

The Run-Down/Open Mic Night

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

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

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

[The crane cam zooms over the upper deck, past the closed Skybox window and settles on Downtown Darren Keebler and the one and only Motormouth of Malcontent Angus Skaaland up in the DEFIANCE announce booth.]

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen welcome to DEFtv 50! Can you believe it, partner? Fifty episodes.

Angus:

We'd be well beyond 50 if we hadn't been canceled and forced to roam the globe like some sort of weird ultra-violent Ringling Brothers...

DDK:

Regardless, folks we have an amazing show lined up for the faithful tonight as the DEFMAX tournament rolls on with four incredible matches.

Angus:

Fuck the matches DA' BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAWS is in the house, SON!

DDK:

Indeed, it was leaked early today that in celebration of our 50th episode of DEFtv Eric Dane has cleared it with his legal team to appear here, in person. TONIGHT!

Angus:

I'm so gorram excited, Keebler, get on with the rundown, let's get this fucker started!

DDK:

First up we're going to see the "aristocrat" Samuel T. Turner face, possibly, the biggest challenge of his career when he takes on The Ego Buster in block B.

Angus:

Lace 'em up tight country boy, you're in for a wild ride.

DDK:

You want wild, how about reigning defending FIST, the current end boss of DEFIANCE Wrestling Eugene Dewey taking on The God-Beast Mushigihara in the next round of block A. Both coming off... lets just say a less than ideal start to this tournament.

Angus:

Lindsay Troy whooped both those asses something fierce. These big scary bastards have something to prove tonight. My money's on the champ though. One way or another he's goin' over tonight.

DDK:

Speaking of Eugene, the next match also in block A features a man he's... well, that he's associated with at any rate. Bronson Box took The God-Beast to a bloody double count out in his first round match, but now? He's facing a competitor of a whole different... well, lets say style than The God-Beast.

Angus:

He's sort of a dweeb but damn do I love me some Henry Keyes. He's... uhh... they have sort of a similar schtick, don't they Keebs? I mean... sorta'...

DDK:

I'd say their common fondness of a very turn of the century aesthetic is where those similarities end. After Boxer alluding to Keyes as a "gimmick infringing wastrel" last week, you have to figure Bronson will be in rare form tonight as he and Keyes lock up.

Angus:

But baby, that main event!

DDK:

Indeed, not only a DEFMAX block B match, but it will be for the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage championship as well as David Noble defends his gold against the former champion, The Train Wreck Frank Holiday in...

Angus:

IN A GORRAM LADDER MATCH!

DDK:

sigh... yes, a ladder match. These two men have developed one hell of a rivalry and taken that Southern Heritage title to new heights, Angus.

Angus:

Holiday might be nuts, but he and Noble are...

[Music.]

<https://youtu.be/ht7mxF9XZiA>

Angus:

Oh snap, here we go Keebs!

[The lights go dark and the sound of a whistling wind is all we hear. The faithful pop immediately, they know what's coming. Their energy is infectious, even those not in the know get excited just from the almost instant roar from their fellow Wrestle-Plex attendees. The wind fades and that familiar driving acoustic guitar starts thumping through the PA.]

♪ You can run ooooo for a long time... ♪

♪ Run ooooo for a long time... ♪

[The man in black's first few lyric are the cue for the house lights to come back up.]

RAAAAAABOOOOOOAAAAAHHHHHHBBOOOOOO!

[The usual schizophrenic reaction from the faithful for the Wargod, Bronson Box. He's already on the ring apron. He's once again sporting his black and red silk boxing style ring robe with the huge DEFIANCE logo stitched on the back.]

DDK:

It was almost six years ago, ladies and gentlemen, this man walked through that curtain simply to fill a spot in the opening match on the very FIRST DEFtv.

Angus:

Yeah, and tanked it to Jimmy Kort. Heh.

DDK:

He did. But with a handful of tights, if I remember correctly.

[Bronson takes a few moments to calmly absorb the reaction from the crowd, closing his eyes for a moment to drink in jeers and cheers alike. It's the jeers more than anything that sustain him. A true anarchist, through and through. He milks stepping through the ropes, slowly strolling to center ring where a microphone is already waiting for him. He picks up the mic with a little flourish as the faithful manage a chant... the rest of the crowd doing their damndest to boo just a liiiittle bit louder.]

FUCK YOU BOXER!

BRONSON BOX!

FUCK YOU BOXER!

BRONSON BOX!

FUCK YOU BOXER!**Angus:**

The same disgusting neckbeards love him, he's still a gimmicky, violent, pious prick... but goddamnit if ol' Boxer hasn't grown on me Keeps!

DDK:

That wouldn't have anything to do with him stabbing Dusty Griffith in the head and almost breaking him in two at the pay per view, would it?

Angus:

I watch that shit on YouTube every night before I go to sleep.

[Before he brings the mic to his lips, he takes a moment to slip out of his robe. He holds the garment in his free hand. He just stands there for a moment looking at it. He shifts it around with his fingers until the big red DEFIANCE logo is resting in the palm of his hand. He doesn't lift his head, but finally addresses the crowd.]

Boxer:

I don't know if any of you lot have been following this "Open Promo" project on YouTube, quite a lark. Encourage healthy competition between the different leagues around the country. Sooo... I decided to have a little fun at the expense of our beloved deposed ruler. Can I even say his name on the air? Sod it...

You cut me deep Eric, so deep.

[He finally looks up, smiling coyly. The sarcasm dripping from the word "deep" like honey.]

Boxer:

But here I am in your ring on your bloody television show, and there you are killing yourself in front of a handful of fans in some gymnasium in Chicago. I was just curious if you'd actually bite back with one of your classic cutting promos and you bloody delivered, top notch. It's like it's 1999 again, lad. You did call me loyal though. I caught that much. And I am... God help me I am that.

[Looking almost wistfully at the robe draped over his hand.]

Boxer:

Loyal. But not to you, obviously. You have enough sheep following you around telling you what a bloody genius you are. No... [he pauses and shakes his head] You know what? I will give you one thing, lad. One bloody thing. Do you remember the night you signed me? It couldn't have been more than half an hour before the first bell. You couldn't even be bothered to learn my name, crawled up the crack of my ass something fierce at the time. You kept callin' me Boston, come think of it.

[Bronson chuckles to himself at the irony.]

Boxer:

Before I walked through that curtain you gave me the one rule I've followed to this very day. The one simple statement I took as gospel. The thing I've done my best for a number of years now to insert at the soul of DEFIANCE Wrestling.

[He raises his head again.]

Boxer:

You were sittin' there at that old foldin' table that sat at gorilla til' the day Ed White gave us this little upgrade and without even lookin' at me I hear you say "Do what it takes." Hell, you were probably talkin' into your bloody headset. But that rattled in my head after you said it. As I sat there watching Jimmy Kort take his ill begotten victory lap I could hear you... "Do what it takes." So after that match I sat there on the canvas surrounded by people who, like you, had already forgotten my name and I made a decision. I made a beeline straight to you, still at that table and got in your face, demanded another shot... and you gave me your King of Pain thinking he'd dispatch me and that'd be that. I proceeded to beat Stephen Greer twice back when that might have meant something. I dug down deep and realized I had to succeed. I wasn't going to spend my life getting thrown under the bus by people like you, no.

I was going to become the damned bus.

[He closes his hand, crumpling the DEFIANCE logo in his fist.]

Boxer:

Despite your best efforts, boy'o, you managed to unintentionally create something actually worth bein' loyal to. This company has survived you and your lot, forged in the heat of your incompetence. Elijah Goldman's, Jeff Andrews', Edward White's. Squabbling over who has rights to what and who owns who, who's got the bigger bloody Johnson. Proppin' up hollow champions like Kai Scot and Dusty Griffith because you lot were all fond of one another.

[He spits the word "fond" out of his mouth like a wad of phlegm.]

Boxer:

Like you're fond of Tyrone Walker. Like you're fond of dear Miss Evans.

[His face grows a deep shade of serious for a moment.]

Boxer:

I'm simply not fond of anyone. You could have one of your thugs slit Jane Katze's throat and toss her in the dumpster out back and, my dear boy, I'd bloody adjust. And she knows that too. I think she has several different charts in her office that actually depict what part of our audience that particular personality trait appeals to... [he shakes his head] fascinatingly complicated woman.

[He clicks his tongue and shakes his head. He moves on.]

Boxer:

Just incase it hasn't been made abundantly clear I plan on winning this tournament. Tonight I'm going to do exactly what my friend Eugene did at DEFTv 49 and tear through that clown Henry Keyes; give the ridiculous boy a chance to really test his o'so patinated mettle. Then I'm going to gleefully dismantle Lindsay Troy and try my best to absolutely ruin the poor girls life simply because thanks to her endless prattling she's convinced me it might be a lark.

[He waits a few beats. Looking directly at the hard camera, he continues.]

Boxer:

And when the time comes? The reigning defending undisputed FIST of DEFIANCE Eugene Dewey and myself will do exactly what we each seem to do time and time and time again for you and this damned company and STEAL THE BLOODY SHOW! We'll once again SET THE STANDARD that keeps these apes crawling from their mothers basements and spending their hard earned pizza delivery money ON OUR BLOODY T-SHIRTS!

[Bronson throws the balled up robe to the canvas, taking a step forward... his left foot rests right in the middle of the DEFIANCE logo. There is no schizophrenic reaction from the crowd this time. The faithful and run of the mill fans alike, voices raised up together in derision. At that? Bronson calms down, he looks around the arena at the roaring crowd, obviously satisfied.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Boxer:

WHAT'S WRONG YOU LOT?! I THOUGHT YOU WERE ALL ABOUT CHANTING MY BLOODY NAME?! GO ON!

[Screaming an aside to the crowd before moving on. A mad intensity in his eyes.]

Boxer:

Then who'll stand in my way, eh? That child Frank Holiday? Curtis Penn? Not **bloody** likely. I'd put money on it bein' my dear old friend, The Ego Buster. Whom, mind you, I've beaten before several times, come to think of it. These people? These *sheep*? Regardless of their mewling are loyal to **ME**, heart and soul... not to them. Not to you, Eric.

[The corner of his mustache twitches as his mouth curls into a lopsided grin.]

Boxer:

And definitely not **Dusty Griffith**. *Least not anymore...*

[Grin.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Nice, heh...

[The Wargod takes a few steps forward, leaning over the top rope.]

Boxer:

I'm standing in your ring. Opening your show. Winning your tournament.

[...]

Boxer:

How's that for growin' the fuck up... boy'o.

[He spins around, takes a little bow and with a scowl he goes old school.]

Boxer:

Amem.

[He takes a moment and spits a huge wad of phlegm down at the robe.]

Angus:

Awww, dude what the fuck...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

thud

[The microphone drops top the canvas, pillowed by the pooled black and red silk fabric. Boxer's footprint is actually visible across the DEFIANCE logo as the ringside camera zooms in.]

FUCK YOU BRONSON! *clap clap clapclapclap*

FUCK YOU BRONSON! *clap clap clapclapclap*

FUCK YOU BRONSON! *clap clap clapclapclap*

FUCK YOU BRONSON! *clap clap clapclapclap*

[The Wargod leans back against the ropes as his music starts to play, closing his eyes. Soaking in that sweet sweet sustenance from his faithful as we fade back to Keebler and Skaaland at the announce booth, the rude chant still echoing through the arena.]

Angus:

I'm so torn. On one hand, he did nearly stabbed Mayberry to death... on the other that shit with that goddamn **robe** just happened so... but he's so goddamn awesomely brutal... but he's such an asshole... but he... [trails off, muttering to himself]

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, as my partner here tries to suss out his very important opinions on DEFIANCE's most polarizing superstar. Honestly, I haven't seen this Bronson Box is a very long time, Angus. And a focused, confident Bronson Box is a veeeeery scary prospect for the other DEFMAX competitors.

Angus:

Keyes better nut up and Bell Clap that son of a bitch to DEATH or he better get used to eating all his meals with a straw.

DDK:

The Airship Pirate won't go down without a fight, partner.

Angus:

True enough, but neither will the BAWS. Keep pokin' Box, just keep pokin'...

The Proposition

[Lance Warner's eyes dart right, they dart left, hell, his nose even twitches a little bit, giving him an almost mouse-like appearance as he checks out the hall then makes a mad dash in the direction of DEFsec, hoping to wrangle himself up some protection for the night. It's no wonder. He's got a mean son of a bitch screaming for his hide and 'ol STT2 just might be hidin' out around the next corner. Fortunately for Warner that's not who he slams into, or maybe unfortunately, since the green eyes curiously staring down at the interviewer are set in a face weathered with scars and never known for smiling. Jumping backwards at the sudden contact, Warner takes a moment to assess the individual in front of him, who just chuckles at the fright on his face.]

Lance Warner: [Stammering, backing away]

Pardon, me, I-I'm sorry, didn't see you there, I'll just be going now.

[He takes a second step, and a third, lips moving in silent prayer as he holds up his hands in weak defense. The green eyed man, once known as Ulfric, just holds a finger to his lips.]

Derrick Logan:

Shhhhhh, wouldn't want the redneck comedy tour to hear ya now would ya?

Lance Warner:

Umm no, no we wouldn't want that.

[Warner seemed to relax a little bit. Stopped hunching his shoulders and actually stood up straight, fixed his jacket and brushed a loose strand of hair back. His eyes were still alert though, still darting around as if praying to catch sight of DEFsec nearby.]

Lance Warner:

Hey umm, you do know that this is a restricted area, right? You umm, actually have to be part of the roster to be back here, you know.

[The big man looks around and shrugs.]

Derrick Logan:

Do I? I couldn't tell. Doesn't seem like anyone really minds, not like it would matter much. I'm back here now, ain't I, and I think maybe you'll wanna listen to what I have to say, instead of lookin' ta get be kicked outta here.

Lance Warner:

And why would I want to do that?

Derrick Logan:

'Cause I'm your new best friend.

[A startled look crosses Warner's face. He's pretty sure the guy in front of him is bat-shit crazy, but seeing as how he doesn't feel like watching his insides and outsides change place, he decides to keep that little observation to himself.]

Derrick Logan:

I saw what happened last week with Sammy. Let's just say I'm here tonight to offer you a little solution to that problem.

Lance Warner:

I'm listening. What solution?

Derrick Logan:

Me. Imma be your bodyguard.

Lance Warner:

O.K. and why would you want to do that.

Derrick Logan:

Simple really. 'Cause you're gonna do something for me.

[And with that, the big man threw an arm over Warner's shoulders and steered him away.]

Fifty Shades of Grey

[Even with the early portions of the show being action packed, and the first match not even occurring yet, the loudest pop of the night is about to happen. The employee parking garage is largely void of people at this time of evening. Still, there is the sound of footsteps echoing throughout the concrete area. As the man comes into focus on the camera, a roar explodes into the Wrestle-Plex.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[That's because David Noble has arrived. With a face that says 'don't fucking bother me'. Wait, nope. That face definitely just says 'fuck you'. A scowl on his face, Noble has the Southern Heritage Championship slung across his left shoulder. Wearing a grey long-sleeve shirt and a pair of dark blue jeans, it is clear that Noble is probably the least happy person in the building. There are still some bruises on his face and there is a slight limp to his walk.

Noble turns the corner, his mind completely focused on his monumental match he is going to have tonight against Frank Holiday. Let's see... DEF*MAX tournament match? Check. Ladder Match? Check. Southern Heritage Championship on the line? Check. Two rising stars within DEFIANCE, that have blown the doors, no, the ROOF off the Wrestle-Plex not once, not twice, but three times already? Check.

Of course, Noble, deep in his thoughts, doesn't see the man he runs into. Because if he did, he most definitely would not have run into him unknowingly.

That person would be the Train Wreck Master himself, Frank Holiday.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Holiday, who was walking left to right while Noble was walking down to up, didn't see Noble either. The former SoHer Champion, and the challenger tonight, is dressed in track pants and a Lakers hoodie, muttering under his breath. As the two men bump into each other, the tension in the Wrestle-Plex reaches a palpable high. Immediately, their eyes lock upon one another. Weeks, MONTHS, of building tension between the two had reached this point. Frank looked at the championship belt resting on Noble's shoulder and then back at David.

Shit was about to get crazy.]

Frank Holiday:

You showed up. Good start.

[Noble flashes the smallest of smiles.]

David Noble:

Oh, I always show up. You **should** know that by now.

[Even this tiniest show of mirth goes completely ignored.]

Frank Holiday:

Oh yeah, I know that. Showing up, I can always count on you for. Talking your face off, too.

[Noble decides to close the gap between the two men.]

David Noble:

You should hope for more of me 'talking my face off' than stepping in the ring with you. As you may have learned of late, I'm quite good at that last part. Or did you forget? Because I have no problem reminding you of that again tonight.

[Frank has been making quacking motions with his hand as David spoke. Now it's Frank's turn to flash a humorless

smirk.]

Frank Holiday:

That's enough, Dave. I'm actually not in the mood to talk to you. All the talking I wanna do, I'm gonna do out there, in the ring. This go-round ain't gonna be like the others, dude. I ain't holding back this time.

David Noble:

Good! Don't **fucking** hold back this time! Because you know what Frank?! I'm not in the **FUCKING** mood anymore! I'm waging **BATTLES** against fucks like Mushigihara and Samuel T. Turner! I'm waging fucking **WARS** against Kelly Evans and elite of DEFIANCE. I've got the motherfucking bruises and cuts to prove it! And you...

[Noble then shoves Holiday as hard as he can, sending Frank back a few inches.]

David Noble:

YOU are supposed to be my friend! **YOU** are supposed to be my brother! And I'm having to fuck around with yo--

[But before he can finish that, Frank has retaliated with a shove of his own.]

Frank Holiday:

Friend? **Brother?! What do those words even mean to you? 'Cuz I ain't seen a whole lot of that from you, not to me. I'll tell you this, Dave--**

[He pokes Noble hard in the chest with an index finger.]

Frank Holiday:

--I got cuts and bruises too. Big fucking deal. Save your fucking revolution for another night, and for the love of Christ knock off the pity party. Look at me. **Look at me!** Don't you fucking dare look past me. Not tonight! When we're done here, that belt's coming home with the man it rightfully belongs to. And that man is the dude you're glowerin' at right now.

[Noble grabs Holiday's hand and forcibly removes his finger from his chest.]

David Noble:

No, Frank, you got this ALL wrong. That fucking revolution you referenced? It starts tonight. Bring it. Hammer me. Drop me off the **FUCKING** roof of this **FUCKING** building and I will get. Right. Back. Up. **TRY** to keep me down tonight and you will learn the lesson you should have learned **LONG** ago.

[Noble takes another step so both men are nose to nose.]

David Noble:

I have not, for one moment, looked past you. Because you are the end game. Tonight, I am going to show you a world you could only dream of, Frank. And I promise you this. I god damn promise you, you will not walk out of here with this title. You will have to pry my hands off of it, once I'm dead.

[Holiday presses his forehead against Noble's. It's this short of a headbutt, and neither man flinches.]

Frank Holiday:

I already told you, Dave. I. Ain't. Holding. Back.

[Just when it looks like both men are about to start swinging at one another, DEFSec comes FLYING around the corner. Four men pull Holiday away from Noble while another four step in between them. Holiday starts fighting the men off of him while Noble tries to fight his way through the other members of DEFsec.]

David Noble:

FRANK! You are going to see what not holding back is, you judgmental, hypocritical, son of a bitch! Enjoy watching

ME walk away with **THIS** title!

[DEFsec pushes Noble down a hallway and he starts to walk away as Holiday keeps fighting with DEFsec.]

Frank Holiday:

Get off me, you guys. DAVE! You BRING IT, brother! I'll be waiting!

[Finally the efforts of the DEFsec crew manage to put enough space between the two men to negate the situation. Holiday shrugs their hands away and turns to storm the other way down the corridor. Noble shoots one backward glance as the security squad disperses. He frowns, grips the SoHer Title closer to his chest, and then heads off toward his next destination.]

Jake Donovan vs. Harmony

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is one fall...

DDK:

And it is time to get the show started! Can't believe we have done fifty of these things!

Angus:

I'm just surprised they haven't fired us yet.

DDK:

That too. We have got a SLAM packed show. The action will get started though with Jake Donovan--

Angus:

UGH.

DDK:

--and new DEF roster member, Harmony--

Angus:

BEWBS!

DDK:

--in a rematch from last week's show that went to a draw.

Angus:

Don't care. Stop talking. Let's get to the boobs.

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

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

DDK:

Angus?

Angus:

[silence]

DDK:

I'm okay with you not talking, but could you NOT drool all over me?!

Angus:

Oh, sorry about that.

Darren Quimbey:

Her opponent, standing at 6'2" and weighs in at 215 pounds. Ladies and Gentlemen...here is **JAKE! DONOVAN!!**

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

Angus:

I WAS HAPPY THIRTY SECONDS AGO! THANKS JAKE!

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

DDK:

And this should be another fast-paced match between these two.

Angus:

Which means BOOBS be flopping around!

DDK:

You are such a sick example of a human being.

Angus:

Thanks. I've been working hard to cultivate that aire about me.

DING! DING! DING!

[At the sounds of the bell, Donovan starts off the attack PIPING hot, landing open-fist shot after open-fist shot to the jaw of Harmony, who is caught off guard by Jake! With Donovan laying into her, Harmony does everything she can to get away from Donovan, but ends up in the corner, the last place she wants to be as Donovan is heavy on the attack.]

