

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

DEFIANCE presents: EXECUTIVE DECISION

[The following production is rated D.]

[For DEFIANT!]

[Go ahead and try this at home, we're not your parents.]

[That said, in 5...]

[4...]

[3...]

[2...]

[1...]

[A slow motion, black and white replay of Dusty Griffith hitting the Atomic Powerbomb on Kai Scott opens the show with a building sound of rushing blood and heartbeats. Eric Dane makes the three count, ONE! TWO! THREE! As Dane's hand hits the mat, the screen bursts into full color with a triumphant piece of music taking over as the video speeds up to it's normal frame rate, showing Dusty Griffith finally achieving the dream of becoming the DEFIANCE World Heavyweight Champion.]

Voice Over:

Dreams can come true...

[The shot fades from the main event of DEFIANCE Homecoming with Dusty Griffith surrounded by his friends and fans, holding the title high in victory... Then fades back in with another black and white, slow motion montage of Eric Dane's Championship Presentation along with a piece of whimsical music. It's all handshakes, clapping, and cheering until the music and video begins to distort, then comes back into focus with Edward White's sudden interruption, which is accompanied by a piece of ominous sounding music.]

Voice Over:

And do become Nightmares...

[The montage with White shows the tension, with Dane and Griffith standing DEFIANTLY against his authority... Again the video and audio distort, shifting suddenly when Eric Dane turns, kicks, whams, and Stardrivers Dusty Griffith, completing the ruination of the new champion's coronation.]

Eric Dane: [voice over]

Put that 20 pounds of gold on the line and reserve us a slot in the Main Event of a Pay-Per-View, and I'll take the kid on.

[The video fades into another montage, the music taking on a heavier tone, showing the conflict and miscommunication of the last several weeks between Dane and Griffith. Their hot start against Team HOSS, but then their faltering that led to a loss. Dusty and Jonny Booya battling, Eric Dane coming

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

out for the save when Team HOSS gets involved, getting Dusty disqualified. And finally clips of Dusty and Eugene Dewey against Dan Ryan and Booya.]

Dusty Griffith: [voice over]

He doesn't believe anyone can lead DEFIANCE except him.

[The clips show Dusty and Euge taking it to the Blood Diamonds, evolving into the clusterfuck that is the Diamonds and Curtis Penn dismantling Dusty, Euge and Frank Dylan James until it's Ryan and Booya alone with Griffith. That is until Eric Dane hits the scene, taking on both Diamonds until Dusty gets back into the fight, then clearing the ring together to a wildly raucous crowd cheering them on.]

Dusty Griffith: [voice over]

I want to prove to him that, not only can I do it, that I can make him believe it as fact.

[And finally, the montage ends with the Only Star and the Wild Bronco standing face to face for the last time.]

[Until tonight!]

[BOOM!]

[The montage fades as a real time shot of the sold out DEFIANCE Wrestleplex breakthrough, with Machine Head's "I Defy" playing us in. We get a wide panning shot of the venue until it cuts to the commentary stage, introducing us to the ever intrepid duo of "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland.]

DDK:

Welcome to the show, DEFIANTS!

Angus:

WHOOOOOO, it's paperview time, Keeps!

DDK:

It sure is, partner, and what a show we have for you this evening!

Angus:

We has tattles and they're all on the line tonight!

DDK:

Yes we do, including new Southern Heritage Champion, Frank Holiday taking on his bitter rival, Stockton Pyre!

Angus:

Holiday likes to call him legohead, but I think it'll be Pyre knocking his block off tonight!

DDK:

He'll certainly give it the ol' college try, but the Trainwreck is on a roll.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Angus:

Sure, sure, but now to something more important than that, and speaking of being on a roll, our HOSS Overlords defend their World Trios titles!

DDK:

Yes they do, against Team VIAGRA, who look to lift the championship off of them in a rematch.

Angus:

Yeah, yeah, those guys, but more about Junior Keeling and Team HOSS!

DDK:

Or we can move on to Eugene Dewey...

Angus:

LA-LA-LA-LA-NOT LISTENING-LA-LA-LA-LA!

DDK:

After weeks of antagonizing each other, the most successful FIST of DEFIANCE ever, Eugene Dewey will defend his title against arguably, and the self-proclaimed, greatest Southern Heritage Champion ever, Curtis Penn, in a Submission Match!

Angus:

LA-LA-LA-LA ANGUS NO LIKEY FAT NERDS AND DOUCHEBAGS LA-LA-LA-LA!

DDK:

Angus, a little professionalism, please!?

Angus:

Are you done talking about people I don't care about?

DDK:

How about the main event?

Angus:

Well, didn't the montage cover it? Besides, who're we fooling here, Keebs, Mayb...

[Angus is cut off as someone else wants to chime in...]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

The Skybreakers vs Sons of the Soil

[High Road.]

[Red Hot Chili Peppers.]

[You know how it is.]

[The funky bass grooves bounce around on the airwaves of the arena as the Skybreakers storm out on to the stage lead by the OG of the crew, a highly agitated and ready to rumble, Tyrone Walker.]

Angus:

MUH BOI TAI!

DDK:

They're not scheduled to start the show?!

Angus:

Looks like Ty's all outta the damns, and running low on the shits too.

[Jake and Troy follow close behind, sparing little time to mug it up for the crowd, because Ty's down the ramp at a steady jog. Getting halfway down the aisle, Ty sprints that last few steps and leaps from the floor to the apron of the ring, while Jake and Troy follow, diving into the ring just behind him.]

DDK:

Looks like the Skybreakers are here to get down to business, Angus.

Angus:

Yeah, Ty's looking to skin him some peckerwoods. And I guess Matthews and Donovan will be there too... For some reason.

[Slinging himself over the top rope, Ty makes a beeline right to Darren Quimbey, who was caught completely off guard by the sudden interruption. Quimbey makes with the fast exit after handing the mic off to Blackimus Prime, who taps the mic to see that's working. His little soundcheck over, Ty begins.]

Tyrone Walker:

Aye, Angus, I'm reeeaaal sorry to be breakin' in durin' yo's an' Keebs' song an' dance, but it's right about time to get our fight on uppinn' this mothafucka!

Angus:

It's all good, do your thing, dude!

DDK:

Looks like we're about to get this thing started in a hurry!

Tyrone Walker:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Y'all redneck peckerwood mothafuckas done did fucked with the wrrrrroooooonnnng nigga 'round here, an' there ain't nuttin' too it, but to do it... So git yo asses out here, so me an' the boys here can put an ass whuppin' all y'all... NFL Running Back style!

Angus:

Ooooh shit, he's gonna go full Ray Rice on 'em, Keeps!

DDK:

I thought that was Adrian Peterson?

Angus:

It could be BOTH! Who cares... Get the rejects from Deliverance down here so we can do this!

[The lights go out.]

[All the way out.]

[And that droning upright bass and banjo picking of "Straw Foot" by 16 Horsepower starts playing.]

FLASH BULBS POPPING & CELL PHONE LIGHTS ALL OVER THE ARENA!

WHHHOOOOOAAAAAHHH!?

[The crowd buzzes with anticipation for several moments, random groups calling out that the Sons of the Soil are in their section.]

[BOOM!]

[The lights come back up and the Sons of the Soil are EVERYWHERE! Immediately, the Skybreakers go back to back to back, with Walker squared up with The Thresher, Matthews with Ned the Crow, and Donovan drawing Jarvis Remus.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

There they are, partner, Walker's about to get everything that he's demanded!

Angus:

It's reparations time, mothafucka!

[The Sons climb over the barricades, each stepping on to the floor as they stare back at their intended targets in the ring. Thinking quickly, Hector Navarro calls for the bell and jumps back out of the way, and a split second later the Sons have rolled into the ring.]

DDK:

And here we go!

Angus:

Let's see how those hicks do in an actual match!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[Remus starts out by picking Ty up on his shoulders and tackling him back into the corner. But on the other side, Matthews dodges a wild elbow from Ned and counters with a roundhouse kick to the back of the thigh that knocks him to the mat. Matthews spins around and directs a kick at The Thresher, connecting with his ribs and giving Donovan a chance to dropkick him. Thresher falls back.]

DDK:

And the Skybreakers quickly taking advantage in this one!

[As The Thresher rolls under the bottom rope, Matthews hits Ned with a sole butt, and Donovan follows it with a flipping neckbreaker. Ned rolls out and lands at the feet of his boss. Matthews and Donovan, however, turn away from them to deliver twin dropkicks into the massive back of Jarvis Remus.]

[Caught off guard, Remus stumbles. Walker ducks out from under him. Matthews stuns Remus with a thrust kick under the jaw, Donovan drops to his hands and knees, and Walker flings himself at Remus with a flying double knee in the corner! Remus stumbles out into a double superkick from Matthews and Donovan]

Angus:

TIIMMMBER!

[Remus shakes the ring as he lands, and rolls out to join his teammates. Before he recovers, Walker jumps to the middle rope, and then backwards over the top with a moonsault, landing on Thresher and Ned!]

DDK:

The Skybreakers living up to their names and taking to the air! Matthews to the top rope!

[Remus, who wasn't hit by the moonsault, grabs Walker around the neck with both hands and begins to throttle him - and is again off guard when Matthews comes off the top with a corkscrew plancha!]

DDK:

Trojan Fall!

Angus:

Huh. You don't see too much flying out of Matthews.

[The whole pile of wrestlers, Sons of the Soil and Walker all, collapses as Matthews lands.]

DDK:

Matthews has always taken the approach of doing a few moves well rather than a lot of them.

Angus:

Eh, he's not really a flippydoo like Jake Donovan.

[Donovan, speaking of him, claps his hands, getting the fans clapping along with him as he prepares his own dive.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Angus:

Jake "The Raging Kevin" Donovan. Le sigh.

DDK:

Angus, you know you're allowed to use the f-word again, right?

Angus:

I'm going to save it for a special occasion. Like, if Jonny Booya does an MST of a Chance von Crank promo.

[Donovan hits the ropes near the wrestlers, runs the far ropes for speed. He leaps to the top rope, spins in the air, lands on the top rope facing into the ring, and then flips backwards.]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

DDK:

Phoenix Splash to the outside!

[It's a pile of bodies at ringside. That, and Jake Donovan, who lands more or less on his feet and throws his arm up. He slaps hands with some fans at ringside, then helps Walker up to his feet. The two of them grab Ned the Crow and hurl him into the guardrail.]

CLAAANK!

Angus:

You see that Keebs? They turned that kid upside down!

[Donovan now throws Thresher back into the ring. Walker heads to the top rope, and as Thresher rises, comes off with a flying leg lariat.]

DDK:

We've got two men in the ring right now, and Tyrone Walker's taking over on the leader of the Sons of the Soil!

Angus:

TEEMDANJAR!

DDK:

It's been personal between the Sons and Skybreakers, but particularly so between Walker and Thresher. Let's not forget that the Sons' first live appearance started with Thresher delivering a spear to Walker.

[Walker hits a pair of alternating open hand slaps to the face, and then a discus palm strike. The heavy strike spins Thresher around, and Walker picks him up for the Black Thunder, but-]

DDK:

Thresher out the back of the hold, and he bails from the ring AND A BIG running clothesline by Jarvis Remus!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[Remus grabs Ty by the afro, lifts him about a foot off the mat by it and slams him back down.]

Angus:

Shit man, this ain't good.

DDK:

What happened to, as you put it, TEEMDANJAR?

[Remus pulls Walker to his feet. He delivers an Irish whip so hard that he falls forward to the mat himself, and Walker collapses off hitting the ropes.]

Angus:

No, but it's like, okay, remember when Ty was messing with Diane Parker?

DDK:

Not sure why that's relevant.

Angus:

Because what the blackaconda is to white girls, black guys are to giant bald white rednecks!

[Walker is up to his hands and knees when Remus clubs him with a massive forearm across the back of the neck. The Black Jesus turns a somersault from the force of the blow.]

DDK:

But Walker gets on alright with Frank Dylan James.

Angus:

It's the bald, man. I mean, the dude doesn't even have any fucking eyebrows.

[Xander "Ironman" Youngsteen reference HO!]

Angus:

And somehow that makes it all even worse.

[Banter aside, Jarvis Remus knows how to use his weight. Walker is pulled to his feet and sent across the ring into the other neutral corner. Remus stalks after him instead of rushing, and when Walker gets the feet up, Remus is able to grab his ankles, yank him away from the turnbuckle and drop him on the mat almost like a powerbomb. A smiling snarl twisting across his lumpy face, he sinks his right hand into Walker's trapezius muscle and anchors his grip by grabbing his wrist with his other hand.]

DDK:

Something I think I'm picking up on here with the Sons of the Soil is that they arrange themselves to create advantageous matchups within these matches. It's a little early to tell but we saw the Sons carefully pick their targets at the beginning of the match, and now they've got Walker matched up against their big man.

Angus:

Bless his Team Danger heart, Walker's never been the best against power wrestlers. Less so as he

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

gets older. And even less so when they're that particular dude, because I'm telling you, giant bald rednecks are a black man's kryptonite.

[Ty inches across the mat on his butt and gets his foot on the bottom ropes. Remus breaks at 3, but delivers a big elbow to the top of the shoulder. Then Walker is whipped into the Sons' corner. Remus again plods after him instead of rushing, and tags out to Ned the Crow.]

DDK:

And in comes the small man of the team.

[Jarvis slugs Walker in the gut, and Ned flips over the top rope to come down across Walker's head with a legdrop. Ned bounces on his feet, then takes off running at the ropes. He jumps to the middle rope near the turnbuckle, the top rope on the other side of the turnbuckle, and leaps off, catches Walker in mid-air and drives his head into the mat with a DDT!]

Angus:

Why in fucks shit did he need to jump FIVE TIMES in order to do a gorram DDT? FLIPPYDOO HOMOQUEER!

[Ned doesn't continue. He squats next to Walker, seemingly admiring the way Walker writhes on the ground holding his head. Then he tags out to The Thresher.]

BBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

And a very negative reaction for the man who we presume is the leader of the Sons of the Soil.

[The Thresher prowls around Walker before slapping him across the face.]

SWAACK!

[Walker falls to his back, a dark mark where Thresher's hand hit.]

Angus:

DWAAAM!

DDK:

Angus, he just hit Tyrone Walker.

Angus:

Yeah, I know, and yeah, I can't wait til Ty gives him a taste of the pimphand, but credit where it's due and merking a guy in the face like that adds awesomepoints and deducts kevinpoints.

[Thresher slaps again, this one much lighter. Walker reacts on instinct, lunging from his knees with a punch - but Thresher is quick. He sidesteps, traps the arm, and does some sort of spinning armlock too fast for it to be clear exactly what he did - then uses it as leverage to lift Walker northern lights style, but drop him front first to the mat with a flapjack style slam.]

Angus:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Fuck was that? TEN KEVINPOINTS!

[But Thresher isn't done. As Walker gets to his knees clutching his ribs, Thresh grabs him by the waist K-Lift style. He spins in a circle, then stops, using the momentum to swing Walker up onto his shoulders, and then falls sideways.]

DDK:

And I haven't a clue what to call that.

Angus:

Keeps, The Thresher has lost ten times as many awesomepoints as he ever won in the first place. I've seen this style before, and it's all about doing as many fancy looking moves as you can without any consideration for whether they MAKE SENSE. Thresher follows a frontbuster up with a shitty powerbomb variation. He's the bastard child of Roderick Strong and Chance von Crank.

[Thresher runs the ropes, and hits a sliding forearm to Walker's head as he sits up.]

DDK:

Who's Roderick Strong?

Angus:

I'm... huh. I'm not sure.

[This time, Thresher gets an arm butterfly applied to the still grounded Walker, and brings him up that way. He brings Walker up overhead - and loses his grip! Walker slides down Thresher's back, hooks his legs under Thresher's arms and brings him over with a sunset flip!]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THRICKOUT!

[Thresher tries to regain the momentum with a lariat, but it's telegraphed, pretty badly. Walker ducks, and dropkicks him on the chest. Thresher - jumps backwards as though he was hit by a cannonball, lands in his own corner and tags out to Jarvis Remus.]

[Walker's eyes widen.]

DDK:

Angus, it's almost like you're right about Walker being intimidated by Remus. The Sons made a mistake though, because Thresher tagging out without securing his man means -

RRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!!!

DDK:

-Walker tags out to Donovan!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[Donovan comes in with a springboard missile dropkick. It hits Remus square in the chest and sends the big man teetering back, windmilling his arms - and he falls with a mat-shaking crash!]

[Donovan flings himself at the Sons' corner, Ned drops out of the way, but Donovan was really only making them flinch. He rebounds straight at Jarvis, ducks a flail and goes up in a spinning headscissor, round Remus' body in a corbata, switches his grip from legs on neck to arms around shoulder, and drives Remus face first into the mat with a single arm DDT]

DDK:

Great speed from Donovan keeping the big man of the Sons off balance!

Angus:

He practically fell down on his own, Donovan's still a fag. Whoops, I guess that was my rainy day.

[Jarvis lumbers to his feet as Donovan leaps with a cross body block. For a minute it looks like the big redneck has caught Donovan, but Donovan kicks free, swings up behind and over Jarvis' head and drops him with a DDT. This time the big man rolls out of the ring.]

Angus:

FAIL. Y'know I was wondering if maybe MY HOSS OVERLORDS were recruiting, but if Remus can't step to The Raging Kevin.

DDK:

Jarvis Remus has proven immensely strong already, but it's beginning to look like despite his power he doesn't have much of an idea on how to defend himself in the ring.

[Donovan claps his hands, getting the fans going, and then takes off against the rope, heading towards Jarvis for a dive - and Ned catches him with a cross body block!]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THRE...!

.....EEKICKOUT!

DDK:

Ned nearly caught Donovan by surprise, but Donovan's out in 2 and a half!

[Ned hits Donovan with a pair of forearms. Problem is, the forearms suck and don't hurt. Donovan is so not used to being the kind of wrestler who can shrug strikes off that he almost forgets to go on the offensive. But he does, booting Ned and sending him off the ropes. Ned rebounds with a flying bodyscissor, Donovan brings him up, Ned shifts his grip for a bulldog, and Donovan anticipates it, runs forward and plants Ned on top of one of the neutral corners!]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[Jake jumps the top rope, then hangs onto the top rope to enzuigiri Ned from the apron. Ned falls backwards into the ring, and Donovan hops to the top rope and comes off with a shooting star press! Instead of going for the pin, he picks Ned up on his shoulders and walks around the ring.]

DDK:

Donovan looking for the Lightning Spiral maybe? No, Thresher with the save!

[As Donovan got a little too close to the Sons' corner, Thresher reached into the ring and grabbed Ned's ankle, pulling his feet down. Donovan loses his grip, Ned collapses. With a shrug and glance at the fallen stickfigure of a wrestler, Donovan jumps to the middle rope...]

[And over the top, connecting with The Thresher with a cross body block and taking both men off the apron!]

[With Ned down and Walker still on his knees trying to recollect himself from the beating he took earlier, it's up to Troy Matthews and Jarvis Remus to enter the ring. Technically Matthews was aiming for Ned, but Remus, moving a little faster than you'd expect a guy of his size to move, catches Matthews with a kitchen sink style knee. Ned rolls to the apron, legalizing Jarvis, as the big man meathooks Matthews around the neck, lifts him straight up - and at the apex of the lift Matthews breaks his grip and dropkicks him on the descent!]

DDK:

The big man's wobbled again!

[Matthews delivers a pair of roundhouses to the ribs to disappointingly little effect, but a nasty one to the back of Remus' right leg sends him to one knee, and seizing the opening, Matthews connects with a shining enzuigiri.]

Angus:

TRENDSETTER!

[Remus flails his arms, closer to unconscious than conscious but with the lump of tissue in his skull that in another man would be a brain still firing electric urges to his limbs, but Matthews easily dodges it and delivers a second Trendsetter. Remus slumps face first to the mat.]

Angus:

Turn him over! Dammit Troy hurry!

[Walker makes his way into the ring guarding the cover, as Matthews laboriously hooks a half nelson on Remus and rolls him over onto his back.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE...

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

.....EEEEEE...!

.....EEEE?..... WHAAAAAAM!

DDK:

Ned with the save, and what a save it was!

Angus:

He jumped right the hell over Walker's head!

[With a sideways rolling splash no less. Ned lands on the pinfall, breaking it, and Thresher follows him. Ned cuts Donovan off with a quick dropkick to the knee, Jarvis hangs onto Walker as Thresher grabs Matthews by the leg and stands up.]

DDK:

What's he setting up here? ...dragonscrew leg whip!

[But Thresher doesn't let go of Matthews' leg. He grabs Matthews by the head, pulls him up by his head and one leg, and over with a fisherman's buster! And he STILL doesn't let go of the leg. Rolling across Matthews' body, he lifts him up again by the leg, this time straight up in the air and DOWN with a cannonball powerbomb!]

Angus:

So. Many. MOEVS.

DDK:

Angus, I-

Angus:

Keeps, right now as far as I'm concerned, the best match ever in DEF was Dusty Griffith against Kai Scott for the World Title. Thresher's done more different moves in this match than both of them did in that match put together. The hell is his excuse?

[Thresher did, however, powerbomb Matthews so he was perfectly perpendicular to the turnbuckle. Ned jumps to the top rope, Thresher slaps his hand, and Ned comes off the top with a very high arcing moonsault!]

DDK:

Right on target!

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THRE...

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

.....EEEBROKENUP!

Angus:

MUH! BOI! TY!!

[Walker drops a driving elbow on Ned's head, breaking the fall. And The Thresher smiles. He enters the ring illegally to clothesline Walker down, but Ned just rolls out of the ring and Thresher throws Matthews out after him.]

Angus:

ONE MILLION KEVINPOINTS FOR MAKING MUHBOITY PLAY RICKY MORTON!

[Thresher doesn't get fancy and indytacular with his moves this time. He drapes Walker over the bottom rope and kneels on his back, pulling up on the middle rope for leverage. Hector Navarro chews him out, Thresher gives him a bulletproof stare but releases the choke at 4 and simply steps out of the ring.]

[And Jarvis Remus rumbles across the ring, jumps and lands on Walker's shoulder! Remus slides between the ropes and out of the ring, Walker is thrown backwards into the ring where he kicks and clutches his throat.]

Angus:

HEY! He needs that throat to speak amusing afronegrocanbonics.

DDK:

That's just shy of 300 pounds right across the neck and throat of Tyrone Walker, and now Ned's back in the ring!

[On the apron, Donovan and Matthews are clapping, trying to get the fans going.]

LET'S GO TY-YY, LET'S GO! *CLAP* CLAP*

LET'S GO TY-YY, LET'S GO! *CLAP* CLAP*

[Ned grins a simpleton's grin and waves at the fans, then moonsaults off the bottom rope and hits Ty dead on. Jumping back to his feet, he moonsaults off the middle rope, again connecting.]

DDK:

Ned going for the Trifecta moonsaults, but he's stalling on the last one.

[Climbing to the top, Ned stands, throws a double 'youdaman' fingerpoint at the fans, and flips backwards - and meets knees!]

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!

LET'S GO TY! LET'S GO TY!

DDK:

Walker, gives himself some breathing room but can he make it to his corner.

[Getting up on his knees and elbows, Walker inches his way towards his corner. Coming back to life,

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Ned grabs Walker by the ankle, but isn't strong enough to slow him much. Walker reaches, inches from the tag - and Remus grabs Ned's ankle and pulls, dragging Ned all the way under the ropes and Walker well out of tag range. He enters the ring himself and drops a knee.]

DDK:

It's interesting that we've not seen many if any double team moves from the Sons, but they've really got the lucha tag rules down pat. It's hard to cut the ring off when you can escape outside the ropes at any time, but not only have the Sons done that, they've used the rule to their advantage in isolating Walker.

Angus:

Keeps, you know that Matthews is a journeyman who's been surprisingly good a few times but never made it big. He's the fucking Cincinnati Bengals of DEFIANCE. Donovan's a flippydoo derptard. Take out Walker, and you take out the mind behind the Skybreakers.

[Remus pulls Walker up and whips him into a neutral corner, following it with a running backplash. Walker falls, ends up sitting in the turnbuckle. Remus takes a run, flips, and crushes Walker with a cannonball splash. With Walker barely fighting back, Remus clamps on a full nelson.]

Jarvis Remus:

SQUEEEEEEEEEEL, BWA!

[Walker jumps, looking for ANYTHING.]

[His feet bounce off Ned's chest, knocking him off the ring apron. Remus' grip is loosened, and Walker spins around in the full nelson. Tucking his legs, he swings under Remus' arm and spikes the big man with a modified over the shoulder DDT.]

LET'S GO TY-YY, LET'S GO! *CLAP* CLAP*

LET'S GO TY-YY, LET'S GO! *CLAP* CLAP*

[Ty inches across the ring. Ned tries to pull Jarvis out of the ring, but can't drag the big man fast. Thresher stomps up and down the apron, but doesn't break his silence.]

[And Walker makes the tag to Donovan!]

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

DON-O-VAN!!! DON-O-VAN!!! DON-O-VAN!!! DON-O-VAN!!!

DDK:

And Donovan gets back in the ring for the first time in ages! Frankensteiner to Thresher!

[The Thresher gets up into a spinning heel kick. He's knocked clear of the ring.]

DDK:

Thresher's down! Jarvis is up, and Donovan with a lionsault!

[Ned's up. Donovan turns on him with a spinning backfist.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[The only catch is, Ned backflips to avoid it. He handsprings back to his feet and almost in the same motion jumps to enzuigiri Donovan. Donovan goes out of the ring over the middle rope, but Matthews is ready for that. He comes off the top at Ned, Ned rolls to the side to avoid it, but 'it' wasn't anything but Matthews landing on his feet.]

DDK:

Bluff pays off for Matthews and he's lighting up Ned!

[Left roundhouse, right roundhouse, left roundhouse, sole butt, swinging neckbreaker. Troy takes a quick attempt at the Trendsetter, but Ned, showing surprising quickness, ducks, and Troy faceplants. Ned strikes a ridiculous martial arts stance, and.]

Angus:

Troy ducks the tae kwon do bullshit! BAKKUSLIDAH!

DDK:

Hage No Kachi!

[Matthews runs in place, trying to get every bit of weight on the pin that he can.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREEBROKENUP!

[The Thresher lands on the pin.]

[Walker lands on Thresh.]

[Jarvis lands on Walker.]

[Donovan lands on Jarvis.]

Angus:

PANDABEARLINOLEUM!

[The fight goes mad. Donovan jumps to grab Jarvis around the neck with his legs. Jarvis can't get the angle right for a powerbomb, and Donovan huracarranas them both out of the ring. Matthews catches Ned with a leg lariat and they both fall from the ring, leaving Walker and The Thresher alone.]

Angus:

CAN IT BE PAYBACK TIME?

DDK:

It may not be that easy for Ty. Angus you criticized Thresher's move-centric wrestling style and you

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

may even have been fair to do it, but Thresher's clearly an accomplished wrestler.

Angus:

And some day we may find out where why and how he learned to do that, but right now it's MUHBOITY!

[Walker escapes... some move or other... by countering into a hammerlock, carefully turning around and wiping Thresher out with a takeover lariat.]

Angus:

And you know what this is, Keebs? This is the Black Jesus teaching that Rob Zombie looking motherfucker that there's more to wrestling than fancypants moves! Ty can get fancy if he wants to, but he's bringing out the BASICS, and Thresh can't handle it!

[Scoop slam by Walker. As the crowd roars their approval, he connects with another scoop slam. And then a scoop backbreaker. Carefully sliding his knee out from under Thresher, leaving the man still bridged, Ty hits a butt-stomp on Thresher's stomach. With the Thresher not fighting back, Walker takes his opening. Boot to the gut...]

Angus:

PILEDRIVER!

DDK:

Just a straight piledriver from Tyrone Walker, but whereas some moves come and go the Piledriver is as feared as the day it was invented! Walker with the cover!

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE...

.....EEEE...

.....EEEEKICKOUT!!!

Angus:

Not quite enough. Probably would've been enough without that shitheap of dreadlocks on Thresher's head.

DDK:

I think you may actually be right there, Angus.

[Ty slashes his thumb across his throat, then points at Thresher.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Angus:

I think it's Lights Out time, pardner!

[But let's step away from the ring for a second.]

[Hector Navarro is watching the legal men, which means he's NOT watching Ned the Crow. And as Matthews advances, Ned reaches into his pocket and throws a big handful of something tan into Matthews' face.]

Angus:

WHAT WAS THAT?! What was it, Keeps?

DDK:

It looked like some kind of dust, like

[Matthews' face quickly turns red.]

DDK:

Straw dust. Chaff. As far as stuff the Sons could throw, that makes sense...

Angus:

GORRAMMIT!!

[Ned climbs to the apron, runs along it and jumps off. Instead of being all fancy, he just tackles Donovan from behind.]

[And Remus doesn't waste a second getting into the ring and pushing Thresher to the side! Ty's busaiku knee, the Lights Out, hits Remus and sends him flailing all over the place, but Thresher is safe, and as Walker gets up, still a little bit confused, Thresher just DRILLS him under the jaw with a superkick.]

SWAAAAACK!

Angus:

DAMMIT!

[Thresher runs straight at the ropes, dives between the middle and top and hits Matthews dead on. Leaving Ty down from the superkick, and Remus hurt but on his feet in the ring.]

[He clamps down that full nelson.]

Jarvis Remus:

AH SAID **SQUEEL**, BWAI!

[Remus lifts Ty up and drops to the mat, landing both men on their respective butts.]

[And sensitive readers are advised to look away now.]

[Remus keeps that full nelson clamped on, and instead rolls over backwards and adds a bodyscissor.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Jarvis Remus:

SQUEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEL!!!!!!

Tyrone Walker:

squeal

DING! DING! DING!

Angus:

NOOO!!

DDK:

What a way to debut for the Sons of Soil! Their good fortune puts them on the winning track out right out of the gates, but it continues the run of hard luck for the Skybreakers, who have yet to get it right as a team.

Angus:

I think you mean Donovan and Matthews can't get it right.

DDK:

No, I think the Skybreakers lost, not just Donovan and Matthews.

Angus:

BAAAAAAAHH!

[Back in the ring, Hector Navarro starts trying to pull Jarvis off the submission hold, but the big man won't have any of it. It's Thresher rolling into the ring and slapping him across the face that saves Hector from the inevitable assault that would come had he overturned the decision. Walker rolls out of the ring, and Matthews helps him to the back. Donovan's face is red and teary from whatever it was that Ned threw in his face.]

DDK:

There was zero finesse in that hold Jarvis used, which according to my notes is called The Squealer, but with a guy that strong it doesn't require finesse to hurt.

[Jarvis kneels down in the middle of the ring, then bends forward to press his forehead into the mat. Ned drops to one knee beside him, stretching his arms out in front of him as the Thresher rolls into the ring and joins them, watching the Skybreakers limp away like scalded dogs.]

Angus:

Just cut to something else, anything would be better than this right now.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Arrive the Boss

[A trunk shuts.]

[Eric Dane steps around the back of his Navigator with a large DEF duffle hanging from his right shoulder. The Only Star is casually dressed, a black DEF polo pulled down over a pair of black slacks, capped off by leather shoes. Trademark shades cover the annoyed look developing in his eyes as he makes for the entrance to the DEFplex.]

“Seriously, Eric, I just don’t get what you’re trying to accomplish by sending me off to spend a month in a cramped room full of lawyers and then trying to take your own World Title from your best bet at taking back your entire promotion from Ed White.”

[Kelly Evans slinks around the giant truck and catches up to Dane’s stride, slender long legs poking out from beneath a very high cut, if somewhat professional skirt and coming to a point in a pair of black stilettos. Her click-clacks match the steady gait of the former Champion as they both make their way down the aisle and to a very clearly marked door.]

Dane:

What’s there to get? White has no idea how deep he’s in, and Dusty, whether he knows it or not, is one step away from that legacy he needs so bad. It’s all in the long-con, Kels, it’s what I’ve been trying to show you. Plan for everything. Contingencies for contingencies sake. Leave no path untrodden, and never lose your way to the pay window.

Evans:

Seriously? Is that some kind of ancient wrestling proverb? Are you cutting a promo on me?

[Dane snickers.]

Dane:

Jesus fucking fuck, Kelly, how long have I been doing this?

[Kelly ponders.]

Dane:

Exactly, higher than you can count. Just trust me when I tell you that enough misdirection has been applied to just the right places that no matter what goes down tonight, things will blowback favorably in our direction.

Evans:

And the title?

Dane:

What? I can’t help it that I like the shinies.

[Dane grins as he pulls open the door to the staff entrance. DEFsec, having mostly been reinstated over the past few weeks, are on the scene to meet and greet the dynamic duo and are quick to scramble out of their way.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Evans: [defeated]

Fine. I'm calling Ty. And Steve. And London.

Dane:

Don't call anybody, just make sure everything goes according to plan, capice?

[They walk on, the whole show ahead of them. There is something knowing in Dane's swagger, but then again he is an egomaniacal sociopath with something of a shady history of selling out everybody he's ever met. How's it gonna shake out?]

[Time will tell. T-minus an hour and a half.]

[Cut.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Samuel T. Turner II vs Zeke Cassidy

[As the Bestie Boys "Integalactic" plays Zeke Cassidy enters the ring.]

Darren Quimbey:

Stepping into the ring weighing one hundred seventy one pounds, ZEKE CASSIDDDYYYY!!!

DDK:

You may remember Zeke's brother Jack Cassidy that wrestled for DEFIANCE some months back.

Angus:

I remember him, is this Zeke's debut?

DDK:

Yeah, I believe so.

Angus:

Lucky him, lets see who he's facing.

[ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" blares throughout the DEFarena.]

♪ Clean shirt, new shoes ♪
♪ And I don't know where I'm goin' to ♪
♪ Silk suit, black tie ♪
♪ I don't need a reason why ♪

Angus:

Who's this? The Sex Symbols?

DDK:

Doubtful Angus, they're back to dancing at Pure Gold on the Sunset Strip.

Angus:

How do you know this?

DDK:

Twitter!

Angus:

Sure.

♪ They come runnin' just as fast as they can ♪
♪ 'Cause every girl crazy 'bout a sharp dressed man ♪
♪ Gold watch, diamond ring ♪
♪ I ain't missin' not a single thing ♪
♪ And cuff links, stick pin ♪
♪ When I step out, I'm gonna do you in ♪

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[Out struts Samuel T. Thomas II.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

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

Angus:

Samuel T. Turner...The Second!

DDK:

I know you're happy now Angus.

Angus:

Happy, I'm ecstatic, too bad he's a Blood Diamond, but hey, it is what it is.

DDK: [rolling his eyes]

Right.

Darren Quimbey:

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

[Samuel steps into the ring stares down Zeke Cassidy.]

DING! DING! DING!

[The two step to the center of the ring and lock up with a collar and elbow. Samuel pushes Zeke into the ropes.]

Carla Ferrari:

Rope break!

[Samuel holds Zeke on the ropes.]

Carla Ferrari:

One!

[Samuel begins to unload lefts and rights to Zeke's gut.]

Carla Ferrari:

Two! Come on Samuel, break.

[He continues the punches until Zeke drops to his butt then backs away.]

Carla Ferrari: [in Samuel's face]

When I say break, you break!

Angus:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

She needs to get out of his face before he snaps her like a twig.

DDK:

He wouldn't hit a referee.

Angus:

Maybe not the old Sam, but this is the new Samuel!

DDK:

Pfft, don't remind me.

[He smirks, shakes his head and picks up Zeke by his ear. He whips him into the ropes. Just as Zeke bounces off Samuel swings wildly with a lariat only to have Zeke duck. Zeke bounces off the ropes and comes back with a flying cross body block knocking Samuel to the mat for a pin.]

ONE!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

He kicked out quickly Angus.

Angus:

No way Zeke can hold him down with that weak move, C'mon man!.

[Samuel jumps up to his feet and forces Zeke into the ropes again. He delivers a hard knee strike to Zeke's gut, then another and backs away.]

Angus:

He's working his gut like a boss!

DDK:

If you say so.

[Zeke runs off the ropes. Samuel sidesteps him and pushes him into the ropes. Zeke comes off them. Samuel bends down for a back body drop. Zeke leaps over and stops. Samuel turns around and is met by a dropkick. And another one. Zeke goes for the trifecta only to have Samuel swat him away.]

Angus:

Way to go Zeke, Jack would be so proud, not.

DDK:

He's doing his best and not looking too shabby.

Angus:

Not shabby? Are you serious?

DDK:

Just watch the match.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[Samuel picks up Zeke and wrenches the arm and whips him into to corner, but Zeke reverses it sending Samuel into the corner. Samuel bounces out, Zeke goes for a hip toss, and no, Samuel stops him and beil throws him $\frac{3}{4}$ across the ring.]

Angus:

Look at that strength.

DDK:

Zeke only weight 171lbs. soaking wet.

Angus:

It is what it is! He just tossed across the ring like a rag doll no matter how much he weighs.

[Samuel picks him up and places him in the corner gently. He walks across the ring and starts pumping his arms like a locomotive. He takes off with a head of steam and splashes Zeke through the turnbuckles and ring post.]

Angus:

Zeke dropped faster than a whore looking for a fix, hell maybe he just OD'd on too much STT2.

DDK:

Classy as always Angus, very classy.

Angus:

I'll show you classy when your daughter turns 18!

DDK:

You mother.....

Angus:

No, I'd be a daughter...

DDK:

Shut up, just shut up.

[Samuel drops a knee to Zeke's forehead and goes for the pin.]

ONE!

TWO!

NO...SAMUEL PULLS ZEKE'S SHOULDERS OFF THE MAT!

Angus:

That's what I'd do Samuel!

Carla Ferrari: [in Samuel's face again]

Pin or submit him, and stop playing cat and mouse with him.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[A grin comes over Samuel's face as he picks Zeke up from the mat. He kicks him in the gut and delivers a devastating kneelift sending Zeke back to the mat. He headbutt's Zeke sending him back down to the mat, and delivers a huge elbow drop straight to Zeke's heart. He stands up smiling as the fans disagree.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Samuel puts one foot on Zeke's chest for the pin.]

ONE!

TWO!

NO...SAMUEL MOVES HIS FOOT OFF ZEKE'S CHEST!

DDK:

He's toying with. It's like an episode of Itchy and Scratchy on the Simpsons.

Angus:

Fight, fight, fight. Fight, fight, fight. The Itchy and Scratchy Show.

[Samuel lifts up the semi lifeless body of Zeke.]

Angus:

Forearm smash! And another! Zeke is on wobbly knees. Forearm smash, Zeke drops like a sack of meth being tossed from a guy running from the cops.

DDK:

He's a youngster, Angus. He didn't sign up for this kind of match.

Angus:

If he signed a contract, then yes he did.

[Samuel lifts Zeke up yet again. He points to the corner, kicks Zeke in the gut, lifts him for a powerbomb.]

DDK:

Holy hell, Samuel just buckle bombed Zeke so hard he bounced back out to the ring.

Angus:

OMG! HERE IT COMES. LLLLLLLAAAAAAAARRRRRRRIIIIIImothrerfuckingAAAAATTTTTTOOOH!

DDK:

Zeke just turned two flips in midair and landed on his face.

[Samuel makes the cover.]

ONE!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

TWO!

THREE!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DING! DING! DING!

Angus:

OMG! OMG! OMG!

DDK:

I have to agree, that was one hell of a lariat!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of the match, SAMUEELLL T. TURNERR THE SECONNDDD

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

These fans are crazy, why are they booing this man?

DDK:

He's a turncoat Angus.

Angus:

Maybe so, but he's a force!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Arrive the Champ

DDK:

It's just sad that he felt he needed to turn on everything he believed in to become this "force."

Angus:

Yeah, well... Sometimes sacrifices must be made to get where you wanna go, Keeps.

DDK:

Anyway, I'm being told me have some footage from earlier in the day of the Champion's arrival.

Angus:

Let's do it.

[Roll tape!]

[Backstage; The Halls.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[The fans erupt at the first sight of their DEFIANCE Wrestling World Heavyweight Champion, Dusty Griffith and his big brother of a best friend, Frank Dylan James. The worldbreaking duo are aimlessly traversing the halls, randomly greeting equally random staffers and crew members who are getting the complex ready for tonight's paperview event.]

Frank Dylan James:

So's yew gunna whip 'at Eric Dean's ass t'naight? Assuming he don' whup yew first that is...

[Frank chuckles as he gives Dusty a small shove on the shoulder, of course a small shove from Frank would put a normal man through a wall. Dusty snickers and shakes his head before shrugging as they continue onward.]

Dusty Griffith:

Love the pep talk there, coach, but yeah... That's the plan...

[Dusty trails off, not really sure what to say. Truth be told, he's actually kind of nervous for this match, because it's the biggest opponent he's faced in his entire career. While Dane isn't physically the biggest, there's no doubt he's most decorated and revered opponent he's ever had to step into the ring with... And he happens to be one of the greatest big match performers ever.]

Dusty Griffith:

So what about you, brother? Got anything for the "real" World Champion, Jonny Booya?

[So he deflects. If it weren't for the fact that Frank has said fight with Jonny Booya, he might have called Dusty on the deflection, but he does have that fight, and bringing it up gets the job done for Dusty to move things along.]

Frank Dylan James:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Ah tells yew whut, Dust, I'mma fixin' t' putta whuppin' on 'at pritty boay hippie, Joany Booyeh. Take mah big ol' fists raight 'ere, an' smash his face in 'til Ol' Eddard Whaite's down a man. He done took Big Sam from us, so I'mma do th' same t' him.

