ring in tonight's main event! He is "The Train Wreck" Frank Holiday!

YEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!

[The camera zooms out to bring the man himself into view. Frank Holiday is dressed for action, sporting a TRAIN WRECK T-shirt and a confident grin. Billy Pepper, his ever-present manager and BFF, stands just behind and to the side, applauding lightly.]

Frank Holiday:

Christie, brosette! Thanks for that suh-weet introduction.

Christie Zane:

No problem, Frank! Now, last week was the kickoff to the DEF*MAX tournament and you won your first match, but it got pretty crazy out there, didn't it?

[Holiday chuckles a little bit and brings his index finger up to his forehead, where the pink trace of a healing gash is still visible against the tanned skin around it.]

Frank Holiday:

Crazy is putting it mildly, Christie. And let this be a lesson to anybody who's got to get in the ring with Sam Turner -- that kid's like a wild ginger-haired honey badger. You know why his hair and his neck are so red? It's BLOOD LUST, baby! He tore me open like a bag of wine, and I gotta be honest, that freaked me out a little bit. But as you and the whole DEFIAverse saw, I overcame and I conquered. Now I've got two points on the board! It's a pretty good start for what's shaping up to be a hell of a tourney.

Christie Zane:

It sure is, Frank! And that brings us to tonight's match, where you're going up against a man who's been branded "The Ego"... and likes it! What do you think about Curtis Penn?

Frank Holiday: [Shaking his head]

What do I think about Curtis Penn? Well, let's start with the positives.

[He raises his hands and begins counting on his fingers.]

Frank Holiday:

Skilled wrestler. Resilient. Great win-loss record. Confident. Shit. Super confident.

Christie Zane:

Wow, so you must have a lot of respect for Penn!

[Frank looks horrified and quickly makes a T-for-timeout sign with his hands.]

Frank Holiday:

Whoaaaaaaa, hold on there, little sister! You didn't let me finish. I'm a positive guy, I like to start with the positives. And that's, uh, pretty much where they end. As for the negatives?

[He fans out the fingers of both hands in front of his face, turns them palm to back, then gives a mighty shrug.]

Frank Holiday:

Christie, if I had to count them, I'd have to take off my boots, then Billy's patent leather shoes, and maybe move on to your sweet little tootsies too.

Christie Zane: [Giggling girlishly]

Oh, Frank! Stawwwp!

[In case anybody was paying attention to Billy, he's rolling his eyes so hard they might as well be tumblers in a slot machine.]

Frank Holiday:

Point is, I don't have a lot of good things to say about Curtis Penn. Dude is a dyed-in-the-fur cheater, he's an arrogant sumbitch, and if he were any more full of shit, we'd have to call in the honey wagon. I've read that Unabomber-like manifesto he calls a blog. Whew. I mean... and I thought Stockton Pyre was a shitty blogger. [shakes his head] Wow.

Christie Zane:

Frank, speaking of 'Penn's Points', some of the things Curtis Penn mentioned were that he's the one who made the Southern Heritage Title the prestigious prize it is now by holding it longer than anyone in history, and the only reason he's not the champion now is because he had bigger fish to fry. What do you think?

Frank Holiday:

Well, if by "prestigious" you mean "squandered on a dude for-freaking-ever who broke every rule in the book to keep his meathooks on it", then okay, I guess that's what he did. As for why he's not the champion now? That's because he lost it. Plain and simple. And the so-called "bigger fish" he supposedly left the SoHer division to "fry" was the FIST of DEFIANCE, our own Darth Eugene, who -- and I want everybody to remember this -- **beat Penn at his own submission game without hardly knowing any goddamn holds.**

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHH!!

[That last remark gets the fans howling so loud, Christie and Frank and Billy can't help looking out into the arena while the din rolls its way through the stands. Holiday smirks as he turns back to Christie.]