Angus:

WHOA! WHOA! What is this?!

DDK:

Donovan coming out here, wanting to prove to Harmony that he is NOT to be taken lightly.

Angus:

DON'T HIT HER IN THE FACE THOUGH!

DDK:

He has been approached by Malachi in recent weeks as Malachi is looking to recruit him. Guess he's trying to show he hasn't lost his way.

[He then whips Harmony across the ring, towards the opposite corner. Instead of slamming back first into the corner, Harmony runs up the corner and connects with a backflip so she lands behind Donovan. The only thing she did not count on was Donovan running up the corner and connecting with a hurricanrana in the process, which sends her flying across the ring.]

JAKE! JAKE! JAKE! JAKE! JAKE!

DDK:

And Donovan has the full support of the fans here in the Wrestle-Plex!

Angus:

Damn fools.

DDK:

Listen, just because you don't like him--

Angus:

No, you listen! I will hate anyone I so damn please, especially if it has the chance to get me laid.

DDK:

Harmony is not going to sleep with you.

Angus:

YOU DON'T KNOW THAT!

[As Donovan walks over to the rising Harmony, Harmony connects with a stiff kick to the midsection which she follows up with a Shiranui! With Donovan down on the mat, Harmony then connects with a standing moonsault. She then hooks the leg of Jake, trying to get the early pinfall here.]

1...

2...

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

ALMOST! Oh man, my girl almost won!

DDK:

Your... girl?

Angus:

I know, you've never been able to use that term before Keebs, but keep up.

DDK:

Does she even know your name?

Angus:

OF COURSE SHE DOES!

[Instead of letting the nearfall linger in her mind, Harmony hops back up to her feet, and bounces off the ropes before connecting with a front flip legdrop across the throat of Donovan!]

DDK:

And the upstart Harmony has been impressive in the early moments of this match.

Angus:

Oh yeah she does! She's going to get a BIG reward from me tonight for looking so good.

DDK:

If by big you mean universally disappointing girls since 1942, then sure.

Angus:

Your mom, Keebs. Your mom!

[Harmony starts to bring Donovan off of the mat, but is met with an uppercut from Donovan for her troubles! The uppercut sends her into the ropes and Jake connects with a roundhouse kick as she bounces back to him.]

Angus:

HEY! Don't touch my girl!

DDK:

If I recall correctly, she didn't even know your name backstage earlier this week!

Angus:

That... hurts, Keebs. I trusted you.

[Jake then springboards off of the second rope and connects with a knee drop across the face of his opponent. Donovan wastes no time as he proceeds to stomp away at Harmony, the intensity in his kicks only picking up with each passing second.]

DDK:

And Donovan is taking it to Harmony!

Angus:

This is disgusting! I know he is a filppity-flop idiot, but this is just downright disgusting, even from him!

DDK:

It's called wrestling, Angus. This happens.

Angus:

[mocking DDK] It's called wrestling. This happens. [normal voice] I should slap the shit out of you. You are talking to a former wrestling God!

DDK:

I don't see Lindsay Troy out here.

Angus:

I really fucking hate you.

[Donovan brings Harmony off of the mat and pushes her into the ropes before connecting with a series of forearm shots to Harmony. Each shot snaps Harmony's neck around a tad bit as Donovan is giving no quarter. He then whips her into the ropes and goes for a clothesline only for Harmony to duck underneath it. As Donovan turns around, he is met with the sight of Harmony flying through the air as she connects with a springboard crossbody! Harmony rolls through it, getting back up to her feet in a hurry, and connecting with a dropkick on the rising Donovan.]

Angus:

OH YEAH! THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!

DDK:

Didn't she just do flippity-flop stuff?

Angus:

I have no idea what you are talking about.

DDK:

Of course you don't. Why am I not surprised?

Angus:

Because I am great and you are just merely average.

[Harmony decides to return the favor to Donovan by pelting him with a series of kicks. As Donovan fights to his feet, Harmony connects with a Pele Kick that plants Donovan back onto the mat! Harmony then drags Jake up and

connects with a corkscrew DDT. She once again goes for the cover.]

1...

2...

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

HARM! HARM! HARM! HARM!

Angus:

And listen to these fans as they support my girl!

DDK:

You are such an idiot. She is not your girl. Anyways, Harmony is definitely taking it to Donovan here.

Angus:

Hold up. She is MY girl, Keebs! Don't you dare refute me again or else I will slap the taste out of your mouth.

DDK:

Isn't it normally you getting the taste slapped out of your mouth, usually by some tranvestite?

Angus:

Is NOTHING sacred with you?!

[Harmony, keeping things in perspective, gets back up to her feet and looks to bring Donovan up with her, but he reverses things and puts her into a small package.]

1...

2...

3--NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And Donovan almost with the small package victory there!

Angus:

Did he just try to give my girl his small package?!

DDK:

No. Because there's only one person trying to give Harmony his small package and that would be you.

Angus:

HEY! It's not about the size, but how you use it!

DDK:

You keep telling yourself that.

[Jake gets back up to his feet and brings Harmony with him, nailing a few knee strikes in the corner! He then connects with a snap suplex on his opponent. Harmony holds the small of her back and decides to roll out of the ring to gather herself. Donovan takes this as an opportunity as he bounces off the ropes and connects with a suicide dive on an unsuspecting Harmony!]

JAKE! JAKE! JAKE! JAKE! JAKE!

[As he gets back up to his feet, he proceeds to slam his foot into her midsection a few times before rolling her back into the ring.]

DDK:

And there is definitely a new level of intensity to Donovan tonight.

Angus:

More like a new level of douchebaggery! Trust me, I'm as shocked as you are. I didn't think he had another gear of douchebagginess left in his arsenal.

DDK:

I really wonder about you.

Angus:

Well don't! I'm smart! I'm capable! I'm a champion and you are going to hear me roar!

DDK:

You still listening to Katy Perry?

Angus:

She is this generation's Madonna!

[Donovan then hops onto the top turnbuckle and looks to go for a corkscrew moonsault only for Harmony to move out of the way at the last second, sending Jake crashing into the mat! Harmony slowly gets up to her feet, feeling the effects of the attacks she has taken from Donovan and then connects with a handspring enziguri to a rising Donovan!]

HARM! HARM! HARM! HARM! HARM!

Angus:

I...liked...that

DDK:

Oh, please. Stop.

Angus:

Um, someone cue that tape up in the back and send it to my dressing room.

DDK:

Do not listen to him.

[With Donovan down on the mat once again, Harmony goes for the cover.]

1...

2...

3--NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Harmony immediately gets back up to her feet and connects with a legdrop on Donovan.]

DDK:

And Harmony not backing up in the least bit!

Angus:

Why would she?! She's hot! Hot girls have plenty of confidence and self-esteem!

DDK:

That explains why all of the girls you hook up with are ugly.

Angus:

That ONE girl wasn't ugly!

DDK:

She was a GUY!

Angus:

Oh... yeah.

[As she peels Donovan off of the mat, boos begin to fill the Wrestle-Plex. At the top of the ramp, it is quite clear as to why that is.]

DDK:

What the hell is he doing here?!

Angus:

Malachi is in the building! Praise Malachi! And do not speak of him like that, Keebs! You should be honored by his presence!

[Harmony looks up the ramp and watches as Malachi walks down the ramp, with his Malachites close behind him. This gives Jake the opening he needs as he connects with a stiff palm strike and follows that up with a judo hip toss on Harmony! Donovan then turns and looks at Malachi, who is mere inches away from the ring. Malachi shows no emotion as he looks on.]

Angus:

Donovan better focus and not upset Malachi.

DDK:

Oh please.

[Donovan then turns his attention back to Harmony, who is slowly getting up to her feet. He then locks her up and looks to be going for the Lightning Spiral, but Harmony manages to block it! She fights her way out of the hold before connecting with a Dragon Suplex!]

Angus:

OH YEAH!

DDK:

And Donovan was distracted for a moment too long! Malachi should not be down here.

Angus:

You go down and tell him that then.

[With Jake down on the mat, Harmony then proceeds to put him into the Fermata! With the figure four leglock on, she then bridges it, looking to increase the pressure on the hold as Donovan yells out in pain.]

Angus:

TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP!

DDK:

Donovan may not have a choice here!

[With Malachi looking on, Jake tries his best to ignore the pain, to fight out of it. He attempts to move, but any movement only furthers the pain and agony. Jake grits his teeth, trying to reach out to the ropes, but he realizes that Harmony has him in the perfect spot. Donovan then looks over at Malachi, still showing no emotion on his face, before he decides to tap out.]

DING! DING! DING!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Darren Quimbey:Your winner... **HARMONY!****DDK:**

And Harmony picks up the victory!

Angus:

That's my girl! But, what is going through Malachi's head right now?

DDK:

Don't think we will have to wait long to find out as Malachi is entering the ring and has a microphone in his hand.

[Sure enough, Malachi is in the ring with the five Malachites behind him. In addition to the three masked wrestlers, the two he inducted from DEFTv49 are there as well. Malachi walks over to Donovan, shoots a look at Harmony, who freezes in her spot, and then looks back at Donovan.]

Malachi:

Get. Up.

[Jake's eyes are wide as Malachi's tone is one of pure anger. Slowly, Jake sits up and makes his way to the corner. Jake makes his way to his feet as Malachi's blue eyes are locked upon him.]

Malachi:

Are you done now?! Are you done playing around?! I have offered you a spot to stand among my Malachites. Week after week, you brush me off, and week after week, you descend further and further into your own misery. You are NOTHING and yet I grant you the CHANCE to join me. No more. Either join or we are done.

[Jake looks at Malachi for a long while before sadness fills his eyes. His head drops.]

Jake Donovan:

Okay.

[Malachi looks at Jake.]

Malachi:

LOOK AT ME!

[The pure fury shocks even the fans as they look at Malachi. Jake lifts his head.]

Malachi:

Tell me you want to be a Malachite.

[Jake swallows hard.]

Jake Donovan:

I want to be a Malachite.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[The fans waste no time in showing their displeasure as Malachi has added another Malachite to his cause. Malachi then drops the microphone and starts drilling him with a series of fists!]

DDK:

What the hell?! He got the answer he was looking for!

Angus:

So? This is tough love!

DDK:

This is sick, that's what it is!

[Malachi then nails him with a Go 2 Sleep, leveling Donovan onto the mat. As he reaches down to pick Donovan back off of the mat, Harmony rushes in and tries to pull Malachi away from Jake. Malachi though pushes her away from him and The Malachites immediately grab Harmony and pull her into the corner. Malachi then picks up a microphone, looking at Jake.]

Malachi:

I am doing this to make you STRONGER. To wipe away your sins. I take no pleasure in doing this, Jake. You have to reborn and remade into my image though.

[He then lifts Donovan off of the mat once again and connects with another Go 2 Sleep.]

DDK:

So sick. Just so sick.

Angus:

No, it is PERFECTION at its finest!

[Malachi then picks up the microphone once again and looks at Harmony.]

Malachi:

I did what I had to do to make him forget his old ways. The Jake Donovan you knew, that everyone knew, no longer exists. He is born a new. And Harmony? I offer you the same chance that I gave Jake. Join us. And you will become greater than you possibly ever could have.

[Harmony takes a long look at Malachi.]

Angus:

DO IT!

DDK:

You are about to fill the cup, aren't you?

[Harmony then spits at Malachi's feet before rolling out of the ring.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And it looks like Harmony wants NO part of what Malachi is offering!

Angus:

Oh baby girl, you should have joined! Why did you have to do that?!

[Malachi stands in the ring, his Malachites surrounding him, Donovan on the mat, and the fans booing him. Malachi though is looking at Harmony. Slowly, a sinister smile appears on his face.]

Worthless Coward

[Samuel T. Turner II exits the locker room quickly making a beeline to the interview area where he will once again meet up with "Mr. Sucker Slap" Lance Warner. Lance embarrassed him last week, but he returned the fury from the slap onto the body of the Southern Heritage Champion David Noble.] **Samuel T. Turner II:** Where the fuck is Lance! [Samuel yells at the cameraman standing by the DEFIANCE logo backdrop. He shrugs his shoulders and shakes his head wildly in hopes that Samuel won't snap.] **Phil the Cameraman:** I...I...I don't know sir. [He gets into Phil's face.] **Samuel T. Turner II:** Where...the...fuck...is...he! [Phil begins to tremble.] Why are you trembling? Are you going to go pee pee in your pants? [Phil shakes his head furiously.] Then answer me, why are you trembling? **Phil the Cameraman:** I...I...I don't know sir. **Samuel T. Turner II:** Then stop! [While his attention is on Phil a towering man, Derrick Logan walks up with Lance Warner by his side. Phil nods his head forward for Samuel to turn and see what's behind him.] **Samuel T. Turner II:** What is it? [Phil is silent but Derrick **Derrick Logan:** I believe he wants you to see me 'n my friend here. [Samuel spins around and gets his first look at Derrick.] **Samuel T. Turner II:** Can I help you with something? **Derrick Logan:** Naa, I'm just here ta protect Mr. Warner, from whipping your ass on camera again. [Samuel snarls up his lip and stares a hole through Derrick and straight into Lance's fastly beating heart, as if he's a hungry wolf ready to attack for his nightly kill.] **Samuel T. Turner II:** Who the in hell are you? **Derrick Logan:** Who the fuck does it look like? I'm Warner's bodyguard. You don't know who I really am, ask around, folks 'ill tell ya. [Samuel smirks and shrugs his shoulders as to say 'Who cares?'] **Samuel T. Turner II:** Why the fuck should I care? [Derrick steps up face to face with Samuel.] **Derrick Logan:** 'Cause from now on, ya gotta get past me ta get at him. **Samuel T. Turner II:** Do you think you're scared up piece of floating crimson shit, ass scares me? If so, your ass is sadly mistaken. I fear no man, woman, nor a fucking bitch of an interviewer. So fuck off. [Derrick, chuckling.] **Derrick Logan:** Ain't that easy. You want me gone? Make me go. 'til you find the sack ta do that, shut the fuck up and let the big boys talk. [His eyes went wide, lip snarled, and nose scrunched up like the aforementioned wolf.] **Samuel T. Turner II:** You're lucky, I got the DEF*MAX Tournament match with that big egomaniacal bitch Dan Ryan or I'd shove his head... [Samuel points at Lance, but his attention stays on Derrick.] ...in that ugly cock raped mouth of yours. [Derrick chuckled] **Derrick Logan:** What's with all the references to cocks and asses tonight, Sammy, one might start ta think you're ummm, startin' to sparkle a little bit, if ya know what I mean. Maybe someone oughta rip those wings off ya and string ya up with um, relearn ya some manners. [Growing even angrier Samuel unleashes with words that are only fitting for a backwoods, white trash, redneck ass, and KKK member.] **Samuel T. Turner II:** Don't get me twisted bitch, I come from that redneck lynching state, where we hang motherfuckers for less than a curse word in the direction of our mothers. [Derrick chuckled, fingers tapping his wrist as he glanced down at his watch, then feigned a yawn.] **Derrick Logan:** Sorry, was waitin' for the clichés ta end. You done now? 'Cause the way I see it, Lance already made ya his bitch once, and me, I'm just here 'cause it amuses me greatly to smack dumbass punks like you around. How long you plan on playin' this tough guy routine anyway, Sammy, 'for ya go back ta suckin' on mama's tit like you have done up 'til what, a handful a months ago? Fuckin' pathetic, really, but hey, that about sums up a guy who'd rather fight a non-combatant than take on a real man in the ring. [The words were like a hot knife through butter to Samuel. He was cut only skin deep, a small abrasion but none the less still a cut.] **Samuel T. Turner II:** Oh you hurt me there big boy. You know how to talk big sentences to make yourself seem that much more important. Just make sure you remember the war that you poked your nose into. Lance, we're not done, and big man we're just getting started. **Derrick Logan:** Then here's somethin' short 'n sweet for ya: Only cowards make war on the weak. Yer lookin' like an ol' yeller bitch there, Sammy. [Still chuckling, Derrick steered Warner up the hall, shooting one last smirk at Samuel before they walked away.] **Samuel T. Turner II:** [under his breath] I hate fucking inbred pieces of trash. [Samuel walks off to get ready for the match verse Dan Ryan, leaving Phil alone and confused to what just happened.]

The Game Is Afoot

[We cut back to the arena just as the beginning of "Work Bitch" by Britney Spears begins playing over the loudspeakers of the Wrestle-plex and Kelly Evans, resplendent as usual in black and red, with a black leather bolero jacket, a sparkly red tube top, skin tight and black spandex pants, and red Louboutin pumps that add to her height ever so non-discreetly, makes her way into the arena, a scowl on her face as she saunters down the aisle to the ring.]

DDK:

Here comes the boss, Angus.

Angus:

And if I'm not mistaken Keebs, she looks a might PISSED about something.

[Indeed, Evans wastes no time climbing the stairs and stepping into her ring before sticking a hand out in a demanding fashion to Darren Quimbey, who quickly complies before getting the hell outta dodge...Kelly steps to center ring and raises the mic to her lips while placing a hand on her hip.]

Evans:

I don't know what it is about me that makes people think I'm one to be fucking trifled with, but there are certain lines you DO NOT CROSS lest you want your ass on the line or your ass underground.

[She takes a look around as the crowd reacts, some with cheers, some with boos before she continues...]

Evans:

Apparently, though, some people are too thick-headed to take a hint. I mean, if somebody doesn't answer you when you apply for a job several times you'd think that somebody would get the picture, right?

[The crowd doesn't know what to make of that, but she continues still...]

Evans:

Case in point, Ryan Matthews. The single LEAST dependable employee I think DEFIANCE has had since Heidi Christensen. I told him a couple weeks ago there's no spot for him, but did he listen?

[Some in the crowd cheer at Matthews' name, some reply with a NO to her question.]

Evans:

OF COURSE HE DIDN'T. He decided that rather than just piss me off, he'd like to fuck with my business. [she raises a finger] However, to show how much of a benevolent person I can be, I decided that rather than have him placed under about 10 feet of concrete, which I still COULD do, that I'd have Ryan Matthews come here and publicly apologize, not only to me, but to the fans of DEFIANCE for denying them the match that was scheduled for Troy Matthews.

[Those in the crowd who want to see Ryan Matthews erupt in cheers, but Kelly puts up her hand to stop them.]

Evans:

Oh no no no, I didn't invite him into the building. No, I DID however let him know that he could stand outside and there would be a camera crew there for him shortly.

[Indeed, Ryan Matthews appears on the DEFIA-tron, standing out in the parking lot clad in a black jacket and blue jeans with an Ohio State hat on his head and a shirt that reads #GiveMatthewsHisDamnSpot in white lettering on it.]

Evans:

Now, Mr. Matthews, let's get this over with so the show can go on and you can go back to being unreliable and irrelevant.

[That draws a smirk from Matthews, then a full on shark-like grin.]

Ryan Matthews:

Why thank you MS. Evans for allowing me this time to speak to you and the fans of DEFIANCE regarding my actions on the last episode of DEFIANCE tv. What I did in attacking Troy Matthews was reprehensible, deplorable, and a shameful act...

[We cut to a shot of Kelly Evans with a grin creeping up on her face as her eyes narrow smugly.]

Ryan Matthews:

...and it's one that given the chance I'd do all over again. You see Kelly, when you basically shuffled me out of your office a couple weeks ago you made a mistake. A mistake that Eric Dane would NOT have made. You decided to let whatever PMSing fucking power trip you're on get to you to the point where you tossed a valuable asset to the trash heap like it was nothing. That asset being Ryan Matthews. Now normally I might take the sting of a rejection like that and just say "oh well better luck next time" but knowing that despite the fact that Eric Dane and I have had our differences in the past, he knows that what's best for his company is what makes money. And I, Ryan Matthews, make money.

Evans:

HOW DARE YOU COME ON MY SHOW AND....

Ryan Matthews:

And what Kelly? Call you out on some bullshit that for whatever reason you have some kinda vendetta against me? Lady, you don't know me from Adam and you put me down like that? No, that shit doesn't fly with me. Which is why you set one of your own up to get hurt tonight and you didn't even realize it. I'm out here, some poor schlepper that is on the roster is gonna arrive sometime soon, and that idiot is gonna get hurt unless I get what I want, which is a spot on the DEFIANCE roster.

Evans:

Let me think about that for a second...[turns, then turns back] fuck no.

Ryan Matthews:

Alright, your choice Kelly...[he turns, then turns back to the camera] you know what? On second thought, because I'm a businessman and I, unlike you apparently, know what IS good for business, I'll make you a deal Kelly, one that will make us both some money. Simply put, next DEFIANCE Pay-per-view, you pick one of your people from the DEFIANCE roster to face me, one on one in a no holds barred, non-sanctioned match. I'll sign whatever waivers you want me to so I can't sue the company if something happens. The conditions are as follows. Your man wins, I not only disappear from DEFIANCE, I quit the wrestling business altogether. But when I win, I get a spot in DEFIANCE, iron-clad, no bullshit where anyone outside of Eric Dane himself can fire me.

Evans:

Like I said...fuck. no. You are NOT getting onto MY show no matter HOW much money you claim to be able to make me and DEFIANCE as a whole.