[Dusty bristles at the mention of Sam Turner Jr, the now former good ol' boy from Harlan County. Speaking of Edward White, it just so happens to be that Ol' Frank and Big Dust are walking past the Bo\$\$e\$ Office, more commonly known as The Skybox that overlooks the arena like that of a Roman Emperor at the Coliseum. The door is open, but neither pay it any mind and continue on.]

Edward White: [off screen]

Is that Dusty Griffith?

[Dusty heard his name, but he also heard the voice speaking it and continues moving on. They don't get far as the Bo\$\$e\$ stooges pour out of the office, starting with Jane Katze and then Nicky Corozzo, who does the talking in his deep New York Italian accent.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Nicky Corozzo:

The boss wants to see you... Now.

[Dusty turns are looks at Corozzo, the massive enforcer bristles at the defiant smirk Dusty flashes him. Looking to Frank, the two shrug and silently agree to see what he wants, without further acknowledging Corozzo or Jane, simply walking right past them and into the office. Frank even shuts the door in their faces, making them have to open it to return to White's side, who is seated in his high backed, leather office chair.]

Edward White: [smiling politely]

Aaaah, Mr. Griffith, how are you, sir?

[Dusty's brow arches severely at the formality of White's greeting. Frank doesn't bother with any of this subtlety nonsense and gets right to it.]

Frank Dylan James:

Th' HALE do yew want, Eddard? Whatever it is, this man 'ere ain't buyin', raight, Dust?

[Dusty nods, but keeps his eyes locked on White, who doesn't let the Southern Gentlemen act waiver in the least.]

Edward White:

Me? Absolutely nothing, Francis. I saw you two gentlemen walking by, and by the way, I really appreciate the initiative of you two getting here early and setting an example for the rest of your... colleagues.

[Dusty clears his throat, snorts his nose and thumbs it, his annoyance at White's rambling beginning to show at the edges of his patience.]

Dusty Griffith:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Right. Anyway.

Edward White:

Hmm? Oh, yes, I wanted to wish you good luck tonight, Dusty. To say that this evening is very important, for all of us, would be an understatement. Just know that I'm pulling for you.

Dusty Griffith:

Right, well... Thanks, I guess?

[Wanting to get the hell out of this awkward situation, Dusty turns on his heel and is out the door, followed by Frank, who backs out of the office to make sure they're not followed.]

Frank Dylan James:

Whut in th' HALE was all'a 'at about?

Dusty Griffith:

Who knows, brother, that was just bizzare.

[Back to the booth.]

Angus:

He's up to something, Keebs, but what, who the hell knows, right?

DDK:

Absolutely, but the oddest thing is, for some reason I think he was actually being genuine with his support for Dusty tonight.

Angus:

Fucking weird, dude... Eeeh, what's next?

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Mushigihara vs Jed Whitewood

[Cue "Going Up the Country." And cue a lukewarm reaction, to match "Going Up The Country."]

Angus:

The sound of twiddling thumbs would have been more appropriate for Whiteworm. Also much catchier.

♪ *I'm going up the country, babe don't you wanna go?* ♪
♪ *I'm going up the country, babe don't you wanna go?* ♪
♪ *I'm going to some place where I've never been before* ♪
♪ *I'm going, I'm going where the water tastes like wine* ♪
 ♪ *Well, I'm going where the water tastes like wine* ♪
♪ *We can jump in the water, stay drunk all the time* ♪

[Jed Whitewood begins his triumphant march down the entrance ramp, and suddenly, there is a rousing of cheers as the DEFIAfans notice his companion from last week, Mr. Teddy Ruxpin, is being carried over his head. Oblivious to the fact that it's the toy that's being well-received, a smile crawls over his face as he continues toward the ring.]

Darren Quimbey:

He hails from Petal, Mississippi and weighs in at one-hundred sixty pounds! THE MISS-ISSSSS-IPPPPPPPPIIIII SQUIRREL, JED WHITE-WOOOOOOD!

DDK:

Good to know Jed's brought some backup for this fight, but something tells me he'll need a little more than a stuffed bear to help him in tonight's match.

Angus:

Mushi's gonna send him back to the Island of Misfit Toys right along with the Misfit Hick, and we can finally say farewell to the worst hire ever.

♪ *I'm gonna leave this city, got to get away* ♪
♪ *I'm gonna leave this city, got to get away* ♪
♪ *All this fussing and fighting, man, you know I sure can't stay* ♪

[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 "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion", which astute gamers may recognize from the Wii game No More Heroes, blasts through the speakers. Jed Whitewood, assured, is sporting a look of bemusement.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Angus:

GOD-BEAST COMIN'! GOD-BEAST COMIN'!

[Amidst the golden smog and lights, the dapper, debonaire, and dashing Minister of Ungentlemanly Warfare, Eddie Dante, materializes, surveying the scenery and absorbing the jeers of the crowd.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

DDK:

Normally, I'd be annoyed at you trying to squeeze a Wire reference into this match, but the past few weeks have shown this man as someone to be feared; Jed Whitewood has so far faced Mushigihara twice since his debut in DEFIANCE Wrestling, and both times he came up short in what can only be described as spectacular fashion.

Angus:

Or in layman's terms, Epic Fail.

Darren Quimbey:

AND HIS OPPONENT! Accompanied to the ring by "The Curator of Chaos," Eddie Dante, he hails from Mito, Japan and weighs in tonight at three hundred seventeen pounds... this is THE GOD-BEAST! MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAAAA-RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

Indeed. Eddie Dante decided to offer Jed one final match with Mushigihara, but promised that if he failed to deliver he would be in for a WORLD of hurt. Tonight, we'll find out if the Mississippi Squirrel has it in him to stand up to the big man.

Angus:

Naaaaaah. He'll be Mississippi roadkill in like five minutes.

[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, while Mushi's expressionless face quivers in hate. Mushi makes it to the ring, bouncing off the ropes on either side and having a staring contest with the entire arena as the video game music goes dead.]

DDK:

And Mushigihara wasting no time, delivering a CLUBBING forearm to Jed Whitewood's face!

DING

DING

DING!

[As Eddie glowers towards the ring, the God-Beast hammers Whitewood again and tosses him into the nearby ropes, and on the rebound drags him by the arm, ass-over-tea-kettle onto the mat.]

THUD!

Mushigihara:

OSU!

[As Whitewood reels from the opening throw, Mushi panders to the crowd, getting a rousing round of jeers.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

DDK:

And Mushigihara getting warmed up here, as Whitewood looks shaken up from the get-go. Jed labors for the nearby corner, but Mushi is on him, almost stalking him as he tries to get up...

[Mushi gets his mitts on the Mississippi Squirrel and and greets him with a HARD whip into the opposite corner, and Whitewood plops down to the mat like he just hit a brick wall.]

WHAM!!!

Mushigihara:

OSU!

DDK:

The Squirrel is NOT off to a good start here, as Mushigihara looks to have blood in his mind, not even giving Whitewood a moment's respite! The big man lumbers over to give him a nice hard stomp in the chest, and another... and another!

[Mushi looks upon his prey in disgust, almost as if he wonders why he's wasting the effort. Eddie Dante is shouting words of encouragement from ringside, which leads the erstwhile God-Beast to gingerly pick Whitewood up to his feet, and position him, back to the corner post, essentially trapped, while Mushigihara clasps his hands.]

Angus:

This ain't gonna be good for the pipsqueak over there, is it?

Mushigihara:

OooooooooooooSU!

THWACK!

[That was the sound of Mushigihara's right hand crashing palm-first into Whitewood's ribs, shotei-style.]

THWACK!

[And that was his left.]

Mushigihara:

GRRRRRRRRR...

THWACK!

[Like a boxer going ham on a heavy bag, Mushi crouches just a little, and fires a salvo of palms to Whitewood's torso.]

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACKWACKWACKWACK!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[Mushi turns away and taunts the crowd as Jed Whitewood steps out of the corner and crumples up, clutching his ribs, which are now covered in red, hand-sized blotches that are starting to turn black and blue. Mushigihara turns back to his opponent and shakes his head, before reaching down to him and hoisting up over his head.]

DDK:

He's... putting Whitewood on the top rope, and... stepping back?

Angus:

Now why wouldn't he get up there with him and send him crashing to the ground?

DDK:

I suppose he wants to give him a puncher's chance...?

[As Jed Whitewood starts to stir, Mushi looks at him up close and grunts, as if he was telling him to take his best shot.]

DDK:

Well, then, that's exactly what he was doing.

Mushigihara:

OSU.

[Seeing a golden opportunity here, Whitewood grins and leaps towards the God-Beast...]

Angus:

Bad move, sparky.

[Only to get caught in a tight bearhug, screaming in agony as Mushigihara cinches it into those bruised ribs.]

Mushigihara:

OSU! UWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA~

THUD!

DDK:

DEVASTATING SUPLEX by the God-Beast! Mushigihara lunges up quickly and sees Whitewood struggling to get up, and I think he's ready to end this!

Angus:

FINALLY.

[The cut-throat sign Mushi just made towards Whitewood is what clued Keeps in. Mushi hunches down and waits for Whitewood to finally get up... only to be hoisted across the shoulders of the God-Beast, and unceremoniously dumped back down.]

DDK:

And there's the Beast Breaker! Jed Whitewood looks utterly down and out, and now Mushigihara

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!

Angus:

GODDAMMIT, FATBOY, CAN'T YOU PUT US OUT OF THIS ASSHOLE'S MISERY?!

[That outburst? A result of Mushi pulling Jed up from the mat before Mark Shields can put the third count down and end the match. But the hatred doesn't last long, as Mushi is already at work with Jed across the shoulders again...]

THUD!!!

DDK:

SECOND Beast Breaker, and there is NO WAY that Jed gets up from this!

Mushigihara:

OSU!

[Taking the hint that Mushi was making a demand, Shields falls into position again to deliver the pin count.]

ONE

TWO

THREE

DINGDINGDING!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

[Mushi rises to his feet and nods toward Eddie Dante, who nods in approval, as Darren Quimbey does his thing.]

Darren Quimbey:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOUR WINNER... MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-
RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

You failed miserably.

[As Jed Whitewood squirms in blinding agony from the massacre he just endured, Mushigihara stands over his fallen prey, his mask failing to hide his disgust, while Eddie Dante casually saunters into the ring, microphone in hand and face doused in an indescribable combination of concern, disgust, and glee. He nods to his massive client as he passes him, and stoops down by Whitewood's corpse, making sure to lean on his cane all the while. Dante surveys the crowd watching this all unfold, as he coldly addresses the loser of the match.]

Eddie Dante:

You had one task, young Whitewood. *ONE* task.

[Eddie rises to his feet, aided by the cane, while Mushigihara doesn't move a muscle.]

Eddie Dante:

All you had to do was show one sign... one *iota* of one sign... that you had learned something, ANYTHING, that you had matured in some way in your three encounters with the God-Beast.

Against every *flicker* of sense in our brains and our bodies, Whitewood, we went along with the idea that Mushigihara was some sort of mountain for you to climb, despite the fact that you had NOTHING... no gear, no food... you would probably do such a thing without so much as a coat!

[The Curator of Chaos shakes his head in disgust.]

Eddie Dante:

But it doesn't matter, because for the third time in a row, young Whitewood, at the simple task of not making yourself look like an ass in front of the world, *you failed miserably*. We offered you an out... and you even made an ass of yourself in declining that offer. This match tonight? It wasn't a shot at redemption for you; it was the final nail.

[The arena takes on an even more hushed tone as Dante glances at Mushigihara.]

Eddie Dante:

There will be no more opportunities, young Whitewood. We made clear the last time you and I spoke that if you didn't bring anything to the table tonight, we would bury you in this ring. And honestly, I don't think that Mushigihara here feels he's shovelled enough dirt on your grave. Is that right, Mushigihara?

[The God-Beast, who was stone for the past minute or so responds with a slight nod and a low, menacing moan. Eddie simply smiles and extends his arm to the fallen Whitewood, now stumbling to his feet, as if to tell Mushi "the floor is yours."]

DDK:

WHOA, Mushi off like a shot and...

THUD!

THUD!

THUD!

THUD!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[The sound of stomps, and Mushigihara RUSHES towards Whitewood and buries his foot into the Mississippi Squirrel's solar plexus, again and again, in a fit of rage.]

Angus:

JESUS, Keebs! Fatboy's snapped, I've NEVER seen him go on a guy like this, not even when Troy Matthews lit his mask on fire!

[Whitewood is clutching his chest and moaning in agony, while Mushi reaches down and grabs him by the throat and clears him overhead in a single motion.]

SLAM!

[And down he goes, brought down to the canvas via an AGGRESSIVE press slam, almost as if the God-Beast was trying to shatter Whitewood like glass.]

Mushigihara:

GRAAAAAAAR~

[The monster bounces off the ropes, lashing his arms out in inexpressible rage, before grabbing Whitewood again and repeating the slam.]

SLAM!

Mushigihara:

Grrrrrrr...

DDK:

Speaking of his mask, he just tossed it off!

[He's right. Mushigihara's mask just flew to ringside, past Eddie Dante's head, and the God-Beast's face is visible to all; Asian features, short hair, and pure hatred etched on every pore.]

Angus:

I guess he wanted to show the world just how mad he was!

[Mushi grabs Whitewood by the throat AGAIN and hoists him up once more, but rather than slam him to the mat, he drops him across his shoulders, in a rack position...]

THUD!

DDK:

And yet ANOTHER Beast Breaker for his troubles, and... wait, he's demanding Dante's mic...

[Indeed, Mushi is making a gesture to Dante, making eye contact at his hand, as if to say, "give me your microphone." Without a moment's hesitation, he complies, not changing expression. As the God-Beast puts it to his lips, a small portion of the crowd can be heard making "OSU!" chants.

Mushigihara stares at the fallen Squirrel for a second, before addressing him himself.]

Mushigihara:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

...ore no... ringu ni zokushite inai.

[Silence. No one understands what the Japanese Bulldozer is saying, but he says it with such authority that one can easily guess that it doesn't mean anything good.]

Mushigihara:

Ima... shinu!

[That last word makes Eddie rush towards the monster and try to talk some sense into him, only to get a roaring God-Beast direct in his face. Eddie, for the first time since he came to DEFIANCE with Mushigihara in tow, looks positively PETRIFIED in front of his client, but still tries to talk Mushi out of doing whatever it is he plans to do.]

DDK:

Whatever he said had Dante worried!

Angus:

Christ, maybe we should get what's-her-name to come out and translate the moonspeak for us, huh?

[Mushi has Whitewood by the throat, even going to far as to RAISE HIM OFF THE MAT with one hand, while Eddie seemingly PLEADS for the God-Beast to spare his opponent.]

Eddie Dante:

We've already taught him every lesson he could! You know we gain NOTHING from destroying the poor lad! Let him go! We've made our point, and now it's time for us to go further in this company... MUSHIGIHARA, PLEASE DON'T KILL HIM!

[The unmasked face of the Bulldozer coldly stares at Dante, before looking at the writhing Whitewood, and with his free hand, puts the mic back to his lips and addresses him.]

Mushigihara:

KÅun Dante-san wa totemo kandaidearu.

FLUMP

[And with that, he loosens his grip on Whitewood, who crumples to the mat. Eddie breathes a colossal sigh of relief as "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" roars back up and Mushigihara exits the ring... but not before taking a second to spit upon Jed Whitewood's lifeless body.]

DDK:

Well, that... well... that happened.

[Eddie looks like he just avoided getting hit by a truck as he leaves the ring, while Mushi lumbers out and makes sure to grab his mask and put it back on his face as the pair depart.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Henry Keyes vs David Noble

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is one fall... introducing first...

[CUE UP: "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park. Beacons of bright red lights flood the arena as the be-goggled Gearshift Grappler Henry Keyes power-walks, half hunched over, with a manic grin on his face.]

Darren Quimbey:

From SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA...weighing in at TWO hundred THIRTY seven pounds...HENRYYYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!

[Keyes walks around the ring, awaiting his opponent.]

DDK:

Obviously, it is time for our next match as David Noble and Henry Keyes will be looking to settle their differences in the ring here tonight.

Angus:

Essentially, Noble and Holiday were jawing off one night. Keyes stumbled in and got involved. The nailed him with the BELL CLAP! That didn't sit right with Noble, which was great because these two men were partners in a Trios match the following week. The animosity showed between the two, but it was another BELL CLAP! that sent the two men into the audience at the Wrestle-Plex and to the backstage area. So now, here we are.

DDK:

Well, thank you for that recap.

Angus:

Thanks. Been practicing that.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

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

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOBLE!

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

♪ Yes I've finally found a reason ♪
♪ I don't need an excuse ♪
♪ I've got this time on my hands ♪
♪ You are the one to abuse ♪

[Noble then slides in the ring and he walks around the ring, waiting for the match to start, his eyes squarely focused on his opponent, Henry Keyes.]

DDK:

You can tell these two men want to rip into one another.

Angus:

Sounds like fun for us!

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

And they're off! The two men have been burning holes into one another and as the bell goes off, both men are duking it out, trading punches!

Angus:

That sounds like it should be a show on TLC.

DDK:

Pretty certain that wouldn't fit their demo.

Angus:

With 18,000 channels on TV now, you've got to broaden your demo!

[Noble does everything he can to keep up with Henry's pace of flying fists, but this style is more in Keyes wheelhouse and he manages to back the slightly smaller Noble into the corner. The moment David's back hits the corner, Keyes picks up the intensity until Noble is slumped into the corner, just trying to protect himself at this point. Benny Doyle tells Keyes he needs to give David some space. Keyes glances over at Doyle, not really caring what the referee has to say in this moment.]

Angus:

Is it just me or is there very little difference from Noble getting his ass kicked in the corner and him fresh off a bender?

DDK:

Oh come on.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Angus:

What?! Just calling it like I see it!

[Keyes grabs Noble by the back of the head and pulls him up to his feet before nailing him with a forearm shot to the face. Noble fights back with a fist that strikes Keyes in the jaw, but all this does is infuriate Henry and he starts laying into him again, this time using his forearm to inflict the damage. Noble stumbles away from Keyes, clutching his face in the process, but Henry refuses to let up as he spins Noble around and nails him with another forearm that causes David to stumble into the corner.]

DDK:

And now Keyes letting those fists fly again! Noble is trying his best to protect himself, but this is just brutal as Noble is slumping into the corner once again. Henry is now stomping away at Noble!

Angus:

Are we certain this is a wrestling match or a pimp beating his hoe?

DDK:

Well that's just weird.

Angus:

Or a dealer trying to get his money or product back?

DDK:

Just stop.

[Benny moves into position again, but takes a step back as Henry shoots him another look. Keyes then rips David off the mat again and pushes him into the nearby ropes before whipping him across the ring and connecting with a clothesline that turns Noble inside out. David attempts to get back to this feet, but as he reaches a kneeling position, Keyes bounces off the ropes and rams his knee directly into the face of his opponent. Noble falls to mat, clutching his face while Keyes goes for the quick cover.]

1...

2...

NOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

That was a close call there for Noble! Keyes is looking at Benny Doyle, wondering if he was counting slow there.

DDK:

I don't know where David's head is at tonight, but it is definitely not in this match.

Angus:

No kidding. The last time I saw a guy take a shot to the face like that was--

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

DDK:

NO! Do not say it! Back to the match!

[Keyes once again peels Noble off the mat and nails him with a headbutt that sends Noble stumbling into the ropes. Henry walks over to David, who tries to fight back once again with a few fists that rocks Henry just a bit. Keyes returns the favor with a stiff knee to the midsection before whipping him off the ropes again and nailing him with a Samoan Drop! Keyes turns over and hooks Noble's leg as Benny Doyle slides into position.]

1...

2...

NOOOOOOOOO

DDK:

And another close call there! Keyes can smell the blood in the water here, but Noble keeps kicking out.

Angus:

How much pain can this kid go through? Clearly he is outmatched here.

DDK:

I don't think Noble would agree with you right now.

Angus:

Noble doesn't know what day of the week it is right now!

[Noble rolls onto his knees, his body wracked with pain as Keyes gets up to his feet. His eyes are filled with fire, recalling the various fights Noble and he have been involved in. Keyes punts Noble right in the ribs, and Noble rolls onto his back, clutching his ribs in the process and grimacing in pain. Keyes then bounces off the ropes and lands an elbow to the sternum of the young wrestler.]

Angus:

At some point, Benny Doyle will just need to end this match, right?

DDK:

I can't imagine that he will do so. As long as Noble is still ticking, this match will go on.

Angus:

Have you seen Noble out here tonight?! At no point has he been ticking!

[Keyes, back on his feet, leans over to the prone Noble, and smacks him around a little bit. Keyes then looks out at the crowd, who is just watching this lopsided match unfold before their very eyes. Henry then whips Noble across the ring once again and connects with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker. Noble yelps out in pain as he arches his back, grasping at it. Keyes rolls Noble onto his back and goes for the cover once again.]

1...

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

2...

NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

And another close fall there!

Angus:

And Keyes is looking over at Benny, with Benny confirming the two count.

DDK:

For all of the punishment David has taken in the early parts of this match thus far, he refuses to go out quietly.

Angus:

Which is funny, because he's been quiet on the offensive end tonight.

[Henry goes to pick Noble off the mat once again, but as he does, David slams his fist into the midsection of his opponent. The sudden burst shocks Keyes as Noble rises to his feet and connects with an uppercut! Noble continues the momentum as he whips Keyes into the ropes and nails him with a dropkick. Keyes goes down, but fights back to his feet only for Noble to be behind him and wraps his arms around him. David tries to go for a German Suplex, but Keyes blocks it and does a standing switch before nailing Noble with a release German Suplex that sends Noble flying across the ring!]

Angus:

Oh yeah. Noble is dead there. And if he isn't dead, he is wishing he was. The medical staff is probably calling Kevorkian as we speak to be on the safe side.

DDK:

Noble landed right on the back of his head there and he is barely moving since that move. Keyes is moving over to his opponent, looking none the worse from the brief offense that Noble got in.

Angus:

Now he is dragging Noble into the middle of the ring and goes for the cover.

1...

2...

NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

And Noble refuses to quit here! He has taken a beating here in the opening minutes, but refuses to give up.

Angus:

A beating? Really? I've seen whores get beat less from pimps when they owe thousands of dollars! That bitch had it coming.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

DDK:

Wait, what?

Angus:

Did I say that out loud? Just forget I said anything.

[Keyes rips Noble off the mat once again, a standard thus far. He looks at the glazed over look at Noble and shakes his head.]

Henry Keyes:

Stop fighting! Give up you damn idiot!

[He then pushes Noble into the corner and nails him with an elbow smash. The body of Noble struggles to remain standing as Henry follows it up with another one! Henry moves out of the way as Noble stumbles out of the corner. Keyes then bounces off the ropes and takes Noble to the mat with a bulldog! David is just laying there as Henry sits up and looks at his opponent, clearly expecting much more of a fight than he has gotten thus far. Keyes gets back up to his feet before bouncing off the ropes and nailing a leg drop across the back of Noble's prone neck!]

DDK:

This is becoming very brutal.

Angus:

This thing was brutal when the bell rang!

DDK:

Listen, I'm trying to be positive here.

Angus:

Well, you're coming off as an idiot. Just keeping you in the loop here.

[Keyes watches as Noble tries to get back to his feet, grabbing at his neck in the process. Henry shakes his head as he moves behind Noble and wraps his arms around him. Noble though fights him off with a couple of stiff elbows. Henry takes a couple of steps backwards, clutching his jaw in the process. Noble meanwhile bounces off the ropes and connects with a flying crossbody that takes Keyes off his feet. Both men scramble to their feet with Noble striking first with a roundhouse kick!]

DDK:

We have some signs of life from Noble!

Angus:

About time. We were looking at having to refund some tickets!

DDK:

And now Noble, who was once known as a high-flyer, is climbing up the ropes!

Angus:

Oh, this is a very, very stupid idea it looks like.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[Noble, who has yet to go to the air yet in DEFIANCE, finishes getting to the top turnbuckle. As his eyes land on Keyes though, he realizes Henry is running right at him. Before Noble can put the pieces together, Keyes has run up the ropes and has his arms wrapped around David! It looks like Keyes is trying to go for Clockwork, but Noble manages to block him. Keyes struggles to rip Noble off the top turnbuckle, but David slams his head into Henry's head. The move rocks both men, but Noble shrugs that off before connecting with another one. Keyes looks dazed, barely holding on, which is all David needs as he bashes his head into Henry's once again. This time, Keyes goes flying to the mat.]

Angus:

Noble is so very lucky right now!

DDK:

It looked like Noble was going to meet his maker right there, but he fought Keyes off. Now he is standing on the top turnbuckle and just connected with an elbow drop from the top rope.

Angus:

Noble better hope he damaged Henry's heart there and can walk away with the victory.

DDK:

You are such a horrible person.

[Both men are slow to their feet, with David rolling over to the ropes and trying to use that to his advantage. Keyes manages to get to his feet, but Noble isn't far behind him. David tries to go for a kick to the midsection of Keyes, but Henry manages to catch it. Noble, thinking quickly, uses his other foot and connects with an enziguri that sends a thud through the DEFarena! The crowd comes to life as Keyes hits the mat!]

DDK:

And that was some quick thinking there from Noble, to keep his offense moving.

Angus:

Noble better keep this up, because I have to sit through another slog like the opening of this match, I might get in the ring and put him out of his misery.

DDK:

Fans, if you call 1-888-DIE-ANGUS, you can contribute however much money you would like to see this happen! Lines are open, operators are standing by to take your money and make this dream become a reality!

Angus:

I really, really, really hate you.

[With the fans starting to stir and finally get into this match, Noble slams his palms into the mat and gets back up. His eyes land upon Keyes, who is barely moving at this point. He walks over to Henry and lifts him off the mat before connecting with an uppercut. The shot causes Keyes to land on the ropes and then back towards Noble who plants a knee in Henry's midsection before connecting with a swinging neckbreaker!]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

DDK:

Noble is starting to take it to Keyes here!

Angus:

Keyes better be careful. If Noble starts to get some momentum, this could turn ugly fast.

DDK:

And now Noble goes for the cover!

1...

2...

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[With the close fall there, Noble sits on the mat and looks at the prone Keyes. He gets back up to his feet before drilling Keyes with a few stiff kicks to the chest. David then pulls Henry off the mat and pushes him into the corner before whipping him across the ring to the opposite corner. Noble then runs from the opposite corner and nails a splash in the corner! Keyes stumbles out of the corner only for Noble to plant him in the middle of the ring with a kick to the midsection and a DDT!]

DDK:

And Noble is picking up some steam!

Angus:

Look, this kid can fight. We've learned that. He doesn't quit. We've learned that. This might be his coming out party.

DDK:

I'm pretty impressed that you didn't make a gay joke there.

Angus:

Damnit, I would have if you didn't cut me off there!

[Noble then grabs the left foot of Keyes and starts to go for the ankle lock! Henry realizes what Noble is trying to do though, and starts to pull away from him. Noble grabs onto his foot again, but as he does, Keyes flips around and kicks Noble in the midsection. David is stunned by the shot, but fights through it and tries to turn Henry around again. Keyes this time uses his both of his feet and slingshots Noble across the ring!]

Angus:

Amazing save there by Keyes!

DDK:

You are definitely right, but when Keyes did that, Noble went flying into Benny Doyle, who is down on the ground and hurt!

Angus:

Um... oops?

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[Noble starts to get up to his feet using the ropes, somewhat aware that the referee is down, and pulls himself up with his back towards Keyes. As he turns around, Henry is running right at him. Noble is quick to the draw though as he ducks out of the way and pulls the top rope down as he does so, sending Keyes flying over the top rope! Henry lands hard to the outside as Noble looks over at the referee.]

DDK:

Over the last few minutes of this match, Noble has been one step ahead of Keyes and has managed to pick up the momentum to go along with it.

Angus:

Yeah, but without a referee, that means no winner until he comes back around.

DDK:

Well, that was rather astute of you.

Angus:

If I knew what the word astute meant, I would probably be yelling at you right now!

[Keyes starts to get up to his feet as Noble looks out at him, the fans on their feet, and really into this match now. David then runs off the ropes as Henry stands up. Keyes turns around only to see Noble leaping over the top rope and nailing a corkscrew plancha onto Keyes! The fans really are now into this match!]

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

Angus:

Oh, do not become one of those guys!

DDK:

This is what David was known for before his DEFIANCE days! It is something that we haven't seen as of yet, but you got to see a bit of his athleticism as he leaped over that top rope without even using the top rope to propel him!

Angus:

Well, yeah. That was cool.

DDK:

Exactly.

[Both men start to get back to their feet, with Noble getting there first! He blasts Keyes in the face with a stiff right hand before kneeing him in the midsection and slamming Henry face first into the edge of the ring! David then grabs him by the back of the head and walks him over to the ring steps before slamming his face into the unforgiving steel! Noble walks around the ring a little bit as Keyes starts to get back up once again, rubbing his face in pain. Noble then runs around the ring, leaps onto the ring steps and goes flying at Keyes only for Henry to nail him with an elevated European Uppercut!]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

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

Angus:

That's it. Noble is dead. Keyes has killed David Noble. Mark it.

DDK:

That was a shot and a half from Keyes! Noble might have a broken jaw from that!

Angus:

That's what happens when you try to do that flippity-floppity bullshit. Takes one move to really put you back in your place. Talking about putting you back in your place, where is my sammich?!

DDK:

Oh my.

[Keyes, still a little stunned from the offensive he has received from Noble, pulls Noble off the floor and drags him over to the nearby railing before smashing his face into it. He then spins Noble around and puts him in a front facelock before going for a suplex. Noble manages to block it though and switches spots with Keyes before lifting him up and dropping him ribs first onto the railing! Keyes falls backwards, clutching his ribs! Noble, wasting no time, uses the railing to launch himself over it and drop a leg across the throat of Keyes!]

Angus:

Oh no. They're in the crowd. Again. This is going to end in a riot.

DDK:

These two men are taking it to one another! With no let up in sight!

[With both men in the crowd, the fans surround them. Noble climbs back to his feet and brings Keyes up along with him. He drills him in the face with a fist, but Keyes fires one right back at him. Before either man realizes it, they are brawling, trading fists with each other as they move through the crowd! The fans move out of the way, watching with anticipation, as Noble nails an elbow to Keyes throat. He then goes for a clothesline on the stunned Keyes, but Henry manages to duck at the last moment! Noble turns around and walks into the very move he has experienced twice now.]

BELL! MOTHERFUCKING! CLAP!

KEYES! KEYES! KEYES! KEYES! KEYES!

DDK:

Keyes hit that on Noble with such intensity that it sounded like a gunshot went off in the DEFarena! Noble is down and out!

Angus:

These two men are giving it their all, it is ridiculous!

DDK:

And it looks like Benny Doyle is getting back up to his feet!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Angus:

They better get back in the ring before this match ends in a double countout.

DDK:

Well, I think Keyes can just walk back into the ring and Noble would not make it in before the end of the ten count.

Angus:

You might be right.

[As Keyes looks at the prone Noble, the referee begins to count.]

1!

[Henry looks up at the ring and sees Benny back up and counting. He looks down at Noble and a conundrum comes over him as he tries to decide whether he should leave him there or not. That conundrum only lasts for a second.]

2!

[Keyes then kneels over and lifts Noble up before slinging him over his shoulder and hoisting him up like he is a sack of potatoes.]

3!

Henry Keyes:

I'm coming, I'm coming!

DDK:

Keyes could have won this match very easily by leaving Noble out there!

4!

Angus:

I think Keyes wants to beat Noble in the center of that ring!

5!

[Keyes, exhausted from the match by this point, manages to get over the barrier, though it is a struggle with the weight of Noble over his shoulder.]

5!

[Keyes almost loses Noble as he comes over the barrier, which slows him down.]

6!

Henry Keyes:

Damnit, hold on!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

7!

Henry Keyes:

Really??

8!

[Keyes walks over to the ring, Noble still slung over his shoulder as Doyle continues to count.]

9!

[Keyes then walks up the steps and puts Noble onto the top turnbuckle, breaking the count. He then enters the ring and glares at Doyle, rolling his shoulder to loosen it back up.]

Henry Keyes:

Happy now?!

[Henry then turns his attention back to Noble and runs up the turnbuckle before wrapping his arms around him before connecting with the avalanche belly-to-belly suplex!]

DDK:

Clockwork! Clockwork! It's over!

Angus:

He wasted ALL THIS TIME to bring Noble back to the ring and it's going to be over in just three seconds. Rip off. I want my money back.

DDK:

You didn't pay anything.

Angus:

So? This is the American way!

[Keyes, exhausted, drapes his arm across the chest of Noble as Doyle slides into position.]

1...

2...

3-- NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

WHAT?!

Angus:

Damnit, I must have taken a hit from Noble's stash. I did not see that correctly.

DDK:

Noble kicked out! And Keyes is looking over at Noble, a little shocked!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Angus:

I bet he wishes now he had just left his ass out in the crowd now.

[Keyes slowly climbs back up to his feet and drags Noble up with him before kicking him in the midsection. Keyes then puts Noble's head in between his legs.]

DDK:

Keyes is looking to really put David away now, I think he's trying to pull something out we've never seen from him - the Gears of the Universe!

Angus:

Well, good. Put Noble out of his misery.

[As Henry goes to connect the frontflip piledriver, he is stopped as Noble blocks it! Keyes goes for it again, but Noble manages to block it again. Noble then reverses the hold and nails Keyes with a back body drop, with Keyes head connecting HARD with the top turnbuckle! Henry lands on the mat, OUT of it.]

Angus:

Well, that's not good.

DDK:

I don't know where Noble got the strength to fight out of that, but he did. But he may have killed Keyes in the process.

Angus:

You're telling me. Benny Doyle is checking on him and I'm sure wondering if Keyes can even continue this match.

[Noble starts to climb up the ropes, wanting to end this match once and for all. Doyle makes no signal that he is ending the match and Noble, reaching the top, still looks dazed from the Bell Clap. He looks down at the prone Keyes and he stands up on the top turnbuckle, before leaping off it and connecting with a 450 Splash!]

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

DDK:

Noble with the 450 Splash! This is it! Keyes is done!

Angus:

It looks like Noble picked the right time to bring back his daredevil style!

DDK:

And now Noble is going for the cover, hooking the leg!

1!

2!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Wow. Just... wow.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner... **HENRY! KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!**

KEYES! KEYES! KEYES!

Angus:

These two gave it their all... and then some.

DDK:

No kidding. We know Keyes is a fighter and all. But over the past month, we have seen Noble lay it all out there time and time again, and tonight was no different. He is a guy who just refuses to quit.

Angus:

But tonight, Keyes was able to put him down. It took all that Keyes had, but he did it nonetheless.

[Keyes rises to his feet, drained as he looks out at the crowd. He goes to one of the turnbuckles and climbs up to the second turnbuckle. The fans cheer him on as he raises his arms in victory.]

KEYES! KEYES! KEYES! KEYES!

[Henry then hops off the turnbuckle and walks over to Benny Doyle, who raises his hand in victory. He then rolls out of the ring and heads up the ramp towards the backstage area.]

DDK:

And Henry Keyes with the hard fought victory there! He earned that victory, that is for sure.

Angus:

Without question. Noble came roaring back and really took it to Keyes, pulling everything out of his trick bag, but Keyes managed to pull out the victory in the end.

[As Keyes reaches the top of the ramp, a sound comes over the PA system.]

David Noble:

I'm not done, Henry! I'm still standing!

[Henry turns around and sees Noble still standing, though a bit wobbly on his feet. Keyes is shocked at the fact that this kid is back up on his feet, clearly wanting more.]

Henry Keyes:

...what??

David Noble:

I'm still standing, Henry! I'm not done yet!

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

[Every single person in the audience are on the feet, chanting David's surname. Keyes sets his jaw

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

and it is clear that he is not going to back down from a fight. He starts to walk back down the ramp.]

Angus:

Noble is absolutely crazy! I want whatever drugs he is on.

DDK:

I don't think he is on anything. He just has a heart that you can't kill!

Angus:

Well, that's even worse because right now, Henry Keyes looks like he is going to chop Noble into pieces with his bare hands.

[Keyes slides into the ring, his fists balled up. As he looks at Noble, he sees him standing there, but he is definitely battered and bruised from their fight. Keyes can see the pain in Noble's eyes, and yet, David is still standing.]

DDK:

Keyes is standing there, and Noble hasn't put his fists up yet to fight.

Angus:

I don't know if Noble wants to fight as much as he wants to make sure Keyes knows he is going to have to maim him to keep him down.

[Keyes rotates both of his shoulders as the fans are still chanting David's name.]

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

[And then Keyes grabs Noble's hand and lifts it up in the air. The fans go crazy.]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

That was classy.

Angus:

I think there is some dust in the air right now.

DDK:

You were always a sucker for the sappy endings.

Angus:

Shut up.

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

[Henry then shakes David's hand before pulling him in and he whispers something in Noble's ear. You can see the pain in Noble's eyes as it looks like he might breakdown right there. Keyes then pats him on the back before pointing out to the crowd, trying to open Noble's eyes to what is happening. He then rolls out of the ring as Noble looks out at the crowd. For what it seems like the first time,

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

David is realizing the fans are chanting his name.]

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

DDK:

And Noble just had his eyes opened as the fans are on their feet, cheering him on. Keyes was a stand up guy right there.

Angus:

That he was. That he was.

[Noble then climbs the turnbuckle and looks out at the fans, who are chanting his name. He thanks them as he holds his hands up.]

DDK:

Well, with that said, let's see what is happening backstage, because this is DEFIANCE, and there is always something going on backstage!

Angus:

That is for damn sure.

[The scene switches with Noble still celebrating with the fans.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Send in the clowns

DDK:

And why is that?

Angus:

Because she told me she had been on antibiotics for a full week! I was positive it was cleared up by then!

DDK:

Uh... well, we're back... so maybe we save this topic for another time.

Angus:

Could be a good public service message.

DDK:

Could also all lose our lunch.

Angus:

Just trying to give you something to think about in the shower later, partner.

DDK:

Yep, definitely more likely to lose my lunch.

[Just then, Dan Ryan bursts out from gorilla, no music, no ring gear, just street clothes and a very unpleasant expression on his face. The crowd rains boos down on him, but he pays them no mind whatsoever, just stalks his way straight to ringside, though he tosses a sideways glance at the announce table as he passes by.]

DDK:

Well this isn't on the run sheet.

Angus:

You ever been somewhere when a pitbull just walks up without a leash on and that feeling you get like all you can do is play dead and hope it doesn't see you or loses interest? That's the vibe I'm feelin' right now.

[Ryan walks around by the timekeeper and snatches his chair away from, then takes a microphone from an attendant. The timekeeper protests mildly, but gets a glare from Ryan, who merely says "You can stand.", and takes the chair into the ring. Ryan sets it up mid-ring and sits down.]

Ryan:

Tonight's action is taking a momentary break while I come out here and take care of some business. If anyone has a problem with that, I'll give you a few seconds to gather up your courage to come out here and make me leave. Don't worry. I'll wait.

[Ryan pauses and mockingly looks around as the boos grow louder.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

DDK:

I feel safe in predicting no one comes out here right now.

Ryan:

I'm not happy.

Angus:

Uh oh.

Ryan:

I'll repeat that one more time. I'm.... not..... happy.

[Boos.]

Ryan:

I've been, generally speaking, a pretty nice guy. I've given people the benefit of the doubt. I met Dusty Griffith, our World Champion, man to man and face to face to request in an honorable fashion a shot at his DEFIANCE World Championship. How was my request met? With accusations. He suggested perhaps.... that I didn't deserve one.

[Ryan pauses and the crowd boos again. Ryan rolls his eyes.]

Ryan:

So, fine. If that's the way he wanted to be, that's just fine. I decided to give some people a chance. I decided to throw out an opportunity to get in the ring with a bonafide main event caliber wrestler and at the same time prove what I'm capable of and exactly what I deserve. Troy Matthews was to be the first, and what did he do the very week I offered him this opportunity?? He took the fall in a six man tag team match. Look, I don't know what the fuck a Skybreaker is, but I'll tell you what I'm not. I'm not a man to suffer mediocrity. He couldn't help the cause, so I helped him to a night in the hospital.

DDK:

In a sneak attack no less.

Angus:

How do you know? When that scene started, Troy Matthews was already knocked out. For all we know, Troy tripped and bumped his head before Dan Ryan even got to the locker room and Dan just soliliquoy'ed over his clumsy unconscious ass.

DDK:

Sure. I bet that's exactly what happened.

Ryan:

But see, I've had second thoughts. Prove myself? I can't depend on these mediocre nobodies to step up to the plate enough to give me that opportunity. I don't have anything left to prove, but because our champ insists, I'm still gonna make it a point to prove I deserve what I want. Only now, I'm going about in a slightly different way. Tonight what I want is for someone to come out here and give me a match worthy of my station in this business. I don't care who you are. One at a time, two,

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

three.... I don't give a rat's ass. And if someone doesn't get out to this ring in the next ten seconds, I'm going backstage and knocking the teeth out of the first mouth I see, then I'm gonna do the same to the second, and the third, and the fourth, until I get what I want.

[Suddenly a combination of DPS and DEFsec guys come out and start to walk down to the ring.]

DDK:

Well I really don't think this is what Dan Ryan had a mind.

Angus:

You mean eight or nine nobodies isn't the challenge he wanted?