Frank Holiday:

That's the Curtis Penn I know, dude-lady. A delusional clown with a few good tricks up his sleeve, one bad arm, and a whole lotta hot air puffing out that stupid robe of his. I've got a blog post for Penn: he's not getting the SoHer Title back. The game's changed since his so-called "reign". It changed when I held that belt, and I will hold it again, at DEFtv 50, when David Noble and I take to the skies in a ladder match that will make history.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!

[The mention of that highly anticipated SoHer Title rematch sends the crowd into hysterics. Holiday nods, smirking.]

Frank Holiday:

As for tonight? Mr. Overcom-Penn-sation's got to put up or shut up. And while I think it's anatomically impossible for him to shut up -- he could be dead and buried and his zombified vocal cords would still be shilling a DVD or something -- I've Train-Wrecked my way through the bad and the bold in this place up to now, and that's exactly what I'm gonna do again. Boom. Victory. Two more points on the board. DEF*MAX finals in sight!

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAH!

FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK!

[As the fans cheer their enthusiastic support for the "Train Wreck", Holiday turns to the crowd and throws the devil horns out in acknowledgment.]

Christie Zane:

Well, best of luck to you, Frank, and thank you so much for your time! Ladies and gentlemen, that was “The Train Wreck” Frank Holiday! Stay tuned for more action to come!

[To the ring we go!]

DEF*MAX Tournament (Block B): Frank Holiday vs. Curtis Penn

["Enae Volare Mezzo."]

[Coming from the Gorilla Position is the most legendary of legends to hold the Southern Heritage Championship; The Doctor of Defiance, the Creator of the Curtis Clutch, and the author of Penn's Points, Curtis Penn.]

BOOOOOOOOO!!!!

BOOOOOOOOO!!!!

BOOOOOOOOO!!!!

BOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

Penn overheard some of the comments made by his fellow competitors...

Angus:

Mainly Frank Holiday.

DDK:

Yes, Angus. Frank Holiday was one of them and Curtis was not very pleased by them.

[Cut up to the video package.]

[Above Curtis Penn the DEFIatron grants the DEFIANCE WrestlePlex a shot of the interview stage with the DEFIANCE Red Fist Logo on a black backdrop and standing to the pinkie side of the clutched FIST is the still healing Curtis Penn.]

Curtis Penn:

Frank you think yourself so important. And you think that you've done something in DEFIANCE.

[A short snort.]

Curtis Penn:

Tonight you step into the ring with the very best of DEFIANCE. Tonight you step into the ring with a man who has done something of note in DEFIANCE. Tonight you'll be beaten by someone of importance, not a nobody named David Noble.

[A grin emerges.]

Curtis Penn:

Frank, after I beat you tonight, you can pass your recovery time by watching volumes 1 & 2 of Curtis Penn's Greatest Matches, for a special low rate of 35 dollars. Just have them push the gurney by the merch stand on your way to the ambulance.

[The camera cuts back to Curtis Penn as he continues his way down the ramp.]

DDK:

Those were some...uh...words from Curtis Penn.

Angus:

Yeah and last week Dan Ryan made him eat those words and tonight I'm hoping that Frances does the same.

DDK:

You know you really hate someone when you're rooting for someone else you hate because you hate that first person even more.

Angus:

Keebs, if my love-hate spectrum was a layer cake, Curtis Penn would be under the soil, under the foundation, under the basement, under the floor, under the table, under the cake tray the cake was sitting on.

DDK:

You've had a lot of time to think about this, haven't you?

[Curtis climbs through the middle rope and makes his way to the far corner.]

Darren Quimbey:

Aaaaand his opponent!

[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.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

[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!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Angus, Frank Holiday is coming into this match with one notch already in his win column, while Curtis Penn was defeated last time out. The momentum has to favor Holiday here.

Angus:

And don't forget the cast on Penn's arm. He's had an injured wrist for weeks now that apparently is never going to heal. If I had it my way, I'd love to break it off at the joint and ram it straight up his ass. But since I'm prohibited from

actually getting involved in the match, I'm counting on Holiday to do it for me.