Ryan Matthews: [he gets right up in the grill of the camera]

That's completely on you then Kelly, I'm also laying a sacrifice at your feet of whoever is the next unfortunate soul to cross my path in this parking lot, be they a member of the DEFIANCE roster or a member of staff or whoever. This camera man you sent out here? He's safe only because I want you and everyone else to see this. I want you all to understand that I can and will do things that will make people in that locker room LEGITIMATELY shake in their shoes in fear. I am the nightmare you hoped would never stalk you in the dark, I AM that which scares all that goes bump in the night, and when you're like me you either die the villain or influence enough minds to become their god forsaken messiah. I choose to die the villain, because this world needs a villain like me, people who will do the unthinkable to make everyone else's lives seem like they are so great...who will rain down hell on all around them. Grab your umbrella Kelly, the rain of blood is coming...

Evans:

Oh God...I've heard enough already...somebody either kill the feed in the back or kill him before I kill myself please?

[As if on a godsend, Ryan Matthews is attacked from behind on the video by a second figure who catches him with a flying double knee to the back and then rolls him over and pounces on him and begins pounding away. The camera man moves out of the way and moves his shadow from obstructing our view of the second figure to show that it is Troy Matthews]

DDK:

My God! Did Kelly set Ryan Matthews up and beat him at his own game?

Angus:

I don't know Keebs but I do know Ryan Matthews will be doubly pissed if he finds he got outsmarted by Kelly Evans! And I for one LOVE it! Beat that jagoff's head in!

[Indeed Troy Matthews peels Ryan Matthews off the concrete and slams him headfirst into a nearby dumpster. He then pounces on the bigger man and begins forcibly choking him until the voice of Kelly Evans is heard again.]

Evans:

Okay Troy! Enough! I'm sure Ryan will want to hear this next part because as we know his poor ego is so important to him...Hey asshole! I called you here for a reason. I want you out of my hair, out of my life, out of DEFIANCE, out of the wrestling business. So...if it's a fight you want, it's a fight you've got. And your opponent? Somebody who volunteered. None other than The Jersey Devil himself...Troy Matthews!

Troy Matthews:

You hear that? I'll see you soon jackass! Payback, much like you are right now, is a bitch.

[We cut away from the scene with Ryan Matthews still laying on his back, breathing heavily and trying to shake out the cobwebs from the attack.]

DEF*MAX Tournament (Block B): Dan Ryan vs. Samuel T. Turner**Angus:**

.....mostly due to the fact that bodily fluids are unsanitary, I don't care how many of them you wear.

DDK:

To be honest, I've always assumed you didn't bother wearing any.

Angus:

You think I'm some sort of animal?

DDK:

Well... if you wanna bring up animals...

Angus:

For chrissakes, it was one time and she gave me a come hither look.

DDK:

And now you're banned from zoos in multiple cities.

Angus:

Whatever. Conservationists are dickweed assholes anyway.

DDK:

Ahem.

[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♪

Angus:

Here he comes Keebs, the man that beat the Southern Heritage Champion, David Noble!

DDK:

It was a tainted win, you know that, I know that everyone that watched the show knows it. Mushigihara almost beat the life out of him, but he didn't stop his heart.

Angus:

If he was hurt so bad then maybe his ass shouldn't have wrestled.

DDK:

Not wrestling in the DEF*MAX Tournament wouldn't have been a smart idea if he wanted to win it or actually furthering his DEFIANCE accolades.

♪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.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

♪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.]

Angus:

Keebs, I believe you're full of shit.

DDK:

Why's that?

Angus:

'Cause you seem to think only the guys I like have stank shit, but not the ones you like. What's up with that?

DDK:

Because I'm here for the good, I'm here to make sure that you don't bury all the other wrestlers that you dislike. I build people up, I'm a member of the BE A STAR program, unlike you.

Angus:

The "good" as you call it is boring and stale, the bad "bad" is so much more entertaining.

Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall in the DEF*MAX Tournament! Introducing first, coming to us from Caballo Estates in Harlan, KY, SAMUEELLL TIBERIOUSSS TURNERR THE SECONNDDDD!

[Samuel steps into the ring stares down the ramp awaiting Dan Ryan.]

Quimbey:

His opponent, hailing from Houston, Texas, and weighing in at 305 pounds!! He... is... DAAAAANNNN... RYYYYYAAAANNNNN!!!

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

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

Angus:

See, I'm conflicted here. Turner became a bit of an Edward White protege, and we never really got to hear his thoughts on Dan Ryan's Edward White purge. I'm not sure where I fall on the issue.

DDK:

I'm not sure he has any thoughts on the matter.

Angus:

Maybe he just wants to let his feeling be known by way of fist.

DDK:

I'm sure Dan Ryan will be happy to accommodate that request.

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

DDK:

I do know these two have even more history than that. Unless I'm mistaken, Turner worked for Ryan for a short time a few years back, although not for very long.

Angus:

I really think the angry employee thing has been done to death.

DDK:

Just pointing out interesting fact.

Angus:

Oh? Well... that's debatable.

DING! DING! DING!

[The two big men charge in with a collar and elbow lock up. Turner begins to push Ryan back towards the corner. Ryan stops it and uses his height advantage to force Turner to back up. Turner tries to overpower Ryan, but Ryan uses his strength to force Turner back and tossing him backwards and straight onto his back.]

DDK:

Dan Ryan just tossed the two hundred and twenty five pound Turner like he was a midget.

Angus:

I like the midget toss at the fairs, I heard Samuel Turner holds the record of fifteen feet two inches. He's just a brute Keeps, a brute I say.

DDK:

Wasn't that sport banned in so many states?

Angus:

Only from using the ladies, their sex organs are more valuable than the mens.

DDK:

Seriously?

Angus:

Yeah, 'cause they can wash off after their dicks hit the dirt. If the ladies get dirt in their coochy it's untelling how long it'll stay there. The real reason is so no more mud babies are born.

DDK:

What?

Angus:

Yeah, dirt plus body fluids equals mud babies.

DDK:

I think you got a different sex ed talk than I did.

Angus:

Maybe so you no laughing asshole.

[They lock up again and the same thing happens, the force this time sends Turner rolling out of the ring to the floor.]

1...

[Turner rolls back into the ring after a brief breather. He goes straight up to Ryan face to face. Ryan fires off a forearm to the jaw of Turner that had minimal effect.]

Angus:

Come hard or go home Dan. Turner has a jaw on him.

DDK:

I have to agree with you on Turner's jaw, he's taken so many hard strikes over the past few months that the word glassjaw has no business in his vocabulary.

[Turner returns the favor with a knife edge chop to Ryan's chest.]

POW!

Dan Ryan:

Come on, bring it! Try again stupid.

[Turner takes Ryan's advice and fires off another knife edge chop.]

POW!

[Ryan slaps his chest multiple times showing Turner he better use all his might. After the last slap to his chest, Turner tosses a right jab into the jaw and neck area of Ryan. Turner chops Ryan again backing him up into the corner. Turner quickly follows up and uses his alternating chops and forearm strikes to the jaw and chest of Ryan.]

DDK:

There's a violence party in the ring.

Angus:

Yeah, but it's no Baltimore riot style violence party.

DDK:

That's very true Angus.

[Ryan slumps down in the corner, but Turner picks him up and delivers a few more well placed chops and forearm strikes. Turner steps back a bit and comes back to body slam, Ryan starts clubbing Turner's back making him break the grip and dropping Ryan back to his feet.]

DDK:

These two are throwing hard strikes onto one another.

Angus:

That's what they do. That's all they do.

[Ryan delivers a forearm strike making him stagger back a little bit. Ryan follows up with a superkick straight to the jaw knocking Turner backwards and down to the mat. Ryan covers him.]

1...

...2...NO, TURNER GETS HIS SHOULDER UP.

DDK:

That was close, I thought this match was over.

Angus:

There is no way in this world that Dan would've beaten Samuel that easily. Samuel is tougher than that.

[Ryan picks Turner up and chops the life out of him.]

SLAP!

[Turner hits the mat and rolls to his knees holding his chest. Ryan helps him up to a slumped over position and lands a stiff echoing forearm to the middle of his back sending him face down in the center of the ring.]

THUUUUUDDDDDDDD!

DDK:

What a horrible sounding forearm.

Angus:

It sounded worse than it really was trust me.

DDK:

Whatever you say Angus, whatever you say.

[Ryan pulls Turner to his feet again and whips him into the ropes, Turner comes off and is met with a huge back elbow smash that sends him to the mat. Ryan covers him.]

1...

...2...NO KICKOUT!

DDK:

I don't know if that was to the face or to the throat, either way it was effective.

Angus:

It was to the throat! How can Mark Shields let this match continue. He's trying to kill him out there.

DDK:

No he's not, he's trying to win the match just like Turner would do.

Angus:

You lie, not Samuel, he's an apostle!

DDK:

No he wasn't, he was a prophet.

Angus:

Well excuse me Mr. Bible College!

[Ryan begins to pull Samuel up, but Samuel shoves him off and chops him.]

SLAP!

[Ryan backs up a step and delivers a kick to Samuel's hamstrings, then alternates one to the other, then one to the ribs. He finishes the combo by grabbing the top of Turner's head and leaping a knee strike right to the point of the jaw, dropping Turner to the mat. Ryan makes the cover.]

1...

...2...NO SAMUEL'S SHOULDER GOES UP!

DDK:

Dan is wanting this match done and over with.

Angus:

Do you blame him? Samuel can be one tough hick and he kicks ass with the best of them. Dan Ryan fears the "Blue Eyed Devil".

[Turner rolls to the corner and tries to get to his feet, but a large boot goes onto his throat and clavicle bone forcing him to sit in the corner and take it.]

DDK:

Yeah, he looks really frightened.

Angus:

I'm just trying to fire my boy up, alright?

RRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

1...

Angus:

Look Keebs, he's trying to kill Turner.

2...

DDK:

I doubt that Angus. He's just showing him who's the man.

3...

Angus:

The man? He's cheating!

4...

Mark Shields:

BREAK THAT HOLD RYAN, BREAK IT!

[Ryan removes his foot and laughs at the man people said was his equal.]

DDK:

He broke it before the five count Angus, that's not cheating.

[Ryan picks up Turner and hoists him up to his shoulder, he takes a few steps back and charges hard into the corner hits a huge spinebuster into the corner. Turner slouches in the corner but his arms are caught on the top ropes. Ryan rears back and delivers a devastating chop to his chest.]

SLAP!

[Turner fired back with a humiliating slap to Ryan's face.]

POW!

[Ryan returns with a superkick to Turner's abdomen, halting his eventual comeback.]

DDK:

This is just a clinic that Dan Ryan is putting on here.

Angus:

No it's not! He's got Derrick Logan and Lance Warner on his mind, so its all just one big mind fuck to help Dan Ryan win this match.

DDK:

Oh really? Is that right?

Angus:

Ya damn skippy that's right!

[Ryan wrenches Turner's arm and whips him into the corner. Ryan follows in but Turner moves. He levels Ryan with a forearm strike and moves back a few steps, he looks at all the booing crowd members and eats its up with a smile, then flips them off with double barrels before crushing Ryan in the corner with a splash.]

BBBBOO!

DDK:

What a heavy splash in the corner.

Angus:

Samuel just crushed Dan Ryan's hopes and dreams.

DDK:

There's no way.

[Turner locks his arms around Ryan's waist, puts his head under Ryan's arm and lifts.]

Angus:

BACKDROP DRIVERRRRRRRRRRR!

DDK:

I don;t think so.

[No way, Ryan fires elbows to the back of Samuel's head furiously to break the hold. Ryan hits his with another then whips him into the ropes. Turner comes off quickly and swings his huge right arm towards Ryan.]

Angus:

LARIATOOOOOO!

[No, Ryan ducks it, hooks Samuel in a full nelson and slams him down to the mat., and makes the cover.]

1...

...2...

.....3.....NO KICKOUT!

DDK:

That was close, your boy almost lost Angus.

Angus:

I only have one boy and that's MUHBOITY!

DDK:

Just two minutes ago you said you were trying to fire up your boy.

Angus:

Uh.. well that's because I saw Ty over there in the crowd and he looked sad.

DDK:

If you say so, but a little extra weight on the shoulders and this match would've been over.

[Ryan picks him up to his knees and chops him.]

POW!

[Samuel slaps Ryan's stomach.]

SLAP!

[Chop!]

POW!

[Slap!]

SLAP!

[Chop!]

POW!

[Slap!]

SLAP!

[Ryan knees him in the chest and locks on a front facelock bringing him up to his feet.]

DDK:

BEARHUG!

Angus:

BELL CLAP HIM!

[Before Turner can stretch out his arms he's flipped over head by Ryan and crashes to the mat.hard. Ryan gets up quickly and and tries to hoist Samuel up for a brainbuster but Turner stops the pick up and wraps his arms around

Ryan and delivers an overhead suplex of his own.]

DDK:

Wow, theses two are trying to see who has the better overhead suplex I believe.

Angus:

I think it's Samuel!

DDK:

I think your thunker is broken.

Angus:

Hell no, slightly cracked!

[Turner's the first one to his feet but he's very slow. He grabs Ryan and drags him up to his feet. He locks him up for a backdrop driver but again Ryan fires the elbows into the back of his head. Turner releases his grip, Ryan tries to move away, but no, Turner hooks it again, he lifts, but Ryan hits him in the ear with an elbow. Turner drops to the mat and grabs his ear. Ryan delivers a chop to his chest and delivers a backdrop driver to Turner for his troubles.]

Angus:

NO, YOU CHEATING BASTARD, THAT'S SAMUEL'S MOVE!

DDK:[laughing]

He doesn't own the rights to the move.

Angus:

No, but he could and I just so happen to know a guy.

DDK:

Completely unsurprised.

[Turner's up and wobbly, he tries to no sell the harsh backdrop driver, but he can't. He stumbles his way to Ryan looking at him with eyes wide shut. Ryan loads up for a clothesline, he fires, but Samuel ducks it and delivers a stiff forearm to the back and side of Ryan's neck. He adds a headbutt to the base of Ryan's neck and spins him around, boots him in the gut and tries a butterfly suplex, Ryan reverses out of it. He takes Turner's back and delivers a huge release german suplex. He covers Turner.]

1...

...2...

.....3...NO SHOULDER UP!

DDK:

WHOA! That was too close. I thought he had him.

Angus:

I knew better! Lets go youngin' take it to the old dog.

DDK:

Didn't you used to cheer for Dan Ryan in recent matches?

Angus:

I drink too much to remember that far back, all I know is I'll shit on Curtis Penn till his great grandson's balls drop, fucking goof!

[Ryan gets up and watches Turner as he slowly stirs. Ryan picks him up and holds him there, he delivers a huge jaw jarring bone curdling slap.]

POWWWWW!

[The slap seems to wake Samuel up, he delivers a forearm smash across the bridge of Ryan's nose.]

THUD!

[Ryan fires back with a right of his own.]

THUD!

[And a left.]

THUD!

[And a right.]

THUD!

[Turner with a right forearm.]

THUD!

[A left.]

THUD!

[A right.]

THUD!

[A left.]

THUD!

[A right.]

THUD!

[A left.]

THUD!

[Ryan throws a right.]

THUD!

[Then a left.]

THUD!

[Turner spins going for a roaring elbow but Ryan smashes him with a hard lariat. He makes the cover.]

1...

...2...

.....3...NO KICKOUT!

DDK:

Samuel is taking a beating in his own style of match.

Angus:

He's given his all against Dan Ryan, but he's still got a little left in his tank.

DDK:

We'll see.

[Ryan picks him up from the mat and whips him into the ropes. Samuel cocks back his arm and swings.]

Angus:

LARIATOO!

DDK:

Nope, Ryan ducked! Ryan clutches him.... overhead belly to belly suplex!! Ryan stalks over and pulls him up quick.... muay thai strike to the side of the head!! Turner wobbling... enzuigiri to the other side and Turner goes down hard!!! Pulling him up again.... Ryan spins him around and snaps him over with a dragon suplex!!

Angus:

Dear God. I'm waiting for the Mortal Kombat voice to say "FINISH HIM."

DDK:

Ryan grabs Turner by the hair and yanks him up to a knee, then kinda pats him under the chin...

Angus:

Oh this is embarrassing.

DDK:

Ryan stalking around in front of a wobbly Samuel Turner.... he shrugs.... and SUPERKICKS HIM ALMOST OUT OF HIS SKIN!!

[Turner flies back into the ropes and bounces forward to land face down in the ring.]

[The crowd goes crazy for the flurry of offense. Ryan looks at them briefly, looks around, then wipes his hands together as if saying he's done.]

DDK:

Ryan now pulling him up roughly... head into a standing headscissors....up Samuel goes and down he comes..... HUMILITY BOMB!

Angus:

NO, FUCK NO!

DDK:

Ryan covers him!

1...

...2...

.....3...

DDK:

He did it, Dan Ryan just hit the Humility Bomb on Samuel Turner for the win and 2 point in the DEF*MAX Tournament!

Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, your winner of the match and earning two DEF*MAX Points, "THE EGO-BUSTER"

DAAAAANNNN... RYYYYYAAAANNNNN!!!

Angus:

No, I can't believe this, why is this happening? Samuel deserves to win DEF*MAX and we all know it!

DDK:

No we all don't. We only know what we can see. And I saw Dan Ryan take over and pretty much wipe Samuel Turner out.

Angus:

Whatever. You're only saying that because he's unconscious and not moving.

[Ryan stands with his hand raised and looks down at Turner as the ref drops his hand. Turner doesn't move, so Ryan nudges his arm with his boot to try and provoke some response, but Turner stays still. Ryan shrugs and smirks a bit, then climbs down out of the ring.]

DDK:

So Dan Ryan gets himself another win. You've gotta think he's one of the favorites to win this block, even with Frank Holiday and David Noble still on the horizon.

Angus:

Well, I'm disappointed my b... I mean... Samuel... lost, but I can't deny the abilities of that man right there. If he won the whole thing, it wouldn't be the worst thing in the world.

DDK:

Coming back right after this.... more from the DEF*MAX among other business... so stay right where you are.

The Straw That Broke...Everything

Jake Donovan:

FUUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK

[With a snarl he kicked a water bottle out of the way, then kicked a trash can, spilling the contents across the floor. Apparently that wasn't enough for him to vent his fury on, because he shouldered a techie out of the way, ripped off the mesh sleeve running down his arm and chucked it halfway across the hallway. Go figure with the way his night was going it bounced off the head of one Kenny Freeman. At least it wasn't a water bottle.]

Kenny Freeman:

Jeez, can't a guy chill in a hallway without stuff being thrown at him?

[Kenny turns around, realizing the culprit is an incensed Jake Donovan.]

Kenny Freeman:

Jake, just the guy I wanted to see! I know you're dealing with--

Jake Donovan: [practically snarling]

You know what, Kenny? What exactly do you think you know?

[Kenny throws his hands up, as if to keep the peace.]

Kenny Freeman:

Hey now, don't get mad at me. I'm just a dude in a hallway. I know you're going through a lot right now, and you're in a bad situation and all that, but I think you just need to--

Jake Donovan:

If you say calm down, I swear before god I will paint this hallway with your blood.

[Kenny is completely taken aback by that last comment.]

Kenny Freeman:

Whoa. Jake, why you gotta be so rude? I'm just trying to help a brother out, man. Here's the thing: I've seen what happens to men that take up the wrong causes. Hooking up with Malachi and his cronies is the last thing you wanna do.

[Pausing, Jake just looks at Kenny and shakes his head before bursting out in laughter. He laughs so long and so hard he doubles over, laughing until, when he finally straightens up, he has to wipe tears from beneath his eyes.]

Jake Donovan:

Thanks, man, I really needed that. I mean, seriously, you think that should be the last thing I'd want to do? Let me tell you what the last thing I wanna do is. The last thing I wanna do is waste another moment trying to give something to a sport thats given' nuthin' back to me. And you know why? 'Cause this business that we're a part of, it doesn't have a heart or a soul and it doesn't care if you sacrifice yours to it. It's a false god, and I'd rather worship at the altar of a real one.

Kenny Freeman:

Wait, are you SERIOUS right now, bro? Is this real life? Guys like Malachi are usually after taking from people, not giving. He's trying to take something away from you, Jake...more than any fan that's given you crap out there.

Jake Donovan:

I know you can't see it right now, but you will. So help me, I will open your eyes if it's the last good thing I do here in DEFIANCE. Next week, you and me are gonna get in the ring, and I'mma prove to you once and for all that everything you believe is meaningless.

[And with that, Jake abruptly stalks down the hall, kicking a water bottle and leaving a stunned and slightly shellshocked Kenny Freeman in his wake.]

The Real Unified Front

[Backstage, Dan Ryan is walking through the hallways on his way to the dressing room following his win over Samuel Tiberius Turner the Second. His skin glistens with a light sweat, but he is otherwise in good shape. He rounds a corner and comes to the dressing room door, which he opens. Inside is Lindsay Troy sitting on a bench, golf clapping.]

Lindsay Troy:

Well done. Another inspired performance of Dan Ryan Pwnage, and now we can look forward to Turner bitching about something other than Lance Warner growing a set and slapping him around. Although, I'll admit, I didn't think Lance had it in him.

Dan Ryan:

Well... if you recall, he once came to the ring and tried to demand answers of me as well. I'm still a little disappointed that got interrupted. I've been working on some high impact stuff and I was just about to guinea pig the poor guy.

Lindsay Troy:

Can't we all just let him do his job? [Smirk.] You act like you've never been interrupted by a mic stand before.

Dan Ryan:

If he thinks it's smart to interrupt me when I'm angry about something, then hey, the risk just comes with the territory. It's okay. Like you said, he's got a set. And I didn't hurt the poor guy. It was worth it to see the look on his face, though.