[Ryan smirks as if to say, "Really?", then chuckles to himself as the first two or three climb up into the ring and spread out. Ryan shrugs and with a yell, drives a boot into the closest man to him. He turns and hits another with a lariat so hard he almost goes flying out of his shoes. More come at him and he dispatches each one with relative ease. One gets tossed into a corner, another gets tossed into him. A third goes flying. Ryan charges and smashes all three against the turnbuckle. Ryan turns to see three more coming in. He takes the one in the middle and dispatches him by the back of the head over the top rope to the floor. A second is met with a knee to the gut and is tossed onto his buddy. The last man actually catches Ryan before he can set his eyes on him and lands a direct right to Ryan's jaw. Dan Ryan, however, barely flinches, then cocks his head to the side.]

DDK:

Oh my.

Angus:

Someone's about to die right now. Serious, we're about to witness a murder.

[Ryan kicks the man hard in the gut, then lifts him high overhead. With all his strength, he drives him down on the back of his head with a powerbomb.]

Angus:

This is like one of those zombie movies where you have to defeat a whole group of zombies, then you just have a stack of bodies all over the place.

[Ryan stands in the middle of the carnage and starts to get visibly angry. He snatches up the microphone against and heads for the ropes nearest the entrance ramp.]

Ryan:

That's all I get, huh? That's it? Fine, then I'm coming back there.... and I'm gonna hurt somebody.

[Ryan starts to climb through the ropes when none other than Lance Warner comes jogging down the aisle. Ryan looks a bit perplexed, but backs away back into the ring. He bumps into an unconscious member of DEFsec and gets annoyed, then kicks him out of the ring. Warner climbs into the ring and pulls his little 'interviewer-a-go-go' portable microphone out of his pocket as he approaches.]

Lance Warner:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Lance Warner here, and before you go back there and do something you might regret later, how about we just get out once and for all just what it is that's been causing these bursts of anger from you lately.

Angus:

My God in heaven.... it's Warner he's gonna kill.

DDK:

Lance, come on, get out of there. Are you nuts??

Lance Warner:

Lately you've been attacking people left and right. Can you comment on what's going on?

[Ryan just looks at Warner, his mouth open slightly, as if he doesn't even know what to make of this. Warner looks up at him earnestly.]

Lance Warner:

We all know your history; your devastating attack on Virginia Quell has become the stuff of legend. Can you tell us what you hope to accomplish with this sit-in tonight?

[Ryan keeps staring, mouth still agape, looking Warner up and down. Warner seems completely clueless.]

Lance Warner:

Mr. Ryan, I'm sure this is something that can be worked out. All I want to do is get to the bottom of things and find out if there's a way we can all....eckkkk!!!

[Warner is cut off as Dan Ryan grabs him with one hand by the front of his shirt, hard enough to cut off his air flow and almost rise him up off of his feet.]

Ryan:

NEW PLAN.

[Ryan glares down at Lance Warner.]

Ryan:

If Dusty Griffith doesn't walk his country ass down to this ring and grant me a shot at the World Championship in the next ten seconds, I'm taking my frustrations out on Lance Warner. Don't worry Lance, I know all the best local doctors.

[BOOO!]

Ryan:

TEN.....

NINE.....

DDK:

He's got to be kidding, right?!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Angus:

I'm thinking no.

Ryan:

EIGHT....

SEVEN....

SIX....

FIVE....

DDK:

Is Dusty Griffith really gonna let Lance Warner take a beating?? I can't believe he would allow this, even if this is a dirty trick by Dan Ryan.

Angus:

A smart trick, you mean.

Ryan:

FOUR....

THREE....

TWO....

[Dusty comes running out toward the ring.]

DDK:

And here comes the champion!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Dusty makes it about halfway down when a loud booming voice interrupts everything.]

Ed White:

NOW HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!!!

[Dusty slides in the ring, Ryan shoves Warner to the side and gets into a fighting posture. The crowd goes nuts. Dusty rises to engage Dan Ryan....]

Ed White:

Touch him and you're THROUGH FOR THE NIGHT!! YOU HEAR ME?!

[Dusty stops in his tracks, giving a look back at White. Ryan holds his ground, sneering at the champion. Dusty returns the look, itching to take a shot. They hold this moment for what seems like an eternity as the crowd goes nuts.]

Ed White:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Mr. Ryan, stand down!

[Ryan doesn't budge. Neither does Griffith.]

Ed White:

DAMMIT, I SAID STAND DOWN!!!

[They hold for another couple beats, then Ryan slowly starts to smile something of an evil grin. Dusty keeps his gaze steady. Dan Ryan finally straightens up, his head going back a bit as if looking down his nose at the champion.]

Ed White:

This does NOT happen here, not tonight.

[DEFsec starts to stir around the ring, rubbing their heads, checking for blood, sheepishly playing off that the entire security force was summarily dispatched by one man.]

Ed White: [Addressing DEFsec]

All of you, break this up, now.

[DEFsec climbs into the ring, getting in between the two men and bringing about a loud chorus of boos from the crowd. Ryan gives them each a look as they pass him, making it clear that there's nothing they can do to stop him if he wishes to instigate a situation.]

Ed White:

Dan, you want a shot at the champion. I get that. That can't happen tonight, but I've got the next best thing. Tonight..... you will referee the main event.

Angus:

Wow, that's a game changer.

DDK:

I can't believe this! Dan Ryan comes out and disrupts a big show like this and gets rewarded for it??

[Dusty Griffith spins around in shock. Under his breath... "WHAT??"]

Angus:

Pretty amazing, eh? Ed White is the Sony Pictures of DEFIANCE.

[Ryan neither smiles nor frowns, but he gives Griffith a little wink, then finally backs away and drops to the mat to roll out of the ring. Griffith just shakes his head and climbs out on the near side, slapping the apron as he leaves ringside. He walks up the ramp, glaring at White as he passes.]

DDK:

Well our main event just went from one of the biggest matches in the history of DEFIANCE to one of the biggest matches in the history of DEFIANCE plus a front office installed guest referee who conceivably could turn it into a dumpster fire.

Angus:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Once you have the biggest match ever, the only place you go from there... is to make it even bigger. As it stands right now, there's no way you can predict the outcome of that match.

DDK:

I still can't fathom how Ed White can think this is fair.

Angus:

It may not be fair, but at least we have someone tough enough to stand up to those two. Did you see how easily Dan Ryan got rid of security. I think I'll try and get him to walk me to my car after shows. Those guys are worthless.

DDK:

I think you're more likely to need protection FROM Dan Ryan.

Angus:

I see your point.

DDK:

Well, I think we need to get back on track here.

Angus:

Want me to finish my hooker story from earlier?

DDK:

Um... how about a commercial instead?

Angus:

Your shower's gonna suck later.

DDK:

We'll be right back.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Stockton Pyre vs Frank Holiday (c)

[Cue the lights and the soft melodic music of Savatage's "Morphine Child."]

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following match is for the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP! As an additional stipulation, the winner of tonight's bout will win possession of Stockton Pyre's notebook!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!

Darren Quimbey:

About to enter the arena, from PARTS UNKNOWN, weighing in at two hundred sixty-six pounds, he is "The Gonzo Goliath"...STOOOOOOCKTON! PYRE!

[The spotlight continues to focus on the entranceway as nothing of note happens for the first few sections of music. And then, when the music climbs to the crescendo, out from the back explodes Stockton Pyre, arriving to the top of the ramp with fists clenched at his sides and a deep frown etched on the visible part of his masked face.]

BBBBBBB000000000000000000!

[Pyre sweeps his gaze from one side of the arena to the other, taking in the jeering crowd, letting a disdainful snort escape his lips. Without any further acknowledgment to the fans, he walks down the ramp with eyes forward and slides into the ring.]

DDK:

Here we go, Angus! Pyre/Holiday II is about to get underway, and the stakes are so much bigger this time around! Looking at Pyre in the ring, you can feel how badly he wants to beat Frank Holiday tonight.

Angus:

I've been saying this all along, Keebs. Pyre has every reason to hate Holiday. What did Stockton ever do but mind his own business since he's been in DEFIANCE, and then here comes the "Train Wreck" -- who lives up to his nickname every minute of the day, I might add -- who calls out Pyre for no particular reason, steals his possessions, mocks him relentlessly, cheats to win their first match, makes a deal and then immediately breaks it, and to top it off, has the gall to say Pyre is the bad guy!

DDK:

That's a pretty neat revisionist history version of things, Angus. Let's not gloss over a few crucial details like Pyre joining forces with Wayne Dewey and getting quite a few objectionable wins out of it, his habit of invading people's privacy, collecting their private information, and using it against them. Frank Holiday might be the one who called him out, but there's not a soul in this building who trusts the man in the mask up there!

Angus:

Here's a mint.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

DDK:

What for?

Angus:

For the reek of bullshit on your breath.

[Pacing impatiently, Stockton Pyre's glare never diverts from the curtain at the top of the ramp, waiting for the champ.]

Darren Quimbey:

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

[On cue, the funky horns and jangly guitar riffs of "How You Like Me Now" by The Heavy hit the airwaves. All eyes turn to the entranceway and a wild cheer is in full force as the curtain whips apart. With bro-nager extraordinaire Billy Pepper at his side, "The Train Wreck" Frank Holiday strides out onto the ramp, arm held high, throwing the devil horns. Below habitually messy hair, and above a scruffy goatee, is a smirking face radiating mischief.]

[He is clad in his usual ring gear and "TRAIN WRECK" T-shirt, but it's the gleaming gold plate of the Southern Heritage Championship belt around his waist that really catches the eye.]

[Frank Holiday takes a moment to shine that plate up with his wrist and admire the blingy golden glow. Then he gives Billy a comradely slap on the back, and they head down the aisle toward the ring.]

DDK:

The champ is in high spirits, partner!

Angus:

That won't last long. He might've pinned Pyre once, but this is a whole new ball game tonight with everything on the line.

[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 to another ovation!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

Angus:

I give up. I'll never understand this.

DDK:

You'll never understand what? His charisma? His connection to the fans?

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Angus:

YES. And YES. Only in America.

[Holiday throws a quick glance toward Stockton Pyre, who is watching coldly from the corner, and then strips off his "TRAIN WRECK" T-shirt, revealing his impressively cut physique (this move earns him some bonus squeals from the ladies). He whips it over his head like a helicopter blade, and tosses it into the crowd where reaching hands eagerly gobble it up. eBay auctions begin in T-minus two hours, marks!]

DDK:

Carla Ferrari is calling both men to the middle of the ring, and... hold on, Pyre is right up in Holiday's grill right now.

[Indeed, Pyre has wasted no time in going nose-to-nose with the SoHer Champ, pressing his index finger into Holiday's chest almost hard enough to puncture flesh.]

Stockton Pyre:

The notebook! Where is it?

Frank Holiday: [innocently]

The what now?

Stockton Pyre:

Do NOT play games with me, Frank! Produce it! NOW!

[Holiday backs off a step or two and holds his hands up in a "Whoa, Nelly" gesture. He bites his lip, pats down his bare chest and trunks, then pauses thoughtfully. Then he gets a "Eureka" look on his face, sidles around Pyre, walks over to the corner and looks down at Billy Pepper on the floor.]

Frank Holiday:

Billy, hook me up, dude.

[Billy Pepper rolls his eyes, at the whole situation and his participation in it, but he reaches into the inside pocket of his blazer to produce the infamous notebook. He hands it up to Frank, who takes it with a nod and a pistol point at his best friend.]

Angus:

You see, Keebs? You see how Holiday is just out to fuck with Pyre?

DDK:

Well, Pyre sure isn't nearly as amused by all this as Holiday seems to be.

[Steam is practically boiling out of Stockton Pyre's ears as Holiday returns to the middle of the ring, notebook open in his hands, pretending to read with great interest. Pyre takes a swipe at him, but Holiday deeks the notebook away with mock outrage before he finally hands it to the referee. Then he unbuckles the Southern Heritage Title from around his waist and relinquishes it, too, to Carla. She holds it over her head for the crowd to see.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

DDK:

We're about to get this highly anticipated encounter underway--

Angus:

WHOA!

[Before Carla Ferrari could so much as move from the middle of the ring, Stockton Pyre has torn the SoHer Title belt out of her hands. He lunges at Frank Holiday, clocking him flat against the side of the head with that heavy gold-plated plaque, sending Holiday to the canvas. Carla scuttles out of the danger zone and calls for the opening bell.]

DING DING DING

DDK:

Okay, so now we're underway, but Pyre has gotten in a massive cheap shot with the SoHer title belt!

Angus:

You say cheap, I say well-deserved.

[Pyre tosses the title belt toward the edge of the ring (where an official quickly pulls it out of play), then reaches down to grab the staggered Holiday by the arm to drag him to his feet. Pyre readies his right arm, pulls Holiday in and--]

WHAAAAM!

DDK:

INFERNO! Right out of the gates! Pyre lays out Holiday with that devastating lariat! And he goes for the pin!

1....

2....

Angus:

HE GOT HIM!

DDK:

NO! He didn't! Holiday with the kickout at 2 and a half there! But that came so close to being the fastest title change in history!

Angus:

Where was this Stockton Pyre all this time? I like him!

[Pyre doesn't let a moment go by before he starts laying in stomps to Holiday's chest and face, Frank feebly trying to cover up with his hands. Pyre gets down and straddles the champ's midsection and throws mounted punches to the face, relentless and machine-like in his efforts to pound his hated foe into the canvas.]

DDK:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Carla Ferrari is warning Pyre to let up, but the Gonzo Goliath is going... well, gonzo right now.

Angus:

She needs to step off and let this play out naturally.

[Holiday can't put up much defense other than to make a cage around his head with his own arms. Pyre sneers, and lays his forearm flat across Holiday's throat, choking him in the guise of going for a pin.]

1...

2...

DDK:

The referee starting to count, but she's noticed the blatant choke here and again she's warning Pyre to knock it off!

Angus:

As much as I'm getting wet watching this destruction of Frank Holiday, Carla Ferrari is a notorious hardass about the rules. Pyre needs to watch himself in there so he doesn't get disqualified.

DDK:

Yes, a loss by any means would cost Pyre the chance to win the SoHer Title and his notebook back. With so much on the line, he can't afford to lose his head completely.

[After shooting an unpleasant glare at the referee, Pyre gets to his feet and hauls Holiday vertical as well. Pyre grabs a wrist, plants his feet, and shoots the Train Wreck HARD into the corner, where a still-bleary Frank hits the turnbuckles full in the chest. He stumbles backward, right into Pyre's waiting grasp -- and Pyre delivers a thunderous release German suplex that send Holiday flopping to the center of the ring!]

DDK:

And another cover!

1...

2...

...Kickout!

DDK:

Holiday narrowly avoids defeat there, but Angus, how vicious is Pyre tonight?

Angus:

As vicious as he needs to be, Keebs! Imagine the person you hate the most in this world, standing in front of you, and you have a shot at unloading all your pent-up hate and anger on him with impunity! That's what we're seeing right now!

[Pyre smoothly transitions from his position kneeling beside Holiday to crouching near his legs,

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

grabs a foot, turns Holiday onto his front, and applies a painful looking anklelock.]

DDK:

And that's Pyre's signature Purgatory anklelock being applied to Frank Holiday! Stockton is pulling out all the big guns!

Angus:

Screw that foot right off his leg, Pyre!

[Holiday is clutching his head, red-faced, and groaning in agony as Pyre cranks up the torque on his ankle. Stockton's jaw is clenched in single-minded determination. At ringside, Billy Pepper is shouting encouragement to Frank. Carla Ferrari is attending to Holiday, looking for the submission. But Holiday shakes his head frantically, and plants his fists on the canvas, and starts to drag himself toward the ropes.]

DDK:

Holiday is looking for the escape here!

Angus:

Stay on him, Pyre!

DDK:

Excruciating pain showing on the face of Holiday, but he is making progress, using that great strength of his to pull not only himself, but the weight of Stockton Pyre as well! Holiday reaching out desperately for the bottom rope-- he grabs it!

[Carla Ferrari now turns to Pyre and warns him to break the hold, but Pyre again isn't listening. Instead he stands up, with the anklelock still applied, and tries to pull Holiday away from the ropes. But Holiday's grip is solid, and he finds himself halfway lifted off the canvas as Pyre continues this tug-of-war. Meanwhile, the referee is counting: 1... 2... 3... 4...]

DDK:

And Pyre finally releases the hold right on the edge of 5. Judging by the way Carla's chewing him out, he's getting on her bad side.

Angus:

He took the fullest advantage of that 5-count as he could, what's wrong with that?

DDK:

The damage has been done, that's for sure: Holiday is grasping at the ropes for leverage, and he's having a very hard time getting to his feet. He can't put his full weight on the ankle Pyre had been attacking, and he's basically using that top rope just to stay upright.

Angus:

Here comes Pyre!

[Stockton Pyre charges at him at full speed, connecting with a lariat that sends Holiday up and over and down, all the way to the floor!]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

DDK:

And Holiday crashes hard at ringside! Stockton Pyre will not stop until he has destroyed the Southern Heritage Champion!

[As Holiday gingerly tries to pick himself up, Pyre steps through the ropes to the apron, raises his hands over his head in a double axhandle, and jumps down, putting his full weight behind a clubbing blow to Holiday's back.]

Angus:

Ahhh. Now that's good axhandle.

DDK:

Very effective attack for sure, putting Holiday flat on the floor!

[But Pyre isn't done. He grabs Holiday by the head, pulls him up off the ground, and with a double handful of hair, he moves to slam Frank into the barricade -- but the Southern Heritage Champion comes to life, thrashing out with elbows that connect to Pyre's chest and face, making the challenger back off briefly. Pyre is quickly on him again, but now Holiday is throwing wild punches, some off the mark and some landing with impact on Pyre's colorfully masked face.]

DDK:

Holiday is fighting back, Angus! He's still in this!

Angus:

More instinct than brains!

[But the barrage is interrupted as Pyre lands a kneelift to the gut of Holiday, doubling him over. Pyre grabs him by the arm and whips the ailing Holiday back-first into the guardrail with a crash of flesh and metal.]

[But no sooner does Frank hit than he rebounds from the impact, tackling Pyre with a short-range spear--]

KRONGGGG

[--that sends Pyre tumbling backward, his skull colliding with the ring apron!]

OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Angus:

Holy shit! Someone order an MRI! That was UGLY!

DDK:

Pure desperation behind that move by Frank Holiday! But if nothing else, it was a brutal equalizer because Pyre and Holiday both are on the floor and look to be out of it!

[While the carnage has been going on at ringside, Carla Ferrari has been counting them out.]

...5!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Angus:

Come on, Pyre! Get up!

[The two men start to stir, both of them reaching awkwardly for the ring apron. Holiday seems a little more lucid but physically in more pain; Pyre hasn't taken the punishment Holiday has, but the blow to the back of his head has definitely rung his bell.]

...6!

[Pyre throws a kick out to Holiday, knocking him down. With that slight advantage, Pyre drapes himself onto the ring apron and tries to get his rubber legs under him.]

...7!

DDK:

And Pyre now rolling into the ring! Holiday grabbing the apron again... but Angus, if Stockton wins this by count out, he will not become the new Southern Heritage Champion.

Angus:

That's true, but he will get his notebook back!

...8!

DDK:

Will he?

Angus:

I think so. It's not like the notebook is under the same rules that govern the title, right? The winner of this match gets the notebook, whichever way that win happens!

DDK:

I guess you've got a point, Keeps -- but it's now a moot point as Frank Holiday has managed to get himself in the ring to break Carla's count.

Angus:

Break her what?!

DDK:

Her count. What did you think I-- Jesus Christ, Angus.

[Stockton Pyre kneels up on the canvas, prodding carefully at the back of his mask and looking at his hands to check for blood. He shakes his head, pinches his eyes through his mask, and starts to stand up woozily. He turns to look for Frank Holiday -- and eats a lunging clothesline that knocks him flat.]

DDK:

I'm not sure if Pyre was all there just yet, but Holiday had the wherewithal to take advantage of the situation. And I have to say, Holiday does not look happy!

Angus:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

If I'd had my ass handed to me for like ten minutes straight, I wouldn't be happy either!

DDK:

No doubt!

[Pyre props himself up on one elbow and again puts a hand to the back of his head. Pausing only to rub at some lingering sting in his back, Holiday snarls, grabs Pyre's head in both hands and slams him facedown to the canvas. Then he does it again, and again, bouncing forehead against mat a good half-dozen times, until Carla Ferrari steps in and threatens to disqualify him. Holiday shoots her a glare but he gets to his feet and backs off a step... only to leap and drop his leg flat across the back of Pyre's head!]

DDK:

Holiday risking disqualification over that torrent of assaults.

Angus:

Just watch him, Keeps: he'll get himself DQed, retain the belt, and all he has to do is give up the notebook. That two-faced bastard.

DDK:

I seriously doubt Holiday is shooting for a lame duck escape like that, Angus. This is his first title defense, and he's going to want to win this match decisively... not to mention hang onto Pyre's treasure trove of secrets.

[Holiday ignores Carla Ferrari's protests as he drags Pyre off the canvas. He clutches a wrist, plants his feet, and whips Stockton with force into the corner. Pyre's back slams into the turnbuckles, and before he can so much as rebound, Holiday charges in and buries a knee deep into his midsection, doubling him over.]

DDK:

Now that Holiday is regaining control of this match, he is determined not to let up on the challenger! And it looks like he's about to set up for a big move here as he hoists Pyre onto the top turnbuckle...

Angus:

No dice there, Pyre is lashing out now!

[Placed astride the top turnbuckle, a light bulb seems to go on in Stockton Pyre's head. Suddenly aware of the danger he's in, he starts hammering fists down on Holiday's head and shoulders. Holiday is briefly staggered, head ducked and grasping the ropes to stay upright, and Pyre dives over him with a sunset flip into a pinhold! But Holiday rolls through it, stumbles quickly to his feet again... and drives a boot RIGHT to Pyre's masked face!]

DDK:

Pyre got flattened by that kick, and Holiday drops down to make the cover!

1...

...Kickout!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Angus:

Not even a two count. Pathetic!

DDK:

Stockton Pyre's competitive spirit is still alive and kicking, Angus... But you can't discount how Frank Holiday has managed to turn things around for himself.

[Getting back to his feet, Holiday stoops down to haul Pyre off the canvas. He scoops up the Gonzo Goliath, brings the big man up to his shoulder, and delivers a big high-angle bodyslam that shudders the ring! As Pyre groans and reaches under himself to nurse his spine, Holiday goes to the corner and begins to climb.]

DDK:

Holiday could be looking for that top-rope elbowdrop here, which will do tremendous damage if he can land it.

Angus:

Or he'll kill himself if he doesn't, which is fine by me!

[The crowd is buzzing with anticipation as Holiday crouches on the top rope, steadying himself with both hands, and then stands upright... but before he can take the plunge, Pyre rolls himself out of range and crawls toward the opposite corner on elbows and knees.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Seriously? The crowd is booing because a man didn't have a horrible injury inflicted on him? Shame on all of you!

DDK:

Pyre's instincts certainly saved him a moment ago, and Holiday is slightly annoyed that he didn't get to soar just now.

[Indeed, that in-the-zone expression Frank was wearing has fallen into a frown, and he lets himself down from the top rope. He stalks Pyre as the challenger gets to his feet -- but abruptly Pyre launches himself at the champion with a bullhammer elbow!]

Angus:

The Enlightenment!

DDK:

Ducked by Holiday! Somehow he got out of the way of that devastating strike!

[Before Pyre can recover from his own missed move, Holiday whirls around, scoops Pyre up from behind, and dumps him facedown with an inverted powerslam!]

DDK:

Don't forget how well Holiday scouted Pyre in their last encounter... he's surely that much better

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

prepared for him now. And what a counterattack, putting the big man in the mask back on the canvas!

Angus:

You say po-tay-to, I say idiot savant.

[As Billy Pepper slaps the apron and cheers on his friend, Holiday steps over the prone form of Stockton Pyre, sits down on his back, drapes Pyre's arms over Frank's knees, and laces his fingers together under the chin of the masked man. And then he leans back, applying punishing pressure.]

DDK:

Holiday has the camel clutch applied -- a no-frills, no-nonsense hold that is causing a world of hurt for Stockton Pyre!

Angus:

Hang in there, Stockton!

[A strained growl is emanating from the gritted teeth of Pyre as Holiday cranks back on his neck. Carla Ferrari is watching him like a hawk for signs of a tap out, but Pyre won't give, his fists clenching and quivering with the effort of resisting the hold. Holiday is muttering a frustrated stream of barely audible verbiage as he keeps the pressure on, much of it consisting of four-letter words in unique combinations.]

DDK:

Pyre refusing to quit here, but how long can he hold out?

Angus:

There's no way he'll tap out to this cheating liar! Stockton has too much integrity.

DDK:

Is this another Stockton Pyre you're referring to?

[Holiday continues to lean farther and farther back on the camel clutch, but Pyre takes advantage of an unintended consequence of this: he is able to unhook an arm from its position over Holiday's knee, and starts clawing at Holiday's clasped hands. As Holiday tries to redouble his grip, Pyre gets his other arm free and is now using both hands to fight the hold. Pyre gets one knee under him, kneels up, and breaks up Holiday's leverage.]

Angus:

Nice escape!

DDK:

Stockton Pyre survives the camel clutch!

[Both men are halfway to their feet now, with Pyre throwing elbows backward to discourage any more grabbing on Holiday's part. Pyre turns around and blocks a right hand by Holiday, returns with a scintillating uppercut that makes the champ look to the heavens. Pyre quickly charges into the ropes, rebounds at speed with his elbow poised to strike -- but again Holiday bobs underneath it.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Pyre's momentum carries him into the opposite ropes, and as he bounces back, Holiday drops his shoulder and throws the masked man up -- WAY up -- with a huge back body drop!]

DDK:

Pyre caught some serious air on that one, Angus! He just cannot connect with the Enlightenment!

Angus:

It's like Frank Holiday has some kind of extremely limited superpower that enables him to dodge that one specific move... which would be useless in every other life situation, but it's turning into quite the handy little trick here.

[Pyre lies on the canvas, grimacing as he nurses his back. Holiday leans over him with a smirk.]

Frank Holiday:

You'll never hit me with that stupid elbow, dipshit. I scouted that shit ages ago!

Angus:

Careful with that big mouth of yours, moron.

[Some laughter and applause from the fans echo around the ring as Holiday grabs for Pyre's head to drag him to his feet. But the Gonzo Goliath lashes out with wild punches as he gets upright, surprising Holiday and driving him back. Pyre shoots in close, wraps his arms around Holiday in a waistlock and goes for a belly-to-belly suplex, but before he can deliver the move Holiday is throwing headbutts against Pyre's leather-clad face to counter. Pyre's grip fails, and Holiday sends him toward the corner with an Irish whip... but Pyre plants himself midway and reverses it, and it's Holiday who crashes into the turnbuckles, back arched in sudden agony.]

Angus:

That's karma, Keebs.

DDK:

I don't know about that, Angus, but Pyre is certainly doing his best to take back control of this match!

[Pyre is visibly furious under his mask, his whole physique tense and his gait stiff as he marches into the corner. Without missing a beat, he drives his shoulder deep into Holiday's midsection, and a second time, and a third -- each shoulder thrust forcing a groan out of Frank Holiday. After a couple more of these, Pyre moves a little higher and begins to throw bone-shaking elbows into Holiday's chest. It doesn't take long before the skin under Holiday's biohazard tattoo turns beet red from the repeated blows.]

DDK:

Pyre is absolutely ruthless with those elbowsmashes, and Carla Ferrari is starting to get in his face to let Holiday out of the corner.

Angus:

Stop getting in the way, Ferrari! Justice is being done!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[The Gonzo Goliath is ignoring her completely, but he gives her a new reason to complain: Pyre puts his forearm against Holiday's throat and forces his head back in a blatant choke.]

DDK:

Okay, this is starting to go a bit far.

[As Holiday gags and scratches at Pyre's arm, Carla Ferrari starts issuing a five-count, but Pyre's malicious attention is solely focused on his prey.]

Stockton Pyre: [snarling]

After everything you've done, Frank... This is the end for you! Your story ends here! [bellowing] I am your final chapter!

[The referee practically screams the number 4 at Pyre, who doesn't seem to hear.]

Angus:

Stockton, buddy, listen to the lady, think about the title!

[Teeth gnashing and face turning purple, Holiday thrashes his hands out, fighting the chokehold. Suddenly his fingers close around Pyre's mask, and he twists it hard, pulling it sideways just enough to move the mesh eye holes out of place.]

DDK:

Holiday just did something to the mask, Angus... He's blinded Stockton Pyre!

Angus:

That dirty sonofabitch!

[All at once Pyre backs off in a panic and claws at his mask, trying to right it. Holiday sags against the turnbuckles and sucks in a big breath through his battered windpipe, but this is only the briefest of rests. A moment later, he storms out of the corner in a fury, grabs Pyre's mask with both hands, and wrenches on it, trying to pull it off. It's all Pyre can do to bury his fingers into the bottom seam of his mask and try for dear life to keep it on his head.]

Frank Holiday: [shouting]

You wanna end me? I'm gonna end your fuckin' charade! Let's get this Lego helmet off and find out who the fuck you are, brah!

DDK:

Holy shit, he's trying to unmask Stockton Pyre!

Angus:

You wouldn't dare! Ferrari! Enforce some goddamn rules for once in your worthless life!

DDK:

Stockton Pyre -- the man who made other people's secrets his business -- is in a tug of war to the death with Holiday in there, trying to protect his most coveted secret of all, the secret nobody knows... his real identity!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Angus:

That is nobody's business but Pyre's, Keebs!

DDK:

Can't you taste the irony?

[Thousands of fans are on their feet, spontaneously chanting the chorus to "Who Are You" by The Who. For all his efforts, though, Holiday has not managed to do much more than twist the mask further out of place. Pyre blindly swings at him and misses, and Holiday retaliates with a punt to the stomach that knocks the air out of Pyre's lungs. The Gonzo Goliath drops to one knee, gasping for breath. Holiday stuffs him into a standing headscissor, grabs him around the waist, strains mighty back muscles, and swings Pyre up into a powerbomb position.]

DDK:

That's impressive strength by Holiday, but Pyre is not going quietly!

Angus:

Fight! Fight, whoever you are!

[Flailing arms violently and twisting his muscular torso, Pyre disrupts Holiday's balance, Holiday stumbling toward the edge of the ring as he tries to maintain his hold on Pyre's legs. As Pyre starts to drop backward, he instinctively squeezes his thighs around Frank's head -- and suddenly Pyre is tumbling over the top rope, the headscissor bringing Holiday over and out along with him!]

DDK:

Both men crashing to the floor at ringside! That was an ugly fall on all counts!

Angus:

Yeah, but Holiday definitely took the worst of it since he had nothing to break his fall but cold, hard ground. Pyre actually landed on the apron first before he went to the floor, and he seems to be faring better than the champ.

[Indeed, the Southern Heritage Champion is currently lying on his side, arms and legs akimbo, sucking wind. Stockton Pyre is sitting on the floor, using the moment of separation to rearrange his mask so he can see again. When he's done, he pulls himself up using the ring apron and stands over Holiday, breathing heavily in uncontrolled anger. Pyre stomps on Holiday's head like he's trying to kill a rat, once, twice, three times.]

DDK:

I'm getting a little scared of this man, Angus.

Angus:

That's because you have a modicum of sense in your head, Keebs. Which Frank Holiday is obviously lacking, because no sensible person would ever dream of pushing a man like Stockton Pyre this far.

[Pyre interrupts the stompathon to turn to the jeering crowd and scan them with that cold, merciless gaze. They continue taunting him relentlessly.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Crowd:

WHOOOO ARE YOU? WHO-OO-OO-OO!

WHOOOO ARE YOU? WHO-OO-OO-OO!

[The chant just makes him angrier. Pyre grabs the barricade and shakes it, shouting at the ringside fans.]

Stockton Pyre:

Who am I? Who am I? You listened to that lamebrain-- [pointing at Holiday] --and you let him make up your feeble minds about who I am! So here's the Stockton Pyre you want!

[He steps back from the guardrail, throws his gaze toward where Frank Holiday is still writhing on the floor... and catches sight of Billy Pepper standing by the ringpost, concernedly checking on his friend.]

[Target locked.]

DDK:

Oh no.

[Moving like a laser-guided missile, Pyre charges.]

Angus:

Billy, you might wanna--

[When Billy realizes what's happening, he is too dumbstruck to move, and he stays frozen in place until Pyre grabs him by the lapels of his blazer and flings him like a rag doll into the barricade!]

KRRRAAAANNNG!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Pyre looks out at the mass of angry humanity in the Wrestle-Plex and raises his arms out to the sides. Beside him, Billy is huddled on the floor, groaning.]

Stockton Pyre:

Isn't that what you want?

[He gets a deluge of boos, curses and vulgar sign language in return.]

DDK:

This... this has gotten way out of hand, Angus. Pyre has no business putting his hands on a manager!

Angus:

Not that I have anything against Billy, other than his association with Lamebrain down there, but, uh... being a manager in DEFIANCE is kind of an occupational hazard.

DDK:

You're sick.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[As Holiday finally starts to pick himself up, he is looking around to get his bearings. Stockton Pyre sneers and calls out to him. Holiday, following the shout, glances at Pyre in time to see the masked man drag Billy Pepper limply to his feet.]

Stockton Pyre:

Is your friend as fast as you, Frank?

[Pyre readies his elbow. He short-arm whips Pepper and nearly takes the poor guy's head off with the Enlightenment, dropping Billy to the floor with a fleshy thud.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Reactions:]

[Frank Holiday stands gaping at this horrific assault on his best friend.]

[The crowd is hating on Pyre like he was Nazi war criminal. Some trash is arcing into the ringside area.]

DDK:

We may need medical attention for Billy Pepper after that, Angus.

Angus:

Argh... this is so hard but... I can't condone that, Keeps. Not for any piece of juicy gossip in that notorious notebook of his.

[Pyre himself shrugs at Holiday with a smirk.]

Stockton Pyre:

How you like me now, Frank?

[To answer that question, Frank Holiday lets out a feral roar and bullrushes him into the guardrail. They fall to the floor in a tornado of swinging punches. A ringside camera picks up muffled words coming from the eye of the storm.]

Frank Holiday:

That guy fuckin' defended you! And you lay him out! You sack of shit!

Stockton Pyre:

Your fault Frank! You made this happen!

[And by the way, remember referee Carla Ferrari? She was being way lax about the ringside activities until Pyre attacked Billy Pepper. Since then, she's been counting the shit out of these men.]

6...

DDK:

Stockton Pyre may have completely lost it tonight, Angus. We've never seen him go so far out of

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

control.

Angus:

He's right, Keeps! Blame Holiday!

7...

Angus:

He was the inciter! He escalated things at every turn! He's the reason people hate Pyre and he's the one who drove Pyre to these extremes!

DDK:

Oh really? Was it Holiday who knocked out Billy Pepper just now?

8...

DDK:

No, it was Pyre acting on his own initiative and with full awareness of what he was doing. I think he crossed a line tonight that he will have a very hard time coming back from.

Angus:

Speaking of crossing a line--

9...

Angus:

--these guys have not been paying attention to the count at all! They're still going at it!

[Indeed, the indiscriminate brawl between Frank Holiday and Stockton Pyre has taken them from one side of the ring to another, bodies crashing into the unforgiving steel of the guardrails, heads careening off of the ring apron, spines smashed against ringposts. As they stand and trade punches in the corner of the ringside area, Carla Ferrari glares down at them and puts an end to it.]

...10!

DING DING DING!

[The persistent clanging of the ring bell actually gets through to Pyre and Holiday in a way that the referee's voice never did. They separate and look around, confused. Holiday, with the urgency of battle leaving him, all at once remembers his manager; he walks around the ring to where Billy is groggily sitting on the floor, and carefully helps him up. None of them realize what has just happened.]

[The fans, however, are already expressing their disapproval.]

[Cut to the ring announcer:]

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, as a result of a double count-out, this match has been ruled... a DRAW.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Holiday is staring at Quimbey in disbelief. Pyre has his hands on his head, growling audibly.]

DDK:

They were warned, but... where does that leave us?

Angus:

What happens with the title? I mean, I guess nothing, but... What about the notebook? Nobody won!

DDK:

I think that same thought is now occurring to both Holiday and Pyre, because they're both starting to approach Quimbey at the timekeeper's booth...

[...where Stockton Pyre's notebook was being kept, along with the Southern Heritage Title, while the match took place. Holiday already has his hand out to ask for it as he walks up, but Pyre shoves him aside and demands that Quimbey give it to him as its rightful owner.]

DDK:

So both Stockton and Frank are still laying claim to that book, and to be honest I don't think that was resolved in any way here.

Angus:

Let's just cut the damn thing in half and give a piece to each of them already.

[The argument at the timekeeper's booth is getting increasingly heated. And then...]

V/O:

Oh no. This is not happening.

[An all-too familiar mechanical hum fills the air. All eyes raise to the skybox overlooking the ring, where the windows are parting. The fans begin to boo even before the owner of that unimpressed voice reveals herself.]

[Jane Katze glares down at Frank Holiday and Stockton Pyre, shaking her head slightly. She raises a mic.]

Jane Katze:

You two are unbelievable. Even after I laid out a perfect match to settle this business, you still found a way to foul everything up. Let me be absolutely clear. I'm sick to death of hearing about that notebook. I never want to hear about that notebook again for the rest of my life. I don't want even a remote possibility that any dispute could still exist where that notebook is concerned. And so there is no way on Earth I will allow this debacle to end with anything other than a clear winner.

[Katze turns her Queen-of-Hearts frown on the referee.]

Jane Katze:

Ms. Ferrari, this double count-out of yours? Voided. I do not want a count-out. I do not want a disqualification. I want a one... two... three in that ring. Understood?

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[Carla Ferrari gulps and nods her head.]

Jane Katze:

Good. Now restart this match!

[The last sight of Jane is her disapproving scowl as the skybox windows slide shut once again. Carla Ferrari shrugs, and calls for the bell!]

DING DING DING!

DDK:

WOW! Jane Katze laying down some serious law here! This match must have a winner!

Angus:

Let's face it, that's the only way we'll ever hear the end of this notebook business, so I can't disagree with that edict!

[With the match now restarted, Frank Holiday heads toward the ring, but not before he turns and gestures to Billy Pepper to keep his distance from the danger zone. However this only leaves Holiday vulnerable as Stockton Pyre rushes him from behind and rams Frank face-first into the ringpost!]

DDK:

Pyre's been none too shy about those kinds of dirty tactics all night, so why stop now? Holiday is seeing stars as Pyre rolls him back in the ring!

Angus:

This is the moment of truth, Keebs. There will be a winner, and the winner takes all! The SoHer Title and the notebook! You think Pyre will hold back now, especially when the ref's been told not to call any bullshit finishes?

DDK:

No sir, I do not.

[Pyre dives into the ring as Holiday picks himself up, shaking his rattled head. Pyre grabs him by the arm, readies his elbow for one one shot, and--]

WHAMMMM

DDK:

ENLIGHTENMENT! After several misses, Pyre finally hits that devastating bullhammer elbow and Frank Holiday is flattened! Pyre with the cover...

1....

2....

...Kickout!

DDK:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

That was a hair before the three!

Angus:

One more time for good measure!

[Wearing a look of hatred mixed with determination, Pyre bodily drags Holiday up from the canvas, sets up the short-arm, and swings for the fences with his signature lariat!]

DDK:

INFERNO! NO! Holiday shoots under it and hits the ropes!

WHAMMMM

Angus:

What!

DDK:

CONNECTS with the spear! He got every bit of it! Pyre hits the canvas, and Holiday lies across him for the cover!

1...

2...

....Kickout!

DDK:

Pyre clocks in at about 2.9 on that escape -- close but he's still in it!

Angus:

You'd better believe it, buddy. He's in till the bitter end.

[Holiday fights to his feet, both hands on Pyre's masked head to bring him vertical as well. The Southern Heritage Champion lowers his shoulder and boosts Pyre up into a fireman's carry -- the crowd already popping for what's about to come!]

DDK:

And here we go! Train Wreck coming up!

Angus:

Nope! Pyre is struggling out of it-- he escapes out the back way!

DDK:

Pyre drops down to his feet, and Holiday turns around... eats a BIG right hand! And now it's Pyre's turn to hoist Holiday up -- he's looking for Paradise Lost!

[But just like Pyre did before him, Holiday thrashes about in Pyre's arms until the challenger is forced to release him.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

DDK:

And Holiday escapes!

Angus:

No!

[Pyre stumbles a few steps after the break, but when he turns back to Holiday, there's a big boot at about head level careening toward his kisser!]

SMACKKK

DDK:

RIGHT in the mush! That big boot from Frank Holiday knocks Stockton Pyre halfway over the top rope! And Holiday again is lifting him up in the fireman's carry to set up for that thunderous finishing maneuver!

Angus:

Pyre is kicking and flailing though! Get outta there!

[By now Holiday's exhausted and battered body has so much more difficulty holding up Pyre's considerable weight, never mind when he's putting up a fight. Holiday's legs go rubbery for a brief instant, and it looks like he's going to fall... but instead he lurches toward the edge of the ring and throws his payload!]

DDK:

TRAIN WRECK... RIGHT OFF A CLIFF!

[Imagine this part in slow motion, with the sounds of the arena silenced. A 266 pound body clad in red and blue spandex, traveling in a narrow arc that begins atop the powerful shoulders of Frank Holiday, reaching its apex just over the top rope, then sharply descending as his center of gravity rotates. Arms and legs waving in free fall. His back is nearly, but not quite, parallel with the flat surface below him.]