[Curtis Penn and Frank Holiday come together in the middle of the ring as referee Benny Doyle calls for the bell.]

DING DING DING!

DDK:

Two former Southern Heritage Champions, now locking up in the center of the ring! Holiday is really putting his weight behind that collar-and-elbow tie-up, and right away you can see the pain on Penn's face because of the pressure on that injured wrist of his.

Angus:

His pain feeds my soul, Keebs.

DDK:

That's dark, dude. Like Malachi dark.

Angus:

No, Malachi is the light!

DDK:

Why do I even talk to you?

[Seeing Penn's grimace and noticing him favoring the arm with the cast, Holiday quickly switches position and cranks Penn's hurt hand into a wristlock. Curtis Penn practically doubles over, groaning audibly. He reaches for Holiday's hands and goes for a reversal, but Frank just torques the wrist further and makes Penn drop to his knees.]

DDK:

Excellent strategy here, going right for Penn's weak point.

Angus:

This is what I was telling you last time. If Holiday ever wants to see himself climbing the ranks in DEFIANCE, he needs to get ruthless and go for the kill! Exploit Samuel Turner's beat-up neck. Snap Curtis Penn's injured wrist. I approve of this.

[From his kneeling position, Penn lashes out with his free hand and lands a few glancing punches in Holiday's stomach. Holiday relents enough for Penn to climb back up to his feet, but then Frank twists Curtis's hand the other way, into an underhand wristlock, and this time Penn is forced onto his tippy-toes, prancing in agony.]

Curtis Penn:

AAAAAAGH!

Frank Holiday:

Nice moves, Curt! Did you take ballet?

Curtis Penn:

FUCK YOU FRANK!

Angus:

I am so loving this right now.

DDK:

What are you doing under the table?! Hands where I can see 'em!

[Teeth gritted, Penn throws his free hand at Holiday's face, and a second, but that's all he gets before Holiday slams

his own fist down on Penn's cast, drawing another groan out of him. As Penn staggers from the pain, Holiday again switches position and cranks the arm up behind Penn's back in a hammerlock. Curtis howls anew as Holiday forces the forearm up toward Penn's shoulderblades at an extremely unnatural angle.]

DDK:

If you go by Penn's own health updates, that wrist of his has been in bad shape for a long time, and certainly didn't get any better from his match with Dan Ryan. This could be all it takes to end this match!

Angus:

As much as I'm enjoying this, am I the only one who noticed Frank Holiday actually chain wrestling? What world am I in?

DDK:

A world where this young man wants to win this match and progress in the DEF*MAX tournament, Angus!

[Curtis Penn, for one, is sick of this world, so he throws his free arm back, aiming an elbow at the side of Holiday's head. It lands, and Penn hits another one, making Frank stumble, but not break the hammerlock. Penn throws his arm one more time, but this time Holiday ducks his head and lets Penn turn himself around, while Frank keeps one hand gripped on Penn's arm. Now face-to-face, Frank reaches down with his free arm and scoops Curtis up into a bodyslam position. As Penn shakes his head frantically, Holiday carries him to the corner of the ring, turns around, and hurls Penn down in the center of the canvas with a high-angle bodyslam, his casted arm still hammerlocked under his back!]

WHAM!

OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

Angus

YES! YUSS!

DDK:

Ohhhh, that had to cause unbelievable damage to Penn's wrist! Penn is flopping around on the mat like a fish out of water, clutching that cast!

Angus:

SUCK IT PENN!

[In a world of hurt, Curtis Penn logrolls his way to the side of the ring, right under the bottom rope, and drops to the floor. The fans seated at ringside are enthusiastically yelling and taunting him as he writhes on the mats. Up in the ring, Holiday stands by the ropes and looks down at Penn with a satisfied grin.]