Lindsay Troy:

Yeah well...

[She tosses him a towel, which he catches one-handed.]

Lindsay Troy:

Seeing the look on Turner's face when he comes-to will be even better.

[Ryan wipes his face and then slings the towel over his shoulder.]

Dan Ryan:

By now, he's been wheeled back and is sleeping it off in a corner somewhere next to his trough. Maybe someone should go by and make sure he still has a pulse. Or maybe I'll set some fresh spinach puffs on his chest for when he wakes up... as a memento.

[Troy chuckles at the reference; an inside joke harkening back to a time long ago.]

Lindsay Troy:

If having my head bounce off the canvas and my shoulders get put down for the three means I get spinach puffs then I'd rather leave them to lesser men.

Dan Ryan:

I think you also get some if you come in second for DEF*MAX, but then I'm the one playing for that, so I guess you've just got no luck at all.

Lindsay Troy: [shrugs]

That's a loss I'm willing to live with. Besides, don't be salty. I'm just giving eeeeeverybody what they want: me all by my lonesome.

[Dan Ryan plasters a smirk of his own on his face. He moves further into the room and takes a seat next to his sister-in-law.]

Dan Ryan:

I like to take my digs. Say what you like. I'd never expect you to be anything but what you are. And besides, it's not like I wouldn't say the same.

[The Queen nods.]

Lindsay Troy:

I know. You and I have never been ones to let titles and tournaments come between the family. Whoever's in line for the glory knows the other's got their back, but not including your name in with the big boys would've been inauthentic.

Dan Ryan:

I've trained you well.

Lindsay Troy: [laughs]

You didn't train shit. And I'm surprised I beat you to the punch with the role-call, but you made up for it last week.

Dan Ryan:

Heh. I see in Eugene the makings of a great leader, like the greatest of the Star Trek captains.

Lindsay Troy:

Are we talking Sir Patrick or...

Dan Ryan:

Chris Pine, as Kirk.

"I'unno, mayne..."

[Ryan and Troy turn their heads to find that the missing piece of this Triforce has arrived, as Tyrone Walker, the other third of the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Champions, stands in the doorway.]

Tyrone Walker:

I'm partial to Captain Sisko, kna'mean?

Dan Ryan:

Well, look who's finally descended from on high to bask amongst the little people.

[Ty responds with a smirk and a head nod directed towards the Ego Buster.]

Tyrone Walker:

Yeah, yeah... Anyway, what's good, y'all?

Lindsay Troy:

Just having a big ol' happy family reunion before the inevitable showdown in the DEF*MAX finals.

Tyrone Walker:

Word. Both of ya's is tearin' this bitch up. Keep goin' an' it's gonna be the two of ya in the finals for sure, assumin' Darth Dewey an' Boxer don't try an' mess wit' things.

Lindsay Troy:

I'm still waiting on Box to do something relevant to my interests besides spam my Twitter feed with Google Image Search results. If we're lucky, Keyes will Bell Clap him so hard he'll forget how to Internet.

[Ty cracks up hard on that one, thrusting a fist out for Troy to hit with some dap. BOOM!]

Tyrone Walker:

Hah! Yeah that boy loves him some bullshittin' wit' all that cryptic nonsense, don't he?

[Nods all around.]

Dan Ryan:

Far as Eugene goes, I'm not waiting on him to come at me. I'm taking the first shot, just like Greedo.

Lindsay Troy: [groans]

You're really on a roll with these tonight.

Dan Ryan:

I have to find something amusing in him channeling his ginger nerd rage and embracing the Dark Side of the Force.

Lindsay Troy:

Clearly.

Tyrone Walker:

Right on, bruh. Anyway, whatever happens, just know I got yo' back if shit's 'bout'ta pop off. 'Cause I don't take it lightly when people's tryna fuck wit' my fam, an' that goes for mothafuckas tryna get crazy wit' my trios homies too... Someone gonna get it if they do, dig?

Lindsay Troy:

Find HOSS and ask 'em about it.

Dan Ryan:

If you can find them on the unemployment line.

[Ty snickers. LT is already moving on.]

Lindsay Troy:

We just gotta keep doing what we're doing. DEF*MAX finals, contenders to the FIST...doesn't matter. End of the day, this right here [she motions between the three of them] is greater than whatever Box and Dewey think their "alliance of convenience" happens to be.

[The Trios Champs all nod, united and ready to battle together against the forces of DEFIANT evil. A pause builds up around this big declaration of solidarity, but then suddenly Walker's eyes twitch and...]

Tyrone Walker:

Word... So what's up wit' these spinach puffs? 'Cause y'all's been goin' on about 'em, an' now ya boy's curiosity is higher than giraffe pussy.

[So much for the big SRS BSNSS moment. Cut-to Angus and Keeps at ringside.]

DDK:

Something about what Ty said sounded foreboding.

Angus:

Yeah, he's a trysexual when it comes to food.

DDK:

What? Not that, you fool! The bit about messing with his friends and family.

Angus:

Oh that, yeah.

DDK:

Troy and Ryan posing a united front here, which could spell trouble for everyone in the company, not just those

involved in the DEF*MAX tournament.

Angus:

Speaking of, we've got Fatboy versus Nerd Rage up next.

[And let's take it away...]

DEF*MAX Tournament (Block A): Eugene Dewey vs. Mushigihara

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

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Mushigihara is trying to get a rhythm going in this tournament after his tough loss to Lindsay Troy in our last episode, but he's got his work cut out for him, because he's taking our reigning FIST, who wants to even things up with Lindsay for control of Block A!

Angus:

It's gonna be a hell of a match, Keebs, like something out of a Japanese monster movie!

[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-RAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

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.]

Angus:

Last episode's loss was a minor setback; even if Dewey's turned over a new leaf and joined the Dark Side, he'll still have to contend with a God-Beast who doesn't care about darkness or light.

DDK:

Well in any case, this will prove a mighty test for Mushigihara, I'm sure.

[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.]

[Dark Lord Bowser.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[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 that grab at him and hurl insults like they're going out of style.]

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Buffalo, Wyoming...

[Dewey ascends the steel steps...]

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in at 260 pounds...

[...And steps in through the ropes. He heads for the nearest corner and spreads his arms wide to meet the jeers from the crowd.]

Darren Quimbey:

Here is EEEEEUEEEEEEEEEEEEEENE DEEEEEEEEEEWEEEEEEEEEEY!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

The FIST has been surprisingly quiet this week, Angus, especially considering how vocal he's been the last couple of weeks. Do you think that might have anything to do with having to face Mushigihara here tonight?

Angus:

Heh, it could, but Dewey's the FIST of DEFIANCE for a reason, Keebs. I'm sure he's not overly frightened about the God-Beast.

DDK:

Don't forget though, Angus, Mushigihara took Bronson Box, Eugene Dewey's new best friend, to a double countout two weeks ago. Is that going to be playing on Dewey's mind?

Angus:

On Dewey could answer that, but I'd guess it's gonna be in the back of his mind somewhere.

DDK:

Could Dewey still be reeling from the loss to Lindsay Troy?

Angus:

Why don't you talk about how Dewey beat Keyes, eh?

DDK:

Because reminding you of how The Queen Of The Ring defeated the FIST amuses me.

[The two big men meet at the center of the ring, Eugene holding up his FIST title and gloating, while the God-Beast stands silently, Dante calling out orders from ringside. As Hector Navarro steps between them and takes the FIST from Dewey's hand, Dewey makes some remark about that being the closest Mushi will ever get to holding it, which elicits a chuckle from the masked monster.]

DDK:

The two competitors having an exchange of words here...

DING

DING

DING

[Mushi and Dewey lock up, but Mushi swiftly shoves the FIST of DEFIANCE onto the mat, causing him to roll back to his feet and lunge in towards the God-Beast, who just stands tall and delivers a rousing...]

Mushigihara:

OSU!

DDK:

Mushigihara just swatted the FIST away like he was nothing!

Angus:

That's the size and strength advantage coming into play almost instantly, Keeps.

DDK:

And I'm sure we're all familiar with Eugene's history against wrestlers with sumo backgrounds. After all, Dewey's first loss in DEFIANCE came at the hands of a sumo wrestler.

Angus:

Ching Ching Chong, wasn't it?

DDK:

That's what we do now, is it? Blatant racism?

Angus:

It's what I've always done.

[The FIST looks up from the canvas at the intimidating figure standing over him and scrambles to get back to his feet. They tie up again, although Dewey seems a little more reluctant this time, and probably for good reason. Mushigihara instantly spins on the spot and takes Eugene off of his feet. Another half a turn and Eugene is almost parallel with the mat, only six feet above it. Mushi breaks the collar and elbow tie up and the FIST helicopters away from the God-Beast before hitting the mat.]

Mushigihara:

OSU!

DDK:

And again Mushigihara just overpowers the champion.

Angus:

That's two hundred and sixty pounds of man he just threw around like a toy!

[Mushi stands his ground as he waits for Eugene to get to his feet again. Surprisingly though, Dewey looks to tie up for a third time. Mushi accepts, after all, the first two went so well for him, but when he extends his arms Eugene jabs a quick thumb out and stick it right in the eye area of Mushi's mask.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

I don't care how big you are, the eyes are a glaring weak spot.

DDK:

Pun intended?

Angus:

What pun?

DDK:

Nevermind.

[Eugene takes advantage of the thumb to the eye instantly and goes behind on Mushi. He brings an arm up between the God Beast's thighs and rolls him up with a school boy!]

[ONE!]

[T-Mushigihara kicks out at one!]

DDK:

It's gonna take a lot more than that to keep Mushi down!

[Mushi rolls slowly onto all fours as Eugene gets straight back to his feet. It's not often Dewey has the speed advantage in the ring, but he uses it to its fullest as he lays boot after boot into the arms, shoulders and back of Mushi. The God-Beast seemingly doesn't feel the barrage though and continues unabated up to his feet. Before standing up though Mushi buries his head into Dewey's breadbasket and with both hands shoves him back into the corner. Dewey hits the turnbuckles hard, but the real pain comes when Mushi charges in a squashes him with an Avalanche Splash!]

DDK:

Mushi didn't get a whole load of momentum on that splash, but when you're the size that he is that doesn't really matter.

[Dewey stumbles out of the corner and into the waiting arms of Mushigihara, who lifts the FIST up before dropping him down across his knee with a Manhattan Drop. Eugene stands on the spot clutching at his... ahem... inner thigh region when Mushigihara winds up a huge clothesline that LEVELS the champ!]

DDK:

The FIST of DEFIANCE is REALLY having a rough go of things in the early-going, and Mushi is just having his way! Mushi now DRAGGING him to the center of the ring...

Mushigihara:

OSU!

[STOMP!]

Mushigihara:

OSU!

[STOMP!]

[The God-Beast lumbers about, circling the FIST and laying boots into him, as Eddie Dante laughs in delight, calling out to Eugene Dewey as he squirms with each stomp.]

Angus:

Man, Dewey's REALLY in a bad way...

DDK:

Didn't I just say that?

[Mushi looks to the crowd, who responds with a mixed reaction, before bouncing off the nearby ropes and, with a mighty leap...

OOOOOOOOOOOH!

CRASH!

[And he crashes into the mat with a Senton after the FIST rolls out of the way!]

DDK:

That could have spelt the end for Eugene right there, but the Champ managed to avoid the contact!

Angus:

He'd have been nothing more than a greasespot on the canvas.

[Eugene rolls to his front and scrambles to get back to his feet as Mushigihara lumbers up to his. Both meet in the middle of the ring and Eugene is the first to throw a European uppercut that connects with Mushi's chest. Another European uppercut catches Mushi under the chin, and a third gets thrown for good measure. With Mushi suitably stunned Dewey hits the ropes and comes back with a clothesline that knocks the God-Beast back a step, but doesn't take him down.]

DDK:

Eugene's trying to get the big man off of his feet!

Angus:

Keep at him, Champ!

[Off the ropes goes Eugene again and he connects with another clothesline. The connection unsteadies Mushi even more and he swings his arms to stay upright as Eugene hits the ropes a third time. He comes back and jumps at Mushi, but The God-Beast steadies himself and catches the FIST with both arm wrapped around his diaphragm area!]

DDK:

NO! Mushi catches him! He's applying the squeeze now!

Angus:

Oh Jesus, Dewey's gonna pop like a giant pimple! Someone bring me a poncho!

[But Mushi's squeeze doesn't last long before...]

DDK:

And he drives him into the mat with a Bearhug suplex!

Angus:

Mushi just threw Dewey around like the man-child that he used to be.

DDK:

What?

Angus:

I dunno, it's difficult to do my schtick when there's two guys in the ring that I like.

[As soon as he hits the mat Eugene rolls to the outside where he walks around with his hands on his hips and does his best to ignore the baying crowd around him.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Eugene angrily waves off the fans and turns back to Mushigihara, who stands tall in the middle of the ring. Dewey contemplates getting back in the ring, but then backs off and removes his thigh from the apron.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

What happened to this guy, Angus? A couple of months ago Eugene wouldn't have thought twice about getting back in there with Mushigihara.

Angus:

He's being smart, Keebs. I don't see you rushing headlong down there to fight Mushigihara. He gets mad props from me for just being in there!

DDK:

He's supposed to be the champion, but he's running away like a scared puppy!

Angus:

He's just taking a breather!

[Mushigihara heads for the ropes, which Eugene takes immediate exception to and orders Hector Navarro to stop Mushi's advancement. To his credit Hector does, but it's probably Eddie Dante that Mushi listens to most as he calls for Mushi to leave Eugene be. Dante then turns his attention to the FIST and starts arguing with him. Dewey can't ignore the Curator of Chaos like he can the fans, and immediately gives as good as he gets back.]

DDK:

And now this has devolved into a war of words on the outside!

Angus:

Oh Jesus, look out Eugene!

[With the attentions of Hector and Eugene both drawn to Eddie Dante, Mushigihara finds the perfect opportunity to reach over the top rope and grab a handful of ginger afro. He heaves Eugene up onto the apron and pulls back a left hand, but Eugene throws a forearm that connects with Mushi's jaw before he can throw the punch. Eugene follows up by thrusting a shoulder through the ropes and into the midsection of Mushigihara. With the God-Beast stunned momentarily Dewey grabs his head and pulls him through the ropes so that he can lift a knee into Mushi's face.]

Angus:

That knee might have just broken his nose. It's a good job Mushi's wearing a mask.

DDK:

Why's that?

Angus:

Call me weird, but I don't feel much like seeing fuck ton of blood right now.

[Not skipping a beat Dewey re-enters the ring and grabs a hold of Mushi, maneuvering him into the corner as quickly as possible. Dewey drives another couple of shoulders into Mushi's midsection before grabbing him by the arm and whips him across the ring. Mushi doesn't go though and reverses the whip, sending Eugene into the opposite corner instead. Mushi charges in straight away and looks for another splash!]

DDK:

If he hits this one!

Angus:

No!

[But Dewey moves out of the way and Mushi collides with the turnbuckle. Dewey backs off slightly from The God-Beasy and waits for him to stumble out of the corner. When he turns Eugene scoops up the big man!]

Angus:

What power!

CRASH!

DDK:

What power?

[And falls backwards under the weight of Mushigihara. Mushi lands on the FIST in a cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[NO! Eugene gets a shoulder up!]

DDK:

Dewey just couldn't slam Mushi!

Angus:

Mushi's a big, bulky behemoth. That weight he's got is all concentrated into one area, it's not spread out across seven feet of him.

DDK:

What are you talking about?

Angus:

I'm just...

DDK:

Just making excuses. I know.

[Mushi gets back to his feet and stands over Eugene. He bends down and wraps both hands around the FIST's throat and chokes him for a second against the mat before hoisting the champion up into the air!]

DDK:

THERE'S some power, Angus!

Angus:

Blah blah blah!

[The God-Beast holds Eugene in the air for a moment before driving him into the canvas with a two handed chokeslam! Mushi crawls over Dewey for another cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

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

[Unperturbed by the kickout, Mushigihara grabs Eugene by the hair and drags him up to his feet again and in one fluid motion throws the FIST up over his shoulder. Mushi charges towards the corner and throws Eugene off into a snake eyes! Mushi turns quickly and hits the ropes on the other side of the ring before coming back and lifts a big boot towards the FIST's face!]

DDK:

NO! Eugene avoid the contact... and now he comes off the ropes

Angus:

MUTHAFUCKIN' POUNCE MUTHAFUCKA!

[Dewey rebounds off the ropes and collides with Mushi with a HUGE Biotic Charge that knocks The God Beast down to the mat and sends him rolling to the outside. Mushi ends up on his feet on the outside though, and clutches at his ribs as he walks over to the barricade and rests against it for a moment.]

DDK:

I think that Biotic Charge just winded the God-Beast!

Angus:

I think that move is fucking awesome.

[Eugene doesn't waste any time and steps through the ropes and out to the apron. The FIST looks pained, but he doesn't let it hamper him as when Mushi turns around he charges along the apron and leaps off with a cannonball!]

Angus:

Everybody in the pool!

DDK:

Are you intentionally trying to create a catchphrase for each of Dewey's signature moves?

Angus:

...No?

[Dewey pops back up to his feet and grabs Mushi by the mask. He doesn't let the God-Beast stay down for long as he heaves him up and pushes him back into the ring.]

DDK:

Dewey's not wasting any time now.

Angus:

Well look at the time, he's only got three or four more minutes before the time limit runs out.

[Dewey slides into the ring and covers Mushi!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[No! Mushi kicks out!]

DDK:

Still not enough to keep Mushigihara down.

[Dewey grabs Mushi's mask again and rains down right hand after right hand to the forehead of The God-Beast. Hector Navarro warns the FIST about the closed fists, but he doesn't listen. Before Navarro reaches a five count though Dewey ceases with the strikes and pulls Mushi up to his feet. Eugene drives Mushi back into the corner and continues with the right hands. Finally Hector puts himself between Dewey and Mushi and forces the FIST to back off and give Mushi a moment to recover.]

Angus:

What's Hector doing? Dewey's trying to take the fight to Mushi and he's stopping it!

DDK:

Well for one, Mushi's against the ropes. You can't just keep punching someone when they're holding onto the ropes.

[Mushigihara tries to regain some kind of composure in the corner, but that's ended when Eugene, ignoring Hector Navarro's instructions to back off, charges back in with an avalanche splash of his own!]

DDK:

I get that there's the urgency for Dewey now, but Navarro needs to get him under control!

Angus:

He's fine!

[Dewey charges out of the corner and hits the opposite ropes before coming back with a running butt bump which sandwiches Mushi's head between the turnbuckle and the FIST's posterior. Dewey grabs one of Mushi's legs and drags him away from the corner before dropping into a cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-NO! Mushi kicks out!]

[Dewey pounds on the mat three times and stares at Hector with a look of disbelief on his face. Navarro assures Eugene that it was only a two count and continues with his duties, leaving Dewey to have to return to Mushigihara.]

DDK:

Frustrations seem to be sinking in for Dewey now, and he needs to be careful with them. He doesn't want a repeat of what happened against Lindsay Troy.

Angus:

Don't mention her in the presence of the FIST!

[Dewey pulls Mushi up to his feet and steadies The God Beast before running for the ropes.]

DDK:

Is he looking for another pou-OOH!

[But Mushi comes alive and charges in at the FIST, lifting a knee into Eugene's midsection just as he turns to hit the ropes. Mushigihara pulls Dewey away from the ropes and scoops him up before dropping him down across his knee with a rib breaker! Mushi then adjusts Eugene's position and charges him towards the corner of the ring, but before Mushi can throw Eugene into the turnbuckle the FIST hooks The God-Beast's head and drives him down into the mat with a DDT!]

Angus:

What a reversal from the champ!

DDK:

I'll give him that, it was impressive.

[Eugene shoots the half and covers Mushi!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-Mushi gets a shoulder up again!]

[This time there's no frustrations on show, after all, there's no time for it, not with only a couple of minutes left of the time limit. Dewey pulls Mushi up and signals for the end with a throat slice. He hooks Mushi's arm over his head and hooks The God-Beast up for...]

DDK:

He couldn't...

Angus:

Is Dewey going to try and suplex Mushigihara!?

DDK:

No...

[Eugene pops his hips and lifts Mushi!]

[...]

[But Mushi kicks out and falls back down to his feet. The God-Beast delivers a hard right hand to the midsection of Dewey to break his hold and grabs him by the throat before lifting in a Gorilla press!]

DDK:

There's still life in Mushigihara yet!

[Mushi holds the FIST high over head, but before he can drop him with his usual slam Eugene sticks a hand into the God-Beast's face and rakes his eyes. Mushi drops the champion, who lands on his feet behind the big man. Dewey grabs Mushi by the wrist and buries his head into his ribcage before lifting all three hundred and seventeen pounds of Mushigihara with an angle slam!]

DDK:

OH MY GOD! I think the arena just shook!

Angus:

That's it! Cover him Eugene!

DDK:

He's not going for it though... he's poised after that... that...

Angus:

Google-plex!

DDK:

What?

Angus:

Well... he's a nerd... and Google is a computer thing... and a googleplex is a number... and nerds like numbers... I dunno, it just sounds cool, OK?

[Slowly Mushigihara gets back to his feet. On the outside of the ring Eddie Dante yells at his client not to turn around, but Mushi is on dream street and either doesn't hear or doesn't understand. He turns around to receive a fist right on the butt of his jaw!]

[SHORYUKEN!]

[Mushi crumbles to the mat and the FIST crawls over him for the cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THREE!!!]