[Now play the moment of impact in real time with full audio.]

WHAAACKKKTHUMPPP

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHH!

Crowd:

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

[Holiday pauses a moment to catch his breath, and he holds the top rope as he looks down out of the ring.]

[Stockton Pyre, down on the floor, is a mess of limbs at random angles. He is not moving.]

Angus:

Showing no concern for his well-being whatsoever! That was sadistic!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

DDK:

With everything on the line, Holiday Train Wrecked Pyre right out of the ring! And, well, you can see the effects for yourselves!

Angus:

Is Pyre alive? Did Holiday just murder a man in front of us?

DDK:

Looks like he's breathing, so alive, but definitely in no hurry to jump back on his feet!

[Holiday slips out of the ring, gets down and drapes Pyre's arm over his neck, and strains to lift Pyre's full dead weight off the floor. Shaking from the exertion, he pushes Pyre's chest and arms, then his abdomen, and finally his legs onto the ring apron, and rolls him under the bottom rope. Climbing back inside, Frank Holiday weakly throws himself over Pyre for the cover!]

1.....

.....2.....

.....3!

DING DING DING!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner....the rightful owner of the notebook.... and STILL! SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION.... FRAAAAAANK! HOLIDAAAAAAAAY!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

And he's done it!

Angus:

He sure did, Keebs... ugh. Leaves a bad taste in my mouth.

DDK:

Eat one of those mints you were offering me before.

Angus:

HURR DURR.

[Billy Pepper climbs in the ring and approaches Frank Holiday, who is sitting up beside the barely-stirring form of Stockton Pyre. Holiday blinks at Pepper and asks if he's okay; Billy smirks and gives a shrug in an "I'll live" gesture. With Billy's help, Frank gets to his feet, and goes to the middle of the ring to get his hand raised in victory.]

[The moment seems to come into focus for him, and that familiar grin appears on his face. He looks around the arena, nods, and--]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

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[--throws the horns to a grand ovation!]

DDK:

Frank Holiday's first title defense, and a memorable one at that! For the second time, he has defeated Stockton Pyre, but you have to hand it to Pyre -- he definitely did not go down without an epic fight!

Angus:

I'll thank you not to rub this horrible moment in any more.

[The official enters the ring to present Holiday with the Southern Heritage Title and that notebook that had caused so much turmoil. Holiday takes both in each hand and raises them in the air.]

Angus:

So Holiday now has possession of Pyre's book of secrets... he's got access to everything Pyre ever wrote in there, personal information about probably everybody in DEFIANCE! And we're going to entrust all that to a guy whose brain has more holes than Swiss cheese and whose nickname is the "Train Wreck"? I don't know about you, Keebs, but that scares the living shit out of me!

DDK:

Are you saying you were happier when it was Pyre who held all that information?

Angus:

I don't know! But God help us all!

[After soaking in the adulation of the crowd, Holiday lowers the belt and notebook. He looks around, and sees the defeated Stockton Pyre sitting slumped in the corner of the ring. The masked man gives no sign of making a move; he just watches impassively, his mouth turned down in a vaguely forlorn expression.]

DDK:

It has to be a tough loss for Pyre, coming so close to triumph tonight.

Angus:

I don't agree with his apeshit attack on Billy Pepper, but, you have to feel for the guy.

[Holiday looks at Pyre for a few seconds, then glances down at the notebook in his hand. He and Billy exchange a quick glance, and Frank gives a small nod.]

[He walks toward Pyre and holds out the notebook.]

[Pyre doesn't move a muscle to reach out for it. He tilts his head up and stares at Holiday with suspicion.]

[Holiday shrugs, and drops the notebook in Pyre's lap.]

Frank Holiday:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

We're done, brah. I did what I set out to do. That thing represents everything I hate, and if I keep it, I'm no different than you. So take it, it's yours.

[Pyre's mouth opens slightly in astonishment, but Holiday is already on his way. He and Billy Pepper exit the ring and head up the ramp, SoHer Title held high, the roar of the fans mingling with the funky beats of "How You Like Me Now".]

Angus:

What the-- After all that... he just gave it back?!

DDK:

You heard the man, Angus. It was Holiday's moral stance that started this rivalry, and in the end it would be a betrayal of those principles if he let himself walk away with the notebook and the stolen information in it.

Angus:

My head asploded just now.

DDK:

Tonight, ladies and gentlemen, your reigning Southern Heritage Champion is walking out of this arena with his head held high!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

I Don't Think... I Know.

Angus:

So what's next?

DDK:

We go backstage where Lance Warner is with the Champion for some last words before tonight's enormous main event clash between Dusty Griffith and Eric Dane.

[Cut to a shot backstage.]

[With a mic in hand, Lance Warner stands outside the door of the locker room of Dusty Griffith. The young man shows barely a sign of being frazzled after his encounter with Dan Ryan earlier in the show. Perhaps it's because of the hulking agent of pro wrestling devastation, and his own personal hero in said encounter, is standing to his left.]

Lance Warner:

Ladies and Gentlemen, I'm here with World Heavyweight Champion, Dusty Griffith...

[Standing next to him is the World Champion himself, Dusty Griffith, who is in a red DEFIANCE "Stand Up. Defy." tee shirt and a pair of black shorts, his boots are on, his knee pads are on, but down around his ankles, over his boots. His back against the wall near the door and his hands planted firmly against his hips.]

Lance Warner:

Thanks for the time, Champ.

Dusty Griffith:

Heard.

Lance Warner:

Now, and earlier tonight, thanks again, by the way.

Dusty Griffith: [nodding.]

Right, well, it's all part of the service we offer around here.

[Warner nods appreciatively.]

Lance Warner:

Speaking of that incident earlier this evening, what do you have to say about it's eventual outcome, resulting in Dan Ryan being installed as the referee of the match?

Dusty Griffith:

I honestly don't care who is refing the match, whether it's Doyle, Shields, or Dan Ryan, as long as they're calling it clean.

Lance Warner:

Something that isn't guaranteed.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[Griffith eyes Warner after that retort, he snorts and thumbs his nose.]

Dusty Griffith:

No. It isn't, is it? Dan Ryan's going to play dress up in a zebra shirt, more power to him.

Lance Warner:

So it doesn't concern you?

[Dusty's jaw clenches, an annoyed sneer crossing his face.]

Dusty Griffith:

No, at least I'm not all knotted up with worry or anything, but it does piss me off, because Dan Ryan doesn't need to be involved in this match, but he is anyway. Point being. I'd much rather have all of my focus on Eric Dane, instead of having to know what the goddamned referee is up to.

Lance Warner:

Fair enough. Any last words for your opponent?

Dusty Griffith:

Sure. Tonight is the night that I make the Only Star believe in someone other than himself. And I get it, who else are you going to believe in more than good ol' number one? If I have to, I'll die trying to make it so, because I don't think I can lead DEFIANCE... I know that I can lead DEFIANCE.

[With that, Dusty nods to Warner and heads back into the locker room.]

Lance Warner:

Strong words from the champion, let's take it back to the booth!

Angus:

That Lance Warner is tougher than he looks, huh?

DDK:

Thanks to Dusty, he didn't have to actually prove it.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

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

BOOO!

[Good, because here come the Legitimate Businessman's Club.]

Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Brooklyn, New York, weighing in at a total combined weight of 806 pounds, Alceo Dentari, Tony Di Luca, and Vincent Rinaldi.... THE LEGITIMAAAATE BUSINESSMAN'S CLUUUUUUUUUB!

BOOO!

[As Dean Martin croons, the LBC walk purposefully down the aisle towards the ring. Dentari has already removed his jacket and rolled his sleeves up. He's also got the slapjack in hand. Rinaldi has already removed his track suit top, and Tony Di Luca... well, Tony always looks ready for a fight, so he's not dressed any differently than normal. But the bat in his hand and the look on his face say it all.]

DDK:

Check out that scowl.

Angus:

You'd be scowling too if you were about to fight the guys that cost you your title, Keeps.

DDK:

I notice you said "fight" there, Angus, and that's exactly what we're expecting here. Like Darren Quimbey said, this trios match is going to be contested as a street fight! One fall to a finish, tornado rules, falls count anywhere, ANYTHING GOES.

Angus:

They're not gonna be wrestling tonight, they're gonna be going for the jugulars.

[The Businessmen climb into the ring. It's a moment before the lights above them flicker in warning. Di Luca glances up, smirks, and turns his attention back to the stage. His hand tightens around the handle of his bat. A half-step in front, Alceo Dentari is smacking the slapjack into his open palm. All the lights in the arena go out at once, drowning the LBC in shadow. A small cheer of anticipation rushes through the crowd before a single white spotlight drops onto the stage and the small cheer is absorbed into a much larger roar. A red spotlight now and then a gold.]

RAHH!

♪ *We were born to ri-iise* ♪

[The spotlights illuminate the thin blanket of fog rolling over the stage. The fog begins to stir as a

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

hole opens in the stage. Wisps of blue swirl into gold before diving down into the opening.]

♪*We were born to ri-iise*♪

KA-BOOM!!

[The stage explodes into flames and the spotlights whip up to shine directly into the ring. Right where the LBC are standing.]

[Right where The Big Damn Heroes are standing, too.]

RAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

The Heroes are in the ring and the LBC don't know it yet!

Angus:

Watch your back, Ace!

[Di Luca turns in time to catch a fist in the face. He drops the bat and staggers into Dentari. Alceo begins to turn as well, but not before he catches a clubbing blow to the back of his neck that sends him stumbling forward. Rinaldi takes a step back to get out of the mess of bodies. His foot drops right down on the bat, which rolls out from under him and flies out of the ring. The big man loses his balance, bumbling backward and waving his arms in an attempt to gain control. An elbow hits him from the side, throwing him even further off balance. Rinaldi falls into the corner. Lindsay Troy throws her head back, tossing hair out of her face so she can get a clear lock on Rinaldi. She rushes toward him with another vicious elbow.]

DDK:

The Heroes' deception has completely thrown the LBC off course.

Angus:

Leave it to a woman to be a... low down, dirty... deceiver.

DDK:

Well said, it had a kind of a poetry to it.

[Near the opposite corner, Dentari spins around with a wild swing of the slapjack. His attacker, Wade Elliott, blocks the blow with both arms in something like a modified double axe handle. The 'Bama Bruiser is strong, and pissed, and a hell of a lot bigger than Dentari. The blow is both a defensive maneuver and an offensive one, striking so hard that Dentari drops his slapjack to the outside. He steps back, shaking his arm to regain some feeling, but Elliott has no intention of letting up. Not far from them, Di Luca is trading punches with Tyler Rayne. The two men are toe-to-toe, one right after the other. Di Luca takes a swing with the left, trying to catch Rayne off guard. It almost works. Rayne doesn't have time to block, so he ducks under the blow instead. Not wanting to lose momentum, he lunges forward, driving a shoulder into Di Luca's midsection. Di Luca scrambles to grip his attacker. A headlock or a gutwrench or something to gain control. But Rayne is pushing forward and Di Luca can't get purchase. His back hits the ropes and he slides through, dragging

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

In this crazy life, it just might.

[Now it's Tyler and Wade's turn to grab Vinny's arms while Troy runs against the ropes. The fellas sit Rinaldi up in time for her to flip over Vinny's shoulder and grab his head, connecting with a neck snapper. Wade follows that up with an elbow drop. Tyler quickly climbs out of the ring onto the apron, grabs the top rope, jumps onto it and leaps through the air and hits a knee drop! Rayne with the cover.]

1...

2...

BOOO!

[Dentari darts into the ring to break up the pin.]

DDK:

Dentari with the last second save!

Angus:

He got there faster than Jimmy Johns!

[Troy yanks Alceo off Tyler, tosses him violently into the corner, and starts putting her boots to work. Dentari gets his arms up to defend against the onslaught but Troy's feet are too quick and she's way too angry to give him an inch. Wade and Tyler keep putting the boots to Vinny while Tony starts getting to his feet on the outside.]

DDK:

Troy getting out weeks of frustration with those stomps.

Angus:

Maybe Dentari is one of those guys who would pay good money for that sort of thing?

DDK:

Oh, jeez... Really, Angus?

Angus:

Hey! You never know what some of these guys are into! Besides, it's usually the quiet ones.

DDK:

Dentari is far from one of the quiet ones.

Angus:

Yeah, you're probably right. Rinaldi's more likely to have the lingerie fetish buried in the back of his closet.

[Troy pulls Alceo out of the corner and sends him across the ring with an Irish whip. She charges toward him and jumps through the air, leading with her right knee and looking for a Busaiku knee kick, but Tony Di Luca pulls Alceo out of the ring before he gets clocked.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Di Luca with the big save there!

Angus:

Time to go back to the drawing board for the resident paisans of DEFIANCE.

[Di Luca and Dentari try to regroup on the outside but the Queen's not going to let them rest for long. She runs back across the ring, bounces off the ropes, rushes toward the two men and launches herself over the top rope with a tope con hilo that brings them all to the floor.]

DDK:

And Troy breaks up the party out on the floor!

Angus:

Already with this flippy-doo shit. They're not even married to her and she won't let them have a moment of peace.

[Rayne and Elliott have Vinny to his feet again and have him hooked in a chancery. They both try to lift Rinaldi up and over but Vinny blocks their attempt. They try again, another block. A third time isn't the charm as it's actually Vinny who lifts Tyler and Wade up and over with a suplex. They land hard on the canvas. Vinny stomps on their heads a few times before lumbering out of the ring to join his cohorts.]

DDK:

Big Vinny with a huge double suplex and now he's after the Queen!

Angus:

Let's see how she likes these odds, Keeps!

[Outside, Dentari and Di Luca are still down, but starting to stir. Troy is up on her feet, looking to capitalize, but notices Big Vinny lumbering toward her and changes tactics. She charges toward Rinaldi, taking the fight right to him. Two quick blows connect before he gathers himself and shoves her off. Troy jumps right to her feet and goes after him again. Rinaldi blocks the first strike, connects with his own retaliating blow, and follows with a kick to the gut. She staggers back a couple steps and he drops her with a clothesline. Di Luca, now back on his feet, puts a couple of boots into Troy's side while she's down. He turns to Dentari and starts shouting orders. Alceo grabs her by the hair and jerks her to her feet, throwing her into Rinaldi. The big man wraps her up in a giant sized bear hug. He squeezes tight and shakes her violently. Dentari laughs. Di Luca points toward the ring post.]

DDK:

This is starting to look like that three on one mugging the LBC perpetrated on Troy a few weeks back.

Angus:

You wanna mess with the bull, you get the salami on rye! You know, because they're Italians?

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

DDK: [the eyes, they're rolling]

Yep.

Angus:

...Pizza.

DDK:

I get it.

[...]

Angus:

...Pasta.

DDK:

Would you be quiet?

[Rinaldi marches toward the corner. Troy elbows him in the head to slow him down. Another. He stops. She hits a third and slides out of his grip just as Rayne comes flying out of the ring, a human missile shooting between the top and middle ropes. He slams into Vinny with a hard shoulder block, pushing against the big man as the two collide for added momentum. Vinny stumbles back and falls onto the barricade. Rayne crashes to the mats.]

Angus:

This is a trainwreck even that ADD-addled moron Frank Holiday would be proud of.

DDK:

You mean our Southern Heritage champion, Frank Holiday?

Angus:

Meh. Anyone's better than that fuckpie Curtis Penn.

[Tony's tackled from behind by Wade and starts pounding the back of his head with heavy rights and lefts. Dentari moves to help his partner, but a hand on the shoulder spins him around into Lindsay Troy's right fist. Alceo retaliates quick. The two exchange blows for a short second, until Dentari kicks her in the shin. Wasting no time, he lifts a knee straight into her abdomen, then grabs her by hair and tights and throws her side first into the barricade. She drops to the ground, clutching at her ribs. Dentari lifts her off the ground with a short running kick. She groans and falls again. Alceo stays grounded, driving the point of his knee into her ribs, pulling back on the barricade for extra leverage as he presses down on her.]

DDK:

Not even five minutes into this and it's already a disaster.

Angus:

All we need is a drunk uncle getting naked and this will be like that one time at your in-laws ten years ago.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[Hector Navarro scoots out of the ring to oversee the action on the floor. Rinaldi is still gathering himself on the barricade when Rayne hits him with an elbow to the side of the head and follows that up with a punch to keep him dazed. Rayne grabs Vinny by both sides of the head and pulls him up but Rinaldi throws a weak elbow into Rayne's midsection to loosen the grip. He turns to get both hands on Rayne's chest and shoves him back. Rayne comes back and Rinaldi shoves him away again, trying to stand to his full height. The next time Rayne comes back he has to leap to get the elbow into the big man's face, but Rinaldi gets his arm up under Rayne and pushes once again, this time sending Rayne down to his ass on the mats.]

[Nothing if not tenacious, Rayne is back up again but Rinaldi's had just enough time to get his bearings that he's turned, not just to face, but to get on the attack. He charges two steps forward with a wild clothesline that Rayne ducks easily. Tyler takes an extra step or two to get close to the barricade, vaults on top of it, and then jumps, turning in mid-air to catch Rinaldi with a splash. Or attempts to. Rinaldi takes a half-step to the side, his hands up and under Rayne's arms, using the smaller man's momentum to accelerate the throw. His trajectory now altered by Rinaldi, Rayne slams back first into the steel corner post. He lands on his feet with a grimace, but falls back onto the post for support. Rinaldi sees his opportunity and rushes forward to smash Rayne, but Tyler knows it's coming. He rolls out of the way and Rinaldi crashes into the corner post, head and chest first, where he slumps.]

*LETS GO TYLER! *Clap Clap Clapclapclap**

*LETS GO TYLER! *Clap Clap Clapclapclap**

*LETS GO TYLER! *Clap Clap Clapclapclap**

DDK:

Vinny's one-track mind comes back to bite him here.

Angus:

Let's give him a little credit. His mind has two tracks: fighting and eating.

[Rayne is up to his feet, but still a bit woozy. He takes a couple steps back toward the barricade. Some of the fans reach over to pat him or scream some slightly more personalised words of encouragement, which seems to work. He shakes the cobwebs out of his head, hops once in place, then runs toward the ring and leaps beneath the bottom rope. As he slides through, Rayne grabs the ring post to swing himself around, turning back toward Rinaldi so he can slam both knees into the exposed side of his big, dazed opponent. Rayne drops back out of the ring and kicks Rinaldi right in the back of the knee. The leg buckles. Rinaldi drops to one knee. Rayne locks him in a tight front chancery and then unleashes a flurry of knees to the chest and midsection.]

DDK:

Rayne doing whatever he can to get some leverage on Rinaldi.

Angus:

Are we even sure those knees are hurting him? His fat head might be absorbing them like he absorbs pizza on a nightly basis.

[Elliott still has the advantage on Di Luca over near the bottom of the ramp. The Bad Dog lifts one big, booted foot and stomps down hard on Di Luca's chest. Elliott presses down, leaning over to rest

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

his arms over his knee, sneering down at Tony, the full extent of his weight crushing Di Luca's sternum. Elliott lifts his foot, relieving the pressure, then bends and wraps two hands around Di Luca's neck, yanking him to his feet. Di Luca puts a thumb in Wade's eye to buy himself a little recovery time. Wade stumbles away, trying to create distance and catch his breath but even with one eye Elliott is far too angry to give up so easy. He chases after Tony, grabbing at him, but Tony swats him away.]

DDK:

Oh come on.

Angus:

Child's play, Keebs. Need to keep the rabble at bay.

[Tall men have long legs, and closing the gap is just a matter of a couple more steps. Di Luca isn't going to swat him away now. Elliott grabs him by the arm and swings him around for an Irish whip into the stairs. Di Luca grabs hold of Elliott at the last second, just before release, and drops to the ground, giving himself enough momentum to reverse the whip and throw Elliott into the stairs instead. Elliott hits the steel stairs all knees and lower abdomen, collapsing on top of them. He slides down, rolling to his back, dazed for the moment and sitting against the side of the steps. Di Luca stumbles over and grabs Wade by the ears, pulling his head forward before viciously slamming it back into the steel steps.]

THUNK!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

OH GOD!

Angus:

SICK! I heard that all the way back here!

[The sound of Wade's head hitting the steel invigorates Di Luca. He nods as he looks down at the body, turning to stalk back toward the ramp. He stops, turns his focus to Wade again, and charges forward. Elliott slides down the side of the stairs just before Di Luca gets to him. Too late to stop, Di Luca crashes into the steps; the knee intended for Wade's head meets nothing but steel. His momentum sends him tumbling over the steps and to the mats on the other side.]

DDK:

Gravity just saved Elliott's life!

Angus:

And just JACKED UP Tony's knee something awful!

[Lindsay Troy stumbles and staggers toward the ring, falling to her knees near the apron. She reaches up and grabs the canvas, using it to slowly pull herself. Dentari is right on her, though, grabbing her from behind and helping her the rest of the way up. Troy turns and hits him with a stiff shot to the gut. And another. Dentari stumbles back. Troy takes one deep breath and explodes,

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

pouncing forward to clear the distance between them. Dentari ducks under a clothesline and then turns, shoving Troy in the back. The additional force drives her right into the barricade. She hits so hard she almost topples over and into the fans, but manages to maintain enough control to fall on the right side of the divider.]

[Dentari charges at her but Troy drops a shoulder as he comes in, getting in beneath him and lifting him into the air and over the barricade with a back body drop. The fans in the first few rows scatter, leaving nothing but chairs to break Alceo's fall before he hits the concrete. Troy pulls herself back to her feet, looking over the barricade at Dentari. Flat on his back. Not moving. She vaults up on top of the barricade, pausing just a moment to get her footing, and then leaps, flipping forward into a leg drop right across Dentari's throat.]

DDK:

It's "Take a Wrestler Home Night" at the DEFIANCE WrestlePlex!

Angus:

And Lindsay Troy if you're desperate!

[Back at the ring post, Rinaldi has taken the advantage. He's got Rayne backed up against the apron and is working him over with blows to the head. Rinaldi finishes his barrage with a big ol' headbutt. Rayne crumples to the ground. Rinaldi scoops the smaller man up, lifting his legs almost vertical before slamming him down hard on his back. Rayne immediately arches, clawing at his back in pain. Rinaldi kicks him hard in the ribs. Rayne rolls, head and arm half under the ring apron now, unmoving. Big Vinny looks across the ring and sees Wade starting to stir. Vinny stomps over, reaching Wade just as the 'Bama Bruiser has gotten back to his feet. A forearm to the back of the head puts Elliott down again, leaning against the steel stairs for support.]

[Rinaldi walks around the steps and helps Di Luca to his feet. Both men turn their attention to Wade and Di Luca kicks him straight in the face. Wade tumbles back and stumbles to his feet, but a hook from Rinaldi puts him down on a knee again. Elliott stands, putting his arms up to defend himself, but it's a two-on-one. Di Luca goes in low, under the defensive position of the arms, with a couple shots to the midsection. Wade tries to grab him, but that leaves him open for another punch from Rinaldi and he stumbles back. Di Luca kicks him in the knee and Elliott tumbles, almost down, but catches himself on one hand. Di Luca rushes at him, determined to hit that knee to the head. Another surge from Wade has him scooping Di Luca up mid-step and swinging around, slamming Tony down onto the ramp with a power slam!]

WHAM!

DDK:

Tony's gonna feel that one in the morning.

Angus:

Small price to pay for the ultimate victory of seeing these Big Damn Pains in the Ass put away once and for all.

[Elliott stands and turns right into a boot to his chest. Direct kick to the sternum. He falls, gasping, and Rinaldi continues the barrage on his air supply with a heavy elbow drop.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

DDK:

Vinny and Tony taking Rayne and Elliott to task here.

Angus:

It's about damn time. This match has more personalities than Herschel Walker in his prime.

[Rayne crawls out from under the ring slowly, clearly groggy, but armed. He has a shinai in his hand, and for a moment catches his breath while leaning against it. A few people in the front row are cheering for him. He holds up a finger to ask them to wait. Then he disappears beneath the ring apron once again, and this time when he comes out, he's armed with a trash can lid as well. He turns to the crowd and raises the shinai in the air.]

RAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Tyler Rayne:

AVENGERS...

[Near the ramp, Rinaldi and Di Luca are dragging Elliott to his feet. Rayne rushes toward them, covering half the distance in a few quick steps. He spins in a complete 360, arm outstretched, throwing the trash can like a discus in their direction.]

Tyler Rayne:

...ASSEMBLE!

[Di Luca hears the shout and looks up just in time for the trash lid to hit him dead center in his chest. He stumbles back, his foot tripping over the bat knocked out of the ring earlier, and falls down near the barricade. Rinaldi shrugs out of the suplex, Wade slumps down to a knee, and Big Vinny stalks toward Rayne. But Rayne's got the reach now. He swings the stick back behind him and up over his head in a long arc that end at the top of Rinaldi's big head.]

CRACK!!

OOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Rayne swings the shinai around again to crack Rinaldi in the gut. Di Luca begins to pull himself up with the barricade, noting that, some distance away, Troy seems to be doing the same. She climbs to her feet and stalks toward Dentari. Alceo catches her by surprise with a European uppercut, then hooks her in for a snap suplex. The chair she lands on collapses and both of them drop hard to the concrete. Di Luca grabs the bat at his feet and charges at Rayne. He takes a running swing that Rayne ducks, then tries to catch him off-guard with a back swing, but Rayne swats it away with the shinai. Both men take a few steps away to gather themselves. Rayne grins and spins the shinai around, making a sort of hissing sound as he does so. He starts a low, deep hum. Di Luca charges at him, swinging again, and Rayne makes a whooshing noise as he raises the shinai to block once more.]

Angus:

Is he...

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Tyler Rayne:

FWOM!

[The two weapons meet in the air with a loud crack. Rayne pushes the bat away. Di Luca swings again, at the midsection. Rayne jumps back to avoid, still humming. Another whooshing sound as he swings at Di Luca's head. Tony ducks under.]

Tyler Rayne:

VWOMMMMMMMMMMMMM!

DDK:

...making lightsaber noises while he's fighting?

Angus:

Yes?

DDK:

Yes.

Angus:

This man is a mockery and a disgrace.

[Di Luca comes back up with a little forearm shove, enough to put Rayne off balance. A step between them gives Di Luca room to plant the toe of his boot in Rayne's stomach. Rayne doubles over, leaving his back exposed. Di Luca brings the bat down hard. Rayne drops to his knees and tries to crawl toward the ramp where he last saw Wade. He can't move fast, though, and Tony is more than happy to enjoy this moment. He stalks after Rayne, walking a circle around his soon-to-be victim as he jabs at him with the bat. Di Luca raises the bat for a decisive blow. Too focused on finishing Rayne, he doesn't notice that Wade has gotten up until a massive bicep crushes his face with a clothesline so devastatingly powerful it lifts Di Luca off his feet.]

DDK:

SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY!

[Wade collapses against the barricade and the force of the clothesline brings Tony with him. The small of Di Luca's back hits the top of the barrier. He groans and tumbles over to the other side. Wade stands and steps over after him, with Hector Navarro right behind. Di Luca stumbles to his feet, takes a big fist to the side of the head, drops, stumbles back up again and then takes another big blow to the face.]

DDK:

Di Luca can't go anywhere to get away from Elliott.

Angus:

It's like he's playing pinball... with Tony's face.

[Dentari is back up, standing over Troy who hasn't managed much more than pulling half her body up onto a chair, smacking her in the back of the head mockingly. She swats at his hand, but he's too

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

fast and she's still too out of it. Alceo laughs and smacks her again. Again, but this time she has enough to swat his hand away. He kicks her in the side and then crouches down, takes a handful of hair, and pulls her face up. Whatever he intended to do or say is lost in the wake of a forceful backhand that sends him reeling. Troy pushes herself to her feet. Dentari recovers quick, checks his mouth for blood, then rushes forward to keep Troy from getting too collected. She hears him coming, turns and drops, tripping him up in a drop toe hold that puts him face first into one of the chairs.]

DDK:

Fast thinking there from Troy!

Angus:

He won't be eating Mamma Dentari's pasta for a week!

[Di Luca is attempting to get away from Elliott, with little luck. He shoves his way through the crowd, security guards trying to clear a hole as well, with Wade in close pursuit. Rayne has jumped the barricade too and is now a step behind his partner. Di Luca finally breaks through the crowd, into an opening near the interview stage. He has only a second to catch his breath before Wade and Rayne are on top of him. Tony catches Rayne with a punch, then swings at Elliott, who blocks and retaliates with one of his own. Di Luca stumbles toward Rayne, takes a forearm to the face, and stumbles back toward Elliott for another stiff punch.]

[Over at the ramp, Rinaldi is shaking off his confusion. A small trickle of blood run down his forehead. He looks up at the DEFIATron and sees Di Luca getting ping ponged. He shakes his head to clear the last of the cobwebs, but something catches his eye. He jogs, or as close as he comes to jogging, back to the ring and picks up the slapjack. Rinaldi marches toward the ramp and notices that Troy has Dentari sitting upright in a chair, repeatedly driving knees into his chest. Big Vinny comes to a complete halt, staring at Dentari. He then looks to Di Luca. And Dentari. Di Luca.]

DDK:

He seems confused. He's gonna have to help someone.

Angus:

How can you expect him to choose? That's like choosing between brothers. It's impossible!

[Rinaldi frowns. His eyes narrow. Hand over his chins in contemplation. He looks between his divided teammates and then nods. A big meaty finger points over to Dentari. Then to Di Luca. Then to Dentari. Even though he's not speaking, it's apparent that Vinny's trying to Eenie, Meenie, Miney, Mo himself into a decision.]

[Except he stops partway through and his face drops into a scowl.]

DDK:

I don't think he knows the words.

Angus:

Don't be ridiculous, Keebs. Even Rinaldi's not that stupid.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[The big man wipes his face and nods again. He seems to have remembered. With a proud smile he points at Dentari and starts again. Meanwhile, Rayne has Di Luca in a full nelson while Elliott takes some measured shots at the ribs.]

[Vinny stops. Troy hits Dentari with a snapmare and a kick to the back. He starts again. Rayne drops Di Luca and kicks him in the ass as he tries to crawl away. Rinaldi throws his arms up in the air and marches over to the two-on-one predicament Di Luca's found himself in.]

Angus:

OK. He is that stupid.

[Wade grabs Di Luca from the ground and lifts him straight up onto his shoulders. He takes a step or two and then falls back, splattering Di Luca with a Samoan Drop. Before the crowd even has a chance to respond, Rayne is in the air, flipping around for a standing Shooting Star Press to squish Di Luca even more. The two Heroes take a moment to breathe. Some of the more excitable fans have ignored DEFsec trying to keep them at bay and surround the 'Heroes again, leaving room in the middle for the beating, of course, but otherwise circling them in. Rayne notices a small group of fans in BDH t-shirts and jogs over to them. He snatches the phone of the first person he reaches, and motions over to for Wade to join them. The 'Bama Bruiser shakes his head once. Definitive. Rayne shrugs and turns, dropping into the group of fans. Of course they catch him, and he snatches a picture of them all together. The fans push him back up to his feet and he returns the phone in exchange for a couple of beers. He walks back over and hands Elliott a cup, which is met with a single nod of approval. The two men stand over Di Luca's body like trophy hunters; Rayne even has a foot atop Di Luca's chest. The 'Heroes throw back their heads and start drinking.]

CHUG! CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!

Angus:

Really? This is a thing that's happening?

DDK:

Looks like it, Angus. And why not!

Angus:

This is a fight, not a night at the dive bar playing Big Buck Hunter.

[Wade finishes first, crushing the plastic cup in his hand and tossing it at Rayne. Rayne lowers his head, just a small portion left in his cup. His eyes widen when he sees what's coming. Elliott looks too late, and both of them are crushed with a double clothesline from Rinaldi. Elliott collapses to the hard concrete. Rayne flips inside out, spitting beer as he goes, before crashing down. Rinaldi looks down at both men to make sure they're out before bending to help Di Luca to his feet. Once upright, Di Luca muscles his way out of Rinaldi's arms, notices the slapjack, and snatches it from the big man.]

DDK:

This doesn't look good.

Angus:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

On the contrary, I think it looks GREAT!

[Elliott begins to push himself up to his feet. Di Luca kicks him hard in the ribs before he can get up. Elliott grunts, but keeps moving upward. Rinaldi scoops Rayne up off the ground and chucks him out toward the crowd. The fans scatter to avoid him, and Rayne crashes through a row of chairs and back to the ground. Di Luca waits for Elliott to push himself back up to all fours before whacking him on the back with the slapjack. Wade's leg and arm give out. He crumples back down to the floor for a second, but sure enough, starts to push himself up once again on shaking arms. Di Luca, incensed, unleashes a barrage of blows with the slapjack. Welts form across his back almost on impact. But he keeps moving, keeps pushing, until he's sitting up on his knees, staring blank over at the interview stage. Di Luca pulls his arm far back and cracks Elliott in the back of the skull. An immediate seam splits on Wade's scalp, blood seeping down the back of his neck. He falls, unmoving. Rinaldi helps roll the big man over and Di Luca goes for the cover, motioning for Hector Navarro to get in and make the count.]

1...

2...

[Wade rolls just enough to get the shoulder up. Di Luca leaps to his feet and raises the slapjack as if to strike Navarro, who throws his hands up in defense. Disgusted, Di Luca throws the slapjack down on Elliott's face instead, drawing some blood, and begins violently stomping him. Rinaldi wastes no time joining in.]

DDK:

Tony and Vinny putting the boots to Wade Elliott, who desperately needs some help over here.

Angus:

Where are Dentari and Troy? Oooh, there they are...

[On the other side of the crowd, Dentari and Troy are fighting through the stands. A punch from Dentari sends Troy reeling back a few paces. She comes back with a couple hard shots, putting him to heels, but he blocks a third and fires back with two quick jabs. Kick to the gut. He hooks her up for a suplex, but she wraps her leg around his to block the first lift attempt. He loosens his grip and puts a fist in her ribs, then tries again. She manages to kick her feet and bring herself back down. A few more shots to the ribs and another lift. He gets her almost vertical, but she gets a knee on his forehead. He drops her. She lands seated in a chair. Before she can launch an offensive, Dentari grabs a fan and throws him in between them. Then another. Soon he's pushing through the crowd, shoving people behind him to keep her from following too close. He pushes so far he comes out in an opening below the announce table. Looking back, he can see Troy pushing her way through the crowd toward him. And in a rare occurrence, his lack of height is an extreme advantage, as she cannot see him through all the bodies.]

[Dentari circles back through the crowd, using the people as cover, to sneak up behind her. He kicks her in the back of the knee, causing her to fall back into his arms, where he catches her for a brief second before helping her down to the concrete with a Russian leg sweep. Dentari gets up a bit slow, holding his lower back. Troy is clearly hurting, but moving. She'll be up soon. His eyes dart around for a weapon to help finish her off, and the first thing he spies is a large, yellow purse on an

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

stomach's in the way so he can't quite reach. It does, however, put him in a prime position to get clocked in the face and that's what Rayne does next. Vinny manages to stay upright but he's clearly wobbly.]

[Wade's found the upper hand against Tony "Two Hands" and gets him to drop the slapjack. Tony's on dream street as he walks around the interview stage area toward the main, raised stage. Wade snarls as he stomps after him, removing his belt in the process.]

DDK:

Elliott's about to take Tony out to woodshed and give him a good old fashioned whippin'!

Angus:

You know I've never paid much attention to what we've got up this end of the arena. I'm pretty sure that's the lighting rig that they're passing there... Hey, didn't we have a merchandise stand somewhere around here?

DDK:

Huh?

Angus:

You know...a merchandise stand. Foam fingers. Sunglasses. Graffiti-sprayed cut-off tees featuring nasty boys with mullet-hawks from the 90s?

DDK:

What are you talking about?

Angus:

Must have just been my imagin-HEY!

[A loud **WHUMP!** interrupts Angus as Alceo is tossed onto the commentary booth courtesy of a release German suplex. Troy pushes herself to her feet while Dentari lays there, stunned for the moment.]

Angus:

Goddamnit, these low flying Italians make it hard for a guy to do his job.

[Troy lays some clubbing forearms onto Dentari's chest but Alceo manages to thumb her in the eye. The Queen staggers away and shakes her head, hoping that'll take away the sting. Alceo hops off the table and lands on unsteady feet. He loosens his tie until the knot's undone and holds the fabric in his hands. He stomps over to Troy and wraps it around her neck.]

Angus:

I'd say nobody's made Lindsay Troy gag like that since Tyler Rayne last night, but I heard he wasn't big enough to get past her teeth.

DDK:

I have so many questions that I don't want the answers to.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Angus:

Oh it's the hot topic backstage at the moment. See, guys are-

DDK:

REALLY don't want to know.

[Troy squirms, trying to get her fingers in-between the silk and her skin with only moderate success. The height difference between her and Alceo means he's nearly got her in a backbend. She looks around for some other option and, finding none, does the only other thing she can think of.]

DDK:

Troy trying to bring her body forward. She's got Dentari up off the ground!

Angus:

No no no no! Pull harder, Alceo! Choke her out!

[Dentari's off the floor and onto Troy's back. His eyes go wide as Troy whirls around and backpedals into the front of the booth. Alceo's lower back takes the brunt of the blow, but he hangs on for the moment. Troy's face is turning red but she manages to take a few steps forward before throwing her body against the booth a second time. Alceo slips to the floor and holds his back, releasing the tie to the concrete in the process. Troy's down to a knee, coughing and holding her throat. Dentari moves toward her, looking to deliver a double axe-handle to her back, but Troy counters with a stiff elbow to the stomach which doubles him over. She stands, grabs the back of Alceo's head, and lifts her knee right into his face. The tiny Italian wobbles toward the Music and Production room behind where Angus and Keebs are sitting. Troy takes after him and the crowd cheers as she tackles him through the door.]

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

Someone get a camera in there!

[A trusty camera tech darts over to the open door and the feed switches to inside the M&P room. It's mostly dark save for the lights of monitors, TV screens, soundboards and the like, and everyone in there is shocked by the presence of two unexpected guests. The glow of multi-colored lights helps make out the outlines of Dentari and Troy as they hammer away at each other. Dentari lands a fist that sends Troy back a couple paces. He yanks open a rear door, grabs Troy by the hair, and tosses her through it and into a hallway. Troy rolls onto the floor and Alceo stalks after her. He grabs her around the waist, lifts her into the air, and drives her back through a second door that leads into the backstage area proper, right near a set of elevators, the Guerilla Position, and the locker rooms.]

Angus:

Talk about a lucky break there, Keebs.

DDK:

Tell me about it, those two could have knocked us off the air!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[Wade's got Tony's shirt over his head and whips him with the belt. Tony yells in pain from the lashes. Wade lifts his fist into the air, much to the crowd's approval, then switches which end of the belt he's holding in his hand. Now the buckle dangles above the floor, glinting in the lights. Wade raises the leather strap and brings the buckle down across Tony's back. Di Luca arches his back in pain, which Wade sees as an invite to keep going. Not too far away, Big Vinny's recovered enough to start making his way back through the crowd and toward the stage with Rayne in pursuit and Hector Navarro following behind.]

[Backstage, Dentari and Troy are slow to get to their feet. Alceo moves in and drives a right hand into Troy's lower back. She clutches the area around her kidneys and groans through gritted teeth. Alceo with another punch but Troy manages to drive an elbow back into Dentari's face. She spins around and lands a discus punch to the temple and Alceo careens sideways into another door....which happens to lead into the men's locker room.]

Angus:

Woah! Look out fellas! Tuck those bigger-than-Rayne's away!

[The fellas in the room all look over to the newest addition to the group. Ty Walker stops mid-Sons-of-the-Soil-rant and lowers his cell phone from his ear. Dusty Griffith, a deep scowl still on his face from Ed White's "Big Announcement," looks up from taping his hands. They're only mildly surprised that Dentari's in the locker room instead of, y'know, being in or near the ring, but when Troy walks in there's nothing "mild" about their expressions.]

Lindsay Troy:

Don't mind me.

[She stomps on Alceo's shoulder.]

Ty Walker:

Da fuq... [to his phone] I'mma call you back, shits 'bout t'get real uppinn' hurr.

[Dusty shakes his head, says nothing, and goes back to his wrist tape.]

Voice:

WOOOOOOOOO, ALL HAIL THE SOHER KING, BABY!

[From the back of the room, Frank Holiday emerges wearing a towel and a grin a mile wide. He sees Troy stomping on Dentari, walks over, and stops next to Walker. It clearly doesn't register to him that there's a lady in here instead of in the ladies' locker room.]

Frank Holiday: [lifts his hand into the air]

Bro-Lady! Up top! #STALKTONPYRE has been vanquished!

Lindsay Troy: [another stomp to Dentari]

Kinda busy here, Frank.

Frank Holiday:

Oh. Right. [lowers his arm] Kewl.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Lindsay Troy:

I'll get you later tho---

[She doesn't finish the thought as Alceo grabs her leg and sends her down to the floor with a dragonscrew leg whip. Dentari's right back on the attack, hammering away at Troy's forehead with punch after punch after punch. He yanks her to her feet, hooks her head, and is about to spike her head off the floor via a DDT but she manages to stomp on his foot and stop his momentum. Troy wriggles out of his grasp, stuns him with a palm strike to the ear, and leaps into the air. The roundhouse kick finds its mark and Dentari spins across the room like a top....right into Frank Holiday and Ty Walker.]