DDK:

Holiday taking a moment to admire his handiwork... You know Penn walked in here boasting he would lay waste to Holiday, but his arrogance has gotten him in heaps of trouble in the past, and it looks like that's happening here right now.

Angus:

Okay, shut up, and get Holiday down there to finish Curtis off!

DDK:

Good call, Angus. Holiday looks to be doing just that.

[Frank Holiday steps through the ropes and drops to the floor as Curtis Penn pushes himself up on his knees and his one good arm, the casted arm tucked to his chest. Penn catches sight of Holiday and scrambles clumsily to his feet, diving back in the ring a split second before Frank can grab him. Holiday rolls under the bottom rope to follow him, but by the time he's in the ring, Penn is already slipping out to the floor on the other side. Holiday smirks, and charges full

tilt toward the ropes!]

DDK:

Holiday's on the move! Penn sees him coming -- ducks out of the way! But Frank stopped himself just short of the ropes!

Angus:

HAAAAAH, he faked him out!

DDK:

And Curtis Penn is looking around, trying to find Holiday at ringside... and Frank with the slingshot!

WHUMP!

DDK:

Cross-body finds its mark! Frank Holiday just flung all 250 pounds of self over the top rope and down on Curtis Penn!

Angus:

That was like a page out of Penn's own shitty playbook!

[As Benny Doyle peers down from the ring, Holiday picks himself up off of the flattened Penn. He gets to his feet, hauling Penn off the floor with him, and shoves Penn under the bottom rope and into the ring. Holiday slides back in as well, and quickly goes for the cover.]

1....

...Kickout!

DDK:

Not quite a two count on that one, but still, Holiday has managed to control the match since the opening bell and Penn has not been able to get any traction at all.

Angus:

It's hard to get any traction when you're a slimy piece of human garbage!

[Holiday gets up, and with two handfuls of Penn's hair, pulls his opponent to his feet. Frank takes him by the injured arm and shoots him diagonally into the corner, where Penn slams back-first into the turnbuckles, recoiling in pain. Holiday charges in with a running knee, but Penn has the wherewithal to slide two feet to one side and avoid the impact, and Frank gets nothing but the air between the second and top ropes.]

DDK:

Penn gets out of the way, and this is the opening he's been hoping for! Penn just launching kicks at the exposed legs and back of Frank Holiday!

Angus:

Grrrrr.

DDK:

Angus, your blood pressure.

[Indeed, the moment Penn gets in a good shot, he's getting in as many shots as he can: roundhouse kicks to the calves, the thighs, the lower back, the shoulder muscles, keeping Frank Holiday trapped in the corner even as he tries to shield himself from the repeated blows with his arms. Penn finishes off the sequence by going behind Holiday with a waistlock and throwing him head over heels with a release German suplex! Holiday lands on his neck and shoulders and flops all the way over onto his front. Penn throws himself on Holiday's back, snags a handful of hair with his bad

hand, and with his good hand starts slamming closed fists into Holiday's face.]

Angus:

GRRRRR!

DDK:

Angus! Breathe into your paper bag like we practiced! As for what's happening in the ring, Penn has turned the tide here, but Benny Doyle is warning him to let up on the hair-pulling and the straddling.

[Surprisingly, Penn actually breaks the mount and puts his hands up, obeying the referee's directives. But a moment later he puts his hand on Doyle's chest and shoves him away, then drops down again, this time straddling Holiday's chest, and pushes his cast down across Frank's throat. Penn leans his weight on it as Holiday gasps and kicks and thrashes his arms, and this time Benny Doyle isn't joking around: he starts issuing a double-time five count.]

1...

2...

DDK:

Penn is milking every nanosecond of that count!

3...

4...

Angus:

Doyle, you moron! Just disqualify that bastard!

DDK:

And Penn breaks right on the edge of five. You've gotta figure he's got that timing down to a science by now.