Ding Ding Ding



Quimbey:

Here is your winner, the FIST of DEFIANCE, EUGENE DEWEY!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

I'm Rubber, You're Glue

[Eugene rolls off of Mushigihara and raises his hands into the air as the fans rain down their jeers. Hector Navarro grabs Dewey's hand and holds it up but the FIST pulls his arm away and tells Hector, in no uncertain terms, to back off.]

DDK:

There's our winner, Angus, the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Angus:

And in the last minute as well.

DDK:

Mushi took Dewey to the limit tonight, but the FIST proved to be just too much for the God-Beast on this occasion.

[Eugene stands up and heads over to the corner of the ring closest to the time keepers area and demands a microphone. Of course nobody out there is going to argue with the FIST, and so he's handed one pretty quickly. They also pass him his FIST of DEFIANCE which he instantly drapes over his shoulder before heading back into the middle of the ring.]

Eugene Dewey:

I told you! I told all of you!

[Dewey points out at the crowd who respond in probably the only way they know how to Eugene these days.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Eugene Dewey:

First Henry Keyes, now Mushigihara! That's four points for me, and it's all tied up at the top of the table!

DDK:

Of course Eugene is referring to Lindsay Troy there, who's also on four points, but remember folks, she does have a match in hand over Dewey.

Angus:

Would you shut up? The FIST is talking.

Eugene Dewey:

"So what's next?", I hear you ask. Well I'll tell you. Next is a one on one match against a man who I have the utmost respect for, and a man who I hold in the highest regard.

[The majority, if not all, of the fans in attendance know exactly who Eugene is referring to, and start to shout his name.]

BOXER!

Eugene Dewey:

That's right. My next match will be against Bronson Box.

RAHHHHHHH-BOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

That's gonna be an interesting one, Angus. And you can tell by the crowd reaction that it's one they do and don't want to see.

Eugene Dewey:

People have been asking me ever since the bracket drawing, 'What's gonna happen when you face Bronson Box?', and the answer to that is simple. When Bronson and I step into this ring together you will see a contest fought between the two very best DEFIANCE has to offer. There will be no tactics. There will be no forfeits. There will be no questions. There will be only one winner.

[The fans have no idea how to react to that. Half of them want to cheer Dewey's words, the other half want to shit on every single thing that comes from the FIST's mouth, and so they give another resounding...]

RAHHHHHHH-BOOOOOOOOO!

Eugene Dewey:

Bronson, you know I have nothing but respect for everything you've done and continue to do for DEFIANCE, but when you look at our history, I have the advantage. I've defeated you in tag matches, in triple threats, and in one on one contests I lead you two to one. You might be great, Bronson, but next week I will prove to you that I am greater.

OOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

Strong words from Eugene there.

Angus:

Seriously, what the hell is going on between him and Box? I thought they were friends, but he's lording previous victories over him like some kind of enemy.

Eugene Dewey:

And I know that I'm greater because I hold this...

[Dewey lifts the FIST from his shoulder and holds it high in the air.]

Eugene Dewey:

Four hundred and seventy one days ago I defeated you for this title, and I've held it ever since... I have proved for almost a year and a half that I am the best DEFIANCE has to offer, and I'll further cement that by winning this DEF*MAX tournament. The only thing is, I have to beat you to get to the final.

DDK:

Thanks to a loss to-

Angus:

Don't say it!

DDK:

Lindsay Troy.

Angus:

He said it.

Eugene Dewey:

But it wasn't just you that I defeated four hundred and seventy one days ago, was it Bronson? No, I beat someone else that night... Someone that has just recently decided to start running his mouth again...

[And the fans know exactly who he's referring to here as well.]

Eugene Dewey:

That's right, I beat Dan Ryan in the same god damned match to **EARN** the title. Then I beat Dan Ryan in a steel cage to **retain** this title... It doesn't matter if I don't impress you, Dan, because the feeling is more than mutual.

OOOOOOOOOOH

Eugene Dewey:

If you're right when you say you invented the game that I'm playing then you obviously need to take a closer look, because I've modded the crap out of it since you and I last stepped in the ring together. You're still driving around Los Santos thinking it's awesome that you can give Franklin cornrows and take Chop for a walk. Meanwhile I'm a god-damn pigeon shooting cars with other cars!

Eugene Dewey:

The names of our games might be the same, Dan, but when you compare what we're playing, they're nothing alike. You're vanilla. I'm Karamel Sutra. You're a console peasant, I'm PC master race. You're old. I'm young. You're the past...

[Eugene smiles smugly.]

Eugene Dewey:

I'm the future.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Eugene Dewey:

I don't know what makes you think you're suddenly in the running for a shot at my title, because you weren't good enough to take it from me over a year ago, and you've done nothing since then to warrant another shot. And before you ask, no, you can't take the fluke win by your sister in law and try and pass that off as your own accomplishment.

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[That pop was obviously for the mere mention of Lindsay Troy.]

[Obviously.]

Eugene Dewey:

You know, like you tried to use my accomplishments to make those brief couple of months you held the FIST to look less pathetic than they were.

OOOOOOOOOOH!

Eugene Dewey:

I'm done with you, Dan.... and I have been for the last four hundred and seventy one days...

[Dewey fixes the hard camera with a stare and tilts his head.]

Eugene Dewey:

You need to get that through your thick skull.

[Mic drop.]

[Dark Lord Bowser.]

DDK:

Hooooo, strong, strong words from Eugene Dewey there. He can claim he's done with Dan Ryan, but the Ego-Buster certainly seems to have ruffled some feathers, doesn't he?

Angus:

Dan had words for Eugene, Eugene had words for Dan. It's understandable.

DDK:

But David Noble had words for Eugene a couple of weeks ago as well, and Dewey doesn't seem to have been too fussed by them. Do you think Dan's connection with Lindsay Troy might have been why Eugene has paid special attention to his words?

Angus:

I think you're grasping at straws there, Keeps.

DDK:

I don't think it's too far fetched. But I guess only time will tell if Eugene is truly 'done' with Dan Ryan.

Hey, I'm Still a Fan.

DDK:

What a night DEF TV episode 50 is turning out to be! We still got Bronson Box versus Henry Keyes in Block A and in the main event in block B, Frankie Holiday will look to once again hold DEFIANCE Gold as he attempts to dethrone current Southern Heritage Champion David Noble in a Ladder Match!

Angus:

I told you during the break I saw a former DEFIANT at ringside, and I finally got Lance Warner to stop hitting on these ring rats long enough to find him. Lance you there?

[Camera shifts to Lance Warner with this evening's guest.]

Lance Warner:

I am Angus, and sitting ringside tonight for DEF TV 50 is one third of the former Trios Champions and current MMA World Champion, "The H.N.I.C." Sam Horry!

[Sam steps to Lance at the guardrail, with his agent, Elisabeth "Jeanie" Rivera-Horry, wearing a pair of dark blue jeans, a black t-shirt and black blazer. The MMA marks began a soft "Horry" chant. Sam shook his hand.]

Lance Warner:

Long time no see, Sam.

Sam Horry:

Yeah, my training camp is over, and its fight night this weekend on pay-per-view, but this DEF*MAX tournament, Lance. This is the most intense tournament in sports today. I had to get myself a front row view of the action nah'mean?

Lance Warner:

I certainly do. Is it enough intensity to bring you back to the rings of DEFIANCE?

[The crowd pops as Sam gives a slight smile. He turns towards Jeanie, then back to Lance.]

Sam Horry:

You're gonna get me in trouble homie. Hey, I'm still a fan; but you know what they say in this business: "Never Say Never."

Lance Warner:

Okay Sam, million dollar question: Who you do you have going to the Tournament Finals?

Sam Horry:

Well because she's hot both in this tournament and out of it, I got Lindsay Troy headin' into the finals against the man who I think is gonna win the Ladder Match and Southern Heritage Championship: Frank Holiday.

[Loud audible boos at Frank Holiday's name]

Lance Warner:

This is definitely Noble country here, Sam.

Sam Horry: (laughing)

Yeah, I see.

Lance Warner:

So who do you have winning the whole tournament?

Sam Horry:

A picture's worth a thousand words. Camera man...

[Sam opens up his black blazer revealing the lettering on the t-shirt which reveal the twitter handle:
@#HailTheQueenLT]

Sam Horry:

All Hail the Queen, baby!

Lance Warner:

Sam I wanna thank you for your time. Good luck in your title defense against DeShawn "One, Two" Jenkins, on ESEN pay-per-view this weekend.

Sam Horry:

Thanks, Lance.

Stay in Here

[We cut from the view of Eugene Dewey to the backstage area where we see the man who just lost a match to the FIST, Mushigihara.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Next to him stands Eddie Dante, not pleased with the results of the match as Mushigihara found himself on the other end of another loss after the previous show's loss to Lindsay Troy. The look on Mushigihara tells the same exact story; a pissed off monster who wants nothing more than to destroy someone.]

Eddie Dante:

You have **got** to focus out there! That's two big matches, two monumental matches, that you let slip through your hands. You are bigger and better than that! You should have eaten both of them for **BREAKFAST**! You are a **MONSTER! A BEAST!**

[Eddie looks over at Mushigihara, fury radiating off of his face.]

Mushigihara:

Osu.

Eddie Dante:

I know those are two of the **TOP** in this business, but that was your chance to show the **WORLD** what you are all ab--

CRACK!

[Before Eddie can finish his statement though, a thundering chair shot rings through the hallway! As Eddie looks at Mushigihara, he sees a look of pain and irritation in his face. Behind him stands none other than the Southern Heritage Champion, holding a now-dented steel chair.]

David Noble:

Sorry, didn't mean to cut you off in the middle of your **ROUSING** speech, Eddie, but...

[Noble then winds the chair back once again and slams it as hard as he can across the back of the God-Beast, who stumbles a few steps forward from the shot. As he turns towards Noble, David cracks the thing over his head. Mushi drops to both knees as Noble drops the chair and starts walloping at the giant skull of the man who has abused him for weeks now.]

Eddie Dante:

STOP THIS RIGHT NOW!

[Noble then connects with a superkick to the jaw of Eddie Dante, sending him slumping down a nearby wall. David turns his attention to the rising Mushigihara and grabs the back of his head before connecting with a series of crushing knee strikes to the face! With Mushigihara stunned, Noble pushes him into a nearby door before connecting with a roundhouse kick! Mushigihara goes stumbling into the room.]

David Noble:

Stay in there.

[Noble then turns his attention to a stunned Eddie Dante and grabs him by the back of his shirt into the room that Mushigihara is in, slowly getting to his feet. David tosses Eddie at Mushigihara to keep him occupied for another moment.]

David Noble:

Now you two just hang out or something. Don't need you getting in the middle of my match tonight.

[Noble then slams the door shut before he reaches down to the ground and grabs a long steel chain, As he tugs on the chain, it is revealed to be attached to the opposite wall. Noble then proceeds to wrap it around the door handle, ensuring that Mushigihara is locked in the room until David says he can exit.]

David Noble:

That should do the trick.

[Noble then claps his hands together as he admires his handy work.]

David Noble:

Man, Kelly is **NOT** going to be happy with this.

[Noble then walks away with a smile on his face, looking forward towards his upcoming match with Frank Holiday.]

Gimmick Infringement

[We're directly backstage, right behind the entrance curtain. Henry Keyes is hopping from foot to foot throwing a few long punches, stretching out his shoulders. Uncharacteristically ignoring the camera two feet from his face The Airship Pirate is obviously focused for what some are calling one of his biggest matches in DEFIANCE to date. He's standing far enough away from the line of producers and production assistants and road agents to escape the clamor and focus.]

[Until one voice cuts through the din and a very familiar bald mustachioed head pops up over Keyes' shoulder. To Henry's credit, he hears the reaction from the crowd and without a glance figures out who's behind him.]

Keyes:

Wishing me luck before we go out there and lock up, Box?

[The Wargod stands there holding the ends of a white towel draped over his shoulders. A placid look on his face, a far cry from the wild eyed expression he wore at the top of the show. He takes a moment to look DEFIANCE's resident steampunk superstar up and down. Taking in every single inch of him, head to toe.]

Boxer:

Just trying to figure out what it is you're trying to accomplish with all of... [looking at the goggles, the leather bracers, the suspenders] this.

[Henry turns to look at his opponent in the eye. The Airship Pirate doesn't flinch.]

Keyes:

Aren't you and Eugene always going on about how you were judged on appearance alone when you sewed your oats here? Seems a little hypocritical to me, my friend.

[Bronson takes a quick aggressive step towards Keyes, causing the young man to bow back and close his fists, his mouth tightening. Box just smiles at the reaction, licking his lips in complete satisfaction.]

Boxer:

Theeeeere we go, lad. That's the attitude I want.

[Leaning in closer. His voice low.]

Boxer:

You've been here a while Mr. Keyes. Shown some scant glimmers of what some might call gumption. Gumption you'll need because what I'm about to bring down upon your head, boy'o? Nasty nasty stuff. We're going to test the man under all this gimmickry tonight and we're all going to see if Henry Keyes truly belongs here.

[Box tries to snap Henry's suspenders. Keyes is still unphased, unbothered. Simply brushing The Wargod's hand away with a smile. Henry looks down at the slightly shorter Wargod.]

Keyes:

You know, Box, a funny thing happened when I first stepped through DEFIANCE's doors those many months ago. The folks here took a look at me, looked me up and down, and thought I looked a little familiar...and then they decided that I might just be the next you...

[Keyes gives Bronson a stern eye and leans in ever so slightly.]

Keyes:

Maybe you heard that, eh? And maybe you're so very interested in getting in my head and seeing "whether I belong" and all your other tough-man drivel for one simple reason...

[A helicopter whirr echoes throughout the arena and the fans begin to cheer. As the first few notes of "Airship Pirates" by Abney Park blare out, Keyes gives a slight grin.]

Keyes:

You're scared I'll take your spot.

[Bronson snarls and looks ready to deck Henry then and there for the insult, but before they come to blows Box forces himself to recoil.]

Boxer:

I guess we'll be able to test that hypothesis here in a moment... won't we?

[The two men silently stare for a moment, the tension so thick several nobodies wearing headsets stop what they're doing and watch the two men cautiously. Like flipping a switch The Original DEFIANT grins, bows slightly and motions down the entrance tunnel with both hands.]

Boxer:

After you, boy'o.

[Keyes grins right back, unphased.]

Keyes:

Youth before experience?

[Boxer tilts his head a curious sneer as Airship Pirate's entrance starts up out in the arena.]

Boxer:

Something like that, lad...

[Keyes turns on his heels, unconcerned and starts off towards the sound of the roaring crowd out in the arena. Box watches him go, muttering quietly to himself.]

Boxer:

Something like that.

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

[We're a decent amount into Keyes' entrance theme at this point; we shift to the ringside camera as Henry Keyes breaks through the curtain to a steady ovation. Red beacons of light swirl throughout the Wrestle-Plex as the hunch-strut that has become a trademark of Henry Keyes comes into full effect.]

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 POUUUUUNDS...THE AIRSHIP PIRATE! Henryyyyyyy KEYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYES!

DDK:

Whoa. That TENSION between Keyes and Bronson Box just now, Angus - your thoughts?

Angus:

I dunno, Keebs. Few things turn me from 6 to 12 quite like the Bell Clap. But...you gotta wonder if this gingery sonofabitch knows what he's really getting into here.

DDK:

He certainly carried himself like a man unafraid.

Angus:

Too dumb to be scared, Keebs? Or wily as a steampunk fox...a SteamFox. A FoxPunk.

DDK:

Only one way to find out.

[Just as Keyes backs into the nearest turnbuckle the lights all start to go off, so when the big overhead lights overhead finally go out the Wrestle-Plex is bathed in complete darkness. That quiet whistling wind starts and is almost immediately drowned out by the raucous reaction from the fans. The arena is so loud we barely register when the drums kick in and the man in black starts to croon.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

The faithful don't strike me as the most forgiving bunch, Angus. Have you made up your mind on The Wargod yet, by the way?

Angus:

Yeah, best I can still do is "he's a piece of shit, but at least he's our piece of shit."

[Angus Skaaland's words disappear into the absolutely quadrupled in volume reaction from the faithful when the lights pop back on and the see Bronson Box already standing on the ring apron in his brand **NEW** entrance robe. A long silk boxer style robe in a deep gold with bright white trim. It's what's on the back of the robe that causes the stir.]

DDK:

Is that... ? Oh, give me a break.

[In big bold black and yellow letters, big as life. **UTA.**]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Yeah, nevermind. I take all that back. He's **just** a piece of shit.

DDK:

In case you haven't been around, well, the internet lately, our very own...

Angus:

Oh fuck him and fuck them, they know how to use Google.

DDK:

Well lets just say he's broadening his career horizons.

Angus:

The whole situation stinks of Jane Katze.

[Having had quite enough of that, Henry Keyes catches The Scotsman with a stiff high angle dropkick that sends Bronson sprawling off the apron chest first hard across the guardrail. He's not wearing his pretty new robe for long as the front row faithful immediately start pulling and clawing at his back trying to rip from his torso. He manages to free himself with an infuriated twirl leaving the robe to the mob, putting his mustachioed mug about an inch from the shit eating grin of the "fan" being handed his robe by the mob of neckbeards and black t-shirts..]

FUCK HIM UP EEEERIC! FUCK HIM UP! *stomp stomp*

FUCK HIM UP EEEERIC! FUCK HIM UP! *stomp stomp*

FUCK HIM UP EEEERIC! FUCK HIM UP! *stomp stomp*

Angus:

DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA' BAWS!

DDK:

Ladies and gents I... I'm not sure what to say here, quite honestly. Eric Dane is here as a fan, even though he's the owner of the company. Due to the... well, mess surrounding Edward White and his departure from law abiding society Eric Dane has been barred...

Angus:

For now.

DDK:

Barred, for now, from performing in any capacity on DEFIANCE television.

Angus:

You honestly think he'd miss the fiftieth episode of DEFtv? Those lawyers would need gorram flame throwers to keep Da' Baws away tonight.

[Bronson lurches backwards out of pure instinct. Even with a guardrail between them he wants away from Eric Dane. He doesn't get far however as he bumps into the chest of his opponent Henry Keyes, now standing with his arms crossed and a shit eating grin of his own spread across his face. Bronson whips around like a cornered animal.]

Angus:

Watch your back, ya' prick.

[Seeing as he's technically here as a "fan" security immediately step between the concerned parties. With security firmly between them an emboldened Boxer starts jawing with Dane. The two eventually start having a very heated, very brief conversation.]

DDK:

Did the camera pick up any of that? I wish we could...

Angus:

Shhh. I'm already texting Eric, shut up.

[Henry Keyes looks over Bronson's shoulder. Dane picks up his voice and gives Keyes the go ahead.]

Dane:

Have at him, kid. Hollis and I are gunna' chat later.

[The Only Star looks Bronson up and down derisively.]

Dane:

Off the clock.

[Bronson pushes against the wall of DEFsec meatheads, silently sneering at Dane through the throng like a dog at a juicy steak in a shop window. The Airship Pirate decides not to waste this momentary shift in his opponent's focus, stepping up onto the ring steps and in one smooth movement leaps off and planting Bronson with a crisp tornado DDT. The DEFsec meatheads scattering and falling over themselves getting out of the way.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Keyes gives the man who signs his paychecks a smile and a nod before rolling under the bottom rope, crouching down and waiting for Boxer to shake it off before motioning for him to join him. Once on his feet, before making his way back up the ring steps, Box turns and spits down at the floor exchanging an icy look with Dane.]

Angus:

Stupid fuckin' move. Keyes is giving him the chance to get his wind back after that sick DDT. He should have crotched him and tossed him into the crowd, boom, countout. W is a W, Keebler.

DDK:

Is it beyond your comprehension that Keyes might want a clean pinfall over a DEFIANCE original like Bronson instead of some cheap countout victory?

Angus:

W. Is a fuckin' W.

DDK:

Moving on.

[Bronson makes his way up the ring steps making his now very foul mood evident with every heavy step. He quickly whips under the top rope and sidesteps into the ring making a quick half circle, feining at picking Keyes ankle; Keyes deftly side stepping Boxer's lunge. Bronson crouches down and sloooooowly raises his hand, wiggling his fingers.]

Angus:

TEST OF STRENGTH, KEEBS!

DDK:

Going with the most effective tool in his bag of tricks to start things off, brute strength.

Angus:

From what I hear Keyes is no slouch in the gym either, Keebs.

DDK:

Vintage Victorian muscle squaring off right here on DEFIANCEtv, folks!

[Keyes inches carefully towards Bronson and slowly interlaces fingers with the Scotsman. One hand then the other,

immediately both men lean into one another's shoulder with every muscle in their bodies vying for an upper hand. And after a few moments of sweaty deadlocked grunting, Keyes manages to leeeeeean Boxer back just a little.]

DDK:

What strength from The Airship Pirate!

[The top of Boxer's waxed dome is almost touching the canvas when we see all the muscles in his legs, arms and back tense up and Keyes arms start to shake ever so slightly.]

Angus:

Don't count those chicks just yet Keebler, look!

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, the strength training regimen of Bronson Box is the stuff of legend in the DEFIANCE locker room. Some of his routines have actually been incorporated into the training here at the Wrestle-Plex.

Angus:

Weeds out the weaklings reeeeeeeal quick. It's also just fun to see the little bastards puke their guts up too.