Angus:

I SAID TUCK THEM AWAY FOR GAWD SAKE!

[Dentari gets to all fours and notices a fluffy white towel by his hands. He doesn't even have a chance to see where that came from before a heavy forearm clubs him across the back.]

Frank Holiday: [a very naked and pixelated Frank Holiday]

Really brah? You can't look where you're fallin'?

Ty Walker: [starts kicking Dentari]

You ain't dose Sons of the Soil muhfuggahs but you'll do.

[Troy looks down at the floor, puts her hands on her thighs, and takes a moment to catch her breath as Frank and Ty keep wailing on Alceo. She lifts her head in time to see them kick Dentari toward the door and back out into the hallway.]

Lindsay Troy:

Thanks for that.

Ty Walker: [pointing to the towel]

Aye get that for my boy 'fore ya go, this shit's a family show!

Frank Holiday:

Get wha-- [looks over at the towel, on the ground, not around his waist] Oh snap, brah, my bad!

Angus:

Remind me to ask MUHBOITAI later if it's even possible for a chick to wrestle while moist.

DDK:

Oh sweet Jesus...

Angus:

Hey! Less of the blasphemy... It's Christmas...

[Back near the stage, Tony's turned the tide on Elliott's assault thanks to a well-placed mule kick to Wade's groin. The belt slips from his grasp, right by Di Luca's feet. Tony grabs the belt, and starts thrashing Wade with it. The Bad Dog tries to block the leather strap for a moment but can't stop the

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

assault. Meanwhile, Vinny Rinaldi has managed to get himself up and over the barricade and onto the ramp with Tyler Rayne still hot on his heels. Rayne sprints toward Rinaldi, whirls him around, kicks him in the gut, and hits a swinging neckbreaker.]

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Rayne covers.]

1...

2...

[Kickout by Big Vinny, although it's not so much a kickout as it is "the fat man kinda jerked his body enough to sorta lift a shoulder."]

DDK:

The Big Damn Heroes have been absolutely relentless since the get go. Every time the LBC seem to gain any kind of advantage the Heroes snuff it out right away, but who can blame them? They've been beaten from pillar to post these past few months and assaulted left, right, and center.

Angus:

Allegedly.

DDK:

Proven.

[Some distance away from the locker rooms, Dentari sends Troy into a vending machine. Her head bounces off side and she crumples to the ground. Alceo looks around and sees a fire extinguisher case built into the wall. He walks over, yanks the case door open, removes the device, and walks back to Troy.]

Angus:

I'll fill in for Rayne here... *Ahem*... Ice to see you!

[Alceo brings the metal canister down across the Queen's back and she howls in pain. He lands another shot across her back. Troy rolls onto her side and throws a weak kick toward Alceo, which barely grazes his knee. He attempts another blow but Troy sweeps the leg (Johnny) and Dentari falls to the floor. The fire extinguisher rolls away from him. Troy stretches her hand and grabs the weapon. She forces herself into a sitting position and, as soon as Alceo looks her way, unleashes a blast of dry chemical powder into his face.]

Angus:

What killed the Dinosaurs? THE ICE AGE!

DDK:

Are you actually quoting Batman & Robin?

Angus:

It seems like the kind of thing Rayne would do...

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[Tony Di Luca's managed to open Wade's forehead up, thanks to digging the belt buckle across his skin. Wade grunts, hurt, and lurches away. Tony grabs one of the fans' folding chairs and heads off in pursuit as Wade finds himself back near the barricade.]

CRACK!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Tony Di Luca with a hell of a chair shot! Wade Elliott just flew backwards over the divider!

Angus:

That's one way to put a dog down.

[Vinny's got Tyler wrapped up in a bear hug and tosses him over his head with a belly to back suplex. He goes for a cover.]

1...

2...

[Rayne kicks out. Vinny pulls him to his feet and drags him up the ramp a bit to the stage proper. Tony and Wade are also on the ramp now. Tony abandons the chair for the time being and assaults Wade with mounted punches. Wade eventually blocks one and headbutts Tony right on the nose. Blood starts flowing from Tony's nostrils and he rolls off Wade. Elliott gets to his feet, lifts the chair, and brings it down across Tony's chest. Again. And again. Tony rolls away and crawls up the ramp. Wade stalks after him, bringing the chair down across his back. Wade nudges him over so Di Luca is face-up and he brings the chair down across the top of Tony's knees.]

Angus:

Tony's life is just pain right now.

[Wade and Tony get to the top of the ramp, and Tony tries to beg off Wade. Wade lifts the chair to crack him in the head with it, but Tony hits a stiff right hand to the breadbasket. The chair clatters to the ground beside Wade. Off to the side of the stage closest to the interview area, Rayne's got the Insult to Injury locked in on Vinny.]

Angus:

Doesn't this idiot know submissions don't count?

DDK:

If Tyler knows, he doesn't care, partner.

[Backstage, Dentari and Troy have abandoned the fire extinguisher and are back to duking it out. Alceo throws a wild punch, which Troy evades and follows up with a clothesline to the floor. She walks a few feet away from Alceo where framed photographs line the wall alongside small flat-screen TVs showing the action in the arena proper. Troy gets her hands on a picture of Dusty Griffith pinning Kai Scott to win the DEFIANCE World Title and lifts it off its hook.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Angus:

Take a good look, harpy, because that's as close to a World Title bout as you're gonna get.

DDK:

I don't think she's admiring the photo.

Angus:

Well... [beat] yeah, OK. Who'd want to admire Mayberry anyway?

[Troy turns back to where Alceo is getting to his feet, lifts the picture up and over her head, and crowns him with it.]

OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[The frame shatters, the glass inside the frame shatters, and Alceo Dentari wears the picture like an oversized collar. Troy quickly puts her left foot on Alceo's thigh and whips her right foot around to hit a step-up Enziguri to the back of his head.]

Angus:

I always liked that spot when they did it in Scooby Doo...

[Back in the arena, Tony limps the rest of the way up the ramp and elbow drops Rayne in order for him to break the hold on Vinny. Tyler does, rolling onto his side while Vinny splutters on his back. Tony snarls and punts Rayne for good measure instead of paying attention to what's bearing down on him.]

Angus:

Look out, Tony!

WHAM!

CRASH!

DDK:

ANOTHER SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY LARIAT! Wade damn near flipped Tony out of his boots!

EL-LI-OTT! EL-LI-OTT! EL-LI-OTT!

[The Bad Dog drags Two Hands to his feet and heads over to the set design of the stage. Simultaneously, Rayne and Rinaldi are back to punching one another at the other end of the stage. Wade tries to bounce Tony's head off some of the metal rigging, but Tony puts his hand out and blocks the attempt. He tries the same thing to Wade, but Elliott blocks. Tony connects with an elbow to the sternum and this time he's able to knock Wade's thick skull off the rigging. As Wade recoils, Tony brings him down with a DDT. Rayne spins toward Rinaldi, looking for a Roaring Elbow, but Vinny lifts a foot about gut-high and kicks Rayne in the stomach. The Underground Pimp doubles over. Vinny gives a quick look over his shoulder and reaches down to wrap his arms around Tyler's waist.]

DDK:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Rayne's going for a ride!

Angus:

More than he gets from his wife! HIYOooooooooo!

[Vinny hoists Tyler up onto his shoulders for a powerbomb. Tyler starts furiously hammering away at Vinny's forehead, hoping to daze the big man enough so his grip will loosen and he can shimmy back down to two feet. Vinny does stumble a bit to the side but he maintains his hold on Rayne. Hector Navarro is trying to wave Big Vinny off from doing what he's about to do, but Vinny pays Navarro no mind. Instead, he takes two steps closer to the edge of the stage, lifts Tyler skyward, and throws him forward and down.]

INCOHERENT LADY-SCREAMS OF TERROR FROM THE CROWD!

CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

Crap on a cracker! Rayne just flew I don't know how many feet-

Angus:

-Hang on, I think I have a tape measure-

DDK:

And crashed through that table with all the rigging equipment on it!

Angus:

Actually I'll keep this from him... I wouldn't want to make him feel inadequate... More so than he already does...

DDK:

Seriously, can we get some help out here for Tyler?

[Vinny stands over the wreckage and actually cracks a smile, much to the chagrin of the fans around the WrestlePlex.]

BOOO!

[Cut-to backstage where Alceo's on the ground but still wearing that picture frame around his neck. He's got a new problem, though, in the form of Troy's boot grinding his cheek into the shards of wood and glass. Troy steps back, pushes her hair out of her eyes, and looks up for a brief moment. Her breath catches in her throat.]

[One of the wall-mounted screens is showing a replay of Vinny powerbombing Tyler off the stage and through one of the tables near the interview area. Troy wastes no time in abandoning Dentari and racing off camera. The shot stays on her as she books it down the hallway and around a corner.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Angus:

That's right, go check that he's dead and you can move on to a real man.

[The footage picks back up in another hallway with Troy approaching from a ways away. In the foreground of the shot is everyone's favorite random lady-staffer, Pie Face, who is bobbing her head to some tunes coming from her Beats by Dre headphones. The iPhone attached to her arm is in one of those velcro-case-thingies you wear while working out. Troy darts by her, narrowly avoids a collision, and keeps going. Pie Face is startled by the appearance and pauses to get her bearings.]

[That's when Troy pops back into the frame.]

Lindsay Troy:

Sorry, need this.

[She yanks the sound cable out of the headphones and Pie Face's iPhone, and runs off again.]

Pie Face:

HEY! WAIT! GIVE THAT BACK!

[She scrambles to pause the music blaring from the phone's speakers, a lovely little ditty we'll call "Toxic" by Britney Spears, before anybody notices it's her secret lady jam.]

Voice: [off-screen]

Here. Use mine.

[Too late.]

Pie Face:

Huh? Oh! ...

[Another pair of Beats is tossed at Pie Face, who fumbles them in her hands but manages not to drop them.]

Voice:

They're wireless.

Pie Face:

Thanks! [looks down at them, then back up] Hey, aren't you Frank's mic guy?

Angus: [voice over]

Goddammit, that kid is EVERYWHERE.

[Cut-to: The stage, where Vinny's still admiring his handiwork, probably because he's forgotten there's a match still going on. Tony's back to pummeling Wade, who doesn't know that Tyler was pitched down to the floor.]

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[The crowd cheers as Troy runs through the curtain with Pie Face's sound cord in her hands. She

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

leaps, jumps on Big Vinny's back and wraps the cord around his Jabba the Hut-like neck.]

Angus:

I hope the Sarlacc doesn't have a beak in this version...

[Vinny flails about, trying to get her off him, but Troy's hanging on for dear life with a crazed look on her face. As Rinaldi spins, she steals a glance over the edge of the stage to check on Tyler, who has only moved a little bit since DEFsec and Iris Davine arrived.]

[She grips the cord tighter.]

DDK:

Vinny Rinaldi is in a bad, bad way right now. Troy made it clear at GRINDHOUSE: America that you don't mess with her people, and even within the constraints of this street fight she's looking to make good on that promise.

Angus:

Tony, go help your partner, he's beginning to turn blue like his track pants!

[Tony either hears Angus or a nagging feeling in the back of his mind tells him he should probably check on the big dumb oaf he calls a stablemate. Vinny's down to a knee now and Troy has no intention of letting go, so Tony tosses Wade to the ground and marches over to them. He also picks up the chair Wade abandoned.]

DDK:

Look out!

CRAAAAAAACK!

BOOO!

[That's the sound of steel meeting skin as Tony Di Luca unleashes a massive chairshot across Troy's back. The Queen does not let go, running on adrenaline at this point, and turns that manic expression toward Tony. He lifts the chair again but doesn't connect with Troy's back. Instead, she lifts a foot and kicks the top of the chair back into Tony's face.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Lindsay Troy just gave Tony a taste of his own medicine with that kick! How do you like that, Di Luca?!

Angus:

Judging by the look on his face, not very much.

[Tony's nose is bleeding again, which sends him into a rage. He charges back toward Troy and Vinny.]

CRACK!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

CRACK!

CRACK!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Chairshot number four is the one to do it, as Troy's grip loosens enough so that she rolls off Vinny, who is gulping air as fast as his swollen, possibly damaged, trachea can take it in. Tony spikes the chair at his feet and violently snatches Troy into his grasp.]

DDK:

What's he...oh no. NO! NO! NO!

[Hector Navarro's not quick enough to stop Tony. Di Luca wastes little time in pulling the top of Troy's pants to get her legs into the air. He then sits down, right on top of the chair, with a pulling piledriver!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

These fans really like their divine waste tonight.

[Troy's crumpled on the stage, breathing but not moving. Tony gets to his feet, all smiles, and talks some trash out to the crowd. Vinny's regained some color and is back to his feet too.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Tony and Vinny both look at each other and make a show of dusting their hands off in a "job well done" gesture.]

DDK:

This is despicable. THEY are despicable.

Angus:

What did you expect, Keebs? This is a street fight. Shit happens in a street fight. If you can't handle it, go back to playing tea party with your goddaughter.

DDK:

We need to get some help out here for Lindsay Troy. She might be seriously injured.

[Navarro bends down to check on Troy as DEFsec, more medical personnel, and Carla Ferrari run

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

out from behind the curtain.]

[For all their posturing, the LBC have momentarily forgotten about Wade Elliott. He might've been off to the side trying to get his brain steady in his brainpan again but, unlike when Vinny powerbombed Rayne off the stage, he wasn't so beaten or so out of it that he didn't see what Di Luca did to Troy.]

[As Tony Two Hands and Big Vinny are about to find out, one of the last things you want to do is give this stubborn, ornery roughneck something (or someone) to fight for.]

DDK:

Wade Elliott! Wade Elliott to his feet and running across the stage! He spears Tony Di Luca and Vinny Rinaldi!

[Tony's taken right off his feet. His back and the back of his head smack the stage HARD. Rinaldi, off-balance, stumbles away. Wade with furious, ball-of-rage fists to Tony. Lefts and rights and lefts and rights. Tony tries to cover up but Wade's got too much adrenaline pumping to let up; he's too fast and too pissed off to stop. Tony's nose has gone from bleeding to gushing again and now there's a cut opened up right above his eyebrow to add to the river of blood running down his face.]

[Vinny pushes some of the medical people away from Troy and grabs the chair from underneath her. He also clamps a big, meaty hand on Navarro's shirt and drags him away from the crowd. Vinny pushes him toward Wade and Tony and follow behind, punting Wade in the kidneys so the Bad Dog will roll off Di Luca. Rinaldi quickly throws the chair down, grabs Wade, and hits a reverse DDT. He covers and Navarro, reluctantly, drops down to count.]

1...

2...

Th--NO, kickout.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Tony gets to his feet and points down at Wade.]

Tony Di Luca:

PICK DAT REDNECK, TRAILAH PAHHHK, PIECE'A GAHHHHHHHHHBAGE UP!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Vinny hoists Wade over his shoulder. Tony wipes his face and nose with his sleeve and motions for them to get down to the ring. He also grabs Hector Navarro by the shirt and drags him along with them.]

Angus:

Time to put the Bad Dog down for good!

[Vinny rolls Wade underneath the bottom rope while Tony releases Hector and rummages around

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

under the apron. He tosses a sledgehammer, a chain, and a table into the ring.]

Angus:

Now we're talkin'!

[Vinny and Tony slide into the ring and slowly stalk toward Wade. On the floor near the fans, Tyler Rayne is to his feet, waving off Iris Davine, Benny Doyle, and various DEFsec guys and medical interns.]

DDK:

Oh no.

Angus:

Hey, I was wondering what happened to him!

[The "him" in question isn't Rayne, but Alceo Dentari. He emerges from the back, clearly unsteady, clearly nicked up and bleeding from that faceful of glass and wood from the Dusty Griffith picture. He notices the group on the stage, and the person at the center of their circle, and hobbles over.]

DDK:

What does he think he's doing?

Angus:

You know what they say about payback, Keebs...

[Alceo sees a small opening and kicks Troy in the stomach.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[DEFsec tries to keep Dentari away. He laughs a bit, slips around them, and kicks Troy in the stomach again.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Dentari laughs some more, until Carla Ferrari shoves him away and steps right up to his face...kind of. She's got a five inch height advantage on him.]

Carla Ferrari:

Get the FUCK outta here, Alceo.

Alceo Dentari: [shocked]

Eh? EH!? The hell'a yous to come 'ere and say dis to me? [points at himself] Don'tchu know who I's am?

Carla Ferrari: [jabs a finger dangerously close to Alceo's eye]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

You ain't SHIT without your two mongoloids standing behind you and puffing you up!

Angus:

Who the fuck gave Carla a spine for Christmas?

DDK:

The LBC might've pushed her around the night they ran Wade Elliott over with a car, but she's got an Italian temper herself and isn't gonna take any more of their crap.

Angus:

ALLEGEDLY ran Elliott over, you mean.

DDK:

Will you cut that out already? IT'S ON A SECURITY VIDEO.

[Carla and Alceo scream back and forth at each other. Just when it looks like one, or both, of them are going to deck the other, Tyler Rayne appears. He leaps, knees-first, at Alceo.]

DDK:

The Last Lament! Tyler Rayne back in action and sends Dentari flying!

[Dentari hits the stage, rolls backwards, and scrambles to his feet. Rayne's quick to capitalize with Muay Thai knee strikes and heavy punches. Dentari tries to deflect the blows the best he can, spinning and evading, but a strike to the throat sends him ass over tea-kettle down the ramp.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

*THIS IS AWESOME *Clap Clap Clapclapclap**

*THIS IS AWESOME *Clap Clap Clapclapclap**

*THIS IS AWESOME *Clap Clap Clapclapclap**

DDK:

Say what you like about these fans, Angus. They're not wrong.

[Rayne walks over to where Troy and the crowd on the stage are. He kneels down to check on her but he doesn't linger, as a subtle hand gesture from Troy lets him know that she's alright. There's noticeable concern on his face but he stands and walks down the ramp, going after Dentari. A kick to the ribs sends Alceo rolling closer to the ring.]

Angus:

Rayne's got him rolling like a meatball now.

DDK:

... [Facepalm]

Angus:

What?

[In the ring, Di Luca's got the chain in his hand. Vinny's getting Wade up to his feet. Tony makes a

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

show of wrapping the chain around his fist while Rayne and Dentari exchange punches in the aisleway. Wade elbows Rinaldi in the gut then drives the back of his fist into Vinny's mushmouth. He tries throwing a haymaker at Tony, but Di Luca ducks under and clocks Wade in the jaw with the chain-wrapped hand. Wade's taken back down to a knee. Tony steps back and drives his boot forward, connecting with a punt to Elliott's ribs.]

1...

2...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Wade with another kickout!

Angus:

Why won't that stubborn bastard just stay down?

[Tyler Rayne's got the upper hand on Alceo Dentari outside the ring and whips him into the ring post. Vinny scowls, now noticing that he didn't do quite as good of a job of finishing Tyler off as he'd planned. Tony sees this and orders him to get out there and help.]

DDK:

Vinny might want to watch himself. If Dentari's getting mauled by Rayne, there's no telling what'll happen if he gets too close.

Angus:

Nah, he's gonna finish what he started.

[Tony leaves Wade on the canvas and starts setting a table up.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

What more could Tony possibly do to Wade Elliott at this point?

Angus:

Just you wait, Keebs. I think it's gonna be grave diggin' time!

[Tony jerks the table's legs up and moves the clamp so they'll stay open. He flips the table over and sets it up near a corner. He looks out to the sea of DEFIAfans and jerks his finger across his throat.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Since Tony took his eyes off Wade, the 'Bama Bruiser sits up and shakes his head.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

The South Shall Rise Again! And, I can't believe I'm saying this, thank God for that!

Angus:

Goddammit, didn't Mark Calloway retire to Instagram or something?

DDK:

Who?

Angus:

The Undert---ahh, forget it.

[Wade spies the sledgehammer a few feet away and inches toward it. Meanwhile, Dentari's propped up against the ringpost taking knee after knee from Rayne. Vinny runs (lumbers, waddles, pick your synonym because Vinny doesn't actually "run") toward them. Despite the beating he's taken, Rayne senses Vinny approaching and moves at the last possible second.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Vinny just railroaded Alceo Dentari! Dentari squished like a bug against the ringpost!

Angus:

Dammit, Vinny, YOU HAD ONE JOB!

[Rayne gets into the ring and flies at Di Luca, tackling him into the corner and wailing away with angry forearms and elbows to the top of Tony's head, the temple, his nose. Wade's got the sledgehammer in hand. Rayne looks to send Tony across the ring but Di Luca reverses. Rayne runs into the corner, scales the turnbuckles, and backflips over the incoming Di Luca. Tony hits the turnbuckles chest-first and teeters out of the corner. Rayne with the smooth side-step to the left (to the left), allowing Wade to drive the sledgehammer into Tony's ribs. Tony keels over in pain and Rayne springs forward, connecting with the double-arm DDT.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Tony Di Luca just flopped over onto his back and Wade's got that handle against his throat! Di Luca's writhing, trying to breathe!

Angus:

What is it with all these people and choking each other tonight? I'm starting to think there's a pattern here.

DDK:

Please do everyone a favor and don't think anymore.

Angus:

No, really, I think we need to get Sarah Koenig on this.

DDK:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Please. Stop.

[Wade gets tired of choking out Di Luca. He puts the sledgehammer to the side, yanks Tony to his feet, and puts him over his shoulder.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

REBEL YELL! REBEL YELL! REBEL YELL ONTO THE HEAD OF THE SLEDGEHAMMER!

Angus:

NONONONONONONONONO

DDK:

Wade Elliott with the cover!

1...

2...

Thre....NO!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

THANK YOU SWEET BABY JESUS IN THE MANGER WITH THE HAY AND THE WISE MEN!

DDK:

Tony Di Luca JUST gets his shoulder up! Wade Elliott can't believe it!

Angus:

Believe it, hick boy! Legitimate Businessmen don't get put down, THEY PUT YOU DOWN AND YOU STAY DOWN.

[Someone should've given Lindsay Troy that memo because the Queen of the Ring is getting to her feet over on the stage. Vinny's also getting Alceo back to his feet on the outside and trying to apologize for crushing him. Dentari's not having any of it, preferring to yell at Vinny rather than accept his offering of remorse. While the two of them are distracted, Tyler Rayne slides out of the ring and hops onto the top of the barricade.]

Angus:

NOW what's this idiot doing?

[Rayne gets a running start toward Alceo and Vinny. When he's close enough he leaps toward the two Italians, leading with his knees. Dentari sees him coming and scurries out of the way but Rinaldi's not so lucky.]

DDK:

LAST LAMENT TO VINNY RINALDI! Rinaldi is down! Rayne rolls through and Dentari's getting to

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

his feet!

Angus:

Get'im Alceo!

[And he does, tackling Tyler into another part of the ringside barricade! The two men hit hard as the fans lean forward to get a better view of what's going on.]

[Wade Elliott and Tony Di Luca are back to their feet in the ring. Wade rocks Tony with a big right fist that sends Di Luca stumbling away from the table he set up moments ago. Wade follows him, looking for a straight shot to the jaw, but Tony manages a thumb to Wade's eye. Wade claws at his face which gives Tony an opportunity to deftly move in behind him. He hooks Wade into a full nelson, lifts him up...]

DDK:

SHALLOW GRAVE! DAMMIT! Di Luca just planted Wade Elliott with the Shallow Grave!

Angus:

I done told you, Keeps! Now throw some dirt on this bastard and call it a night!

[Tony rolls Wade over, hooks the leg, and puts allllll his weight over Wade's shoulders.]

1...

2...

...

...

...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

KICKOUT! KICKOUT! KICKOUT!

Angus:

NO! NO! NO! NO! NO!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

DDK:

The DEFIAfans are going bezerk! Elliott kicks out of the Shallow Grave! Di Luca can't believe it!

Angus:

This is bullshit! Someone get a different ref down here! Where the hell is Mark Shields when you need him?!

[Tony Di Luca pounds the mat in frustration and a malicious look crosses his face. Outside the ring, Alceo pulls Rayne away from the barricade, looking for an Irish whip. Rayne hangs on, pulls Dentari into him with a Muay Thai clinch, then sweeps him down to the floor.]

THUNK!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Alceo's head just bounced off the bottom ring step!

Angus:

Where the hell is Vinny?!

DDK:

Still on his back from the Last Lament!

Angus:

GAWD EVERYTHING IS AWFUL AND STUPID AND HAAAAAAAAAAAAATE.

[If you hate this now, Angus, just you wait...]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[On the stage, Lindsay Troy's got the chair that Tony used on her and Vinny used on Wade. She yells at everyone to get out of her way. She looks down the ramp, sees Tyler close to the steps on the near side of the ring, and sprints toward him as quick as her sore body can take her.]

[In the ring, Tony's got Wade up off the mat and is dragging him over to the table, hoping to hit the Shallow Grave right through it. He's in the middle of the ring but has his back to the ramp. Rayne's about to crawl underneath the bottom rope to save his partner from eating another faceful of canvas, but hears Troy calling his name. He turns around to find her heading his way and motioning for him to catch the chair and toss her up.]

DDK:

Oh dear God...

Angus:

THE HELL IS GOING ON?!

[...Don't blink...]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[Troy throws the chair ahead of her. Rayne catches it and holds it parallel to the floor. She leaps onto it and Tyler flings her up over his head and forward through the air, into the ring toward Di Luca. Wade sees Troy out of the corner of his eye and slips away from Tony, who doesn't know what's heading his way. The Queen of the Ring flips herself forward, grabs Di Luca's neck, and forces his entire body down with her.]

HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

SWANDIVE STUNNER! SWANDIVE STUNNER! FROM OUT OF NOWHERE!

[Tony Di Luca recoils upwards like a shot and crashes, sprawled out, onto the canvas. He blinks rapidly and tries to get the number of the jet that just damn near snapped his neck. Lindsay Troy is lying not far from Tony, trying to muster up the strength to get back to her feet after that last burst of energy. Wade Elliott staggers to his feet just as Tyler Rayne slips into the ring. He motions for Wade to take it to the top rope.]

DDK:

Wade Elliott's gonna climb!

Angus:

Nonononono...dogs don't like heights. It's science! Get in there, Vinny! Alceo!

[Rayne tears Di Luca off the canvas and tosses him to Wade, who lifts him up and seats him on the top rope in the corner closest to that table. Wade steps onto the second rope, pounds Tony's face with his fists for good measure, and then hooks Tony's arm around the back of his neck.]

DDK:

There's only one way to go from here!

Angus:

Goddamn it, no! No! No! No! No! Somebody stop this! Somebody get out here and stop this!

[Wade steps one level higher to the top rope and takes Tony up with him. With whatever last shred of power Wade's got, he grabs the leg of Tony's jeans, heaves him up and over his shoulder, and falls backwards.]

CRAASH!

RAAH!

DDK:

SUPER-PLEX! OH MY GOD! RIGHT THROUGH THE TABLE!

Angus:

AAH;LSLKFLKSJFOWJF;LSAKFJ;SJFS!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

DDK:

ELLIOTT COVERS! NAVARRO IS THERE!

1...

2...

3....!

DING! DING! DING! DING!

RAAH!

[Every fan in the WrestlePlex explodes to their feet as the bell rings and “Born to Rise” begins playing through the speakers.]

DQ:

The winners of this match....THE BIG. DAMN. HEROES!

Angus:

SLJFWIR2093RWJFLFJSJFSLJRW~!

DDK:

They did it! Rayne, Troy, and Elliott did it! Good Lord, it took every damn thing they could think of but they finally got their pound of flesh!

Angus:

WHYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY HAVE YOU FORSAKEN ME GAWWWWDDDDDDDD?!!

[Hector Navarro raises Wade Elliott’s arm into the air, but the Bad Dog hasn’t moved from where he crashed through the table. That’s nothing compared to Tony Di Luca though, who doesn’t even appear to have breathed. Tyler Rayne helps Lindsay Troy to her feet and pulls her into a hug. Navarro heads over to them to raise their hands.]

DDK:

That was an absolute barn burner, rocket buster, slobberknocker, knock down, drag out brawl of epic proportions.

Angus: [pounds the announce table]

NO NO NO NO NO NO!

DDK:

These guys and gal put everything on the line tonight and they’ve come away the victors in what has to be one of the most difficult matches they’ve ever been through.

Angus:

I just have one question, Keebs...

DDK:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

What's that?

Angus:

HOW THE EVER LOVING SHIT DID ELLIOTT KICK OUT AFTER THAT SHALLOW GRAVE!?

DDK:

It takes a lot to put the Bad Dog down, and it takes even more to put the Big Damn Heroes down.

[Rayne and Troy hobble over to Wade to help him to his feet. To his credit, Wade tries to push them away, but seeing as he can barely stand on his own, let alone walk, he lets them prop him up to continue celebrating.]

[Cut to black.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

We Gon' Learn Today

[Backstage.]

[Deep in the bowels of the DEFplex.]

DDK:

And it looks like we're gonna send it back to Lance Warner once again.

Angus:

Jesus, that guy's working hard for his money tonight.

[Warner stands, mic in hand, with the Owner and Promoter of DEFIANCE, Eric Dane, pacing behind him. The Only Star has a towel draped over his head, his wrists and hands are taped, and he's already dressed for war. Titanium spiders around one knee, but da baws isn't showing any kind of limp.]

Warner:

Eric, earlier on I spoke with Dusty Griffith, and the champ had quite a bit to say.

Dane: [pacing]

I'll bet he did.

Warner:

One thing he said was that he **knew** he was ready to lead DEFIANCE, and that he was going to be the one to make you believe in someone other than himself.

Dane: [pacing]

Did he now? What else did the Champ say?

Warner:

He said he would die before losing tonight.

[The Only Star stops in his tracks. He sneers at Warner before grabbing the microphone out of his hand and stepping into the camera.]

Dane:

Is'at right, Dust? You ready to die for that belt? You ready to die for DEFIANCE?

[He snorts.]

Dane:

Good. Because one thing that everybody in that locker room, everybody in the production truck, on the catering staff, and everybody that paid for a ticket tonight to see this match can tell you without a doubt that they **know** that I'm **ready** and **willing** to KILL for DEFIANCE!

No. Matter. The. Cost.

Everybody knows I had a hand in bringing you up. They know that I got you that spot in Tenchu-do

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

and they know that I got you your first contracts in Japan and the States. I helped train you, I helped mold you, I helped make you the man that you are today.

The one thing that bothers me though, is I just can't be sure that you've got what it takes yet to take the **next** step! Well, we gon' find out here real soon. We're both gonna learn tonight, whether or not Dusty Griffith is THE. MAN. in DEFIANCE, or whether he's just the guy who got all the breaks the wrestling business had to offer but couldn't put it together into a Legacy.

Yeah.

We gon' learn today.

[With a sneer he jabs to microphone into Lance Warner's chest and plods off to continue his pre-match rituals. To his credit, Lance doesn't miss a beat.]

Warner:

Well there you have it, straight from the Baws's mouth. Guys, back to you!

Angus:

Man, I'd be looking for the exits right about now if I were Mayberry. I can practically hear his knees knocking from here!

DDK:

Oh stop it, you can not!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Jonny Booya vs Frank Dylan James

DING! DING! DING!

[The Rev begins to shred, and the fans erupt. The ovation isn't enough to drown out the shout of]

"HOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAARRRRRRGGGGHHHHHH!!!!!"

[Frank Dylan James rampages down the aisle, slapping in the general direction of outstretched hands, not particularly caring whether he hits hands, wrists, heads...]

DDK:

Fans, as we get ready for the Frank Dylan James Jonny Booya match and we watch FDJ make his entrance, we have to ask-

Angus:

Whether someone's going to lose an eye and sue us?

DDK:

Er, no, I was going to speculate about the choice of Mark Shields as the referee for this match, although I suppose that's a valid concern.

[FDJ grabs a chair, holds it above his head, and with a primal howl bashes it into his own forehead! He flings the chair into the ring, and as soon as it lands, Mark Shields kicks it out of the ring.]

Angus:

Dammit.

DDK:

The match is taking place under regulation rules, Angus.

Angus:

And usually Shields only bothers doing his job if someone makes him drop his cigarette! This is just because Blood Diamonds Edward White Stacking Decks Etc dammit, Keeps!

[Another chair clatters into the ring and is promptly kicked out of the ring by Mark Shields. FDJ rolls in himself, and luckily for Shields doesn't seem to notice. He hits the ropes and runs them, bellowing like a madman...]

OH MY GOD THAT'S THE FUNKY SHIT!

BBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!

BBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!

DDK:

And an exceptionally negative response for Jonny Booya.

[Jonny Booya, shades-less, slides out of the back on his knees, and flexes DEM BICEPTS to howls of derision. He jumps up to his feet and points his finger at the ring and starts stompeding down the

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

aisle.]

[Here, FDJ goes to grab himself a weapon, and only now realizes that they're nowhere to be found.]

[He's not quite as dumb as people sometimes think. No brainlearnings worth a damn, but he knows a bit more than a bit about the way things work, and so he wraps his mitt around Shields' collar and hauls the ref up on his tiptoes, ready to deck him.]

[Booya takes that opening, sliding into the ring under the ropes and taking FDJ off his feet with a jumping shoulder tackle. Shields crabwalks away as Booya lays bomb after bomb into the head of FDJ.]

[With FDJ reeling and swinging at the blurs in his vision, Booya stops and backs off a couple steps. A tooth grin, a double "flex both biceps and point at self with thumbs" pose, an "OH YEAH!" and a big right hook sends FDJ to the mat in a heap.]

DDK:

FDJ's one of the giants of DEFIANCE, but at 6 foot 7 and 286, Jonny Booya's no slouch in the size department, and when he actually puts his boxing background to good use, Booya's one of the most dangerous strikers in the game.

Angus:

Jeez Keebs, why don't you invite the roidmonkey fucktard over for bed and breakfast if you're gonna be like that?

[Booya swagger-struts across the ring, but Mark Shields is there to get in his face and point at FDJ. FDJ pulls himself up with the aid of the ropes, but Booya is right there to run in and clothesline him down to the outside. FDJ lands hard, but rolls right over to his hands and knees.]

DDK:

It's almost impossible to keep FDJ down. Between that West Virginia stubbornness and the fact that he's probably inebriated, FDJ stays on the attack until he collapses.

[Booya does a handstand over the top rope and lands at ringside. FDJ grabs a chair and jabs it into Booya's ribs.]

Angus:

YES!

[Booya doubles over. FDJ pushes up to his feet and brings the chair back to swing...]

[... and Mark Shields, lazyass Mark Shields, actually leaves the ring to jump off the apron and grab the chair!]

[It barely ever comes up since he's lazy, but Shields is also wrestler sized and decently strong. FDJ yanks, and finally tears the chair away from Shields. Shields goes spinning into the barricade and FDJ turns back around to Booya.]

[Booya's ready again. This time he brings his fist up under FDJ's jaw. FDJ stumbles and falls to one

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

knee, and Booya throws him back in under the ring ropes.]

DDK:

The truth is Angus, we don't really know what's going on inside Jonny Booya's head. His stupidity over the past few months seems to be some sort of a deliberate construct, and we've even seen it fall away a few times.

Angus:

I guess. I mean, I remember laughing that time he said Alceo Dentari was pigeonshit cos he wasn't big enough to be chickenshit. During that 3 or 4 weeks he didn't suck.

[Booya decides it's time to go violent mode. With FDJ's head and neck on the apron he hammers an elbow down across FDJ's chest, and when FDJ rolls over, grabs his whole upper body, lifts it and slams it into the apron. Back in the ring himself, Booya grabs FDJ by the straps of his overalls, pulls him up, and eats a back elbow!]

[FDJ fights back like... well, like FDJ. He mauls Booya with wild, sloppy punches that just keep coming too fast, at angles too random, and he drives Booya backwards. Shields looks unhappy, but doesn't interfere due to DEFIANCE's 'closed fists are legal' rule. An extra wild punch knocks Booya back into the ropes, the ropes bounce Booya back into a HYOOJ headbutt!]

[Down goes Jonny Booya!]

Angus:

OH GOD YES!

[FDJ goes for a cover, and Mark Shields drops and makes a NORMAL two count.]

ONE...!

TWO...!

...KICKOUT!

[Shields holds his fingers up to Jonny, who looks shocked and betrayed.]

[FDJ grabs Booya by the flattop and bangs his face into the mat.]

Angus:

What's up with Mark Shields, Keeps?

DDK:

I've been thinking about that. Remember the conversation between White and Booya last week?

Angus:

Yeah, Eddie pretty much told Douche-ya to fix his shit or else.

DDK:

My guess is that Shields is under orders to keep Booya on the right path. Don't let this match turn

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

into the usual brawl that FDJ likes, but make sure Booya actually wrestles instead of clowns and relies on shortcuts. Which brings the question, if they're BOTH forced to wrestle, how do Booya and FDJ match up?

Angus:

Well Keebs, I'd like to say something about Booya sucking and rest assured he does suck, but Mark's not making them wrestle, he's just not letting them cheat and use weapons. And FDJ thinks moves and holds and shit are for hippies!

[FDJ doesn't strategize. If punching hippie faygits in their brains doesn't work, you do it again, and repeat until it works. Booya's up on his feet but covering up and moving backwards. FDJ doesn't give half a damn if his punches hit Booya in the faec, the ear, the flattop, bounce off his arms... the one time he completely misses, he keeps the pressure on with a forearm smash to the back of the neck.]

DDK:

FDJ isn't giving Booya any room to recover! Irish whip, Booya on the rebound and eats a big foot to the face! Booya's right back up and FDJ with a scoop slam!

Angus:

More like a scoop drop. SCOOPDRAWP!

[FDJ goes right back to work. He grabs Booya by his oversized chin, hauls him to his feet, and decides to try a chop instead.]

KATHWAACK!!

WOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

[Booya falls into the corner.]

DDK:

Jonny Booya's attempts to stand and brawl with Frank Dylan James aren't working, and if you look up in the skybox Edward White does not look happy.

[Indeed, White is frowning as he converses with Jane. Jane keeps her mouth shut and nods.]

[FDJ roars at the heavens, then runs at the corner.]

[Booya ducks out of the way, and FDJ ends up straddling the top rope. As if that wasn't enough, Booya then kicks the bottom rope. He ignores the angry warning from Mark Shields.]

DDK:

Booya now using the ropes to help get FDJ in position on his shoulders, what's he setting up? Running front powerslam!

[When 290 lbs drives its full weight into 320 lbs and drives the combined weight into the ring, the ring shakes.]

Angus:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Those are two big dudes.

[Booya starts in with a couple of stomps when Mark Shields backs him off.]

Angus:

What in fucks name is Shields going on about now?

[Booya moves back in, but instead of stomping, he goes after FDJ's arm. Places it across the back of his neck and pulls down on the wrist and upper arm, bending the elbow joint backwards over his neck.]

Angus:

Fucking WOW.

DDK:

What now, Angus?

Angus:

I'm just disgusted beyond words. I've seen the partial ref helps bad guy win things a fuckton of times. I've been that ref before. I've never seen 'partial' defined as 'tells his guy to remember to do actual wrestling moves'.

[FDJ's up, but Booya still has the arm trapped. FDJ takes grabs with his other arm, but Booya spins around and takes him down to the mat with a wakigatame armbar. Up in the skybox White nods in approval.]

[FDJ has to crawl to the ropes. I'm not saying resthold, but...]

[When FDJ grabs the ropes to pull himself up, Booya headbutts the arm he was using. Now that FDJ's been slowed down and the armwork has cut into his punching power, Booya sets his own shit up. He plants his feet, raises his dukes, and blasts FDJ with a trio of left jabs followed by a right hook and a left haymaker.]

[FDJ's arms windmill.]

[Booya hits FDJ with a left hook and then a right cross. FDJ hits the deck]

THUMP!

Angus:

Dammit. Hold the fort down Keebs, I'mma go kill myself.

DDK:

Angus, don't you think maybe you're overreacting?

[Booya goes for the cover.]

ONE...!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

TWO...!

KICKOUT!!!

Angus:

No, not really, but I don't have to now.

[Booya stays on his knees for a second when FDJ kicks out. Then he switches to one knee, and puts dem guns in the air.]

Booya:

OH YEAH~!

Angus:

FFFFUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU~

[Booya jumps to his feet and stomps the mat.]

Booya:

BOOYA!

[He grabs FDJ's arms and tries to pull them in for the Booya Bomb setup.]

[FDJ won't go.]

FDJ:

HOAAAAARRRGHHH!!!

DDK:

Headbutt! FDJ firing back!

Angus:

If his arm isn't working right, he's still got his brainmeats!

[Headbutt! Headbutt! FDJ backs to the ropes, runs at Booya, and into a gut slug!]

[Headbutt from Booya!]

[The blood has started flowing down FDJ's head. He slaps himself with his good arm, and headbutts Booya again.]

DDK:

Headbutt by Booya! Headbutt by FDJ! Headbutt by Booya! Headbutt by FDJ! Booya's wobbling!
Headbutt by FDJ aaanddd another headbutt by FDJ and down goes Booya!

[Edward White shakes his head in irritation.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Angus:

If anybody could've traded headbutts with Efdiej, I would've thought it might have been Booya, but nope.

[FDJ heads to the top rope. He's dizzy. He's moving slow. But he gets up there.]

DDK:

FDJ looking for the mountain top kneedrop.... nobody home!

[Booya rolls as FDJ jumps. He doesn't worry about the leg though.]

DDK:

Axe Bomber! I think that's maybe going to do it, because Booya's setting up the Booya Bomb! Can he get a man the size of FDJ up for it?

[He can, actually. Pretty easily even.]