Angus:

Even the frigging atomic clock isn't as precise as Curtis Penn at knowing the exact moment when to stop blatantly cheating in front of the referee.

[Penn shoots to his feet and gets in Benny Doyle's grill, incensed about being told to let up. Holiday crawls to the corner of the ring and uses the ropes to drag himself off the canvas, as Billy Pepper hovers at ringside, checking on his bro. Penn, once again, shoves Doyle away from him like he's a walking contagion, and charges into the corner at Holiday. Frank stops him cold with a back elbow, then he lunges with a clothesline that just about takes Penn's head off!]

Angus:

BOOM! POW!

DDK:

Are you making action noises?

Angus:

It's so much more satisfying this way!

DDK:

Well, Frank just had the satisfaction of clobbering Penn after that choke with the cast, but I don't think he's quite up to top speed just yet.

[Having gone down to the canvas as well from the sheer momentum of his own leap, Holiday pushes up to hands and

knees and takes a moment to take a few painful breaths through his bruised trachea. Then he crawls over to where Penn is, lying on his side, trying to get his wits about him. Holiday puts his hand on the side of Penn's face and uses him as a handhold to lean his weight on as he gets to his feet, then straightens up... and drops a guillotine leg across Curtis's head!]

Angus:
BOOSH!

DDK:
That legdrop found its mark, and Holiday going for the cover!

1...

...2...

DDK:
Hold on! Penn just scissored Holiday around the head and arm with those powerful legs! He's going for a submission out of that pinhold! This is Penn's specialty, Angus!

Angus:
Goddamn it Frank! Do not tap! DO NOT TAP!

[Billy Pepper is yelling the same thing from ringside as he slaps the apron, trying to will his client to hold on. Holiday, no submission specialist by any means, can't do much other than flail his free arm around and scrabble on the canvas with his knees. Meanwhile, Curtis Penn's face is a mask of fury as he turns up the pressure.]

DDK:
If Frank can't find some solution to this, Curtis Penn is going home as the winner, Angus.

Angus:
Holy Malachi, hear my prayer! Smite this asshole with your fire and lightning!

DDK:
Are you actually praying to Malachi?! You've gone mad!

Angus:
Are you kidding? I was mad the second Curtis Penn showed his ugly mug! My doctor says it's not good for my heart, so I'm turning to religion to punish my enemies.

DDK:
Ugh. Meanwhile, Benny Doyle is checking on Frank here! Wait... no, Holiday is rolling his weight forward on top of Penn, turning this back into a pinhold!

1...

...2--

DDK:
Holiday with both feet under him now, and... TALK ABOUT POWER! He's actually LIFTING Penn off the canvas while locked in that legscissors! Sheer brute muscle and brawn as Holiday brings Curtis Penn up to head height, and Penn will NOT let go! What does he--

WHAAAMMM!

Angus:

KABLAM!

DDK:

Holiday FLATTENS Penn with a powerbomb! More than enough to break that scissor hold, but is it enough for Holiday to get the pin?

1...

...2...

...Kickout!

DDK:

Not quite!

Angus:

Gah! Kill the cock-a-roach!

[Frustration is starting to show on Holiday's face as he kneels up, hands on his thighs, and shakes some stiffness out of his neck. After a moment he seems to decide on a gameplan. Holiday drags Penn off the canvas, hooks him in a front facelock, hoists him uuuuup... then drops him doooown with a vertical suplex. But it doesn't end there: keeping the facelock firmly locked on, Frank pops his hips and turns them both over, lifts Penn up agaaaaain... and down in anooooother suplex! And he rolls them both over once more, back up to their feet, and again raises Curtis vertically... but this time he holds him there, for five seconds, then ten...!]

DDK:

The strength of Frank Holiday on full display, Angus! Sequence suplexes and for this third one he's letting Penn really think about what's about to happen to him!

Angus:

What's happening is Curtis Penn's head is getting even more bloated than usual, with all that blood rushing to the lowest part of his body!