[His face beet red, Bronson battles back and breaks Henry's grip with a swipe of his tree-like arms...arms he then wraps tightly around Keyes, hoisting the younger challenger up and over with a brutal belly to belly suplex. The two men grapple for position, Box eventually locking his opponent in a tiiiight side headlock.]

Angus:

So last we see him he's throwin' fists with The God-Beast in a brutal brawl, not a wrestling move to be found. Now he's Lou Thesz.

DDK:

With the way he carries on and the things that come out of his mouth it's easy to forget Bronson can more than hold his own on the mat in a catch-as-catch-can environment.

Angus:

He can grapple better than most, he just prefers dropping people on their heads.

[Keyes struggles valiantly in the simple but effective hold, scratching and clawing desperately for the ropes. His fingers almost brush the middle rope when Box quickly kicks his hand out of the way and pushes back against the rope with his foot using the momentum to roll with the hold still locked in tight back towards the center of the ring with Keyes.]

DDK:

Some deft ring generalmanship from Boxer there.

Angus:

Henry better find a way out of this before he discovers a new shade of blue...wait, "generalmanship"?

[Keyes shifts his weight and manages to get to his knees, relieving some of the pressure. With some newfound wiggle room Keyes gets his arms down under Boxer's armpits and actually manages to maneuver Box into a tight front chancery.]

DDK:

Here comes Henry Keyes!

[His grip wasn't quite as tight as he'd hoped, allowing for Bronson to leverage underneath Keyes and simply hoist The Airship Pirate up onto his shoulder and brutally run him back first into the nearest turnbuckle. Boxer drives Keyes down into a sitting position with several stiff closed fist shots across the brow.]

Angus:

And theeeeeere goes Henry Keyes...

[Bronson rakes the bottom of his boot across Keyes' face several times before simply laying kick after kick down across the side of The Airship Pirate's face. Over and over and over, and Box starts screaming. Louder and louder he screams with every kick. Eventually he breaks off his attack, spinning back towards center ring with his arms out stretched.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Bronson just smiles at the reaction, his back notably turned to his opponent still slumped in the corner.]

DDK:

Box has Keyes on the ropes here, Angus. Literally and figuratively.

Angus:

He's got a rare moment to collect himself, he better take advantage of it and qui...

[Skaaland doesn't even finish his thought before we see Keyes reach up and grab the top rope on either side of him, whipping himself up to his feet with a look of pure adrenaline-fueled determination in his eyes. He holds his hands out and waits for the Scotsman to turn around.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

It works whether he's facing you or not, dummy! BELL CLAP HIM! DO IT NOOOOOOW!

[The crowd all collectively get ready to cheer but are immediately deflated as Keyes' hands simply clap HAAAAAARD into one another. Box rolling away at the last possible second, wagging a finger in Keyes direction with a cocky grin as The Airship Pirate nurses his hands.]

DDK:

He doesn't hold back on that Bell Clap by the way, ladies and gentlemen.

Angus:

Yeah, when he whiffs that puppy it's like he's drop kicking himself in the arms.

DDK:

Physically impossible but somehow an apt description, partner. It always sounds like a WHIP.

[The two men more or less hit the reset button, once again circling one another looking for an opening. The veteran Boxer is the first to strike, clipping Keyes with a series of lightning quick slaps to the sides of his face followed by a nasty European uppercut that staggers the Steampunk Superstar.]

Angus:

Look at the kid shake it off, Keebs!

[Keyes bows back up to Bronson answering with a European uppercut of his own. Box takes a few staggered steps back, but looks up with that look in his eyes. The two men lay into each other, a flurry of arms and brutality. European uppercut after European uppercut, working the crowd into a lather.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

SO MANY GODDAMN EUROPEAN UPPERCUTS THEY'RE ABOUT TO START HANDIN' OUT BELGIAN

WAFFLES AND FREE HEALTHCARE, KEEBS!

[Through sheer will and determination Keyes manages to string together a few more blows than his opponent. Slowly but surely he works Box back into the most convenient turnbuckle.]

KEYES! KEYES! KEYES!

KEYES! KEYES! KEYES!

KEYES! KEYES! KEYES!

Angus:

Sounds like some of the faithful are climbing aboard Keyes zeppelin... or whatever the fuck it is he's supposed to fly around in.

DDK:

It's an Airship, Angus.

Angus:

...

[Accompanied by a guttural roar, Bronson fires back with a hard shove that sends Keyes tumbling back towards center of the ring. The Airship Pirate rebounds and sprints back full force towards The Wargod who deftly loops Keyes' arm, using his own momentum against him laying him out with a MASSIVE one armed side slam.]

DDK:

HUGE move from Bronson there!

[Keyes tries to roll away but is caught by Boxer who drags him limply to dead center stage. Bronson drops down and takes Keyes' back, latching on one of his favorite pet submission moves a classic rear naked choke. He even grapevines Keyes' legs, the Steampunk Superstar caught like a fly in a web.]

Angus:

Damn, look at the veins in Keyes' neck!

[The maneuver is applied with masterful precision, pulled so tight Keyes' eyes look as though they'll bulge right out of his head. He struggles almost in vain against Bronson's thick oaken arms wrapped like pythons around his neck.]

LETS GO KEEEEEEEEYES! LETS GO! *stomp stomp*

LETS GO KEEEEEEEEYES! LETS GO! *stomp stomp*

LETS GO KEEEEEEEEYES! LETS GO! *stomp stomp*

[Even with the full support of the faithful, we see Henry Keyes start to slowly fade.]

Angus:

This is lookin' pretty hopeless, Keebler.

DDK:

Henry Keyes us a fantastic competitor but I guess the Wargod's onslaught was just too much to bear. Referee is checking on Keyes now, let's watch...

[Carla Ferrari kneels down and like Darren said, checks on Keyes to see if he can continue. She gingerly lifts Henry's left arm and lets it drop.]

1...

[The crowd's volume doubles every time she lifts Keyes' arm.]

2...

[Every single person in the arena is on the very edge of their seats, cheering, banging guardrails, ANYTHING to will The Airship Pirate back to his feet.]

LETS GO KEEEEEEEEYES! LETS GO! *stomp stomp*
LETS GO KEEEEEEEEYES! LETS GO! *stomp stomp*
LETS GO KEEEEEEEEYES! LETS GO! *stomp stomp*

3... **NO!**

Angus:
HOLY SHIT! HE'S ALIIIIIIIVE!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Did You Know?

[The Pleasure Dome.]

[The man-servants have been dismissed.]

[There are no shenanigans.]

[Only Kelly Evans and Ty Walker, both wearing worried looks on their faces.]

Evans:

Did you know he was gonna be here?

Walker:

Nope.

Evans:

Are you sure?

[Walker cocks an eyebrow.]

Walker:

Fuck you mean? Did you know?

Evans:

Well, I mean, he said he was gonna be here, but “here” is subjective. His office in the Wrestle-Plex is technically “here.” I didn’t know he planned on making a damned appearance!

[A silence permeates the room momentarily.]

Walker:

What’choo wanna do about it, Kels?

[She bites her lower lip, thinking.]

Evans:

Find him. Make sure he doesn’t do anything Eric Dane-like.

Walker:

Aight.

[Another tense moment passes.]

[Cut.]

Greatness

[From the ring to the backstage area we go, where we see the beautiful and vivacious Christie Zane with a lovely smile on her face.]

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen... please allow me to introduce at this time... the **SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION...**

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[She pauses for a quick moment.]

Christie Zane:

DAVID! NOOOOOOOOOOOOBBLE!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Into the frame steps David Noble, wearing a white t-shirt and with the Southern Heritage Championship draped across his left shoulder. There are still a couple of bruises on his face, but for the most part, he looks happy and has a smile on his face. He looks over at Christie.]

David Noble:

Thanks for having me Christie.

Christie Zane:

Thank you for taking the time right before your BIG championship match, which is coming up next! Over the past two shows, you have talked about the new generation of DEFIANCE that it would appear you are at the head of. What do you make of the reaction from the top tier of DEFIANCE?

David Noble:

Shhhhhhhhh.

[Christie looks perplexed as whips her head around real quick.]

David Noble:

Do you hear that?

Christie Zane:

Hear... what?

David Noble:

That is the reaction the top tier has had since I made my controversial statements at DEFtv48. Pure silence. The likes of Bronson Box, Eugene Dewey, Dan Ryan, and the list goes on and on, has remained absolutely silent. Not a single word. Oh, I see their looks when I pass them in the backstage areas. And you know what I see? Fear. Because they know I speak the truth, because they know that the fans know that I speak the truth. At the end of the day, Christie, they are aware of the one and only goal that is important to me.

Christie Zane:

And what would that be?

David Noble:

Greatness.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

David Noble:

At the end of the day, Christie, I am going to do everything in my power to achieve greatness. That might end up being a number of championships, a series of top-tier matches, or a recognition from these fans that there is none better in that ring every single night.

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

David Noble:

So they sit back there and they are nervous because someone is coming after their spots. I've listened closely to see what the likes of Bronson Box is saying and not once have they decided to talk about it. They think if they ignore it that it will all just be forgotten. The only problem with that is at the end of the day, at this **marquee** show, the new generation is headlining the show in what will be THE match of the tournament.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Some strong words there from Noble as he is talking about the upcoming ladder match!

Angus:

Do you think he is wrong?

DDK:

Not necessarily.

Angus:

Exactly. He has brought it thus far, tonight will be no different.

Christie Zane:

Before we get to your upcoming match, you decided to even the score against Mushigihara earlier tonight and put him out of commission.

[Noble takes a moment as he chuckles.]

David Noble:

Is that what we call it? Getting even? No, Christie. No. Not even. Not even for the two attacks where he came after me when I wasn't ready. Sure, that's what I did to him tonight, but at the end of the day Christie, I have to live with these reminders.

[Noble then lifts up his white shirt to reveal a dark bruise right under chest cavity.]

David Noble:

I've had to live with this pain every single day for the past two weeks. I've felt the pain with every single movement I've made. Christie, I refused medical treatment. I refused medication to help numb the pain. I wanted to remember what that fat motherfucker did to me. I used that as motivation and drive as I went running every single day, hit the gym every single evening, to keep my focus and determination as sharp as ever.

[He then looks over at Christie.]

David Noble:

So no, that score isn't even. It's not even in the same hemisphere as even. I put him in a cage tonight. After I'm done with Frank, I will be turning my attention to Mushigihara and I will remind him why I am the reigning Southern Heritage Champion.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Christie Zane:

Fair enough. Now, your match against Frank Holiday--

David Noble:

In a few minutes, I'm going to step out from behind the curtain and hear the roar of the fans. I will stare into the eyes of a man that I believe is also the future of this business, and we will put on THE match of the year, without question. The path has been long and rocky for both Frank and myself. Tonight, it ends. I am looking forward to squaring off against Frank and to make it a ladder match, for it to be a DEF*MAX match, the stakes have never been higher.

[Noble takes a long, hard look at the camera.]

David Noble:

Frank, I hope you are listening. I hope as you are finishing putting on your tape and having Billy in your ear, that you listen to this. Bring your best. Get ready for the ride of your life. Tonight, we are going to make magic out there and I wouldn't want to have this match with anyone other than you. Rest assured, I will be walking out of here **still** the Southern Heritage Champion. At the end of the day though, we will achieve something together that many dream of. Tonight, we will achieve, greatness.

[Noble then walks out of the frame, leaving Christie Zane all alone.]

Christie Zane:

And there you have it folks, David Noble, the **Southern Heritage Champion**.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DEF*MAX Tournament (Block B) + Southern Heritage Championship Mach: David Noble vs. Frank Holiday

DDK:

And folks, it is now time.

Angus:

Oh I can't wait.

DDK:

Really?

Angus:

Yes, because after tonight, there will be NO MORE FRANK HOLIDAY!

DDK:

And how do you figure that?

Angus:

A birdie told me. Take it away, DQ!

Darren Quimbey:

The following match--

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

I guess these folks are excited!

Angus:

I would say.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match [deep breath] is a DEF*MAX tournament match, for the Southern Heritage Championship, and is a no time limit LADDER MATCH!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

The electricity in here is SOMETHING else!

Angus:

This is as hotly anticipated a match as I can remember in quite some time.

DDK:

That it is. With so much on the line, plus the fact that Holiday and Noble have given us phenomenal matches already this year, every fan in this building KNOWS they are about to see something special.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[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.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

[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"! FRAAAAAAANK! HOLIDAAAAAAAY!!

[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!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

DDK:

And these fans LOVE Holiday!

Angus:

Idiots. The whole lot of them.

[Holiday walks around the ring as he waits for his opponent.]

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

And these fans LOVE Noble as well!

DDK:

That they do!

Darren Quimbey:

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

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

the New erupts into the arena. As the first words come out, David Noble appears from the back, looking ready for a match.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And here he is! Business is about to pick up!

Angus:

You're a fool.

♪ 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. The Southern Heritage Championship, hanging from his shoulder, is displayed proudly as he walked into the ring, his eyes focused on Holiday.]

♪ 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 ♪

[As he enters the ring, both men lock eyes. Noble hands over the title to the referee, who proceeds to hook it to the wire and up it goes.]

DDK:

It's go time.

Angus:

Oh yes it is.

[Both men circle one another in the ring and as they do, every single soul in the Wrestle-Plex is on their feet. Yes, even the disabled. Yes, even babies. Yes, even people with NO legs! Noble, the champion, still shows signs of the beating he took from Mushigihara and Turner at DEFtv49, but even with that it is clear he is in the best shape of his life.]

[Opposite of him, Holiday, the former champion, looks as focused as he has ever looked. No stranger to beatings, he still bears a pink scar on his forehead and scabbed cuts on his face from his battles with Turner and Penn. And yet Holiday as well looks like the fittest he's ever been. Both men know though that by the end of this match, only one of them will remain standing. Regardless of that, they also know that they are about to inflict pure hell and torture upon one another.]

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

HERE WE GO!

Angus:

OH BOY! The fans are BUZZING!

[Neither man wastes any time as they meet in the center of the ring, trading fist after fist! Each shot Noble connects on Holiday sends Frank's head just twisting slightly, but quick as lightning, Holiday sends one right back at David. The

fists continue to pick up speed and intensity, neither man giving an inch. The fans watch as these two warriors stop the match off hot and heavy, the buzzing in the Wrestle-Plex only growing louder and louder.]

Angus:

JAY-SUS! These men are GOING at it!

DDK:

Considering everything, I wouldn't expect anything else! Folks at home, if you are one who loves great wrestling, you are in for a treat! If you are one that loves to watch two men absolutely give their all--

Angus:

OH SHUT IT!

[Holiday's strength starts to come into play as he starts to wear down Noble just enough. David keeps trying to fight back, but the stylistic differences between these two men are starting to show and in this instance, it is Frank who has the advantage. Holiday pushes Noble into the ropes and whips him across the ring! As Noble comes flying back at him, using his speed to his advantage, he leaps in the air and connects with a Lou Thesz Press!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

Noble must have been ten feet in the air there!

DDK:

Not that high, but I get that idea.

Angus:

You best because I'm ready to test out my PIMP hand.

DDK:

I will kick your balls clean off.

Angus:

Fair enough.

[Noble lays into Holiday with each fist, weeks of anger and frustration flooding out of him! He thinks about his match at AfterShock, the attack from Mushigihara after winning the title, his beating from Mushigihara at DEFtv49, and his match against Turner. With those thoughts comes anger and intensity that Holiday does everything he can to block, but to no avail! Eventually, as David just continues to connect with vicious blow after vicious blow, Holiday manages to push Noble away from him.]

DDK:

Noble is letting it ALL out!

Angus:

He said that's what tonight was all about right before he came out here! He wanted to make it clear that this was the battle to end ALL wars!

DDK:

If this doesn't end it, nothing will.

Angus:

Like I've always said. Two words. Strip. Club.

DDK:

No one, and I mean NO ONE, likes your kind of strip clubs.

Angus:

Party pooper.

[Noble is the first one to his feet, waiting like an eagle on a perch, as Holiday fights his back up to his feet. As Frank turns towards Noble, David connects with a superkick to the jaw of Frank that drops the former Southern Heritage Champion onto the mat.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH

Angus:

Oh he got ALL of that one!

DDK:

That he did! Noble is in the driver seat and taking it RIGHT to Frank! And Holiday didn't even see that one coming!

Angus:

Just like all of those women assaulted by Bill Cosby. PUUUUUUUUUUDDING! POP!

DDK:

Classy.

[Instead of heading for the ladder though, Noble continues his assault on Holiday with a series of vicious kicks to the chest cavity of his former friend. With each kick, the intensity only increases on Noble's face until the kicks are so heavy that Frank has no other choice but to roll out of the ring!]

DDK:

And Noble just straight up taking it to Holiday!

Angus:

Smart thinking by Frank to get the hell out of dodge!

DDK:

Looking at Dave though, he doesn't seem to want to give Holiday an inch of space!

[Sure enough, Noble bounces off the ropes and goes for a baseball slide! As Holiday turns around, he sees David coming right for him and manages to wrap his arms around the ankles of David and slings him like cordwood into the ringside barrier!]

CRUNCH!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

And these fans are just going to cheer all night, aren't they?

DDK:

That definitely looks like the case!

Angus:

That's not nauseating at all.

DDK:

Yeah, well, you are a sick individual after all.

[In a complete turnaround from what was occurring moments ago, it is now Holiday's turn to take the beating to Noble as he starts stomping away at him. While Noble's kicks were intense and sharp, Frank is just going for breaking bones and damaging organs due to the sheer power that is housed in those legs of his. Holiday's stomping becomes so powerful that he has to use the barricade to hold himself up as he stomps a mudhole into Noble!]

DDK:

Jesus Chris--

Angus:

Malachi. Just call him Malachi.

DDK:

Shut it. Holiday is doing a NUMBER on Noble here!

Angus:

I'm pretty certain he was dancing all over Noble's chest, probably to the beat of 'Bitch Better Have My Money'!

DDK:

I would just shake my head, but no one would be able to see how much disdain I have for you right now.

[Holiday then makes his way to the edge of the ring before pulling up a portion of the ring apron. He digs under the ring for a moment before he produces a steel chair before turning back towards Noble.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK!

Angus:

Oh HELL!

DDK:

Frank has decided it is time to inflict an extra bit of damage to Noble!

Angus:

That's just not fair.

DDK:

Anything goes in this match.

Angus:

I thought you LIKED Noble?

DDK:

I do, but both of these men are out here to put on a show!

[Frank watches as Dave rises to his feet and as Noble turns towards Holiday, he swings for the fences as if he is David Ortiz going for a Game 7 World Series homerun. The only problem is that Holiday completely whiffs here as Noble manages to move out of the way before impact. Frank turns back towards Noble only for David to catch him with a dropkick that slams the chair back into his face!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

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

DDK:

And Noble turned that right around to his advantage!

Angus:

Serves Frank right for trying to introduce a steel chair!

DDK:

You do know that ladders WILL be used in this match, right?!

Angus:

BLASPHEMOUS!

[Noble grabs Frank by the back of the head and brings him up to a standing base. Noble walks Holiday over to the nearby ring apron before slamming his head into the apron! Holiday's head snaps back from the recoil of the shot and he starts to stumble away from Noble. David hops onto the ring apron as Frank gets close to the ring steps. He then runs along the apron and nails a bulldog to Holiday onto the ring steps!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

CRACK HIS HEAD OPEN!

DDK:

Calm. Down.

Angus:

DO IT! DO IT! DO IT! DO IT! DO IT DO-- AHHHHH! THAT HURT!

DDK:

Told you to calm down.

[With Holiday draped half on the steps with his face pressed to the steel, Noble gets back onto the ring apron and goes for a curbstomp! Frank though has the wherewithal to move out of the way at the last possible second, and Noble's heel jams painfully on bare metal. With Noble stunned and off-balance for a brief moment atop the steps, Holiday reaches up and scoops up David from behind, before hurling him stomach-first across the barricade with an inverted powerslam!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

These two are going BACK AND FORTH with one another!

DDK:

Every time it looks like one of them is about to get the advantage, they quickly put an end to that thought!

Angus:

This match is going to get brutal, isn't it?

DDK:

Yes. I'll tell you when you can look again.

Angus:

Asshat.

[As Noble is left folded over the guardrail like a newspaper -- arms and head hanging limply, legs drooped in a lap of a wide-eyed fan in a Team Danger T-shirt -- Frank grabs one of the ladders at ringside and slides it into the ring.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And the fans in the Wrestle-Plex are going NUTS as the first ladder is being introduced!

Angus:

Get ready for pain, folks!

[Frank begins to set the ladder up and places it in the center of the ring. Holiday looks up and sees the Southern Heritage Championship ready for his taking. He begins to climb it. The fans continue to buzz as Holiday finds himself near the top without any kind of interference from Noble! As he takes another step though, David slides into the ring!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

Noble wasn't down for good!

DDK:

He needs to hurry though before Holiday gets the title!

[Noble storms up the other side of the ladder and greets him at the top before drilling him with a punch that rocks Holiday! Frank slings one back at Noble and before the fans know it, the two men are trading punches back and forth with one another! The fans are all yelling, screaming, chanting, cheering, as the two men are determined to knock the other one off!]

DDK:

If either man falls off the ladder right now, the other man WILL win this match!

Angus:

That's why neither of them are budging an inch!

[Angus is correct as both men, showing the pain from each haymaker, aren't budging at all! Noble connects with another haymaker before stretching his left hand towards the title. As he does, Holiday takes the opening and slams Noble's head into the top of the ladder!]