[But he doesn't go right for the pin. He waits for FDJ to start sitting up, and then brings his hand down hard across the top of FDJ's head.]

DDK:

BOOYA CHOP!

[Booya drops down into the cover and hooks the leg.]

ONE...!

TWO...!

THREE!!!

Angus:

Fuck this shit, I'm out.

DING! DING! DING!

Quimbey:

Here is your winner, as a result of a pinfall: JONNY! BOOYA!

[Booya rips his arm away from Mark Shields and jumps to his feet, flexing all the way.]

Booya:

OH YEAH!!!

DDK:

At Ed White's insistence, Jonny Booya actually wrestled a match, and he won just as demanded. But with his DEFIANCE career no longer at risk if he doesn't perform, Jonny Booya is free to go back to

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

being himself, apparently...

[Up in the skybox, White says something to Jane, who laughs. Booya is already strutting up the ramp.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Stayin' Alive

[Somewhere backstage.]

“Derdarder dair deir, bwour, derdarder wew doodoo doooo”

[Someone is singing the instrumental opening to “Stayin’ Alive”]

**“OH YOU CAN TELL BY THE WAY AH USE MAH STRUT
AH’M A WOMANS MAN AH GET TO TALK”**

[The only thing that I, as your humble narrator, can think of that might explain this travesty is that having been forced to use his brain for part of a match, Jonny Booya is being extra stupid to try and keep himself from becoming a nerd.]

[The thing that I really don’t get is he’s actually doing a pretty good job of keeping the rhythm, and the tune is at least... well, noticeable. It might sound better if he wasn’t trying to shout and sing at the same time.]

**“SHADES ARE COOL AND BABES ARE WARM
AH BEEN KICKING ASS SINCE I WAS BORN
BUT NOW ITS ALL RIGHT, THAT’S OKAY
Y’ALL MOTHAFUCKAZ LOOK THIS WAY!”**

[No, I’m not dignifying this with music notes.]

**“YOU CAN TRY TO UNDERSTAND
THE COOOOL’S EFFECT ON ME!”**

[And no, he doesn’t have the COOL shades back. Even if he did get some payback for the event, they still have a big bite taken out of them.]

**WHETHER YOU’RE A NERRRRD OR WHETHER YOU’RE ME
AND YOU’RE STAYIN ALIVE, STAYIN ALIVE
SEE THE BICEPS FLEXIN AND ALL THE DUDES ARE ‘MIRIN
AND AH’M STAYIN ALIVE, STAYIN ALIVE**

[And then for the chorus, he gives up entirely on tune, and singing, and just bellows like a dumbfuck.]

OH! YEAH! OH! YEAH! STAYIN’ ALIVE! STAYIN’ ALIVE!

[And he even does that strut and flex his side biceps thing in time to his Oh Yeah’ing.]

OH! OH! YEAH! STAYIN’ ALAAAAAHHH--

THWAAAACK!!!

[Jonny Booya stumbles, nearly falls down but catches himself in a pile of boxes against the wall. His

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

eyes wide with shock, he grabs his mouth where someone has just smacked him.]

Dan Ryan:

You're embarrassing yourself, kid.

[Without another word, Ryan walks off down the hallway.]

Jonny Booya:

AH'M NOT....

[His bellow trails off as he looks up and down the hallway.]

Jonny Booya:

Huh....

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Team V.I.A.G.R.A vs Team HOSS (c)

DDK:

Coming up next, we've got the second of four titles matches here at Executive Decision! Team HOSS have been nothing short of unstoppable in trios action, but they may have met their match tonight! Their opponents, Team VIAGRA, have won gold everywhere else they've been and are even PRIME Hall of Famers as a collective!

Angus:

You can sing their praises for all they've done in the past as much as you want, but let me spell this out for you Keeps... this is DEFIANCE. And Team HOSS haven't loss in their entire time as a Trios. Those belts will only leave their shoulders when Team HOSS decides to RETIRE!

DDK:

Don't sell Viagra short just because they haven't been apart of Defiance for more than a few months. VIAGRA have had several strong victories themselves, defeating the Crimson Dragon Clan to earn the shot, and just last DEftv, Tony Davis pinned Capital Punishment in the center of the ring. If that happens tonight, we have new trios champions!

Angus:

Don't get me started on that fluke.

DDK:

Plus! We can't forget, Jack Harmen and Tony Davis are SEETHING like rabid dogs, desperate for payback on HOSS after last week's HEINOUS --

Angus:

You mean HOSS-Some...

DDK:

-- sneak attack on Mary-Lynn Mayweather and David Noble!

Angus:

Do I need to remind you about how they successfully retained their belts against jOlt's Heirs of Wrestling and then defeated ERIC DANE and World Champion Mayberry in back to back main events? These guys get it done when it counts! Our HOSS OVERLORDS are walking out of here with the Trios Titles!

DDK:

Well, we'll have to agree to disagree!

Angus:

I don't agree to that.

DDK:

That match is happening now...

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[And the camera cuts away to Darren "DQ" Quimbey in the ring getting ready to bring that bass all up in yo face... I mean, uh, he's gonna announce and shit.]

DQ:

The following match is set for one fall! This is a trios contest and this is for the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Titles!

["Happy Go Sucky Fucky" by Die Antwood plays! And now you get the whole shi-bop. Strobe Lights. Colored ramp way. An epileptic inducing DEFIatron of inter-spliced blue VIAGRA pills along side the words "Take the Blue Pill." Cue: Team Viagra, standing underneath an ever changing array of colors spotlight, making their stand. Harmen and Davis, back to back, fury in the Lunatic's eyes, disinterest in Davis as he plays his 3DS. Mary-Lynn kneels in front of them, arms crossed with her clipboard tucked underneath her arm pit.]

DDK:

And here they are! The crowd loves these guys and they've got a real chance to add yet another accolade to their spectacular resume.

[Mary-Lynn rises to her feet like a coach, slapping the clipboard with the palm of her hand as Davis and Harmen break for ringside. The two make a beeline into the ring while Davis impressively STILL plays with his 3DS. Harmen climbs the turnbuckles and throws up his trademark devil horn metal taunt. Davis floats to VIAGRA's corner and drops to a seated position, playing the latest Smash Bros. Mary-Lynn finally joins her mentors, and receives a few cat calls as she enters the ring. She smiles and waves them off. As their music cuts, Davis snaps his 3DS shut and rises to his feet.]

Angus:

BRING OUT OUR HOSS OVERLORDS!

DDK:

What IS your deal with them? Is Keeling STILL paying you under the table to hock their wares?

Angus:

Nah *hides money in his pocket* I do it for free. Plus, the biggest team in jOlt coming out here and fucking everybody up... how can you NOT like that?

["Tag Team" by Anvil.]

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

DDK:

Dear GOD what the hell is Junior Keeling wearing?

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Angus:

It's called being trendy! He probably bought that coat from Liberace's garage sale or something, but it looks great.

[Angel celebrates the jeering with both hands raised, Aleczander struts confidently, and Capital Punishment walks out with his poker face on. The three big men rock the gold now as they hold them all up in the ring as a sign of solidarity. One by one, the monsters start their march to the ring as Junior Keeling takes the lead of his proud monsters. Aleczander is first, flexing his pecs for the camera. Right behind him, the camera passes by Capital Punishment who mean-mugs the camera with a surly sneer. Bringing up the rear is the proud and boastful Rookie Monster, Angel Trinidad with his "Breaker of the Unbreakable" shirt.]

[The monsters all climb into the ring and Team VIAGRA look on with game faces now. Tony Davis is trying to look at Junior Keeling's attire, but shields his eyes as if it's blinding him. With the gold on the line tonight, there's no - okay, maybe a little room because Jack Harmen is there - to screw around with the Trios titles on the line. Strangely, Harmen hasn't taken his eyes off Team HOSS since they emerged from the backstage area. The music cuts as DQ makes the introductions.]

DQ:

Introducing, the team in the corner to my left, they weigh in at a 630 pounds, they are the #1 Contenders to the Trios Tag Team Titles...

[Tony grabs the top rope and pulls on it, doing some stretches. He adjusts his collegiate wrestling headgear. Mary-Lynn steps forward, doing a quick spin, showing very little physical repercussions from HOSS's sneak attack. Jack meanwhile, hasn't moved, hasn't done anything but seethe the entire time.]

DQ:

Comprised of the Tiny Attorney Mary-Lynn Mayweather, the Original Degenerate Two-Tone Tony Davis, and your friendly Neighborhood Lunatic, Jack Harmen... they are **TEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAM VVVVVVVVIIIIIAAGGGGGGRRRRRAAAA!!!!!!**

[A HUGE pop erupts from the crowd as the three pose in the middle of the ring.]

DQ:

And in the corner to my right, being accompanied to the ring by "The Superagent" Junior Keeling... [pause for a smug Junior Keeling to strut in the ring] ...they are the reigning and defending DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Champions... at a combined weight of 863 pounds, representing The Blood Diamonds... Capital Punishment... Aleczander... and Angel Trinidad... They are the Hostile Order of Strong Soldiers... **TTTTEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAMMMMMM HHHHHOOOOOOOOOOSSSSSS!**

[And the crowd now boos for the monsters as they raise their Trios Titles high in the air! The belts are handed over to Mark Shields and he raises them in the air before he calls for the bell.]

[DING DING DING!]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

DDK:

Team VIAGRA have the experience and the cunning as a unit, but Team HOSS have the strength advantage and have Keeling in their corner. This could honestly go either way!

[Keeling gestures to Angel Trinidad, sending out their biggest man into action. Angel nods and stares down a very irate and unnerved Jack Harmen. Harmen's nostrils flare as he leaps off the canvas. He BOUNCE STOMPS the canvas three times in quick succession. With every jump, he leaps higher off the canvas. And with each quick fall, Harmen's body produces a louder STOMPING sound. After the third jump, Harmen CHARGES at Angel and fires a series of right hands that catch the big man by surprise. Trinidad falters back to the ropes before he can recover, using the springback from the cables to easily shove Harmen away. Harmen lands hard on his upper back, backward tumbling to his feet. Harmen charges and leaps, slamming now elbow after elbow into Angel's shoulder and neck. He gets in two quick shots before being shoved off for a second time. Harmen repeats the backwards roll and charges, but this time Trinidad has time to recover. Angel catches and flattens a charging Jack Harmen with a shoulderblock.]

Angel Trinidad:

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Angus:

See? They're pissed about what happened to Mary backstage and I'm surprised she's still standing after Capital Punishment roughed her up a little!

DDK:

Team VIAGRA have been around a long time and if anybody can channel that anger, it's these guys. They play around a lot, but tonight they know that business has to come first! And what better way to get payback than ending the already record-setting Trios Title reign of Team HOSS?

[Trinidad grabs him with a claw-style hold and launches him halfway across the ring so that he collides with the turnbuckle. The Breaker of the Unbreakable charges in and goes for a Splash, but Harmen leaps and gets both feet into the face of the HOSS member! Keeling watches as The Lunatic comes right back at him again with yet another flurry of both left and right hands - whatever he can do to get at the monster.]

[Angel buries a knee into his gut and laughs to himself as Davis and Mayweather look concerned for their friend. Angel PASTES him with two big Clubbing Forearms across the back before he whips him to the other side of the ring. He pulls a boot up going for a big kick, but Harmen ducks underneath and uses the extra momentum to actually take him off his feet with a high-impact Single Leg Dropkick! He jumps on his chest and tees off on the Rookie Monster with both alternating lefts and rights.]

DDK:

Harmen is a man possessed tonight, but this just might be what they need to keep the powerhouses off their game!

[The Rookie Monster tries to shake off the shots and get back to his feet as Harmen continues to run

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

at him with more blows. Another big right from Angel staggers the former High Flyer as he remains stunned. Angel sees his chance to turn the tide and runs to the ropes, but already Harmen is right behind with a hard Back Elbow to the face. Angel remains fazed on the ropes as Harmen gets a running start from all the way across the ring and lands a hard Front Dropkick to the chest that sends Angel tumbling over!]

Angus:

Catch that man! He's all over the place!

DDK:

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

[The crowd is going nuts for one of the original nutcases of wrestling as Harmen now turns his attention over to the man responsible for the actual beatdown of Mary-Lynn.... RUNNING DROPKICK TO THE HEAD! Cappy goes to the floor and holds his face in pain, but Harmen isn't done as he launches himself over the top rope with a Corkscrew Plancha on the floor!]

DDK:

Now Harmen is all over the place, but he's gotta take that back in the ring! He can't win the title by fighting Capital Punishment on the floor!

[Harmen realizes this quickly and heads back into the ring where he goes to the top rope. As Angel tries to stand, he comes off the top rope with a Frog Splash-style Crossbody, knocking him down! He goes for the first cover of the match...]

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

[Angel throws him right off, but Harmen rolls over in dramatic fashion so he can make the tag over to Mary-Lynn Mayweather. Carefully, she heads into the ring and as Trinidad tries to sit up, Harmen takes him back down with a Sliding Clothesline. Mary-Lynn jumps to the ropes and Davis tags himself right then and there as she leaps and connects with a Springboard Moonsault, double knees to the gut on the splash! Angel's wind gets knocked out of him by the Tiny Attorney, and Davis finishes it off with a dropping dual forearm drop off the second rope! Davis now goes for a cover.]

ONE!

TWO!

TH... KICK OUT!

DDK:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

A great combination of moves right there from Team VIAGRA! They almost had it right there, but we know how tough all three men are.

Angus:

Hence, you know...OUR HOSS OVERLORDS. They stop beating your ass when THEY want to stop beating your ass, you feel me?

DDK:

I'm sorry, was that a question?

[Tony Davis drops a succession of about three or four standing Elbow Drops into the chest of Angel Trinidad to wear out The Breaker of the Unbreakable. Davis powers Angel up to his feet, but Angel lands a desperation Headbutt right between the eyes that has Tony stunned. Seeing his chance to get away now, he takes Davis in a Headlock and charges him towards the Team HOSS corner, RAMMING Davis right into the middle turnbuckle!]

[Aleczander tags into the ring and the two men rush Davis to the ropes before they drop him hard with a STIFF Double Shoulder Tackle! Davis goes down while Aleczander flexes his muscles and makes his pecs dance. He glances downward at Davis and laughs.]

Aleczander:

How do you like THAT, mate?

[The Big Brit rolls over and tries a cover of his own now.]

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Team HOSS can't afford to take any member of Team VIAGRA lightly. They've had those belts the longest of any reign in recent memory, but they can't afford to get complacent here.

[Aleczander picks Davis up and throws a pair of European Uppercuts that back The Original Degenerate into the ropes. Aleczander rushes into to the corner and hits a series of hard Shoulder Thrusts to the chest just as Capital Punishment slapped his shoulder to tag himself in legally. Referee Mark Shields acknowledged it as Aleczander rushed forward and threw an extra-vicious European Uppercut. He palmed the back of Davis' head and threw The Original Degenerate into a SICK Running Big Boot from Cappy!]

Angus:

That's some good double-team shit at work! That'll show these idiots to try and take away the shinies that belong to these guys.

DDK:

Really? Shinies?

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Angus:

It makes sense. These guys WASTE whoever tries to take their preciouses away from him.

DDK:

We're not being sponsored by the new Hobbit movie, ladies and gentlemen, my broadcast partner is just sometimes daft.

[Capital Punishment hadn't forgotten about how much that singles loss on the last DEFtv stung his ego. He doesn't go for a pin, but instead, he wails on Tony Davis with a series of rights. Harmen began to pace in the VIAGRA corner, dropping the tag rope to do so. Shields walks over and begins to shout at Harmen to grab the tag rope and stay in his corner, but Harmen glares at him and Shields doesn't care enough to enforce it. Harmen begins to dig at the turnbuckle pad to rip it off, but this time Shields has to get involved and shouts at Harmen to stop for risk of DQ. Harmen flips Shields off and begins pacing on the apron again, desperate to get in there.]

DDK:

Really?

Angus:

Yes. Really... Cappy's beating this idiot like he owes him money! What are YOU reallying about?

[No cover still by the IWO Legend. He pulls Davis up by the neck and cocks back a right before he drills him upside the head! Davis is rocketed back to the ropes and his headgear nearly flies off. He tries to fix it, but an irate Cappy rubs his face against the ropes just to add insult to injury. The crowd boos the former CO, but Capital Punishment shuts them out as he scoops up Davis and SPIKES him down with a Scoop Powerslam! Okay... NOW he goes for a cover on Davis.]

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

[Mary-Lynn Mayweather was watching with concern as Team HOSS slowly apart at Tony Davis. Harmen had climbed into the ring and had to be escorted back outside by Shields. Capital Punishment drags Davis to his feet and locks in a Gargoyle Suplex, but Davis elbows him in the back of the head several times to free himself from Cappy's grip. Cappy with a wild swing...]

DDK:

T-BONE SUPLEX! Davis got one of his own in!

[Cappy gets thrown overhead and crashes hard on the mat now, giving him the chance to finally head over to his corner. The IWO Legend slowly crawls over to the corner and makes the tag over to Aleczander. The Mancunian Muscle starts to step into the ring as Davis gets to his corner, allowing Mary-Lynn to tag in! Harmen stomps his feet on the ring apron as Mary-Lynn slips in. He mouths a quick word of concern to Mary-Lynn and then asks to be tagged in. Mary shakes her head and turns

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

to the gigantic Aleczander.]

DDK:

And here comes the Tiny Attorney!

Angus:

Here comes her getting SMASHED! PUNY GIRL!

[Aleczander runs right at her with a Clothesline, but she uses her quickness to duck under. She continues off the other side and catches a twisting Aleczander with a spinning wheel kick. It doesn't take the brute off his feet, as he stumbles back a few steps regaining his equilibrium. Mary-Lynn quickly catches a resturdied Aleczander with a swift kick to his right knee cap, sending him to his knees. Mayweather hooks a cravate and catches a seated Aleczander with a leaping stunner. True to it's word, Aleczander wobbled on his knees from the blow. Mary-Lynn came off the other side of the ropes with a CHARGING M-Kick that finally JACK'ED his beanstalk, sending the giant tumbling to the canvas.]

DDK:

The M-KICK! She picked that move up from one of her former trainers, another PRIME Hall of Famer Sonny Silver!

Angus:

No way! She has the pin on Aleczander!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT WITH AUTHORITAH!

[Mary-Lynn had worn him down but The Mancunian Muscle had a lot of power in his frame so he was able to shove her away. Li'l Red throws a series of kicks into his chest to try and stun him as he tries to kneel up, but Aleczander shoves her away... right into a knee to her back from Angel! The Rookie Monster feigns innocence as Mary starts to writhe in pain. Harmen shouts from across the ring at Angel as Aleczander catches Mayweather in the ring...]

DDK:

THE BPI! THE BRITISH POWER INTERNATIONAL! DEAR GOD, MARY-LYNN COULD BE HURT!

Angus:

That's what she gets for jumping the gun like that! Aleczander made her pay with that Gorilla Press Powerslam!

[Aleczander stands up and the crowd starts to BOOOOOOOOOOO the shit out of him as he makes his pecs dance again. The Big Brit had turned the tide of this match with just one big power move. Harmen has left his corner entirely and swings around the neutral turnbuckle to be on the same

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

ring apron as Angel. Harmen begins shouting and pointing at Angel as Mark Shields yells at Harmen to get back to his corner. Aleczander notices all of this, with his pea-sized brain - possibly the second-smallest brain next to Jonny Booya - and even he can put two and two together. Harmen reluctantly returns back to his corner, a frustrated instrument of vengeance.]

Angus:

Should've had a better poker face, Harmen!

DDK:

We know how much Jack Harmen loves to poke and prod people with their own unique brand of humor, but he's shown to be very protective of Mary-Lynn and now she's left in there alone with three big men who could crush her quickly.

[Aleczander doesn't try to pin her and instead he drags her by the arm over to Team Hoss' corner with a boot pressed into her back. The Tiny Attorney shouts out in pain which sets off Jack! Harmen runs into the ring and loses his shit as he beats on Aleczander in the corner, but it's here when Mark Shields pull him away and forces to go back to the corner.]

Jack Harmen:

PUNCH YOU! SO! VERY HARD! MAKE YOUR GENETICS ALWAYS HAVE A BLACK EYE THAT'S PASSED ON TO YOUR OFFSPRING, YOU FUCKSTICK!

Aleczander:

I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU TRY, YA WANKER!

[Junior Keeling waves 'goodbye' at Harmen as Mark Shields forces him back to VIAGRA's corner. To be an asshole, Angel Trinidad reaches into the ring and paintbrushes the back of Mayweather's head. Not enough to really hurt her in any way, but adding insult to injury. Angel then gets tagged into the action and Aleczander starts to spin her around across his back...]

DDK:

Oh, no...

Angus:

OH, YES! HOSS TOSS COMING AT YA, BOIIII!!!!!!

[The crowd would normally count with each spin, but tonight since Team HOSS are playing the part of big fucking dickheads all that fills the DEFINACE Wrestle-Plex is raucous booing. He releases her at the apex of a spin and sends her crashing into the mat toward HOSS's corner. Angel Trinidad starts to gear up for something big of his own as she lands. He carries up Mary-Lynn and holds her by the waist as a modified Bearhug...]

Angel Trinidad:

Kinda don't wanna do this, but I'm gonna do it anyway. I like belts, so yeah...

[He simply THROWS her right into the turnbuckle corner and she collapses from the shock of the

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

impact, holding her back in pain! She even lands with a thud on the canvas on the back of her neck. Angel pulls her out of the corner and goes for a cover on the limp Tiny Attorney...]

ONE!

TWO!

SAVED BY JACK HARMEN! Stomp to the back of Angel's head.

DDK:

Jack Harmen didn't miss a beat and may have saved Team VIAGRA's chances of gunning for the Trios Titles!

[Harmen is once again forced to the corner by Mark Shields as Capital Punishment puts a boot on top of Mary's back near the ropes to press down! She writhes in pain after the move and Cappy moves away as Shields turns around.]

DDK:

How can Keeling or Team HOSS be proud of this?

Angus:

They just are, that's how. Look at him!

[Sure enough, Junior Keeling laughs and claps like a kid who just got a shiny toy for Christmas. He adjusts his shades and smirks smugly.]

Junior Keeling:

Come on, boys, let's take this home!

[Angel Trinidad tags in Alecander again and the two start to set up Mary-Lynn for something big. They whip her to the ropes again and it seems like a Double Back Elbow, but she ducks underneath the two and stand stationary. Mary-Lynn narrowly sidesteps a charge and Alecander goes crashing into his partner and the two fall to their knees!]

DDK:

Mary-Lynn has a chance to get to her corner and get to the fresh men! Davis and especially Harmen are chomping at the bit to get involved.

Angus:

Harmen's leaping up and down like a jackass. The cooch still has to make it past Angel and Alecander though, and even on their knees they're still in her way.

[She makes a valiant effort to charge between both big men, but they each grab her by an arm and SNAP her down with a vicious Double Clothesline!]

BOOO!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

DDK:

She was almost there, but Team HOSS can overwhelm just about anybody. Like you said earlier, Angus, they defeated a team made up of the very founder of this company and its World Champion! Granted, handicap match, but still a testament.

Angus:

And if they don't want Li'l Red to go anywhere, then she isn't going to.

[Keeling laughs gleefully on the outside as he runs over and high-fives both Angel Trinidad and Aleczander between the ropes before The Mancunian Muscle returns to his corner. The Breaker of the Unbreakable reaches over and slowly pulls up Mary-Lynn by an arm before he lifts her up and drops her down to the ground with a nothing-fancy-but-still-painful Body Slam.]

DDK:

Oh, here we go! Angel likes to use this move usually in sets of three to wear down his opponent for his Running Splash...

Angus:

SUPER MEGATON ANGEL BOMB! It's the SUPER MEGATON ANGEL BOMB when he does it, Keebs! Get it right or they'll tear your arms from your sockets... and I don't want you bleeding all over me, this is my NICE outfit.

[The crowd boos as the Breaker of the Unbreakable holds his hands in the air and lets out an energetic yell. The Rookie Monster scoops her up again and drops her a second time with an equally hard and vicious Body Slam!]

Junior Keeling:

Finish this shit off, Angel! We're done here!

DDK:

Angel getting his marching orders here to end this match!

Angus:

And they will be executed! He pinned the World Champion Mayberry! What do you think he's going to do to Mary-Lynn?

[Lather rinse and repeat for a third Body Slam now and Angel is ready to end this. The Breaker of the Unbreakable then bounces off the ropes and not-so-gracefully jumps into the air ready to crush her...]

DDK:

...NO WATER IN THE POOL!

Angus:

HOW?! MARY-LYNN'S HAD THE TAR BEAT OUT OF HER! HOW DID SHE DO THAT?!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

DDK:

She doesn't have the power advantage, obviously, but she has a lot of heart! And now she's closer to her corner.

[Angel is hurt, but he's less so than Mary-Lynn so he's able to get over to his corner and tag back into Alecander. The Mancunian Muscle goes for the chance to stop Mary and pulls her up by her legs and scoops her up across his shoulder. He spins her around again on his shoulders, but Mary-Lynn manages to grab the Big Brit by the head and takes him down with a Tornado DDT!]

DDK:

I don't believe it! She caught him with all of that Tornado DDT! If she has any chance of getting over there, it's now!

Angus:

All Harmen is going to do is get his ass kicked!

[Harmen is leaning SO far over the top rope he might as well ALREADY be in the ring. He's got a hold of the tag rope, so he's "legal," as he outstretches his protege. Mary-Lynn Mayweather slowly crawls over to the corner, desperate to tag either Tony or Jack. The crowd is at a fever pitch, and the wind is taken out of their sales as Alecander grabs Mary-Lynn by her shoe. She slips out of her shoe entirely and dives!]

DDK:

AND JACK HARMEN GETS THE TAG!

Angus:

Good lord, he actually got it, but now he's staring down an angry Alecander! The Big Brit is pissed off!

[Jack Harmen springs into the ring and lands on his feet. He sees the Mancunian Muscle charging as he lands, and decides to drop down, pulling the top rope down so Alecander tumbles outside. An irate Capital Punishment tries to get back into the ring, but Harmen is already there to cut him off at the pass with a Superkick that sends him tumbling out to the floor! A bothered Junior Keeling starts to lose his shit and takes off his shades, watching with mouth agape as Alecander tries to get in again only to catch a Running Dropkick to the mouth!]

DDK:

Jack Harmen turning back the clock tonight! Team HOSS set him off something fierce!

Angus:

They're roping this dope, they've done it before!

[The Lunatic turns his attention the downed Capital Punishment as he tries to stand and takes flight. Through the top and middle ropes with a suicide dive that sends Cappy sprawling into the barricade! The IWO Legend goes down... from the IWO legend! And now Harmen is already back inside the

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

ring, stalking the recovered Aleczander. As he turns, the frenetic leader of Team VIAGRA leaps OVER the ropes with a two-handed Somersault Plancha over the top and to the outside! As both bodies are all over the floor now, Harmen stands up and slams a fist on the barricade, feeding off the energy from the rabid crowd, and letting them feed off his!]

VI-AG-RA!

VI-AG-RA!

VI-AG-RA!

VI-AG-RA!

VI-AG-RA!

DDK:

This crowd is going nuts! Harmen is all over the place now and he throws Aleczander back inside the ring! They could be closing in on the Trios Tag Team Titles!

[Aleczander starts to stand in the ring as Jack Harmen slips himself on the apron. He grabs the top rope with both hands but notices Angel Trinidad on the apron with him, charging forth. Tony on the outside hooks Angel's legs and trips him off the apron. Angel recovers and mostly lands on his feet, but winds up in a blind brawl with Tony Davis on the floor, each man throwing haymakers. This clears the path for Jack Harmen to use the top rope to spring into the ring with his patented Springboard Thesz Press. He follows with Harmen making it rain not with just dollah dollah bills, but with purposeful and cathartic fists to Aleczander's pretty boy face.]

Angus:

Come on, break that shit up, Shields!

DDK:

He doesn't do that sort of thing normally, you know. He's all about watching these guys beat the hell out of each other.

[Jack Harmen stands and roars. He grabs Aleczander by the head as he rises. Harmen runs towards the corner, looking for a little Sliced Bread #3 action, but The Mancunian Muscle blocks it by holding onto the turnbuckle. Harmen lands on his feet right behind him and when he turns around...]

Angus:

LOW BLOW! Shields! Do your job!

DDK:

COLD SNOW! He just got DRILLED with that DDT variation! Now he sits on top of Aleczander for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR...

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Angus:

Capital Punishment to the rescue! He just CLOCKED Flyer with a Knee Lift!

[Cappy picks up Harmen by his hair and immediately sets him up for a Powerbomb, but as he rises, he gets clocked in the side of the head with a Springboard Missile Dropkick from Mayweather! He doesn't go down, but the move is enough for the former High Flyer to shake him down with a Neckbreaker after getting stunned...]

Angus:

LISTEN TO THE BASS GO BOOM, HOSS-PLOSION!

[He's talking about Angel Trinidad coming out of NOWHERE to blast Harmen with a massive Flying Shoulder Tackle that nearly turns him inside out! Angel leaves the ring as a groggy Alecander crawls over and throws an arm over his body.]

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

DDK:

Harmen with the shoulder up! He's still alive in this!

[Alecander angrily punches the mat while Junior Keeling freaks out on the floor, yelling for somebody to get in and do something. Trinidad comes back into the ring, but Tony Davis is there once again and grabs him by the back of his head...]

Tony Davis (And the crowd):

SHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Angel has time to wildly flail his arms three times before the Sitout Sleeper Drop comes next. Angel gets dropped down hard on the canvas now, taking him out of the equation for the moment!

Alecander kicks Harmen in the gut and starts to hoist him for his signature Thrust Spinebuster called Alecander Wins The Match, but Harmen manages to adjust himself and hit a Dropkick in mid-air, sending him tumbling backwards to the corner where Tony Davis is there to connect with a gut-crushing Shoulder Tackle! He returns to VIAGRA's corner briefly so that way Harmen can make the legal tag...!]

DDK:

They're setting up Alecander for something huge here...

[Indeed they are and long-time fans of Team VIAGRA know what's coming next as Harmen climbs one turnbuckle while Tony Davis has The Mancunian Muscle right where it wants him. The Original Degenerate sets him up on the top rope and the fans start to come alive...]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

DDK:

TWISTING URANAGE SUPLEX....

Angus:

WOW! FIVE AND A HALF-STAR FROGSPLASH!

DDK:

THEY HIT THE NATURAL HIGH ON ALECXANDER! WE HAVE NEW TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!

[Just as Jack Harmen rolls out of the way after such an awesome impact, Tony Davis crawls over and goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

.... JUNIOR KEELING PULLS MARK SHIELDS AWAY!

DDK:

Son of a... Team VIAGRA had this won right there!

Angus:

Almost don't count, son, this match still goes on!

[Mark Shields isn't the most upstanding referee, but he still yells at Junior Keeling for his actions because he doesn't like his nice pants getting tugged on, especially by seedy-looking mofos whose hands could've been ANYWHERE. He yells at Keeling, but an angry Harmen goes out to the floor and charges right after Keeling! The crowd cheers as he gives chase to the manager and runs halfway around the ring...]

Angus:

OOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHH! Harmen just got pasted with a brutal Gargoyle Suplex on the floor

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

by Capital Punishment!

[Inside the ring, Davis isn't waiting around and The Original Degenerate starts to pry Alecander up again and looks to land his Double Underhook Powerbomb that he calls The Equalizer. He's about to hoist him up for the move when Angel returns to the ring...]

DDK:

DEAR LORD! A Spin Kick from all things to Tony Davis! Shields never saw the cheap shot!

Angus:

That's some agility, son! It wasn't all that pretty, but he got Davis with all of that move!

[Both men are down now as Trinidad returns to the corner before they're any the wiser. Mary-Lynn protests and tries to will on Tony Davis, but Keeling holds her by the leg so she can't get involved! Alecander just barely has enough strength after the Natural High to crawl over and make the tag to the now legal Capital Punishment. He enters the ring and motions to Angel who nods and reenters the ring. Davis is just barely able to stand himself when they each take an arm...]

Angus:

THE GREATEST MOVE IN THE HOSS-TORY OF OUR SPORT!

DDK:

Double-Team Crucifix Bomb! And now Cappy with the cover now! VIAGRA had this won!

ONE!

[Mayweather is able to kick Keeling away as she tries to enter. Harmen pulls himself up using the apron.]

TWO!

[Mayweather's wobbles in the ring as she tries to regain her equilibrium, still feeling the effects of Team HOSS' attack. Jack Harmen on the outside of the ring, gets upright enough to see the action just under the bottom rope.]

THREE!

[The DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex is now filing with jeers to all hell. Team VIAGRA had the titles won, but thanks to some interference from Keeling and the playing of the divide and conquer game, Team HOSS had survived their toughest challenge yet! Mayweather falls to her knees in VIAGRA's corner, as the fight in Harmen's eyes flickers out. He lets go of the apron and falls down on the outside, lying on the cool hard concrete.]

DQ:

Here are your winners of the match and STILL the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Champions...
ANGEL TRINIDAD... ALECXANDER... AND CAPITAL PUNISHMENT... TEAM HOSS!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[Aleczander is helped to his feet by Capital Punishment and Angel Trinidad as Junior Keeling runs into the ring with oodles and oodles - okay, three of them - of The Trios Titles and hands them off one at a time! Mary-Lynn rushes over to check on a downed Davis.]

DDK:

This was perhaps Team HOSS's greatest test to date against a team with a wealth of experience, even more than the Heirs of Wrestling they've previously faced. But now marks the fourth successful defense for Team HOSS.

Angus:

They came close, closer than anybody has yet, but Team HOSS have all the power and the mastermind of Junior Keeling. The record-setting reign of OUR HOSS OVERLORDS continues whether you like it or not!

[That rings true as Team HOSS take their leave of the ring. An ecstatic Junior Keeling jumps and pats his boys on the back as they celebrate at the top of the stage, raising their belts for all to see! The confident Blood Diamond members head to the back and out of sight as they are finished for the evening. Meanwhile, Mary-Lynn pulls Tony Davis to his feet as the two of them get a standing ovation from the crowd who appreciate their efforts.]

DDK:

They wrestled the best game anybody could hope for against these monsters, but you're right. Between Keeling going the extra mile and Team HOSS's unmatched force, who the hell has a chance to take those belts if even Team VIAGRA couldn't do it?

Angus:

NOBODY, SON!

[The fans continue to applaud for the members of Team VIAGRA in appreciation. Mayweather smiles and Davis nods as a sign of thank you. Jack Harmen however, stands to his feet on the outside and has procured a steel chair from under the ring. He storms over to the time keeper's table, as the crew begins to flee. He lifts and smashes the chair into the ring bell five time, destroying the steel frame. In a fit, he tosses the chair down on the outside, and re-joins the rest of his partners in VIAGRA as they begrudgingly head up the ramp.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Sitting in the Dark

[David Noble, walking down the hallway, feels the pain in his bones. Another grueling match, another evening that saw him put it all on the line and then some, another loss. In this loss though, he can feel proud of himself. The fans are behind him, chanting his name. After years off the road, he was rounding back into the competitor he once was. As he reaches the door to a spare room in the Wrestle-Plex, his secret hideout, he allows a smile to appear on his face. Things were on the right track for the first time in a long time. As he opens the door, he sees a light on in the corner of the room, barely illuminating the silhouette of the person, woman, sitting in a chair.]

David Noble:

Hello.

Woman:

You look like you used to out there, David. Reminded me of the good times...

[The sound of her voice hits David right away.]

David Noble:

Mary-Lynn? What are you doing here? Why are you sitting in the dark?

[David lets the door close behind him as he moves closer to her.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

You ever think that things would be different this time?

David Noble:

Mary-Lynn. What are you talking about?

[David can see the outline of her head as she shakes her head.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

You looked good out there tonight. Reminded me of why I fell for ya... I was... proud of you.

David Noble:

Thanks to the sage advice of a very wise woman I know. "Fly", she said.

[David can imagine a smirk appearing on Mary-Lynn's face, even with her morose state of mind. The silhouette's shoulders curled in response to his imagination. David sits on the bench in front of her, restraining himself from touching her. It was the most difficult thing he had to train himself to do when he was in her presence.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Well, you knocked it out of the park.

David Noble:

Still lost.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

At least you lost giving it your all. I lost because I'm the weak link. Always have been.

David Noble:

No. Don't say that.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Don't say what? The truth? I'm an attorney, I know the truth and I know lies when I hear it. My small frame and my inexperience cost us that match tonight. Tony took the pin, but it was because I was ill-prepared. I'm the reason we always lose.

[David looks down at the floor, the darkness surrounding them. He can hear the pain in her voice and he yearns to remove that very pain. Still, he just sits there.]

David Noble:

You can't put that on your shoulders. You just can't, Mary-Lynn.

[He then looks at her, putting his hand on her knee as her head drops, despair taking over. The scene then cuts to Angus and DDK.]

DDK:

An emotional scene in the locker room, a side of these DEFIANCE stars that you sometimes don't get to see after a defeat, after a loss. Heart wrenching stuff.

Angus:

Truly, it is. Still, that's the way the cookie crumbles.

DDK:

You are impossible.

Angus:

Just like that girl in high school you wanted to fuck.

DDK:

Thanks.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Curtis Penn vs Eugene Dewey (c)

DDK:

Tonight has definitely felt like a Big GAME NIGHT.

Angus:

That's right Keeps, the excitement has been through the roof... until we hit this snooze fest!

DDK:

What are you talking about? Next up is Curtis Penn, who has done nothing except be at the top of his game since he stepped foot into Defiance and Eugene Dewey who could be Defiance's very own version of Captain America!

Angus:

And they both suck and I'm thinking about going on strike until they both kill each other and are no longer alive to bore me.

DDK:

I was speaking of the BIG GAME ATMOSPHERE here tonight in the Defiance WrestlePlex and out comes a dozen individuals dressed in brown hooded robes.

[The lights dim as the robed figures begin to chant Curtis Penn's entrance: "Enae Volare Mezzo".]

Angus:

Curtis has really gone and topped his normal level of douchery with this. I hope like hell he's paying these clowns in gowns himself and not taking any money from Defiance for this entrance.

DDK:

Who knows Angus Curtis might have gotten a small loan from Edward White, White is hoping that Penn ends Eugene Dewey for him tonight.

[From behind the curtains steps Curtis Penn in his custom gold on black "Tap or Die" t-shirt and gold on black shorts. Covering his face is his Gold Centurion's Helm.]

DDK:

Every Pay-Per-View Curtis adds just a lil' something to his entrance at Home Coming it was his Helm, in Canada it was a new intro, and this time it's the chanters.

Angus:

Yeah he might add a little flare for his entrance, but his exit in Canada was flat on his ass.

[Curtis Penn makes his way into the ring and hands off his helm to the referee in charge of the match, Brian Slater.]

DDK:

Who's your pick to walk away with the title tonight Angus?

Angus:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Can they both lose and give the belt to someone like Ty Walker?

DDK:

Angus...You know what, never mind. The Champ is about to make his entrance!

[DatHeavenlyChoir.jpg]

[Emerging from the back comes Eugene Dewey with the FIST of DEFIANCE wrapped around his waist. He stomps his way down the ramp, slapping hands with the fans on his way down to the ring. He climbs the ring steps and steps in through the ropes before heading to the nearest turnbuckle to pose for the fans. Dewey drops down from the turnbuckle and unclips the FIST from his waist.]

DDK:

Not wasting any time with these entrances.

Angus:

It's late and our writer is seeing his girlfriend in the morning. Surely you can cut him some slack?

DDK:

Ok, so this match is only gonna have three walls. Great.

[Dewey holds the belt up high and kisses the faceplate before handing it over to Brian Slater. Slater holds the belt aloft before passing it out to the time keeper and calls for the bell.]

Ding Ding Ding!

DDK:

Is he kissing that title goodbye, Keebs?

Angus:

Boy you really are the king of the cliché, aren't you?

[The two competitors meet in the middle of the ring and stand nose to nose, Penn looking ever so slightly down at Dewey.]

Curtis Penn:

You're gonna tap, Dewey.

Eugene Dewey:

NO U!

Angus:

It's an older meme, sir, but it checks out.

[The two continue to jaw jack before Penn turns away and smiles while rubbing his beard. He takes a step back and-

SLLLLLAP!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

OOOOOOOOHHHHHH

BOOO!

[Slaps the taste out of Eugene's mouth. The force of the open hand strike turns Dewey's head, but he doesn't bring a hand up to his cheek, no, he simply adjusts his jaw and stares dagger back at Curtis Penn. Penn however is too busy gloating to the crowd to see the fury in Dewey's eyes, so he completely misses when Dewey charges in with a double leg takedown!]

RAHH!

DDK:

And here we go!

Angus:

Dewey's going chicken oriental on Penn's ass!

DDK:

Are you trying to slip some cockney rhyming slang into your commentary?

Angus:

That I am, Guv'na.

DDK:

You've been spending too much time around Alecander, haven't you?

Angus:

Alecander's from Manchester, you racist!

[Curtis Penn tries to cover up as Dewey's fists rain down towards his face. Left and rights and left and right find their marks as Brian Slater suggests to Eugene that he might want to let up a little bit. Dewey ignores Slater though and continues to flail his fists in the direction of Curtis Penn's head.]

DDK:

Slater can't do a thing here but wait for someone to either tap out, get bored, or scream for mercy.

Angus:

You can't say Eugene didn't warn Penn about this either, he told him in no uncertain terms, that he was going to pummel him into submission.