[The crowd is getting more amped with every passing second, so much so that Holiday actually takes one hand off the weight of Penn to wave the horns in front of his grinning face.]

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RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!

[And then slams Penn down with a thunderous jackhammer!]

DDK:

HUGE impact on that slam! And Holiday is going for the pin!

1...

...2...

...3- No, kickout!

Angus:

Unbelievable!

DDK:

I don't know how Penn got the shoulder up, but he is still in the game!

Angus:

Not for long if Holiday's doing what I think he's doing...

[What's Frank Holiday doing? Looking toward the corner, of course! Flying elbowdrop: order up! He gets to his feet and moves toward the turnbuckles -- but before he gets more than a couple of steps, Curtis Penn has lunged across the canvas to grab Holiday's ankles, hugging them to trip Frank up. Holiday goes facedown, barely getting his hands under him to avoid a nose-to-mat scenario. Desperation and anger raging in his glare, Penn is literally dragging himself across Holiday's back. As Frank tries to push up off the canvas, Penn sits on his lower back and wraps his casted arm around Holiday's head!]

DDK:

CURTIS CLUTCH! He's going for the Curtis Clutch!

Angus:

[Sounds of paper bag expanding and contracting]

DDK:

Wait! Holiday grabbing for the arm -- and it's the injured arm, Angus! Penn doesn't have the strength to keep that hold locked on and Frank is torquing it away!

[Indeed, Penn is now the one gasping in renewed anguish as Holiday twists underneath Penn, using an awkward but effective wristlock on the hurt arm to make Penn tilt off of him. With leverage now on his side, Holiday kneels up, then pulls Penn across his shoulders into a fireman's carry, and flexes burly leg muscles to stand up!]

DDK:

OHHH! Holiday's got him up for the Train Wreck!

Angus:

DO IT! DOOO EEEET!

[But Penn is kicking and thrashing like a madman, and Holiday can't hold on. Curtis Penn drops behind, and the shift in weight makes Holiday stagger forward a few steps.]

DDK:

Holiday is trying to get his bearing here... but look out for Penn!

CRAAAACK!

Angus:

FFFFUUUUUUUUUU--!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

DDK:

Folks, as Holiday was turning around, Penn came rocketing off the ropes and he just smashed that cast full across Frank Holiday's face! There's plaster debris all over the damn ring and Holiday is OUT! Penn throwing himself over Holiday for the cover, and he's screaming at Benny Doyle to count the pin!

1...

..2...

.....3!!

DING DING DING!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, here is your winner... CURTIS!! PENN!!

[And this result is met with a DEAFENING roar of disapproval from the fans! But oblivious to it all is one Curtis Penn, as he gets to his feet and stands over the unconscious form of Frank Holiday, and demands that Doyle raise his hand.]

[The same hand that now has the tattered and broken remains of a cast hanging from it.]

[Doyle, hating himself right about now, dutifully raises it, and Penn flashes a gleaming ear-to-ear grin at the jeering crowd.]

DDK:

Well, Angus, that cast that's supposed to be protecting Penn's injured wrist has, once again, done double duty as a weapon in the ring! And he sure as hell used it to its fullest effect tonight!

Angus:

Dammit Frank, you had ONE JOB! ONE JOB! Kill the one-armed man! GAWWWWW!

[As Billy Pepper helps a stunned and unsteady Frank Holiday to the outside, Curtis Penn is doing a slow victory walk around the ring, arms spread wide as if he's both giving and accepting the biggest hug in the world, showing off those pearly whites.]

DDK:

So there you go! On our second night of DEF*MAX competition, that man -- Curtis Penn -- no matter how he did it, he has earned himself a pinfall and two points on the scoreboard!

Angus:

I'm going to be sick.

DDK:

Fans, we're out of time! Next time we're on your screens will be for DEFIANCE TV NUMBER FIFTY! GOODNIGHT!

[Cue the copyright info.]