Angus:

HEY! That was uncalled for!

DDK:

No, no it wasn't.

Angus:

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?!

DDK:

That if you yell one more time, I will stab you in the leg with this knife.

[With that being said, Holiday climbs another step and instead of reaching for the title, he dives over Noble's back, going for a sunset flip powerbomb! Now standing underneath the champ, Frank tries to use his immense strength on Noble, but David holds onto the ladder for dear life! Noble then lets go as Frank yanks at his hardest and David manages to reverse it into a hurricanrana instead!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

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

Angus:

WHAT A REVERSAL!

DDK:

Yes, it was. Oh, and you forgot something.

Angus:

What?

DDK:

This.

Angus:

AHHHHHH! YOU STABBED ME!

DDK:

Just be lucky I missed any vital organs.

[With Holiday on the mat, wondering what the hell just happened, Noble gets back up to his feet and looks out at the crowd to see them ALL on their feet! The feeling sends goosebumps up Dave's arms as he turns his attention to the ladder Holiday had set up. David takes it and and closes it before drilling it into the rib cage of his former friend!]

Angus:

Folks, I'm okay.

DDK:

For now. Anyways, Noble is now using that ladder as a weapon on Frank!

Angus:

What goes around comes around. My boy taught me that.

DDK:

You have no boys.

[Noble then connects with another shot to the rib cage using the ladder. Frank decides now would be a good time to roll out of the ring. As he walks away from the ring, he grabs his ribs. Billy Pepper, lingering in the corner of the ringside area, calls over to ask if he's okay. Noble decides this would be a great time to turn the ladder into a projectile weapon and hurls it at Holiday, sending the former Southern Heritage Champion to the ground with the ladder over him!]

DDK:

And Noble just whipped that ladder at Holiday!

Angus:

You're observant.

DDK:

Look--

Angus:

PLEASE DON'T STAB ME AGA--AHHHHHH!

[With the ladder on top of Holiday and Frank not doing much moving, Noble flies off of the ropes, leaps over the top rope (look MAH, no hands!) and connects with a Senton onto the ladder and Holiday! David quickly rolls off of the ladder, clutching his back in the process while Holiday grabs his ribs, rolling around on the floor in great agony.]

DDK:

And these two men are giving it their all!

Angus:

Holiday is grabbing his ribs, but Noble walked in here with already injured ribs!

DDK:

Both of these men are going to basically destroy their bodies.

Angus:

That is a distinct possibility.

[Noble is the first one to get to his feet, though gingerly, and walks over to Holiday, who is trying to get back up to his feet. David slams his fist into his jaw, which he follows up with a swift knee to the midsection. Noble then puts Frank into a front facelock before lifting Frank up into the air and slamming him rib first across the ringside barrier.]

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

DDK:

A little payback from earlier! But Noble is badly nursing his ribs.

Angus:

Well, if those ribs didn't bother him before, they are REALLY going to bother him now after that reckless dive.

DDK:

And Frank needs to do something fast because David has taken over this match and is taking it right to Holiday.

Angus:

Have you not seen the other three matches between these two? We've got a LONG way to go!

DDK:

Yeah, you're probably right.

[Noble, not wanting to give Holiday an inch, starts clubbing away at the back of Frank, each forearm shot heavier than the last and squarely focused on the lower back of Holiday! Eventually, the shots, that are causing serious damage to Frank, causes Holiday to fall into the crowd. The fans immediately move out of the way as David starts to climb over the railing himself!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

Oh, damn. This is about to get real personal and real brutal.

DDK:

The fans are going to get this action up close and personal! Stay out of the way if you can!

Angus:

Dude, people can't hear you. Get Quimbey on the mic!

DDK:

I don't think that's actually his job, but folks are figuring it out pretty fast on their own!

Angus:

Yeah, that's a smart idea because I don't think these two will give a second thought to anyone getting in their way!

DDK:

For sure.

[As Noble hops over the railing, Holiday is desperately trying to get back up to his feet. David though catches him with a knee to the side of the head! David then grabs a beer from one of the fan and douses Frank in it before slamming the cup across his throat!]

Angus:

Well, it was nice of Dave to give Frank a refreshing beverage!

DDK:

I'm sure Holiday really appreciated being doused in shit beer and then having the cup slammed against his throat like that.

Angus:

HEY! We do not sell shit beer.

DDK:

Oh yes we do.

Angus:

I'm telling Kelly on you.

[Holiday starts to stumble away from Noble, but David starts to follow after him. Noble grabs Frank only to be met with an elbow to the face for his troubles. Holiday then turns around, kicks Noble in the midsection, and then powerbombs him onto a set of chairs that a group of fans were sitting on previously!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

HOLY! SHIT! HOLY! SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Angus:

Noble is BROKEN! He's done!

DDK:

Thank GOD those fans moved out of the way!

Angus:

Oh yeah. Because Frank was going to Train Wreck the Fuck out of them!

DDK:

Yeah, that sounds pretty accurate.

[Frank takes a moment to himself while Noble looks to be fairly demolished in the wreckage of chairs! As Noble tries to fight back to his feet, Holiday quickly puts an end to to that as he grabs him and slams his face into one of the edges of the chairs! With Noble stunned, he yanks David off of the ground and nails him with a release German Suplex onto another set of empty chairs!]

HOLY! SHIT! HOLY! SHIT!

DDK:

Holy shit is right. Noble might have broken a NUMBER of bones there.

Angus:

Yeah, he may have. Shit. That was another brutal shot. How can Holiday do this, even to a former friend of his?

DDK:

Think of the stakes on the line here. DEF*MAX match. Southern Heritage Championship match. Dignity.

Angus:

That last one is rather overrated.

[With the chairs crumpled underneath Noble, Frank surveys the damage he did to Noble and there does not look to be an ounce of remorse on this face. Frank simply watches as David struggles to get back up to his feet. He then grabs a chair, slams it shut, raises it in two hands and cracks it over Noble's head!]

KRACK!

[And David goes down in a heap. As Noble rolls over, dazed, we see blood coming out of a head wound on him.]

Angus:

And Holiday has split Noble wide open!

DDK:

Geez. It was only a matter of time.

Angus:

Without question. But Frank doesn't even CARE!

DDK:

He came here to chew gum and kick ass and he is clearly ALL out of gum!

[Frank then grabs the now bleeding Noble and walks him towards the ring before slamming his face into the barrier. Holiday pauses a moment, looks at Noble's bloody grimace, and then SLAMS his face into the barrier once again. Just to ensure the message is loud and clear, he DRILLS Noble's face into the barrier one final time!]

DDK:

Ooof. Take four horse tranquilizers and call the doctor in the morning.

Angus:

No joke.

[Frank then tosses Noble over the railing and hops over it. Noble has crawled over to the ring apron and is clawing at it to get back up to his feet, but Frank slams his forearm into the lower back of Noble repeatedly! The sheer violence of the shots is more than enough to level a GIANT of a man, much less a man the stature of Noble! He then whips Noble into the ring barrier again before nailing him with a gigantic boot to the face, snapping David's neck back and sending him slumping to the floor!]

Angus:

And just as quickly as Noble was in control of the match, now Holiday is in control!

DDK:

And laying waste to Noble! The Roman Empire would be impressed!

Angus:

Keebs... they're dead!

DDK:

... I know.

[Holiday then grabs a ladder from underneath the ring and proceeds to slam it HARD down into Noble's face! Holiday

takes a long look at Noble, with possible broken bones and teeth, huddled in agony on the floor, before sliding the ladder into the ring. He follows after it before lifting it off of the mat and starts to set it up!]

DDK:

Here we go again...

Angus:

For sure. This time though, Noble might not be able to stop Holiday.

DDK:

I think that's what Holiday is counting on.

[Frank starts to climb the ladder and as he does, Noble struggles his way back into the ring. Holiday makes his way up to the middle of the ladder when Noble grabs him by the ankles. But instead of yanking Holiday off the ladder, David starts climbing on TOP of Holiday!]

Angus:

What the frack?!

DDK:

Noble is going to climb OVER Holiday! That would be rather impressive!

Angus:

How is Noble even alive?!

DDK:

...really?

[Holiday is surprised by Noble's reappearance and even more surprised when Noble starts clubbing him in the back with a series of forearm shots! Eventually, Noble manages to hoist himself over Holiday and climbs the rest of the ladder, almost grabbing the belt in the process!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

How in the hell?!

Angus:

Noble is going to grab the belt! He is going to win!

[Before Noble can grab the belt though, Frank grabs him by the foot! Noble turns his head and looks down to see Frank hanging on for dear life! David proceeds to slam his boot repeatedly at the top of Frank's skull! The third shot is enough to drop Frank a few rungs, which gives Noble all of the opening he needs as he starts climbing again, getting his hand on the title in the process.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

It's about to be over! Noble has the title!

DDK:

Holiday isn't done yet!

[Sure enough, Holiday slams his forearm into the back of Noble, stunning David just enough. Noble still has his hand on the title while Holiday turns around on the ladder, grabs Noble's legs and hoists him up off his feet... and

powerbombs him doooooown onto the canvas!]

WHAMMM!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK!

DDK:

And Holiday with the desperation powerbomb!

Angus:

That might be it for Noble!

DDK:

It could be. He has taken a beating thus far from Holiday!

Angus:

Which, you know, eats me up inside.

[Both men are slow to their feet as the physical and emotional toll from the match is having its effect on each one. Holiday is up to his feet first and starts to walk over to the ladder when David grabs his ankle. Frank looks over at the barely conscious body of Noble, shaking his head, wondering why the hell he just won't stay down!]

Angus:

Jesus, the DISDAIN on Frank's face right now!

DDK:

This is what he's come to expect from Noble and right now, in the middle of this ladder match, he doesn't want it to be the case.

[Frank stomps away at Noble's face repeatedly, each shot stronger than the previous one as if Holiday was trying to kick Noble's face clean off of him. He then pulls him off of the mat and goes to throw Noble face first into the ladder, but Noble manages to reverse it and sends him face first instead!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And the fans showing their appreciation for Noble's lack of quit!

Angus:

Yeah, that lack of quit is going to get him killed one day and I'm not certain that night won't be tonight!

[David then takes the fallen ladder and proceeds to wedge it between the the second and top turnbuckle. Noble looks and sees Holiday fighting back to his feet and connects with an elbow to the back of the neck. Frank retaliates with a knife-edge chop followed by a headbutt that drops Noble onto the mat!]

Angus:

And Holiday showing he has no quit in him either!

DDK:

Frank is just as tough as anyone in this business and he's not done showing that yet.

Angus:

Well, you know, screw him.

DDK:

Oooh. That was a RESOUNDING attack on his character.

[Frank then grabs the legs of Noble and goes to catapult David into the wedged ladder, but Noble manages to use his agility to land first feet onto the ladder! With Holiday still on his back on the mat, Noble backflips off the ladder and connects with a moonsault on Holiday!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And what a show of athleticism from Noble!

Angus:

Holiday definitely isn't pleased with that.

DDK:

Well, I wouldn't expect him to!

[Noble grabs Holiday and pulls him up off of the mat before he whips him into the corner! Frank collides hard into the corner opposite of the ladder. Noble then runs at Holiday, looking for a splash, but Holiday catches him flush with an elbow to the jaw instead! David stumbles back a few feet. As he does, Holiday runs full speed at him but Noble catches him and lifts him up instead and drops him chest first across the wedged ladder!]

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

Angus:

Okay, even MY chest hurts after that!

DDK:

Oh yeah. Holiday is in a WORLD of hurt right now!

Angus:

You think? How about I slam you chest first into a ladder?

DDK:

I will stab you again.

[Noble slides out of the ring while Frank is still on top of the wedged ladder and proceeds to pull out a table. The fans start going nuts as Noble sets up the table on the outside. David then climbs back onto the ring apron, and then steps up onto the ladder where Frank is still draped chest-down in a world of hurt.]

DDK:

What the hell is Noble about to do here?

Angus:

Hm... Magic 8 Ball says SOMETHING DANGEROUS!

DDK:

Well, aren't you astute?

Angus:

That's what my momma said!

[Gingerly keeping his balance on this precarious ladder-scaffold, Noble grabs Holiday and pulls him up to his knees, then into a front facelock. David glances over his shoulder at the table he'd set up below, and a buzz fills the arena as

it becomes clear he's going for a massive suplex all the way out of the ring! But Holiday manages to block it to a strong cheer from the fans! Holiday slams his elbow repeatedly into the midsection of Noble and finally he is able to break the hold Noble has on him. As the ladder wobbles in the ropes, Holiday lifts Noble onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry, turns, and LAUNCHES both Noble AND himself over the top rope -- down through the table at ringside!]

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

THIS! IS! DEF! *clap clap clapclapclap*

THIS! IS! DEF! *clap clap clapclapclap*

THIS! IS! DEF! *clap clap clapclapclap*

DDK:

TRAAAAAIN WREEEEECK!!

Angus:

HOLY FUCK! Noble is DEAD! Call the match! He is NOT getting up from that!

DDK:

Hell, Holiday may not be getting up from that! From the top of the ring to the outside and THROUGH a table?! Nuts!

Angus:

Holiday must really hate Noble to have done that. Rat bastard.

DDK:

With so much on the line, I don't think even the best of friends wouldn't try to take one another out!

[It takes a long while before either man stirs, with Billy Pepper watching anxiously from a safe distance, and the referee above them, checking on both of them! Behind them though, the fans continue to go nuts!]

FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK!

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

FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK!

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

[Eventually, Holiday manages to emerge from the wreckage while Noble is still in the remnants of the now shattered table. Frank rolls into the ring, moving rather gingerly. He proceeds to the wedged ladder and starts to unwedge it before he sets it up in the middle of the ring!]

DDK:

And this could be it, folks! We might be ready to crown a NEW Southern Heritage Champion!

Angus:

Shit. Well, better than Penn winning it I guess.

DDK:

Way to look at the positive in things!

[With the ladder all set up, he starts to climb it when he looks outside of the ring and sees Noble making his way out of the table shards and trying to get back to his feet.]

Frank Holiday:

[mumbles] Fucking bastard.

[Frank then slides out of the ring and greets Noble with a stiff jab before slamming him rib first into the ring apron!]

Angus:

Oof. Talk about someone needing a trip to the doctor after this.

DDK:

I think that was ALWAYS the expectation.

Angus:

Well, now I'm telling you it is REALITY!

DDK:

I don't know why I keep showing up to work with you.

Angus:

You love me. You really do. Don't deny it.

[Holiday then clubs the back of Noble's neck before rolling him back into the ring. Frank follows after him and proceeds to drill him with a series of bone-crushing fists! Noble doesn't stay down though, trying his best to get back up to his feet! Holiday then grabs him and whips Noble into the ladder only for David to use the momentum to vault himself up the ladder!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

WHAT THE FRACK?! Noble is CLIMBING!

DDK:

That he is! That backfired on Holiday!

[Holiday takes a moment to realize what is going on, but as he does, he starts scaling up the other side of the ladder and meets Noble at the top! The two battered men start trading punches with one another with Holiday eventually getting the upperhand, and then slamming David's head into the top of the ladder! Frank moves up another rung, puts Noble into a front facelock. Bracing himself on the ladder, Frank grabs David by the waistband and forcibly heaves him up, up, up into a vertical suplex position!]

DDK:

Twelve feet in the air! This is gonna be a HELLACIOUS landing!

[And just as Noble starts to squirm in Holiday's grasp, Frank kicks off the ladder... and both men crash to the canvas in a Superplex off the top of the ladder!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK!

Angus:

LET DA BODIES HIT DA FLOOR!

DDK:

And listen to these fans as they are going NUTS for Frank!

Angus:

These fans keep changing allegiances throughout this match. Fucking assholes.

DDK:

HEY! These are our fans!

Angus:

Oh, sorry. Fucking rat bastard assholes.

[After a few moments with the Wrestle-Plex still at a fever pitch, Holiday manages to drag himself up to his feet and makes his way to the outside of the ring where Noble has already rolled out to, in clear agony. Frank reaches under the ring and grabs an even LARGER ladder which he slides into the ring. The other ladder having fallen over, Holiday nudges it out of the way with his boot and then proceeds to set up the super-ladder in the middle of the ring.]

Angus:

WHAT DID HE NEED A BIGGER LADDER FOR?!

DDK:

Inside voice, Angus.

Angus:

You're not my mother!

DDK:

Yeah, that doesn't mean I won't whoop your ass like she did though.

[With the new ladder now in position, a tower of aluminum thrusting to the sky, Holiday starts to climb it and a buzz comes over the Wrestle-Plex as they realize that Frank might just win this thing! With each step he takes on the ladder though, it is evident how much pain he is in and it slows him down. This gives Noble, down on the floor, enough time to start to stir and fight his way back up to his feet.]

DDK:

Noble better hurry if he doesn't want to lose this match!

Angus:

Like there was any doubt he would.

[With Holiday's fingers grazing the bottom of the title, Noble desperately hops onto the ring apron, vaults up onto the top rope, and nails a springboard dropkick to the ladder! It teeters precariously, tips in the opposite direction, sending Holiday flying to the outside!]

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH! SHIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIT!

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

Angus:

Talk about digging deep there from Noble!

DDK:

Didn't have much of a choice, honestly!

Angus:

Well, true.

DDK:

We went over this. Trufax. Trufax, man!

[With the ladder tipped over against the ropes, Noble makes his way back to his feet. He looks outside to see Holiday

still down, splayed out on the floor like a crash victim. Noble's determination shows through the exhaustion on his bloodstained face. He runs up the angled ladder before nailing a running Shooting Star Press off the end, down onto Frank!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And Noble is throwing ALL caution into the wind!

Angus:

Listen, just get the entire hospital ready. Every single doctor and nurse.

[On the outside of the ring, both men are rolling around in pain and agony, the fans above them chanting them on. Noble is the first one to make his way to his feet and with each step, there is a noticeable limp to his walk. Noble then rolls into the ring and takes the fallen over massive ladder and slowly stands it up in the middle of the ring.]

Angus:

Could Noble do it? Could he scale the ladder?! Please let him scale the ladder!

DDK:

It is definitely possible, but Noble is clearly laboring over there.

Angus:

WHAT?! He is in the best shape of his life! How dare you say he's pregnant?

DDK:

I just... can't.

[Noble starts to climb up the ladder, each step seemingly taking longer than the last one, David's willpower warring against physical fatigue and injury. The pain is written across Noble's face, but he keeps fighting through it. He reaches the top of the ladder and wraps his hand around the belt. As he does, Holiday shoots into the ring and shoves at the ladder, tipping it out from underneath Noble! David frantically tries to hook the ladder with his feet as he keeps his grasp on the title, but Holiday is a man on a mission and Noble ends up dangling from the belt some twelve feet in the air!]

FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK!

DDK:

And Noble is just HANGING there!

Angus:

Oh this is NOT cool!

DDK:

Well, anything goes?

Angus:

Had a girl tell me that once and it couldn't have been a bigger--

DDK:

Nope. Do NOT want to hear it.

[With Noble clinging to the title with both hands, David tries his best to unclasp the belt, but is unable to do so from his position. Meanwhile, Holiday sets the ladder up in the corner of the ring. He then proceeds to climb it as Noble just hangs there, unaware of what is happening. As Noble's kicking motions cause him (and the title) to slowly turn, he

finally sees Frank perched on top of the ladder. Holiday throws the horns at Noble with a mad grin. And then he leaps from the ladder and connects with a spear on Noble -- the impact breaking Noble's grasp on the title belt, and both men crashing to the mat below!]

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

THIS! IS! DEF! *clap clap clapclapclap*

THIS! IS! DEF! *clap clap clapclapclap*

THIS! IS! DEF! *clap clap clapclapclap*

Angus:

WHAT THE FUCK?!

DDK:

What the fuck indeed! Both of these men will do ANYTHING to win this match, to grab the points, to grab the title, to grab a victory over the other one!

Angus:

Their anger towards one another is exactly what is fueling them right now!

DDK:

Without question. You have to wonder if either man is going to walk out of here with the title.

[Both men lay on the canvas, seemingly broken. As the referee hovers nearby, checking on them, long seconds go by as the champ and challenger can only suck in breath and try to regain their bearings. Frank stirs first, crawls to the side of the ring and uses the ropes to pull himself up to his feet. With being the first one back on his feet, Holiday grabs the nearby ladder, and pauses as he looks at Noble, debating whether to use it on him. Instead, with a glance skyward at the title swinging slowly overhead, he decides to set the ladder up in the middle of the ring. But as Noble begins to show signs of life on the canvas, Holiday changes his mind: he collapses the ladder, turns it upside down, and rams it repeatedly and viciously into Noble's ribs and midsection!]

FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK!

Angus:

These fans are sick. Just sick.

DDK:

Because they like Frank?

Angus:

Well that and they are rooting against Noble!

DDK:

Well, that's definitely not the case. They are just supporting both of these amazing athletes!

[Frank then takes a few steps back, ladder still in hand. He motions and yells for Noble to get back up to his feet. Clinging to the ropes, Noble does just that, though from his limp movements there's no telling if he's aware of anything at that point. As Noble turns towards Holiday, Frank rushes at him, ladder jutting out like a battering ram. Noble though ducks at the last second, pulling down the top rope in the process! Holiday goes over the top rope with the ladder landing perfectly in between the ring and barrier while Frank lands on the ring apron.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

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

DDK:

And Noble SOMEHOW getting out of the way at that.

Angus:

Serves Frank right!