[A few more strikes from Dewey find their mark before Penn finally manages to block a shot and hook Dewey's arm. He pulls Eugene in close and wraps his arm around the back of Dewey's neck. He pushes his forearm into Dewey's throat and grapevines the FIST's body to really wrench on the head.]

DDK:

The guillotine! Penn with the guillotine! He's locked it in out of nowhere and suddenly Dewey's on the defensive!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Angus:

Come on, Eugene, if you're gonna get beat by this douche nugget then don't make it this easy for him!

DDK:

You can see why Penn wanted this stipulation now. Out of nowhere he locks in the first submission of the match and Eugene doesn't know what to do!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Penn pulls back on the chokehold as much as he possibly can as Dewey's hand hovers above the mat.]

DDK:

He's not going to tap... is he?

Angus:

Doesn't look like it!

[Eugene plants his hand into the mat and pushes up, lifting Penn off of the ground as he rises. Eugene plants a foot to the mat and pushes all the way up to his feet, still with Curtis Penn hanging from his neck.]

Angus:

There's that retard strength in full force.

[With Penn wrenching on the guillotine as hard as he can Eugene doesn't have much choice but to charge forwards until he collides with the corner of the ring. Penn's back slams hard into the turnbuckles and he's forced the release the hold.]

RAHH!

DDK:

Dewey breaks the guillotine! He managed to power his way out of the hold, and Penn's plan to back Dewey into a corner with the submission stipulation might not seem so wise now!

Angus:

It's early yet though, Keebs. Eugene might have been able to pick Penn up now, but as this match goes on and his strength gets sapped it's gonna get harder and harder to power out of these holds.

[Eugene grabs Penn by the arm and whips him across the ring. Curtis collides with the opposite corner and soon gets squashed against the turnbuckles as Dewey follows closely in with a splash! Eugene keeps his head of steam going as he hits the ropes while Penn falls to his ass in the corner, leaving him in perfect position for a running butt bump that crushes Penn's head between the middle turnbuckle and the FIST's posterior!]

RAHH!

Angus:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

All aboard the caboose!

[Penn quickly rolls to the outside much to the dislike of the fans.]

BOOO!

DDK:

Curtis is trying to put some distance between himself and the FIST right now.

[As Penn tried to gather his bearings on the outside Eugene steps through the ropes and out to the apron. He positions himself against the ringpost and waits for Curtis Penn to turn around...]

Angus:

Everybody outta the pool!

DDK:

You're enjoying this, aren't you?

Angus:

I'm enjoying watching Curtis Penn get...

[CANNONBALL!]

Angus:

Ab-So-Lutely squished!

RAHH

[Eugene pops back up to his feet and roars to the crowd who roar back the FIST. Dewey doesn't let up on Penn for long either as he pulls the challenger to his feet and whips him along the outside of the ring. Penn collides with the ring steps shoulder first sending the two parts flying away from each other. Dewey stalks his way towards Penn and lets the Doctor of DEFIANCE try to pull himself up using his waistband.]

DDK:

What's Eugene gonna do here?

Angus:

I don't know, but I'm glad I'm not Curtis Penn right now... I mean, I'm glad I'm not Curtis Penn every second of every day, but right now I'm super glad I'm not Curtis Penn.

[Dewey helps Penn up before scooping him off of his feet and slamming him onto the bottom half of the stairs. Penn arches his back in pain as the fans cheer the FIST on.]

*LET'S GO EUGENE! *clap clap clapclapclap**

*LET'S GO EUGENE! *clap clap clapclapclap**

*LET'S GO EUGENE! *clap clap clapclapclap**

[Dewey hops up onto the apron and stands there for a second looking down at Curtis Penn.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

I think Curtis Penn might have just marked that arm for death.

[As Eugene writhes in pain Curtis Penn dives under the ring. He searches around for a few moments before pulling out a steel chair!]

DDK:

Oh boy, here we go!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Penn holds the chair up high before throwing it into the ring over the top rope. It clatters to the mat as Penn turns around to see Dewey advancing towards him.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[But a thumb to the eye halts Dewey's progress!]

DDK:

Penn's show Dewey It's not just the FIST that can take advantage of that no disqualification rule.

Angus:

This is weird. Because I hate Penn you have to be the one to big him up.

DDK:

What a strange thing to say.

Angus:

True though. Curtis Penn is such a colossal douche that he throws the typical dynamic of a wrestling announce team into a whole new realm of weirdness.

DDK:

I'd say I try to remain impartial and not let my personal feelings towards our DEFIANTS interfere with my work.

Angus:

I'd say blahblahblahblah

DDK:

Mature.

[Penn goes behind on Dewey and lifts him with a belly to back suplex, but instead of dropping Dewey on the floor Penn slams him down onto the ring apron! Dewey arches his back in pain as Penn gives him a shove and sends him rolling into the ring. Curtis is quick to follow the FIST and slides in under the bottom rope.]

DDK:

What's Penn got in store for Dewey now?

[Curtis watches Dewey writhe in pain for a couple of seconds before he scoops up the chair that he'd

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

thrown into the ring moments earlier...]

BOOO!

DDK:

Oh this doesn't look good.

[Penn holds the chair high above his head for a second before stalking over to Eugene. Dewey tries to sit up but Curtis stomps down into his face, knocking the FIST back down to the mat. Eugene tries to cover up, but Curtis grabs the arm he'd just slammed into the ring post and stretches it out to Dewey's side.]

Curtis Penn:

Say goodbye to your love life, Dewey!

DDK:

Oh no...

Curtis Penn:

I'm gonna fuck your girlfriend up!

[Penn digs the edge of the chair into the pit of Eugene's elbow, lifts it up...]

THUD!

BOOO!

[And brings the chair down into Dewey's arm!]

DDK:

He's gonna break his arm! Get the chair away from him Brian! He's gonna break Eugene's arm!

Angus:

I'm serious, If Penn leaves here tonight with the FIST I'm gonna... I'm gonna...

DDK:

What?

Angus:

I dunno, I'll probably just have a rant in my blog post and verbally shit on him and Eugene every show for the rest of forever.

[Penn slams the chair down to the mat before grabbing Eugene's arm. He wrestles it out of the grip of Dewey's other hand and adjusts him on the mat so that he can slam Eugene's arm down on the steel.]

BOOO!

Angus:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

You know I hate to say anything positive about Penn, but this is a smart move by the challenger. Take out the arm and Dewey's offense is compromised. He can't hit those power moves and he can't hit those punches. Hell, he's practically nulled the threat of the Shoryuken and we're barely... 11 pages in? That can't be right.

DDK:

What?

Angus:

I'd like to add here that I've not copied James. Not in the slightest.

DDK:

Seriously, what the hell are you talking about?

Angus:

You'll see.

[Brian tries to reason with Penn and get him to discard the chair, but Penn has one more thing in mind as he opens the chair slightly and slips Dewey's arm between the seat and back...]

DDK:

Not this...

[And stomps down on to the steel!]

Eugene Dewey:

HOWLL!

Angus:

I don't think I've ever actually heard someone literally howling in pain before.

[Curtis pulls the chair off of Dewey's arm and discards it to one side before doing what he needs to to tie his arm up with a Cross armbar!]

DDK:

The damage is done and now Penn's gonna try and make Dewey tap out.

Angus:

If that arm's not broken already then this is gonna do it. This is tap or snap territory.

DDK:

Brian Slater's right there to check on Dewey!

[Penn leans back on the armbar really stretching Dewey's arm. Brian Slater continuously asks Dewey if he wants to submit, but Eugene shakes his head every single time. Penn clearly doesn't want to, but he gives up on the armbar after a few more seconds so that he can drop a knee into Dewey's elbow. He then drags the FIST across the ring and slides to the outside, pulling his arm under the bottom rope.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

DDK:

Headbutt from Dewey to Penn!

Angus:

That's right, Eugene, put that noggin to use for once!

[Slightly stunned by the headbutt Curtis Penn shakes it off and throws another right, but Eugene blocks that one as well and nails another headbutt. This headbutt rocks Penn and sends him staggering backwards towards the ropes. Dewey closes the gap between them quickly and whips Penn across the ring. Dewey hits the ropes on the adjacent side and...

Angus:

WHARGLEBARGLEFARGLE!

RAHH!

[Absolutely levels Penn with the Biotic Charge!]

Angus:

POUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUNCE!

[Penn gets lifted off of his feet and is sent sailing across the ring where he gets wrapped up in the ropes. Eugene is back up to his feet in a relatively short time and pulls Curtis away from the ropes and up to his feet with one arm. Dewey nails Penn with a back elbow that sends him into the corner of the ring and whips him across to the other side.]

DDK:

Dewey's building up a head of steam again!

Angus:

He's gotta be careful though, Penn could easily cut that out again.

[Dewey charges across the ring and splashes Curtis in the corner again. Penn doesn't fall to his ass this time though, instead he staggers out of the corner and right into a one armed side walk slam from the FIST! Eugene sits at the side of his opponents and... Looks like he's about to have a panic attack.]

DDK:

He doesn't know what to do! Dewey wants to go for the pin, but there's no pinfalls... He's got to make Curtis Penn tap out, and Eugene doesn't know any submission moves...

Angus:

I don't think I've ever seen anyone who didn't know at least one submission move.

DDK:

Just think, when has Eugene had to use one?

Angus:

When he was training with the Faces of Death?

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

DDK:

I don't think we're allowed to mention them.

[Still sat next to Penn, Eugene grabs one of his arms and pulls it across his chest. He wraps his leg over that arm and grabs the leg nearest to himself before pulling that up towards Penn's chest.]

DDK:

What do you call this, Angus?

Angus:

A fucking shambles.

[Eugene soon realises the futility of trying to invent a submission move on the fly and sits Penn up. Eugene actually manages to fumble his way into a real submission hold as well as he applies a seated full nelson...

But Penn doesn't stay in it for long as he slips out of the hold with ease.]

DDK:

Looks like Dewey didn't lock his hands.

Angus:

This is hopeless, I hope you're aware.

[Penn throws his head back and connects with the butt of Dewey's jaw, stunning the FIST long enough for him to reach back, grab Dewey's head and pull him over with a snapmare. Curtis reaches forwards and locks in a Dragon Sleeper!]

BOOO!

Angus:

NONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONO!

[Curtis pulls Dewey up to his feet, still holding him in the Dragon Sleeper and looks like he's about ready to twist Eugene over and really sink in the Curtis Clutch!]

Angus:

PLEASE FOR THE LOVE OF GOD NO! DON'T LET CURTIS PENN WIN THE FIST!

[Before he can twist Eugene though Dewey turns around himself and takes Penn over with a northern lights suplex!]

Angus

Thank you, God! Thank you, Allah! Thank you, Buddha! Thank you, Flying Spaghetti Monster! You truly have touched us with your noodly appendage!

[Eugene rolls away from Curtis and right over the steel chair that's still in the ring...]

[UHOH.jpg]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Angus:

Damnit, Dewey!

DDK:

Remember, Angus, there's no pinfalls!

Angus:

You're telling me to remember? I know full well, maybe you should go down there and remind Dewey!

[Eugene rolls off of Penn and backs himself into the corner. He sits there staring at his opponent for a good while gasping for breath, clutching at his arm, and appearing on the verge of tears.]

DDK:

Dewey doesn't know what to do... He's lost.

Angus:

Lost in the sense of doesn't know where he is, not lost as in the sense of not winning.

DDK:

Why did you say that?

Angus:

Just in case anyone is skimming. Don't want them to get confused, you know?

DDK:

Oh.

Angus:

It seemed like a good thing to say at 2am on deadline day.

[In the middle of the ring Penn starts to stir and begins getting to his knees. He looks over at Eugene and smiles, knowing full well why Eugene looks so distraught.]

DDK:

He knows... He knows Eugene doesn't have a clue how he's gonna win this.

Angus:

I fucking hate this guy with a passion, but even I have to admit, Curtis Penn is one tough son of a bitch when he wants to be.

[Despite still being on his knees Penn beckons Eugene to 'bring it' as he gets to his feet. Eugene reaches up and pulls himself up with the ropes before running in with a clothesline. Penn ducks the attempt and goes behind with a waistlock to hit German Suplex number four!]

DDK:

Not again!

[And then number 5!]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

the match.

Angus:

See? He's gonna be unbearable, I'm telling you.

DDK:

Well, what's new?

Angus:

Unfortunately not a lot.

[Dewey crosses the ring to celebrate with the other side of the arena as we fade to black.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

With Great Power...

[Just inside the owner's box.]

[Edward White stands facing Dan Ryan as he prepares to leave and attend to his duties in the main event.]

Edward White:

I assume you know how to handle this match.

Dan Ryan: (Rolling his eyes slightly)

No clue. I've only been doing this for seventeen years. I may need you to give me some pointers.

Edward White:

Don't be a smartass.

Dan Ryan:

I'll do what needs to be done. Don't worry about it.

Edward White:

It's my job to worry about it.

[Ryan leans in.]

Dan Ryan:

I said... don't worry about it. I assure you, I'll take care of business. That... is something I **ALWAYS** do.

Edward White: (Sternly)

Good. I've got a lot riding on this match.

[Ryan nods, then turns and leaves the office, shutting the door behind him.]

[Outside the office.]

[Ryan smirks slightly.]

Dan Ryan:

I know you do...

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

A Tale of Two Titans

DDK:

Well partner, we're almost home.

Angus:

Jay-zuss, finally, it feels like this show took two weeks to finish.

[Buh-Dum-Cha!]

DDK:

But first, we take a last look behind the scenes before the main event begins.

Angus:

More filament cuz MOAR!

DDK:

Something like that.

[The shot cuts to a split screen view of two doors, both of which are guarded by security teams. Two random staffers, one for each door, enter the crowded scenes and knock to alert the locker room occupants that "it's time".]

[The door on the left opens first and shows Dusty Griffith, now completely dressed and ready for battle. He stops in the hallway, where he's greeted by a returning and still reigning FIST of DEFIANCE, Eugene Dewey. Dusty pulls Euge in for a bro-hug and a slap on the shoulder, congratulating his compadre on a job well done before being joined by Frank Dylan James.]

DDK:

Coming into this match, I would say it's not a stretch to say Dusty's run as the champion has been less than stellar.

Angus:

A loss to that muscletard, Jonny Booya, makes that the understatement of the year.

[The door on the right opens roughly at the same time, showing Eric Dane who is joined out in the hall by Kelly Evans and Tyrone Walker. The three of them share a few words, almost as if Dane were giving them some final directives, whatever the case may be, they nod. Ty hits his boy with a bro-hug and Evans reaches in, holding him tightly around the neck.]

DDK:

Yes, but if anything will set Dusty Griffith on the right track, a win over Eric Dane will certainly do just that.

Angus:

Pssssh, if he can win, and that's the biggest if of his career, Keebs! Mayberry just better hope he leaves with his life, let alone the twenty pounds of gold.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[Back on the left side of the screen, Euge and Frank give the Champion a few last words of encouragement. Griffith says nothing in response, simply nodding his head as he smooths the tape over his wrists and hands. Looking to his friends, his eyes focus on them for a moment before snorting and thumbing his nose, then turns and leaves to take his shot at slaying one of wrestling's most legendary competitors.]

DDK:

Yes, well, one thing is for certain. This is a fight for so much more than just the twenty pounds of gold, because there's a lot riding on this, regardless who wins the match.

Angus:

Blah blah blah, hyperbole overload, Keeps. This match is absolutely huge for Mayberry, but this is like, just another random ass Friday night for the BAWS.

[Evans hands him his jacket, THEE leather jacket, that he's worn into battles such as these more times than his opponent can count. Pulling it on over his shoulders, Dane checks the fit, which is perfect as always. Walker reaches to his back pocket and produces the mirrored aviators and hands them to Dane, who sets them over his eyes and in that very instant, becomes the Only Star. Without another word, he turns on his heels and heads off to war.]

Angus:

They're ready to go, Keeps.

DDK:

That they are, partner.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Eric Dane vs Dusty Griffith (c)

[Cut to a shot of the commentators booth. Angus and Keeps, looking a little worn after a big night of calling the action, but they're absolute pros - yes, even Angus - and are ready to call the biggest showdown of the night before putting Executive Decision to bed.]

Angus:

Here we go again, Keeps.

DDK:

We sure are, partner, it's main event time. Who do...

Angus:

...you got?

[They look at each other, a pregnant pause gestates during the awkwardness of them asking each other the same question, at the same time.]

DDK:

...?

Angus:

...?

DDK:

You first.

Angus:

I insist, age before something or other.

DDK:

I asked first.

Angus:

Not true, I was the one who got the question mark written into my dialogue.

[They both look into the *other* camera, winks, grins, and thumbs up that break the fourth wall ensue.]

FOURTH-WALL-BREAK-RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[/back to reality.]

Angus:

Ahem, you were saying?

DDK:

Well, off the top of my head? I'll go with Dusty...

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Angus:

Pssh, you would, Judas.

DDK:

You asked! And why does that make me a Judas? Simple truth, Dusty is younger, bigger, stronger, and when he's rolling like he has since returning, he's practically unstoppable.

Angus:

First off, because Eric is the BAWS, and thus must never be bet against. Secondly, because who would you rather have leading the charge, Mayberry or Dane? And third and finally, *practically* unstoppable, not *completely* unstoppable. Eric EM'F'N Dane, DA BAWS, isn't Kai Scott, Edward White, or any of the others who Mayberry's run over since his comeback began. He has all of the aces up his sleeves, more tricks than David Copperfield, and has forgotten more about the mat game than even Mayberry will ever know.

DDK:

So I'm guessing you've "got" Dane tonight.

Angus:

Natch.

DDK:

And what of the situation that happened earlier tonight? Dan Ryan staged a sit in, almost came to blows with the World Champion and ended up getting installed as the referee for this match by Edward White.

Angus:

I can only imagine Dan Ryan simply seized on an opportunity there. I can only guess what his ultimate endgame is. It didn't seem like Ed White knew Ryan was gonna pull that stunt, but he was quick to reward him for it.

DDK:

Dan Ryan is a smart guy, and as crafty as there ever has been in this business, but more immediately relevant to me right now.... how does he call this match tonight? This is a huge matchup for many very obvious reasons. Do you think there's any possible way he'll be impartial?

Angus:

I wouldn't think so, but then again, who knows? Like I said, Ed White didn't look like he knew Ryan was staging that little demonstration earlier. It's possible he's starting to realize he can't completely reign Dan Ryan in. Only time will tell.

DDK:

Fair enough. As for the rest of what you said... That's the story that will be told here tonight, who is the man to lead the charge against the Diamonds? If ever there was a real test for Dusty to pass to find the answer to that question, this is it. Eric has all of the tools, some of them he created himself over the years, but at the end of the day, he's still the older, more broken down man in this match, and when it gets right down to it? He has to beat Dusty, he has to try and survive a guy who is as obsessed with being "the guy" as Eric Dane ever was. That's a powerful mix when you combine it

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

with Dusty's blend of raw power and skill.

Angus:

Twenty bucks.

DDK:

Twenty what?

Angus:

Twenty bucks, Dane wins.

DDK:

Are you really suggesting we bet on pro wrestling?

[Again with the fourth wall breakage, a simple side glance at the "other" camera again.]

Angus:

Sure, why not?

DDK:

Fine, you're on!

[Handshakes and slapping of twenties down on the table.]

Angus:

Awesome, take it away DEE QUE!

[Cut to the ring.]

[The tension in the building rises as the buzzing audience cheers for the the Voice of DEFIANCE Wrestling, who takes the floor for the final time tonight, signifying the arrival of the Main Event!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DEE QUE!... DEE QUE!... DEE QUE!...

[Quimbey smiles and waits for the crowd to die down before taking a deep breath and proceeding with the beginning of the end.]

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen... IT IS TIME... FOR THE MAAAAIIIIIIIIIN EVENT OF THE EVENING!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Darren Quimbey:

And it is for... THE DEFIANCE WRESTLING!... HEAVYWEIGHT... CHAMPIONSHIP... OF THE WORLD!... Coming to the ring first... THE CHALLENGER!

[The One You Love To Hate.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[Rob Halford.]

[The opening riffs surge and burn up the airwaves.]

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Darren Quimbey:

He weighs in at TWO HUNDRED AND FOURTY POUNDS... He is the SIX TIME... HEAVYWEIGHT... CHAMPION... OF THE WOORRRLLLD!... This is... THE ONNNNNNLY STAAAAAAAAAAAAAR!... EEERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRIC DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANE!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[The crowd erupts for the arrival of DA BAWS! The leather jacket is on, draped over his shoulders like the cape of a king. The aviators cover his eyes, reflecting the shine of the spotlight that has shone on him for moments such as these more times than anyone can count. His blonde mane hangs loose, falling over the shoulders of his jacket.]

♪ *You may not like the future* ♪
♪ *And we're not here to preach t'ya* ♪
♪ *We'll take you to the killing floor.* ♪

[He saunters out on to the stage, the smug confidence doesn't drip, it fucking pours off of him. Because of course it does, when you've won Summer Games twice and have six, count 'em SIX World Heavyweight Championships, in the Hall of Fame of two Alliances, and still a name that is in demand all around the world to your credit, you can be as smug and confident as you want.]

♪ *You think you want to know me* ♪
♪ *You think you want to own me* ♪
♪ *But I have nothing you can buy.* ♪

[Dane comes to a stop at the mouth of the ramp and unzips the leather jacket, exposing his bare chest and abdomen, making a "belt" gesture telling everyone just why he's here tonight. Throwing his arms out to the side, his head falls back and he bathes in the adoration of the New Orleans crowd, his people, his fans.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

♪ *I can break you,* ♪
♪ *I can raise you,* ♪
♪ *Bring you to your knees,* ♪
♪ *'Cause I'm the one you love to hate.* ♪

Angus:

There's your NEEEEEEEEEEEW, DEFIANCE Wrestling World Heavyweight Champion, Keebs, book that shit!

DDK:

If anyone can put a stop to Dusty Griffith's hot streak in big matches, you got to believe that Eric Dane is on the short list. But anyone on that list would be up to one of the tallest orders of their career.

[As the first chorus plays out, Dane begins the long, lonely walk down the aisle. The music blares, the fans roar, and Eric Dane strides down towards the ring, just like he has a thousand times before. Fans reach out, hoping to touch the famed trademark jacket as Dane walks past.]

DDK:

Eric Dane has made this walk so many times for big matches, I'd be surprised if he even had butterflies coming into this match.

Angus:

A lot of old timers say that when the nerves are gone, it's time to hang 'em up. If anything, it's made the BAWS even better, because he can flip the switch whenever he wants.

[Getting to ringside, Dane walks once around the ring and then marches up the steps. Walking along the apron, his hand slides along the top rope before he ascends the turnbuckles, throwing an arm into the air as he scans the crowd.]

DDK:

It helps that Dane loves the business more than anyone I've ever known.

Angus:

I think it might be the only thing he's ever loved, even when he swears he hates everything about it.

[Climbing down the ropes, Dane steps into the ring and walks a lap around HIS ring, not because he literally owns it, but because it's the place that might as well be his home. Going to his corner, the music fades as he takes off the Aviators and hands them off to one of the ring boys out on the floor. A moment later the lights drop, which cues up the beat of those familiar sounding war drums.]

Darren Quimbey:

AaaaannnnND... NOW!... THE CHAMPION!...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from BOISE, IDAHO...

[The audience stomps along to the beat of the drums.]

Darren Quimbey:

He weighs in at TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY POUNDS... He is the DEFIANCE WRESTLING... HEAVYWEIGHT... CHAMPION... OF THE WOOOORRRRLLLLLD!... This is... THE WILD BRONCO... DUUUUSSSSSSSSSTY GRRRRRRRRRRRRRIFFFFFFFFFFFITH!

RAAH!

♪ Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey, YEAH! ♪
♪ Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey, YEAH! ♪
♪ Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey, YEAH! ♪
♪ Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey, YEAH! ♪

[I Love It Loud.]

[KISS.]

♪ Stand up, you don't have to be afraid ♪
♪ Get down, love is like a hurricane ♪
♪ Street boy, no I never could be tamed, better believe it ♪

[As the music kicks into gear, Dusty charges out on to the stage. His shoulder length mane of dark hair is wet and hanging loose against the shoulders of his black training jacket, which is zipped up a quarter below his neck. A towel is wrapped around his neck and tucked into the collar of his jacket. Stopping at the mouth of the ramp, he plants his hands upon his hips and scans the roaring crowd, taking in the energy and excitement that rushes over him.]

♪ Guilty till I'm proven innocent ♪
♪ Whiplash, heavy metal accident ♪
♪ Rock on, I wanna be the president, 'cos ♪

DDK:

These are the kind of nights this man lives for.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Angus:

Yes, because he's insane.

DDK:

Well, what about Dane?

Angus:

He wrote the book on insanity, Keeps.

♪ *I love it loud, I wanna hear it loud, right between the eyes* ♪
♪ *Loud, I wanna hear it loud, I don't want to compromise* ♪

[The chorus begins, his head nods with the rhythm and hands clench into fists as he bounces on the balls of his feet. A heartbeat later and the Champion explodes forward into a power walk down the ramp.]

♪ *Turn it up, hungry for the medicine* ♪
♪ *Two fisted to the very end* ♪
♪ *No more treated like aliens, we're not gonna take it 'cos* ♪

[Hitting the aisle, Dusty takes a few steps forward before bursting down the aisle and diving into the ring. Dane nonchalantly leans against the turnbuckles of his corner, watching as Griffith runs the ropes, rebounding back and forth several times.]

♪ *I love it loud, I wanna hear it loud, right between the eyes* ♪
♪ *Loud, I wanna hear it loud, I don't want to compromise* ♪

[The lights come up as the music fades suddenly when Dane comes out of his corner, stepping directly into Griffith's path. This instantly hushes the crowd to a simmering buzz as Dusty and Dane engage each other in an intense staredown. Dane locks eyes with a gaze of stone, his eyes focused and steeled on the jaw clenching snarl etched on Griffith's face.]

Angus:

Here we go, Keeps!

DDK:

The tension in the building just went from zero to infinity in less than a heartbeat!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[Neither says a word, though Dusty unzips his jacket, revealing the DEFIANCE World Heavyweight Championship strapped around his waist, it's golden plates glimmer and catch Dane's eye ever so briefly. Seeing that little shift in Dane's eyes causes a slight curling up at the side of Griffith's mouth.]

LETS GO ERIC!...

LETS GO DUSTY!...

LETS GO ERIC!...

LETS GO DUSTY!...

[The dueling chants from the crowd don't break Dane or Griffith's concentration on each other, but a rather devilish looking grin crosses Dane's previously stone faced seriousness as he begins to pull off his trademark leather jacket. Dusty reaches up, pulling the towel from around his neck and tossing it aside and then his jacket.]

DDK:

This thing is about to erupt, partner!

Angus:

All we need is Dan Ryan to come out here and pretend to be a referee.

DDK:

Pretending might be overstating his involvement in this match as the referee.

[Having discarded their entrance attire, leaving it all laying in randomly strewn about piles on the mat around their feet. Dane and Griffith don't even notice that there hasn't been a bell, much less a referee to call a start to the match, because this thing is ready to start without one.]

Angus:

Then where the HALE is he? This fiasco isn't going to fubar itself.

DDK:

Somehow, I don't think it's going to matter if he's here or not...

[That said.]

[Zero.]

[Smashing Pumpkins.]

[Being caught off guard, having already retreated to the floor, Quimbey scrambles up from his seat at ringside and makes the call.]

Darren Quimbey:

And now... The Special Guest Referee of the contest!... The EEEEEGGGGGGGOOOOOBUSTER!...
DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN RYYYYYYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAAANNNN!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[In the ring, Dane and Griffith turn away from each other, pointing their gazes towards the entrance, neither are amused by Dan Ryan's apparent attempt at being fashionably late.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[The jeers of the crowd almost drown out the sound of the music as the Egobuster saunters out on to the stage in a zebra-striped tanktop, track pants, and his wrestling boots. The multiple time this, that and the other champion of here, there and everywhere in between stops at the mouth of the ramp leading to the aisle and throws his arms out, welcoming wave after wave of rage coming from the crowd.]

Angus:

Of course he comes out last, because why wouldn't the last minute referee switch be the guy to come out last for the gorram main event?!

DDK:

And he's certainly taking his time with it.

[After a good bit of basking in the rage, Ryan finally makes his way down towards the ring, while continuing to egg the crowd on.]

Angus:

Alright, alright, you've milked the cow dry, leeeht's gooo!

DDK:

Nobody said Dan Ryan wasn't a consummate showman, at least he's walking to the ring now.

Angus:

You'd think he was walking to his execution with how slow he's going.

[Reaching the ringside area, Ryan drops the antagonistic schtick and makes his way up the steps, the whole time, Dusty and Dane watch like a pair of highly annoyed hawks. Getting into the ring, Ryan completely ignores their annoyance and immediately takes command. Ordering both of them to their corners, which gets further incredulous looks, but they retreat to their corners.]

Angus:

Powertrip City, population, Dan Ryan.

DDK:

Could be worse, maybe a main event will finally have some order.

[As Dusty and Dane make their final preparations, Ryan barks to random staffers, who scurry in to grab their discarded belongings that he sweeps to the edges of the ring like an equally annoyed parent having to clean up after their kids.]

Angus:

Yeah, Mark Shields could be out here.

DDK:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

So at least Edward White got *this* right.

Angus:

Heh, we'll see about that.

[With the ring cleared of debris, Ryan goes over to Dusty's corner and the two have a tense, but brief stare that tells the tale of the emerging young lion and the dominant incumbent. The gaze holds until Ryan brings up his hand, to which Griffith responds by pulling the DEFIANCE World Heavyweight Championship from around his waist. Bringing his title up to eye level, Dusty holds it up and gives it a last look before handing it over to Ryan, whose eyes also caught the same glimmer coming off the championship that Dane's did.]

DDK:

That right there is what all three men would sell their souls to possess.

Angus:

And their mothers, their best friends, their fourth cousin on their fathers side, the one with the lisp and the affinity for Barbara Streisand and all things fabulous.

DDK:

That's... Uh... Specific.

Angus:

I'm just saying, it's a *big* deal, sacrifices need to be made.

[Ryan walks over to Dane, the two of them have a much different kind of look when they lock eyes briefly, it's one of two legends who share a knowing look of respect, as highly honored figures of the sport. Holding the title up for Dane to see, the Only Star gives it a quick look, he's done this so many times before, and nods. Turning back to the center of the ring, Ryan holds the belt up for all to see, getting a wave of cheers and claps from an audience that is ready to see this thing get going. Ryan stalks over to where Quimbey awaits on the floor and hands the title belt off to him before taking to the center of the ring.]

DDK:

Here we go, partner!

Angus:

Finally, let's do this!

[The whole building falls to a buzzing hush as Ryan looks to the right and sees Dane. The Only Star leans forward as his hands grip the top rope so that he can stretch out his arms and shoulders, his eyes locked on Griffith. Ryan looks to the left and sees Dusty bouncing on the balls of his feet, while also punching his fists into the palms of his hands, alternating left and right. With nothing left to do, Ryan throws a hand up, signaling for the bell.]

DING!* *DING!* *DING!

RAAH!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[The crowd erupts with a mixture of cheers and stomping their feet, while Eric and Dusty continue to stare across the battlefield at one another, and once again, the audience breaks into another set of dueling chants.]

LETS GO ERIC, LETS GO!

CLAP!-CLAP!

LETS GO DUSTY, LETS GO!

CLAP!-CLAP!

DDK:

The crowd seems to be split right down the middle.

Angus:

LEEEEEHTS GEEEEAAAAUUUUX, ITS TIME TO RAAAASSSSSSSLEFIGHT!

[After weeks of tension and confusion, brought on by miscommunication and clusterfucks of their own making as well as those engineered by Edward White, Dusty and Eric don't bother with the slow, measured approach, as both bolt right to the center of the ring and get to it.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And they're doing just that, partner!

Angus:

We went to a wrestling match and a hockey fight broke out, AWESOME!

[Meeting in the middle with a bang, Dane scores first with a hard right to Dusty's mug, which the Champion responds with an elbow to his Challenger's jaw. Dane fires back with another right cross, that Dusty counter points with another elbow.]

Angus:

Uh... Are these two having one of *those* conversations?

DDK:

Maybe Big Frank taught Dusty the language of his people?

Angus:

Sure, fine, but can we get a Punch You In the Face to English translator out here so we, and by we, I mean me, can understand what's being said?

[Dusty swings another elbow and Dane ducks the shot, letting Dusty spin himself around with the velocity used to fire the shot. When the Champion turns back around, the Only Star was already measuring him for a hard, knife edge chop to the chest.]

CRRRRRRACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

CRRRRRRACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Landing two shots, Dane backs Griffith up, but then the Champion fights through the sudden shock of the stinging pain in his chest and fires back with one of his own.]

CRRRRRRACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[And then Dane with a third.]

CRRRRRRACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Dusty lands another of his own, instantly causing Dane to cringe from the stinging pain.]

CRRRRRRACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[And another.]

CRRRRRRACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[And yet another.]

CRRRRRRACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Dane however has other plans and digs into the ol' bag of tricks.]

DDK:

Dane went to the eyes!

Angus:

Hah, jabbed a thumb right in there!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH-BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Ryan watches on, keeping a close eye on the action, and even admonishes Dane for the cheap shot, which gets thoroughly ignored as Dane opens up with a couple more chops of his own.]

CRRRRRRACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

CRRRRRRACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Driving a shoulder into Dusty's body, who still has a hand over his eye, Dane shoves him back against the ropes where he cracks him again.]

CRRRRRRACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Dane has absolutely blistered Griffith's chest with those chops.

Angus:

Yeah! Take him to the woodshed, Eric!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[Dusty suddenly snaps to and lurches at Dane, locking horns with him in a collar and elbow tie up. Dane attempts to break loose, throwing knees into Dusty's midsection, but the Champion surges forward, pushing him back a few steps before pulling him down and blasting Dane with a knee of his own that lifts the Only Star's feet off the mat.]

DDK:

Dane's crafty, but he's going to need to figure out Dusty's raw power.

Angus:

Jay-zuss, c'mon, BAWS!

[Griffith uses the opening to grab a wrist, twisting with an arm wringer, Dusty pounds down with a forearm across the back and shoulders. It only takes a couple of shots for Dane to start looking for a way out, firing a shot into Dusty's gut to loosen him up before turning the tables on him. Closing in, Dane "untwists" his arm as he loops under Dusty's grip and then grabs a wrist, wrings the arm and goes right into a hammerlock.]

Angus:

Looks like Ol' Mayberry's gonna need to figure out some shit too, Keeps.

DDK:

Well, he's certainly going to be taking a master class here tonight, with Dane as the professor.

[Looking for an escape, Dusty is halted whenever Dane wrenches up on his arm. Needing to get out of this, Dusty fires a back elbow that only grazes Dane, then a second and a third, each one not quite finding the mark. Thinking fast, Dane switches up and goes to a headlock, but Dusty's a step ahead and pushes him off towards the ropes. Dane comes flying back off the ropes and crashes into Dusty with a shoulder block.]

DDK:

And Dusty doesn't even budge!

Angus:

It's like Eric ran into a brick wall or something.

[Dusty grins and Dane scowls back, growling when Dusty welcomes him to try again. Shooting himself off the ropes, Dane rebounds back and crashes into Dusty.]

Angus:

Nothing, again! And Mayberry's just standing there, grinning like a gorram idiot.

DDK:

This is definitely not the hill for Dane to die on, but...

[After getting bit hot under the proverbial collar at Dusty's amused look at his attempt to knock him back, Dane blasts him in the mouth with an elbow, then hits the ropes again. Coming back, Dane practically launches himself, but this time Dusty readies himself and bursts forward with a shoulder thrust.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

THHHHHUUUUUUUUUDDDDDDDDDD!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Hitting the mat with a resounding thud, Dane looks up to see Dusty flexing and roaring to the crowd, who roar back with cheers for the Champion. Getting a bit irritated, Dane scrambles up, walks over and blasts Dusty right across the mush.]

SSSSLLLLLAAAAPPPPP! OOOOOAAAAHHHHH!

Angus:

Hoooooooooly shizzle, man, he just slapped the taste right outta Mayberry's mouth.

DDK:

Dusty's ears might be ringing after that shot!

[Stunned at first, Dusty wasn't expecting it and gets tagged again.]

SSSSLLLLLAAAAPPPPP! OOOOOAAAAHHHHH!

[The second one wakes him up and he blocks a third with his left arm and comes back with one of his own from the right.]

SSSSLLLLLAAAAPPPPP! OOOOOAAAAHHHHH!

DDK:

Good lord, what a shot from the Champion!

Angus:

Daaaaaaaang, Eric's head almost spun around like he's in the friggin' Exorcist!

[Dane fires back with another, leaving a notice and practically glowing red hand print on Dusty's face, to which the Champion fires back with another of his own.]

SSSSLLLLLAAAAPPPPP! OOOOOAAAAHHHHH!

SSSSLLLLLAAAAPPPPP! OOOOOAAAAHHHHH!

DDK:

Do we need Eff Dee Jay out here to translate, Angus?

Angus:

Naaaah, this sounds more like a dialect originating from the Smackahoe Province of Pimpslapistan, so we'd probably need MUH BOI TAI to translate.

SSSSLLLLLAAAAPPPPP! OOOOOAAAAHHHHH!

SSSSLLLLLAAAAPPPPP! OOOOOAAAAHHHHH!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[Dusty and Dane continue trading shots, blasting away with open handed frying pans to the face. After a few more volleys, Dusty begins to surge with a rapid succession of rights and left as Dane begins to wane.]

SSSSLLLLLAAAAAPPPPP! OOOOOAAAAAHHHHH!
SSSSLLLLLAAAAAPPPPP! OOOOOAAAAAHHHHH!
SSSSLLLLLAAAAAPPPPP! OOOOOAAAAAHHHHH!
SSSSLLLLLAAAAAPPPPP! OOOOOAAAAAHHHHH!

Angus:

Jay-zuss, don't just stand there, dude... Kick him in the balls, something, anything!

DDK:

He better, because this isn't a place that anyone wants to be in.

[With Dane reeling, Dusty loads up and rears back for one big shot, but when he fires the shot, Dane ducks it and catches Dusty with another shot to the eyes.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH-BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Following up, Dane catches Dusty with a kick to the gut, then a European Uppercut that snaps his head back and finishes with a dropkick to the knee, which drops Dusty to the mat. Scrambling up, Dane backs off a few steps and measures his next shot as he taps his titanium braced knee. Waiting for Dusty to get up, he rushes towards the ropes as Dusty gets to a knee, and flies back off the rebound looking for a Shining Wizard.]

Angus:

Here we gooooo.... NO!

DDK:

Dusty lives! Coming out of nowhere to throw Dane with a big time powerslam!

[Indeed he does, before Dane could score the Shining Wizard, Dusty snapped up so suddenly, catching and taking Dane a full 360 degrees with a lightning quick powerslam. Rolling off, Dusty winces as he raises a hand up to his eyes as he glares back at a stunned Eric Dane. Growling with anger, Dusty is up on his feet and stalks towards a groggy Dane, who comes to when he sees an angry Dusty coming for him. Scooting away, Dane ends up trapped against the ropes, with Dusty roaring at him.]

Dusty Griffith:

COME ON... GET UP!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!

[Enraged, Dusty fires a few shots, landing a couple kick-stomps on Dane's body until Dan Ryan pulls him back, to which Dusty responds by shrugging off and shoving Ryan back.]

Angus:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Ooooh boy, we might could get a match, *inside* a match, Keebs!

DDK:

And with months of turmoil between these two, it could definitely boil over any second now!

[Dusty doesn't acknowledge Ryan after shoving him away, he's too preoccupied with wanting to pummel Dane, who is still down and leaned against the ropes. Ryan however doesn't allow this to happen, clasping a hand down on Griffith's shoulder and spins him back around, instantly igniting the Wild Bronco, who rages in Ryan's face before shoving him once again.]

DDK:

Dan Ryan is known for being calm and collected, even at his most sadistic, but something tells me Griffith is playing with matches here.

Angus:

Playing with matches? I think you mean he's wearing a gasoline suit and screwing around in front of a goddamned bonfire!

[Turning back around, Dusty makes to stalk towards Dane again, but this time, Dan Ryan's had enough. Dusty gets one shot in before Ryan reaches out, grabbing one big handful of Griffith's mane and yanking him back violently.]

WHHHOOOAAAHHH!

Angus:

Ooooh shizzzzle, Keebs, here we go, dude!

DDK:

People have been anticipating these two finally coming to blows, I think it's about to be that time.

[Dusty turns and yanks away from Dan Ryan's grip, leaving strands of his hair laced in Ryan's fingers. The Wild Bronco snarls at The Egobuster, who looks back at him with a deathly cold stare. Needless to say, the tension is so thick, you could cut it with a knife.]

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

Angus:

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

DDK: [sighing]

.....

[Just when it seems the question to "will they, won't they?" is about to be answered, the forgotten man returns to the fray, as Eric Dane is up and blasts Dusty with a forearm to the back of the head.]

DDK:

And Dane's back in it!

Angus:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

And he's taking it to Mayberry!

[Hammering Dusty, Dane pounds him with forearms and fists, backing him across the ring to the ropes. Pressing him against the ropes, Dane lights him with a couple of chops and then goes to whip him across the ropes.]

DDK:

Griffith gets the reversal...