DDK:

You do realize that both men have been battering one another, right?

Angus:

I don't think I understand your point.

[With the ladder almost like a bridge between the ring and barrier, Holiday lays on the apron and starts to pull himself up. As he does, he is met with a stiff right hand from Noble! Frank lands one back at Noble before David retaliates with one of his own! Holiday almost falls off the ring apron, but grabs onto the rope before connecting with another fist! Noble connects with a series of fists before he puts Holiday into a front facelock and suplexes him back into the ring!]

DDK:

And these men just WON'T quit!

Angus:

It would be impressive. You know, if Holiday wasn't in this match.

DDK:

Always gotta ruin a moment.

Angus:

It's what I do best.

[Noble then climbs the nearby turnbuckle before connecting with a moonsault legdrop across the throat of Holiday! Frank rolls around on the mat, grabbing at his throat while Noble gingerly gets back up to his feet. He looks out at the fans, who are cheering him on, and then turns his attention back to Holiday. He pulls him up off the mat before connecting with a Shiranui!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

I DON'T CARE THAT HE DID FLIPPITY-FLOPPITY STUFF!

DDK:

There is a first time for everything.

Angus:

I know. I promise you that you will have sex eventually. Man or woman!

DDK:

Asshat.

[Noble makes his way back up to his feet and walks over to Holiday. He starts to bring him back up to his feet only for Holiday to greet him with an uppercut for his troubles! This sends Noble into the ropes and with the way that he falls, his arms get twisted in the ropes! Holiday looks at Noble and begins to stomp away at him, Noble not even able to block the shots! Frank lets out EVERY ounce of frustration in his body on Noble, throwing in a few fists for good measure!]

DDK:

Jesus. Noble is practically limp in those ropes.

Angus:

Jesus indeed.

DDK:

That must be how you are in bed.

Angus:

Your mom would disagree!

[Holiday then bounces off the ropes and looks to go for a clothesline, but Noble manages to dip his shoulder just enough to send Frank over the top rope and to the outside. Holiday falls on the ladder HARD, suspended in midair as Noble fights his way free from the ropes. David climbs to the nearby top turnbuckle before leaping and connecting with the Leap of Faith!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

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

THIS! IS! DEF! *clap clap clapclapclap*

THIS! IS! DEF! *clap clap clapclapclap*

THIS! IS! DEF! *clap clap clapclapclap*

DDK:

THE LADDER JUST CRACKED IN HALF FROM THE IMPACT!

Angus:

Look who's yelling now!!

DDK:

Could definitely stab you.

Angus:

I take it back!

[With both men laying on the floor in a pile of twisted limbs and warped metal, utterly spent, the fans are going absolutely nuts.]

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

DDK:

Every DEFIAfan in the arena is on their feet for these two warriors, Angus! This is what David Noble and Frank Holiday promised! A battle for the ages! A history-making clash of will and athleticism, for glory, for victory, for the Southern Heritage Title, but so much more than that!

Angus:

If either of these men survives this match, I'll consider it a miracle.

[Noble slowly extricates himself from the wreckage and manages to get back up to his feet first, but there is a dark discoloration around his ribcage and there is a significant limp as he tries put some weight on his left leg. He shakes his head, refusing to let the pain overcome him. He walks over to the ring apron, glances over at Holiday, and sees his opponent not moving. He pulls the apron up and pulls out yet ANOTHER ladder before sliding it into the ring.]

DDK:

Could this be Noble's chance? Could he finally climb the ladder and get the title?

Angus:

Possible. Doubtful. But, yeah, possible.

DDK:

You are so confused.

Angus:

You have no idea.

[Noble slides into the ring after he puts the ladder in the ring. He sets it up and slowly begins to climb it. As he reaches the top of it, Holiday somehow finds the strength to slide in under the bottom rope and climbs the other side of it! Both men once again find themselves at the top of the ladder, trading punches!]

DAY-VID!

FRANK!

DAY-VID!

FRANK!

Angus:

This is nuts! Where do either of these men get it from?

DDK:

These fans. These fans give them that momentum!

Angus:

Ugh. I hate the fans.

DDK:

And they hate you!

[Both men put a hand on the title, still trading punches, but refusing to give up! Noble then holds onto the title, and pushes as hard as he can with his legs on the ladder, hoping to force Holiday off of the title and the ladder! But Holiday holds onto the title for dear life, biceps bulging as he hoists his body in the air, letting the ladder fall to the ground!]

DDK:

THEY ARE DANGLING FROM THE TITLE!

Angus:

This is just nuts. Just absolutely nuts.

DDK:

This is what DEFIANCE is ALL about!

[The fans are on their feet, many with hands over their mouths, as the two men are hanging twelve feet in the air, gripping the title with one hand and trading punches with the other. Noble starts to wear down as the strength of Holiday comes out. Holiday then knees Noble repeatedly before wrapping his arm around his neck and lets go of the title as both men fall to the ring below with Holiday connecting with a DDT!]

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

DAY-VID!

FRANK!

DAY-VID!

FRANK!

NOBLE!

HOL-I-DAY!

Angus:

WHAT IN THE LIVING FUCK?!

DDK:

It is a miracle that either man is still alive!

Angus:

ALIVE?! I'M SHOCKED WE AREN'T JUST BURYING THEM AND CALLING IT A DAY!

DDK:

Yelling. Stop it.

[Somehow, somehow, Holiday finds himself rolling out of the ring. Billy approaches from around the corner of the ring, concern written all over her face, but Frank doesn't even look in his direction. It is clear he is on autopilot as he grabs a chair from the timekeeper area and gets back into the ring carrying it. He taps it on the mat a few times as he watches Noble will himself to his feet. Holiday then rushes at Noble, looking for the knockout shot, but Noble sniffs it out and connects with a superkick, cracking the chair into Holiday's face!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

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

DDK:

How in the HELL?!

Angus:

Noble is not human.

DDK:

Neither is Holiday.

Angus:

I am not going to cheer for Holiday.

[With both men collapsed onto the mat, Noble is wiping dried blood off of his face while fresh blood is pouring out of Holiday's skull. Noble, who is on his chest, looks out at the fans and his eyes tell the story of how spent he is. Still, he forces himself out of the ring and he looks under the ring where he pulls out another table and proceeds to set it up.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

Oh you HAVE to be kidding me! Just climb the fucking ladder!

DDK:

And listen to these fans! They are on the edge of their seats!

Angus:

I would agree with you, but they are ALL on their feet!

DDK:

It's a figure of speech.

[Noble then rolls back into the ring and nails a forearm to the back of a rising Holiday. Frank retaliates with a back elbow to David. The two men then start trading punches back and forth! The intensity just continues to build between the two, laying everything on the line before Frank connects with a stiff knee and whips Noble into the ropes before connecting with a spinebuster that shakes the entire ring!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

That's it. He's dead. No more. Call it a day.

DDK:

Holiday dug down DEEP for that one and got it and then some!

Angus:

Even with the blood streaming down his face, he refuses to quit.

DDK:

You sound kind of happy over there.

[Holiday then makes his way up to his feet and gingerly climbs to the top rope. With Noble showing no signs of life, Holiday balances himself, kicks off and takes flight.. and connects with an elbow drop from the top rope!]

FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK!

DDK:

And Holiday keeps the pain coming!

Angus:

How much more can either of these two men take?!

DDK:

Noble said it, he made it clear, he decreed that tonight would be the match of the year, and hell, he may have been right!

Angus:

It sure is looking like it!

[Holiday gets back up to his feet and grabs the nearby ladder before setting it up in the middle of the ring once again. He starts to climb it, but Noble manages to stop him halfway up with a forearm to the small of the back! He pulls Holiday off of the ladder and Frank falls to his knee. David then proceeds to climb up the ladder, but Holiday returns the favor with a forearm shot to the back of his own! With Noble stunned, Holiday positions himself underneath David and slams him to the mat with a powerbomb!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And Holiday just exerts his will on Noble!

Angus:

You have to wonder how much Noble has left in the tank.

DDK:

Same could be said for Holiday!

Angus:

It's a miracle either man is standing.

[Holiday then grabs the ladder, folds it up and wedges it in one of the corners between the top and middle turnbuckle. He grabs Noble off of the mat and whips him into the corner with the wedged ladder. At the last possible second, Noble uses his agility to hop onto the ladder. Holiday rushes at Noble and David backflips right over his head. Frank turns around and is met with an enziguri to the back of the skull!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

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

Angus:

And once again, Noble showing his agility there, taking Holiday off of his feet!

DDK:

Holiday is quickly learning to never count on Noble being where he is supposed to be.

Angus:

Isn't that the truth? I was supposed to meet him for dinner the other night--

DDK:

No one cares.

[Noble then makes his way back up to his feet, exhaustion dripping to the mat, before he springboards off the wedged ladder and connects with a Senton on Holiday! With Holiday flat on his back, Noble heads to the nearby corner and begins to climb the turnbuckles. He takes longer than he intends to though, and before he can reach the top Holiday picks himself up and drills him with a fist!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

How in the hell did Holiday get back up to his feet?!

Angus:

Sheer will? Deal with the devil?

[Frank then climbs up to the top turnbuckle to greet the stunned Noble. Before David can do anything though, Frank boosts him up across his shoulders and stands upright. For a moment that seems to stretch forever, Holiday looks out at the broiling, screaming crowd through a blood-smeared face.]

DDK:

Is he going for the Train Wreck again, Angus? One more these will be devastating!

Angus:

I can't watch this.

[But instead, Frank takes one hand off of Noble, points in the air, and whirls his finger in a wild circle.]

DDK:

Ohhhhhh no! NOT the Train Wreck!

[Mustering whatever scant traces of strength he has left, Holiday whips Noble around his head and hurls them both off the top rope -- down into a crazy freefall -- through the table on the outside!]

WHUMPKRSSSHHHHHHHH!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

That's it! SHARKNADO through the table!

Angus:

We are about to have a new Southern Heritage Champion. Damnit.

DDK:

One HELL of a fight, but that HAS to be it.

Angus:

Just... ignore me drinking over here.

[Both men lay out there for what seems like an eternity. Slowly, Frank fights to his feet and back into the ring. He takes the wedged ladder and sets it up in the center of the ring once again. He looks over at Noble, who is not moving in the least bit. Holiday starts to climb the ladder and looks like he is about to win the match.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[As the boos come to life from the fans, Holiday freezes, wondering what is happening. Down in the shattered debris of the table, Noble is making his way out of the wreckage, somehow willing himself to life.]

DDK:

Holiday needs to keep going! Noble is showing signs of life!

Angus:

How is that possible? And why are the fans boo--

DDK:

MUSHIGIHARA IS HERE!

Angus:

YES! DESTROY HOLIDAY!

[At the top of the ramp, Mushigihara stands stoically, staring into the ring, and slowly raising his arms to reveal that his hands are holding on to what appears to be a folded chain...]

Angus:

And #ThankYouBasedGodBeast, he got out of David Noble's trap, if that chain is any indic--

KACLINKKACLINKKACLINKKACLINKKACLINK

[The plural, to be exact. Mushi drops the chain to his feet, revealing that they are, in fact, several chains broken apart, and shattering on the ground in an explosion of steel links.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

...fuck me. Did he... break that chain with his bare hands?

DDK:

And Holiday is frozen, just looking at Mushigihara, as he walks down the ramp. After the incredible battle Frank's endured so far, the pain, the blood loss, it's like he doesn't know what to make of the God-Beast showing himself here!

Angus:

Mushigihara defied the laws of science and rendered solid steel to make it out here, and damned if he doesn't get what he wants here tonight!

[Noble is still trying to crawl toward the ring, but meanwhile Mushigihara enters the ring with sinister purpose. Holiday, breaking his stupor, clumsily jumps off the ladder to face this dangerous attacker, but he's slow and fatigued, and Mushigihara easily wraps his two big hands around Frank's head. Frank tries his best to mount some kind of offense, but it is no use as Mushigihara stops him cold with a headbutt. As Holiday's knees buckle, Mushigihara drags him to the side of the ring, clamps his palm around Holiday's throat, and chokeslams him to the outside!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Mushigihara just WRECKED Holiday!

DDK:

Yeah, and Billy Pepper is in hysterics!

[Meanwhile, Eddie Dante has finally made his way ringside, but without his usual boastful, upper-crust demeanor; this time, he looks more like a mere man who has been terrified shitless.]

Angus:

Jesus, look at Dante, he looks like he saw the face of God!

DDK:

I can't believe this is happening! Mushigihara is ruining this match!

Angus:

Wrong! He just made it MUCH better!

[Noble finally slides into the ring and greets Mushigihara with a series of fists, which have no effect on the beast. He wraps both of his hands around Noble's neck before tossing him into the corner! He then proceeds to whale away at Noble before yanking him out of the corner, effortlessly scooping him up across his broad, powerful shoulder, and driving him to the canvas with the Beast Breaker!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

And Mushigihara just DESTROYED Noble! He has come in and left a trail of wreckage in his path.

Angus:

That he did. But now what? What does he do now?

[Almost as if he heard Angus, Mushigihara looks at the ladder and proceeds to climb up it. The fans can only watch as Mushigihara reaches the top, unclasps the belt, and then climbs back down with it.]

Angus:

WAIT, WHAT?!

DDK:

Mushigihara HAS the championship belt!

Angus:

Is he the new champion?!

[He looks at Noble, holding the title in his hands.]

Mushigihara:

OSU!

[Mushigihara then drops the belt, drags Noble to his feet, and delivers ANOTHER Beast Breaker! He grabs the belt and exits the ring with it.]

Angus:

THIS IS AMAZING!

DDK:

It is bullshit! He is not the champion! That belt does not belong to him!

Angus:

You go over and tell him differently.

[“Mach 13 Elephant Explosion” hits the arena loudspeakers as the God-Beast, ill-gotten title belt in hand, lumbers up the ramp, a frightened Dante at his side. As they reach the top of the ramp, Mushigihara turns around and hoists the belt over his head.]

Mushigihara:

Hmphmphmphmphmph...

DDK:

Fans, this is a DEPLORABLE display here by Mushigihara... he invaded a much-anticipated match for one of DEFIANCE's most coveted prizes, levelled both competitors, and is now leaving the Wrestle-Plex with the Southern Heritage championship belt that he DIDN'T earn...

Angus:

Frankly, I'd say that that's exactly why he earned it, myself...

Mushigihara:

Heheheheheheh, Hahahahahahahahaha...

DDK:

And he's just laughing at the destruction he's caused... we'll see you next time, DEFIAfans...

[Cut to Frank Holiday laid out on the ringside floor amid smashed tables and twisted ladders, as Billy Pepper tends to him.]

[Cut to the Southern Heritage Champion, David Noble, flattened in the ring.]

[Cut to the top of the ramp, with Mushigihara reigning supreme and the Southern Heritage Championship in his hands!]

You Don't Fuck With Family

[The overwrought security camera network that fills every nook and cranny of the Wrestle-Plex once again comes in handy as we silently click through the crisp HD feeds.]

zzzt Office.... zzzt Dressing rooms... zzzt Restaurant...

[The building is quiet. From top to bottom.]

zzzt Front doors... zzzt Executive offices... zzzt The Skybox...

[The show is over, fans have already filed out of the arena. The lights are being shut off out in the arena as we speak. Producers and crew are hard at work upstairs in the editing bays getting footage cut and ready for all manner of videos. Doing the work that gets DEFIANCE from the ring to your television and computer screens. Down in the parking area though, there's also someone stirring... he can do that though, he owns the place.]

[He's Eric Dane.]

[A voice from the darkness gets The Only Star's attention.]

Voice:

Are we really doing this boy'o?

[The Hardcase moves away from the Buick he was leaning on and takes a few slow steps forward.]

Dane:

You're the one who can't shut the fuck up about me and mine, *kiddo*. Figured since tonight was such a special occasion I'd give you the opportunity you've been asking for.

[Bronson Box steps out of the shadows and into the harsh fluorescent overheads that line the parking area. He's still in his gear, slowly unwrapping the blood stained ring tape from his around his hands. Tossing the balled up mess aside, Bronson steps within reaching distance of Dane.]

Boxer:

Really now? Just step out here and have a little tal...

[The level of serious jumps up about **ten** notches when out of nowhere Dane shoves Bronson... HAAARD. The look on the Only Star's face speaks volumes about how little talking he wants to do. Boxer staggers back into a nearby pick up, his eyes as wide as saucers as he watches Dane stalk towards him.]

Dane:

Ty and Kelly are my fucking FAMILY....

[Box tries to right himself and Dane violently shoves him back again. The Wargod almost going down on his ass.]

Dane:

You think fucking **LAWYERS** are going to keep me from steppin' in and slapping the taste out of your goddamn mouth you sack of *shit*?!

[Bronson's face is beet red as he bows up best he can muster to the only man on earth capable of shaming him like this. Nose to nose the two men stand in silence, Bronson's mustache twitching in frustration. Dane is like still water. Like fucking stone. Which obviously frustrates Boxer even further. Before Dane has a chance to duck, Box rears back and pops him right between the eyes with a quick headbutt, staggering Dane.]

Boxer:

Like that, lad? Eeeh?! Come on with it then ye' bastard...

[Taking his *employer* by the nape of the neck and the back of his slacks he rears around, building some momentum and sends Dane headfirst into the grill of the pickup truck. The cheap plastic grill shattering underneath his weight, Bronson looks on in wide eyed glee. We hear Dane's head crunch into the radiator with a sick metallic thud. When he pulls his head free of the grill the small trickle of blood he had after the headbutt is now several gushers pouring down his face.]

Boxer:

That's what you've never bloody understood about me, Eric!

[Box kicks Eric in the gut, doubling him over.]

Boxer:

I don't need a fuckin' pat on the head from ye' ya' arrogant bastard...

[Another kick to the ribs and he grabs a handful of bleached blond hair getting inches from Dane's face.]

Boxer:

You're a fuckin' *PRIZE* to be won... *THAT'S ALL!* You're nothing but a trophy I've wanted on my wall since the day I first saw you and your disgusting friends on television *YEARS* before DEF was even a glimmer in yer' eye...

[Dane's heard just about enough, he loops an arm around Bronson's waist and rams his back into the pickup truck and it's now shattered front end. He grabs two fist fulls of ugly brown and gray singlet and with all his might launches The Wargod headfirst across the parking area through the nearby Buick's front windshield. Spittle and blood spraying from his mouth, Dane shoots back.]

Dane:

FUCK you, you bald PRICK! ...

[Dane sighs heavily, wiping some of the blood from his eyes. He turns away from the mess and starts off towards the entrance of the garage. That's when he hears the sound of a car door opening and bits of glass crunching between wrestling boots and cement. The Hardcase just shakes his head in disbelief.]

[He turns around and lays eyes on the bloody mess that was Bronson Box.]

Boxer:

... where you goin' ... ye' bleach blond... *cough* little ponce.

[The Wargod is now leaking from deep scratches all over his back and shoulders where he made contact with the car window. He's clutching his side like he might have actually hurt something. The look on his face though says he's still ready to go. He spits a wad of bloody phlegm out on to the ground, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.]

Dane:

So I'm just a prize? Some city on the hill waiting to be raped and burned by Bronson the Great? Is that really all this shit is you fucking sociopath? Fine...

[Eric runs his hands down his face, smearing the blood.]

Dane:

I can play that game too...

[Dane marches back toward Box, his eyes gone dark with intent. The corner of his eye catches the glint of something metal, and with a sickeningly sweet smile he reaches down without missing a single beat and picks up a stray length

of pipe.]

WHACK!

Boxer:

ARGH~!

[Box tries to avoid the pipe by launching himself at Dane. For his troubles he takes a solid shot to the gut from the pipe that doubles him over. Eric laughs and brings the pipe down again across his back. Bronson reels in agony, scratching and clawing not to get away, but to get **up**.]

Dane:

Come on. Get up!

[Dane lays a kick into Box's prone ribs.]

Dane:

GET UP YOU SON OF A BITCH!

[Another boot. He tosses the pipe away.]

Dane:

Get up and and take a good long look at the ***better. man.***

[The Only Star relents long enough for the Scottish Strongman to get to his knees. Incredulously he just smiiiiiles a bloody smile.]

Boxer:

You ain't got the **bollocks** to finish me off... *BOY*.

[He spits blood onto Dane's shoes.]

Dane:

You stupid motherfu-

WHUMP!

[Dane crumples.]

[Box laughs a hearty laugh as he dislodges his forearm from between The Boss's legs. He racks Dane with another body rocking low blow just for good measure... and *another*, before Eric drops to his knees. Slowly... with a strange glimmer in his eye, Bronson wraps his hands around Eric Dane's throat. His upper lip is quivering, his eyes wide as dinner plates.]

Boxer:

You 'aint got the bollocks, no... *wonder if I do?*

[Dane's eyes go wide as he realizes the position he's in, he grabs Bronson's wrists and begins to gasp and struggle when...]

WHAM!

[The impact of the steel pipe to the side of his head sends Bronson sprawling off Dane, out cold. Tyrone Walker drops the steel pipe with a clang. His eyes don't leave Bronson's now lifeless body.]

Ty:

You cool, brotha'?

[Dane rubs his throat. Nodding silently.]

[Ty offers Dane a hand, which he gladly takes and allows Walker to lift him up to his feet. The two lifelong friends both turn and head for the door. Dane stops a moment and spits a wad of blood and phlegm right back at Boxer before he turns and walks away.]

[Walker shakes his head with a sigh and follows.]

[The security camera feed cuts to black.]