[Shooting Dane off the ropes, Dusty drops down and Dane crisscrosses over him. Dusty pops up and tries for a Spinebuster, but Dane floats over and grabs a rear waistlock. Dane tries for a suplex, Dusty breaks his grip and goes behind, getting a rear waistlock of his own.]

DDK:

Griffith with another reversal...

[Dusty charges Dane into the ropes, rolling back off the rebound and tries for a German Suplex. Dane fights it, kicking his legs and squirming to prevent from being thrown. Back on his feet, Dane hits a back elbow, once, twice, and a third time breaks Dusty's grip.]

DDK:

Dane breaks free and now he gets the reversal...

Angus:

Less chain wrestling, MOAR RASSLEFIGHTING!

[Dane attempts to lift Griffith for a suplex, but Dusty lowers his base and grabs Dane's wrists. Dusty grits his teeth and pulls with all his might, breaking Dane's grip and pulling his hands apart. Thinking fast, Dane pulls free and blasts Dusty with a shot to the back and then grabs a headlock. Before Dusty can react, Dane gives up the headlock, spins and catches Griffith with a drop toe hold that sends him crashing face first into the mat.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH-BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Take that Mr. Rassel Man, you're not the only one who can technical.

DDK:

And he's letting him know it.

[Stunned, Dusty rolls on the mat, hands up to his face, the whole time Dane stands over him and stomps the bejesus out of the Champ. Dane drops down and starts wailing on Dusty, sitting him up and driving knuckle busting fists into the side of Griffith's head.]

DDK:

Dane letting it fly here, he's had to deal with just as much frustration as Griffith.

Angus:

Yeah... YEAH! This is more like it, keep punching him!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[Dan Ryan watches on for a bit, but after letting Dane “get it out,” he commands Dane to back off of Griffith, but gets ignored. Ryan begins to count, giving Dane repeated warnings, which also go unanswered.]

Angus:

Heh, Dan Ryan trying to pull a power trip on THEE BAWWS, how cute, heh.

DDK:

A power trip? Surprisingly, he’s doing his job and not stepping out of bounds with blatant interference.

[Ryan sucks at his teeth, his nose twitching a little as he becomes perturbed at Dane’s ignoring his commands. Ryan shrugs, reaches down and lifts Dane off Griffith, then pushes him away, getting between the two.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Ryan’s had enough and Dane is not amused.

Angus:

Are we gonna do *this*? Because if we’re gonna do *this*, then lets do it!

[The crowd again falls to a buzz as the Only Star and the Egobuster stare off, with nobody sure what’s about to happen next. Meanwhile, Dusty rolls away, sitting against the ropes as he rubs his skull after the repeated punches Dane fed him. As the moment stretches further, Dane sneers then waves Ryan off and goes back to Dusty.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Maybe another time, huh?

Angus:

Yeah, there’s Whurl Tattles to be won.

DDK:

Fight Dan Ryan later.

Angus:

Exactly.

[Dane stalks over and begins kick-stomping Griffith some more, landing a few good shots before lifting Dusty up and pressing him against the ropes. Grabbing Dusty by the back of his head, Dane bludgeons him with a few forearms to the chest and head. Still foggy, Dusty pushes Dane off and staggers away, but Dane is back on him.]

DDK:

Eric isn’t going to allow Dusty any sort of breather.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Angus:

The obvious, you can has state it.

[Continuing to hammer away, Dane follows Griffith into the corner, pushing his back against the turnbuckles. Pushing Dusty's head back, Dane lays in another hard chop across the Champion's exposed chest.]

CRRRRRRACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[The cracking sound fills the air as Dusty's head snaps back from the impact.]

CRRRRRRACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[The next one echoes and Dusty winces.]

CRRRRRRACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Dusty snaps back again, then leans forward, heaving. Dane pushes him back again, exposing his chest.]

CRRRRRRACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Dusty snaps to attention, his eyes wide and intense as he stares at Dane, who sends another shot in at Griffith's chest.]

Angus:

Oh hell, he's getting mad now.

DDK:

Those chops have definitely woken him up from the stupor he was in.

CRRRRRRACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Dane looks to light him up, but Dusty stops him in his tracks, smashing him in the head with an elbow that rocks the Only Star back. Before Dane can respond, he gets hit with a second and a third, and then gets tossed into the corner.]

CRRRRRRACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Dusty follows up with an elbow.]

CRRRRRRACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[And another elbow.]

CRRRRRRACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Griffith really laying in those shots.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Angus:

Jesus, what is it with you and stating the obvious, are we doing this show on a podcast or something?

DDK:

It's part of the job!

[Grabbing a wrist, Griffith presses into Dane and then whips him across the ring with all of the force that he can muster, causing the ring to shake from the impact of Eric's body against the turnbuckles. Seeing Dane stagger out of the corner, Dusty stalks across the ring before grabbing Dane by the back of the head, who reaches out and jabs Griffith right in the throat, dropping him to a knee as his hands up come up to cover his neck.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH-BOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Dane with another cheap shot.

Angus:

It's the only time Eric's ever thrifty.

DDK:

And he's looking to capitalize quickly.

[Looking to seize the opportunity, Dane rushes towards the ropes, but on the rebound, Dusty pops up and throws him with a Belly to Belly Suplex.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

This guy is so annoying, you think you have him down and then he just comes back to life like Jason Voorhees or something.

DDK:

Dusty may have more resiliency than that.

[Both pop back up and Dane gets clobbered with a clothesline, rises again and gets hip tossed for his trouble.]

Angus:

I'unno, I think if you shoot Mayberry six times, he'd stay down.

DDK:

It might be the only way to keep him down.

[Dane pops up again and gets dumped overhead with a Back Body Drop, impacting the mat with a resounding thud and recoiling with pain up and down his spine.]

DDK:

Griffith dives in for the cover...

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!...

OOOAAHHH!

[Dusty pulls Dane up and drives him into the ropes before shooting him across with an Irish Whip. Stepping in and readying himself, Dusty catches Dane on the rebound with a Powerslam, snapping him over lightning quick and hooking the leg.]

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!...

OOOAAHHH!

DDK:

Griffith on a roll here, can he overwhelm the Only Star?

Angus:

C'mon, BAWS, fight, fight, fight!

[Dusty pops up, flipping his hair out of his face and roars to the crowd, "YEEEEAAH!"]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Eric had better do something, because this one could be over any minute.

Angus:

Pssh, the BAWS' got him right where he wants him, just you see!

[The emotional release subsiding, Griffith turns back to Dane grabbing him by his long, blonde mane and dragging him to his feet. Dane goes low, stunning Griffith with a shot that was borderline below the belt with a headbutt. Taking advantage of the opening, Dane grabs Dusty and runs him right out of the ring, dumping him through the middle and top ropes out to the floor before collapsing to his knees.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAH-BOOOOOOO!

DDK:

A smart move by Dane there, whether he went low or not, he needed to do something to break Griffith's momentum.

Angus:

Yeah, but that's not keeping Mayberry out of it, because here he comes...

[Hitting the floor, Dusty lands on his feet and stares back at Dane in the ring, who wearily looks back at him, seeing him coming back to the ring. Knowing he needs more time, Dane scrambles to his feet before dropping down and rolling out of the opposite side of the ring as Dusty climbs back in.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

DDK:

These fans not appreciating Dane's tactics here.

Angus:

Maybe they oughta shut their dicklickers, unless they wanna get in there with Mayberry.

DDK:

That was almost a positive endorsement for Dusty, from you no less.

Angus:

Well hell, Keebs, I'm just sayin', it's one thing to go see the animals at the zoo, it's another goddamned thing to actually get in the cages with 'em.

[Seeing Dane out on the floor, Dusty growls and makes his way across the ring until the Dan Ryan gets in his way. Dusty tells him to get out of his way as he tries to move around him, Ryan orders him to stand back as he puts his hands up to continue blocking him. Out on the floor, Dane continues to take a powder.]

Angus:

You know, I'm actually surprised Dan Ryan isn't turning this thing into a joke, totally saw White wanting him to screw with both of these guys.

DDK:

Maybe, but deep down, Dan Ryan's one of the most respected performers this sport has had lace up a pair of boots, you got to think there might even be some boundaries even he wouldn't cross.

Angus:

You mean unlike snapping women in half and cutting creepy friggin promos on them, while standing next to their hospital beds?

DDK:

Pretty much.

[Backing off, Dusty seemingly relents to Ryan's commands, who turns to address Dane on the outside, and starts to put a count on him.]

ONE!...

TWO!...

THREE!...

FOUR!...

FIVE!...

SIX!...

SEVEN!...

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

EIGHT!...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Dane rolls into the ring to break the count, but then quickly rolls right back out, infuriating Griffith who throws his hands up like "SERIOUSLY?!" Dan Ryan barks commands, ordering Dane to return to the ring, but while he's not looking, Dusty opts to take matters into his own hands.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Dusty's had enough of Dane stalling, and there goes...

Angus:

RUN, BAWS... RRRUUUUUNNN!

[Dane sees Griffith rounding the corner and the chase is on. Dane bolts around the ring, creating distance before rolling back into the ring. Dusty follows suit and Dane is there to trap him on the mat, kick-stomping him on the back and shoulders, but Dusty fights through the blows and gets to his feet. Dane continues to pound on him with forearms to the back, until switching to looping punches. One, two, three shots, until Dusty blocks the next and fires back with an elbow, Dane tries again, Dusty blocks and blasts him with another elbow. Dane tries once more, but when Dusty blocks, Dane closes in and drives a knee into his gut.]

DDK:

Dane shoots the Champion off the ropes...

[Dane drops down, letting Dusty cross over top of him. Popping up, Dane turns and leap frogs Dusty on the rebound, but when Dane lands it appears he landed awkwardly, instantly dropping and holding his knee. Coming off the ropes, Dusty stops in his tracks when he sees Dane on the mat, clutching his knee and then at Dan Ryan, who shrugs as he shakes his head like "Wasn't Me!"]

DDK:

Dane is down and this could be serious, partner, with his history of knee injuries...

Angus:

What happened?

DDK:

I don't know what happened exactly, but it looks like Dane might have tweaked his knee on that leap frog.

[Dan Ryan kneels beside Dane, asking him what's wrong and Dane can be heard saying something about a "pop" in his knee. Ryan looks over to Dusty and shakes his head, the doubt in his eyes tells the tale of Dane's chances to continue the match. Sighing, Dusty drops his head and walks over to check on Dane himself.]

Angus:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

NOOOOO!

DDK:

This is a terrible way for this to end...

[...Dusty hunches over, placing his hands on his knees and looks in...]

DDK:

What the...

Angus:

HAAAAAAAAAH, YUSS!

ONE!... TWO!... AND A HALF... THRE... NO! KICKOUT!

OOOAAHHH-RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Dane grabbed the inside cradle and almost stole the match!

[Dusty just barely escapes, stunned and immediately looking to Dan Ryan for the count, who flashes the "two" sign. Meanwhile, Dane has already scrambled back to his feet, showing it was all a ruse as he times his shot, and when Dusty turns on his knee to find Dane... He eats a knee right to the mush, full blast, knee to the face.]

DDK:

SHINING WIZARD!

Angus:

HE GOT ALL OF IT TOO!

[Dane is back up in a flash, before anyone can even can understand what's happen, rushing over and ripping Dusty off the mat. Hooking him with the front facelock, Dane sets Dusty for the suplex and then lifts Griffith up, and snaps him down with a quick Brainbuster...]

Angus:

STAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH DRYYYYYYVAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

COVER!

ONE!... TWO!... AND THREE QUARTERS... THR... NO!... KICKOUT!

RAAAH!

Angus:

WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAT?!

DDK:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

ONE!... TW... NO!... KICKOUT!

-BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Griffith tried to pull a fast one there...

Angus:

And now Eric's gonna make him pay for that!

[Popping up, Dane violently smashes Griffith with kick-stomps to the ribs and chest. After a few good blows, Dane drops to his knees, grabbing Dusty's head and continues smashing him with punches and elbows on the mat. Having had enough of that, Dane rips Dusty up and Irish Whips him, then catches him on the rebound with a kick to the midsection that doubles the Champion over. Hitting the ropes, Dane comes charging back and catches Dusty right in the mush with a knee lift. Not letting Griffith topple over, Dane hooks him and takes Dusty down with a Side Russian Leg Sweep that he floats over with into a pin.]

ONE!... TWO!... NO!... KICKOUT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Wasting little time, Dane sits Dusty up and starts drilling knee thrusts into his spine. After a few of those, Dane drives the knee into Dusty's back and holds it there as he grabs a reverse chinlock, pulling the Champion's head back. Working the hold, Dane sways left to right, grinding Griffith's back against his knee as he pulls on his chin, causing Dusty to kick his legs and try to pry at Dane's grip.]

DDK:

Dane working over the neck, making it no secret that he's looking to make sure Dusty won't kick out of the Stardriver a second time.

Angus:

That, or he just really wants to punish him, because this isn't Kai Scott or Edward White that he's in the ring with now, this is Eric Mothafuckin' Dane he's dealing with now.

[After a bit, Dane is calling for Dan Ryan to get in there and "Ask him!", to which Dusty shakes his head "NO!", causing Dane to pull back harder on his head. Needing to get out of this, Dusty tries to go left, then right, each way resulting in Dane yanking back on his head. Feeling the need to punish him, Dane rises up and drives his knee into Dusty's back again, then resets the hold by digging his claws into Griffith's eye sockets and pulling back.]

DDK:

Oh, come on! Is that really necessary?

Angus:

Absolutely, the kid needs to learn to take his medicine without fussing.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[Dusty bellows in pain, his legs kicking and hands trying to pull Dane's claws out of his eyes. A moment later, Dan Ryan is giving orders, telling Dane to let up and starts counting when the Only Star is giving no fucks about his commands.]

ONE!...

TWO!...

[Dane stares right at Ryan, his face scrunching up as he digs his fingers harder and deeper into Dusty's eyes.]

THREE!...

FOUR!...

[Ryan is warning Dane, threatening to call for the disqualification if he doesn't break the hold. Dane continues to stare him dead in the eyes, pulling back on Griffith's face, until finally letting the hold go before Ryan actually backed up his threats. Being freed from the hold, Dusty slumps over on to his side, hands covering his eyes as he squirms on the ground in pain.]

DDK:

Dane taking Dusty to school here, he mentioned something about trying to teach the Champion, though I'm still not clear what the lesson is.

Angus:

Me neither, but who are we to question Eric Dane? I'm just having a blast watching him try to rip Mayberry's face off.

[Dane is up, giving the fans in the front row a cocky grin that earns him a shower of jeers. Snickering, he turns back to Dusty and starts laying in the boots again, then pulls him up to his feet. Driving a knee into Dusty's gut, Dane targets the neck again as he drops a few hard elbows down across the back of his neck, before snapping him over with a Snap Mare. Putting one hand under Dusty's chin and the other over his forehead, Dane turns Griffith's head and cranks it.]

Angus:

FFFFFFUUUUUUUUUU... Is he trying to pop Mayberry's head off his neck?

DDK:

If he applies any more torque to Dusty's skull, that might just happen.

Angus:

Sweeeeeeeeeeeet.

[Dane lets up on the hold and then cranks Dusty's head in the opposite direction. Dusty flails his arms in shock, trying to pull at Dane's hands. Not appreciating Dusty trying to fight, Dane drives another knee into Dusty's back, rises and then drops to a knee as he drives an elbow down on to Dusty's bad shoulder before taking a snug headlock.]

DDK:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

I'm surprised you're not complaining about the slow pace Dane is working with.

Angus:

Because it's Eric Dane, by default, it's worth watching... And I'm a hypocrite.

DDK:

At least you're honest.

[As Dane continues to grind on the headlock, the fans hurl insults at him, to which he smirks back at them and cranks on the headlock, tightening his arm around Dusty's neck as he squeezes. This only encourages the fans to get louder in their support for the Champion.]

DDK:

This sold out crowd is starting to buzz with their support for Dusty.

Angus:

Heh, these stupid neckbeards should shutup, unless they want Mayberry's neck to be broken. Which sounds splendid, so keep it up.

[The buzzing in the crowd begins to rise, taking the form of a rallying cry.]

*LETS GO, DUSTY! *CLAP! CLAP!, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!**

*LETS GO, DUSTY! *CLAP! CLAP!, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!**

*LETS GO, DUSTY! *CLAP! CLAP!, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!**

[Dane shakes his head "no," cranking on the headlock, but as the chant rises higher and higher, the Champion starts to stir. His fists clenching and arms pumping, Dusty starts looking to work his way out of his current predicament. As Dusty turns and gets to a knee, Dane's eyes go wide as he frantically shakes his head, trying to maintain control.]

DDK:

Can Dusty feed off this energy and get himself back into this fight?

Angus:

NOOO! SHUTUP! ALL OF YOU! SHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Getting his feet under him, Dusty fires an elbow into Dane's midsection, once, twice, a third one breaks the Only Star's hold on him. Dane recovers quickly and grabs Dusty by the hair, yanking him back into a waistlock. Dusty throws back elbows, the second rocking Dane enough to allow Griffith to go behind. Trying for a suplex, Dane fights against it frantically, his arms flailing around until he gets a handful of Dan Ryan's shirt.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Haaaaaaaah, split his uprights!

[For those that didn't catch it, when Dane grabs a hold of Ryan's shirt, it anchors him enough to prevent getting suplexed. A byproduct of this also prevents Ryan from seeing Dane mule kick Dusty

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

right in the jewels.]

DDK:

Oh, of course, OF COURSE, Dan Ryan doesn't see that blatant cheap shot!

[Before Ryan can question Dane about why Dusty is hunched over with hands over his crotch, the Only Star is already rebounding off ropes and catches the Champion with a Swinging Neckbreaker.]

Angus:

If a man cheats, but the ref doesn't see it, did it really happen? I say no.

DDK:

You would... COVER!

ONE!... TWO!... TH... NO!... SHOULDER UP!

RAAH!

[Dane hangs after the pinfall escape, grabbing a grounded headlock and wrenching up hard with the hold. Not one to rest on a headlock, Dane starts adding to it, taking his heavily taped wrist and forearm and grates against Dusty's face, adding a touch of humiliation to his control over the Champion. Dusty struggles and Dane tightens his hold, then starts firing punches into Griffith's face, landing a shot and then grinding his knuckles against the Champion's eyes and nose.]

Angus:

He is taking Mayberry to school, even Kai Scott didn't control the guy like this!

DDK:

Hard to believe anyone could out think Kai Scott, but then you remember who Eric Dane is and remember that everything is possible.

[Again the fans begin stomping and clapping in support for Dusty, willing him to get back into this. Rolling to his side to give himself some leverage, Dusty gets a grip on Dane's body and rolls back for a pin attempt.]

ONE!... TW... NO!... KICK OUT!

[Dane quickly gets out of the pin, but the pin attempt served it's purpose for Dusty, getting Dane to momentarily shift his focus. As Dane rolls back to a seated position, Dusty uses it as a chance to get his knees under him. Feeding off the energy of the crowd, Dusty uses it to push himself up to his feet.]

Angus:

What a bunch of Benedict Arnold, sons of bitches, rooting against the BAWs!

DDK:

Boy, you are shilling hard for Dane tonight. Tell me, how can you even see anything with your head so far up his backside?

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Angus:

If it weren't for this man, none of these ingrates would be here!

DDK:

In fact, how is Dane even able to perform with your head lodged up there? I'll just file that one under wonders that will never cease to amaze.

[Dane grimaces when Dusty slams a forearm into the small of his back, a second one loosens his resolve, but Dane opts to give it up as he spins around behind Dusty. Grabbing him by the arm, Dane spins the Champion around and drives a boot right into Griffith's gut before grabbing a front facelock. Dusty manages to be a step ahead, tossing Dane up and over.]

RAAH!

DDK:

Griffith scoring with a Northern Lights Suplex.

Angus:

Yeah, yeah, but Eric's working over the neck has already paid off, Keebs, because Mayberry couldn't execute the bridge for the pin.

[Dane recoils in pain after having his back slammed against the mat and rolls near the ropes, meanwhile, Dusty rolls over and heaves in oxygen now that he's been afforded a moment to recover. Dusty is eventually the first one to his feet, though Dane is also up to a knee and rising when Griffith takes hold of him. Dane pops up, as he positions his head under Dusty's chin, grabs his head and then drops to his knees.]

DDK:

Dane with a Jawbreaker!

Angus:

FUUUUUUUU... Someone tell Ryan to check the mat for Mayberry's teeth!

[Dane shoots in from his knees, driving a shoulder into Griffith's midsection, lifts and falls back with a Stun Gun that drops Dusty's chest over the top rope. Bouncing off the ropes, Griffith whiplashes back as he falls to the mat. Dane scrambles as he grabs Dusty's legs, flips over and pins him with a jack knifing cradle.]

ONE!... TWO!... TH... NO!... KICKOUT!

RAAH!

[Dane is up, he checks with Ryan who gives him the "two" sign. Dane sneers as he watches Dusty crawling away towards the ropes. Stalking him, Dane forces Dusty over the bottom rope and steps on his back with both feet as he holds on to the top rope. The second Dane's weight presses down on Dusty's back and shoulders, his legs start to frantically kick and arms flail, it looks like he's trying to swim and not drown at the same time.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Dan Ryan getting in there immediately, putting Dane on a count.

ONE!...

Angus:

Because he's on the take, clearly.

TWO!...

DDK:

Oh please, why would Edward White care about what Dane does to Griffith?

THREE!...

Angus:

Because reasons, Keebs. Trust me.

FOUR!...

DDK:

Famous last words.

[Dane smirks at Ryan, but relents and steps off of Dusty's back. Throwing his hands up as he backs off, Dane moves out of the way of Ryan's field of view, who turns to check on Dusty. With the Egobuster's attention diverted, Dane rushes towards the ropes and comes flying back on the rebound. Seeing Dane coming out of the corner of his eye, Ryan bails out of the way as Dane jumps up and Double Stomps Griffith on the back and shoulders.]

Angus:

Jaaaay-zuss, that's brutal... AWESOME, do it again!

DDK:

Dane putting on a masterful performance here, absolutely dismantling Griffith.

Angus:

Hey! Don't jinx him with your praise, that's what Mayberry is here for, so you have someone to blow.

DDK:

Because you've got that covered with Dane, right?

Angus:

Absolut... I mean... Nooo!

[Dane springs off Dusty's back, landing on the mat, which seems to cause a bit of a glitch in his knee as he shakes it out. Grabbing Dusty by the ankles, Dane drags him to the center of the ring where he positions himself by Griffith's head. Leaning across, he plants his hands on the mat and starts

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

driving knees on to the Champion's neck and shoulder. After a few of those, Dane leaves his knee over top of Dusty's neck and rests his weight down, again causing Dusty to flail as the pressure and pain radiating in his neck surges.]

ONE!...

DDK:

Again, Ryan putting the count on Dane.

TWO!...

Angus:

Again, Da BAWs is giving none of the fucks about Dan Ryan and his ability to count to five.

THREE!...

DDK:

He certainly doesn't, but we both know better than that, Dane won't cost himself the match or the title if he can help it.

FOUR!...

[Dane lingers on Dusty's neck, staring right at Dan Ryan, practically daring him to throw out the match, though he doesn't give him the chance as he gets up. Instantly, Dusty is again rolling away in pain, his hands clutching at the sides of his neck. Dane and Ryan share a tense moment with Ryan admonishing Dane, who smirks back at him with amusement that Ryan even thinks he could "command" him to do anything.]

DDK:

You know, I half expect those two to start fighting, especially if Dane keeps trying to get under Ryan's skin with his disregard for his authority in this match... Even if that authority was given to him by Edward White at the thirteenth hour.

Angus:

Pssh, Dan Ryan's powertrip ain't no concern for the Only Star.

[Dismissing Ryan like a servant, Dane waves him off and returns to the business already at hand. Laying down a few stomps to Dusty's back to subdue him, Dane crouches down over the Champion's back before reaching down and cupping both hands under Griffith's chin. Sitting back, Dane pulls Dusty up by the head and then leans as far back as he can, stretching the front of the Champion's neck with the Camel Clutch.]

DDK:

Dane is relentless, how Dusty can withstand this punishment is beyond me.

Angus:

Because he's a fool that doesn't know any better? Thinking he could ever be better than Eric Dane, pssh, crazy.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

DDK:

Well, these current results certainly don't dispute that, but we've seen this man take ungodly amounts of punishment and somehow find a way to keep fighting.

Angus:

Because he's a goddamned fool, Keeps. Yaaay, I'm the Champion, but my neck is broken in half, whoooo, go me!

[Pulling and grinding, Dane works the neck as he sways left to right, tugging Dusty's head back and forth for added torque. Dan Ryan stands by, occasionally asking Griffith if he's had enough, but the Champion refuses to give in. After a little while longer, Dusty starts to fade in and out of consciousness, until finally his whole body slumps. Ryan takes a knee and checks him, asking Dusty if he's had enough as he takes one of his hands by the wrist and raises it up.]

Angus:

YES! IT'S OVER, KEEBS!

[Ryan lets Dusty's arm fall and it drops to the mat.]

ONE!...

DDK:

I can't believe it, but you just might be right, partner...

[Ryan again raises Dusty's arm, calling to him to respond, when he doesn't, he lets it drop.]

TWO!...

[Ryan looks at Dane, who looks back at him with a sneer as he shakes his head with disappointment. Ryan calls to Dusty again, telling him if he doesn't respond it's over.]

Angus:

Get on with it, Ryan, you're not being paid by the hour!

[Ryan grips Dusty's wrist and raises it high, again waiting a heartbeat for any sort of response and then lets it fall.]

DDK:

That's it, it's ov...

RAAH!

Angus:

WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAT?!

DDK:

HE LIVES!

[Mere inches from hitting the mat, Dusty suddenly comes to, causing the massive eruption of cheers

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

from the audience that morph into another chant, rallying him to fight for his survival.]

*LETS GO DUSTY, *CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!-CLAP!-CLAP!**

*LETS GO DUSTY, *CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!-CLAP!-CLAP!**

*LETS GO DUSTY, *CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!-CLAP!-CLAP!**

Angus:

NOOOOO! HE WAS DONE! HOW IS HE STILL IN THIS THING!?

[Planting his palms flat on the mat, he presses up to relieve some of the pressure on his neck, which allows him to get his knees under him. Crawling with Dane on his back, the Only Star is beside himself, as he rides on Dusty's back as if he were one of those Giant Turtles from the Galapagos Islands. Dane doesn't accept this reality, however, standing up and then dropping his weight ass first across Dusty's spine, once, then twice, which seems to subdue the Champion before he could get to the ropes.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Crouching down again, Dane raises his arms in victory as he nods and smirks at the jeering crowd that surrounds him. Dusty, however, is no longer giving any fucks either, shaking his head "no" as he plants his again and pushes up violently, bucking Dane like he were riding a bull.]

DDK:

Come on, Dusty! FIGHT!

[Dane tries to break Dusty's will again, but Dusty's will doesn't break this time. Grabbing on to his head, Dane tries to pull back, on his neck, but Dusty grits his teeth as he gets his knees back under him. Hooking his arms back and around Dane's knees, Dusty gets one knee up, planting his foot and pushes up. His face turning red as he strains through the pain and exhaustion, Dusty lifts himself up with Dane clinging to his back.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Eric is completely beside himself!

Angus:

Do something, BAWS!

[Dane tries everything, punches, elbows, anything that will break Griffith's resolve, but nothing works as the Champion turns towards the nearest corner. Stumbling backwards quickly, Dusty attempts to crush Dane between himself and the turnbuckles, but the Only Star holds on for dear life, grabbing a Sleeper Hold.]

Angus:

Yes! Team Danger Never Says DIE!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[Dusty staggers forward, hefting Dane up higher on to his back and then kicks his legs out, crashing all of his weight on top of Eric Dane, smashing him against the mat.]

RAAH!

DDK:

And neither does Dusty Griffith!

[Dusty rolls off of Dane, whose arms suddenly materialize around his body as he bellows in pain, when he's not gasping to replace the oxygen that was violently expelled from his body. Dusty hits the mat and continues to roll away a few feet before laying flat on his back, his chest heaving and face scrunched up in agony.]

Angus:

Unreal, seriously.

DDK:

What is?

Angus:

Goddamned Mayberry, dude gets beat on and beat on, and he just won't friggin die!

DDK:

It's not over yet, partner, and if anyone can figure Dusty Griffith out, it's Eric Dane.

[While Keebs reassures Angus, Griffith rolls to his knees and eyes Dane hunched over on the mat, one arm clutching at his midsection while trying to crawl to a corner. Getting up, it's finally the Champion's turn to stalk his prey, grabbing Dane by the hair and dragging him to his feet. Pushing Dane into the corner, Dusty unloads with a flurry of Clubbing Blows, smashing rights and lefts to the body and head as he alternates going high and low, while bouncing on the balls of his feet.]

DDK:

Dusty uncorking all of his frustrations with those crushing blows!

Angus:

Come on, Ryan, get in there!

[Not that he needed Skaaland's direction, but Ryan does get involved after a number of the blitzkrieging blows. Commanding Dusty to let Dane out of the corner, Dusty puts his hands up after a couple more shots and backs off a few steps, snorting and thumbing his nose as he watches Dane stagger out of the corner. Swinging at nothing but air, Dane takes a couple more steps and then flops face first on the mat.]

RAAH!

DDK:

Good lord, Dane is absolutely punch drunk.

Angus:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Forced intoxication, DISQUALIFICATION!... Is that a disqualifying offense?

DDK:

I don't believe it is, sorry.

Angus:

Well, it should be!

[Dusty throws a big fist into the air, drawing another round of cheers before lifting Dane up and pushing him back against the ropes. Irish Whipping Dane across the ring, Dusty steps in and swings for the fences with a Lariat, but Dane ducks it. Dusty spins to catch Dane on the rebound, ducking low as he looks for the Back Body Drop. Dane stops short, grabbing Dusty with a front facelock and then twisting up and around.]

DDK:

Dane with the quick stop and now he's trying for a Hangman's Neckbreaker!

Angus:

Never had a doubt in my mind, he was just giving him some hope... You know, to toy with him.

DDK:

Uh huh.

[Turning so they are back to back, Dane tries to set his hands, but his eyes go wide when Dusty reaches up and grabs his hands with an underhand grip. Pulling up and pushing out, Dusty pulls Dane's hands apart, while Dane's head shakes frantically with panic as the fans cheer wildly.]

Angus:

NO! COME ON!

[Thinking fast, Dane frees his hands and takes one step to the side before dropping to the mat and taking Dusty down with a Drop Toe Hold. Dane pops up to his feet, while Dusty gets to his knees as he shakes his head after once again crashing face first into the mat. Timing Griffith's ascent, Dane takes off towards the ropes as Dusty is about to push himself up on to his feet.]

DDK:

The wheels are turning, what does he have in mind?

Angus:

Do something, quick!

[Coming off the rebound, Dane targets the head, looking for a Bulldog. Dusty has other plans though, catching the Only Star around the waist as he takes his head. Pushing him towards the ropes, Dusty rolls back just like before, but this time, throws Dane up and over with a big time German Suplex, no bridge, all impact, as the Only Star slams flat on his back.]

DDK:

What impact on that suplex!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Angus:

FFFFFFUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!

[Dusty is up quickly, throwing his arms up as he pumps his fists with a loud roar of excitement to match the waves of cheers crashing down from the audience. As the emotional outburst subsides, Dusty drops to a knee when exhaustion takes hold of him again, bringing a hand up to rub the back of his neck. Eyeing Dane as he rolls over onto his stomach and begins to push himself up. Dusty's head bows as he takes a long, deep breath, and then exhales as his head comes up, ready to get back to work.]

DDK:

Dane struggling to get to his feet, but it looks like the Champion is about to help him up.

Angus:

He would, goody two shoes wearing douche, heh...

[As Dusty attempts to pull him up, Dane comes to, cracking Griffith with a hard left hand to the jaw. Dane follows with a right and another left, takes a step back and scores a pinpoint Dropkick that hits Dusty in the chest, staggering him back. Dane pops up and attempts to Irish Whip Dusty into a corner, but he counters with a reversal, except that he doesn't whip Dane into the corner. Hanging on to Dane's wrist, Dusty pulls on his arm, turning him right into a kick to the midsection.]

RAAH!

DDK:

This could be it right here!

Angus:

Nooooo... No, no, no, NOOOO!

[Having Dane doubled over, Dusty stuffs his head between his legs, the fans exploding with cheers as he sets up for the Atomic Powerbomb. As Dusty leans over, locking his hands around Dane's body, Dane is seen reaching into the collar of his boot. Suddenly Dusty yanks up, whipping Dane up to the apex, who with one hand grabs him by the back of the head and pulls as hard as he can to expose Dusty's face.]

DDK:

What the...

[In Dane's other hand is the infamous fork, the classic foreign object that Dane has carried with him into battle on numerous occasions over the years, most recently used on [Heidi Christensen at Ascension](#). Bringing his free arm up, he drives the pointy end of the fork over Dusty's brow with a rapid succession of prison style, shanking like strikes.]

Angus:

HE JUST WENT SHARK KILLER ON MAYBERRY'S FACE!

BOOO!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[Dusty backs off a step and hunches over with his hands coming up to his face, while Dane lands on his feet, stumbling back a few paces and shakes out his chronically bad knee which seems to be giving him some problems. Dan Ryan's brow arches with suspicion and the fans gasp with astonishment when Dusty rears up, showing the left side of his face is covered with a stream of blood coming from his brow. Dane stands back, a sinister looking grin on his face, that stares back at the rage induced snarl etched on Griffith's face, who sees the fork in Dane's hand and then the blood soaked palm of own his left hand.]

Dusty Griffith: [shaking with anger]
YOU SON OF A BITCH!

[Dusty explodes forward before Dane or even Dan Ryan could react to what just happened, lifting and driving Dane across the ring into the nearest corner. Hitting the corner with such impact, it causes Dane's arms to flail back and send the fork flying into the crowd, a nifty souvenir for one lucky fan this evening.]

DDK:
Griffith has Dane trapped in the corner!

Angus:
FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!

[With Dane stunned, he's helpless against Rage Mode Dusty, who blasts him with a blitzing combination of elbows and chops in the corner. Dusty alternates with a right elbow to the head, then comes back with a right handed chop to the chest.]

**THHUUD!* *CRRAACCK!* WHOOOOOOO!*

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH-BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!?

[After a few of those shots, Ryan finally steps in, which of course gets a chorus of boos from the crowd. Dusty spins away towards the center of the ring and roars to the crowd, who respond in kind with another storm of cheers. In the corner, Ryan checks on Dane, but he doesn't get long to do so as Dusty pushes him aside, so that he can whip Dane across the ring. Pressing himself into the opposite corner, Dusty gears up and then charges across the ring.]

DDK:
Dane's about to get caught in the Stampede!

Angus:
Goddamnit, MOVE!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Angus:

Pssh, you mean it's going to be a grea...

[Angus trails off as Dusty comes to a decision. Reaching down, Dusty grabs on to Dane's ankle and yanks his leg straight, precipitating a loud howl of pain from the Only Star. Letting Dane's leg have some slack, he violently yanks it again and pulls him to the center of the ring.]

Angus:

HEEEEEY! The man is injured, what are you doing!?

DDK:

Seriously? I think this right here is exactly what Dane wants out of Griffith.

[Satisfied with having Dane far enough from the ropes, Dusty holds Dane's leg up and proceeds to fire away with kicks to the back of his thigh and knee, each shot adding another layer of agony to Dane's suffering.]

Angus:

What in the HALE are you talking about, Keeps?

DDK:

I'm talking about the same kind of ruthless ambition that made Dane the man he is today.

[Dusty switches gears as he drops to a knee, hitting lunging knee strikes to the same spot that he was kicking. Driving the knee into the back of Dane's leg two, three, four, five times, then switches again.]

DDK:

Ask yourself this, would Eric Dane do what Dusty is doing right now?

Angus:

Absolutely.

DDK:

That's the sort of thing Dane wants out of someone who wants to lead DEFIANCE.

[Standing up, Dusty holds Dane's leg out to the side as he positions him to drop an elbow across the inside of Dane's leg, landing his weight on the joint. Bending the knee, Dusty grapevines his legs around Dane's leg, locking his feet. The hold pulls on Dane's knee, stretching it around Griffith's side while also putting pressure on the limb with his weight.]

Angus:

Well, if that's his goal, mission accomplished! You pissed Mayberry off to the point of him throwing aside his pretentious honor and glory bullshit.

DDK:

I didn't say it made sense to either of us, but Eric plays so many moves ahead of the competition, that we probably don't have the slightest clue what he's doing.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[It should be noted that the fans, many of whom who have gone quiet, watch on with disbelief as Dusty relentlessly attacks Dane's injured leg. As for Griffith, he continues to pour on the pressure, occasionally tucking his legs in to add further torque to Dane's knee.]

Angus:

Great, whether all of that stuff you just said is true or not, he's gotta deal with a pissed off World Goddamned Champion, who's now motivated to make a statement.

DDK:

There are so many cliches to go with about getting what you asked for, I'll just let the world choose their favorite for themselves.

[Dane falls back, the mix of exhaustion and pain overwhelming him as Dusty continues to apply constant pressure. Ryan drops to make the count.]

ONE!... TWO!... NO!... SHOULDERS UP!

CONFUSED, MIXED REACTION POP!

[Dane pops himself back up to a seated position, falling back on his elbows as he grits his teeth. Dane tries to scoot back towards the ropes, but Dusty squeezes and halts those thoughts. Needing an out, Dane tries to swat at Dusty's back, but gets nothing out of it. Reaching, Dane gets some of Dusty's hair and pulls, but Dusty again squeezes on the leg, getting Dane to stop.]

DDK:

Dane did a pretty good job of turning these fans against him, but I think they're actually starting to come back around.

Angus:

Heh, yeah, our fans have mood swings like the weather around here during Hurricane Season... Besides, who doesn't love Da BAWS, amirite?

[Closing his eyes, Dane takes a real deep breath and reaches for Dusty's hair again, this time getting a better grip. Dusty growls and squeezes hard on Dane's knee, but Dane doesn't let go as he bellows in pain. Pulling back on Dusty's hair, Dane reaches with his other hand around Dusty's face and gets a grip on Griffith's eye socket and tears.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH?!-BOOOOOOOOOOO?!

DDK:

Dane gutting through the pain to go to the eyes again!

Angus:

Gotta do what he gotta do, but can he do anything with it?

[Dane scoots away towards a corner while Dusty rolls away, a hand up covering his eye. Getting to his knees, Dusty checks the vision in his eye as he blinks it while moving his hand away. Looking over, Dusty spies Dane trying to pull himself up with the aid of the ropes in the corner, his jaw

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

clenches with anger and he rises to his feet.]

DDK:

Very true, but now he's got Dusty back on his trail.

Angus:

This guy a Terminator or something? Because he'll always be back, so annoying.

[Sensing Dusty getting close, Dane fires a back elbow that slams into Dusty's chest, but being he's so badly off balance because of his knee, it barely does anything. Closing the distance, Dusty grabs on to Dane with a rear waistlock, looking for a Back Drop Suplex, but Dane fights it with 12-6 style elbows to the back of Griffith's neck. The blows make Dusty visibly cringe with pain after all the punishment he took earlier, but he doesn't let go of Dane's body and pulls him away from the corner.]

DDK:

Dane trying to get away, but Griffith is ignoring those elbows.

Angus:

Knee him in the face!

DDK:

Seriously? Knee him in the face.

Angus:

Okay, not the best advice at the moment, just do something!

[Dane tries some more elbows, but after a couple of shots, Dusty reaches down with one hand and grabs at Dane's injured leg. Bending it inwards so as to figure four it, Dusty hefts Dane up and then drops his knee across his own with an Atomic Drop Kneebreaker. Dane hollers in pain, his face turning red with agony, but he pushes it down and tries to hit another elbow to Dusty's neck, but the Champion hoists him up and drops him again with another kneebreaker. The second one breaks Dane's resistance, but Dusty still doesn't let him go, lifting and throwing him with a Back Drop Suplex in the center of the ring.]

DDK:

COVER!

ONE!... TWO!... TH... NO!... SHOULDER UP!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!-BOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Dane lives, but for how long, who knows.

Angus:

Such little faith, I still say he's got him right where he wants him.

[While Angus enjoys his delusions(?), Dusty is up and dragging Dane's near lifeless carcass by the

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

foot over to the nearest ropes. Draping his foot over the bottom rope, Dusty straddles his leg as he positions himself with his hands on the top rope for balance. Putting one foot on the bottom rope, Dusty pops himself up and then drops his weight, Banzai Drop style, over Dane's knee, instantly reawakening the Only Star who screams from the jolt of pain. Dan Ryan moves around, trying to get in Dusty's ear, but the Champion isn't hearing it as he hits another Banzai Drop on Dane's leg.]

DDK:

Ryan trying to get Dusty to back off, but unfortunately for Dane, Griffith is lost in his own world.

Angus:

A dark, scary world, where breaking the legs of your mentors is a thing you do for fun apparently.

[Ryan puts a hand on Dusty's shoulder after a third Banzai Drop, which gets Griffith's attention. Shooting the Egobuster a look, his face a cold scowl of stone, Ryan is nowhere close to intimidated by this and tells him to back off. Snorting and thumbing his nose, Griffith backs off as Ryan gets in there and checks on Dane, whose respite is brief as Dusty moves to Dane's head and pulls him away from the ropes by his wrists.]

DDK:

What's Griffith got in mind now?

Angus:

Pain? Or more specifically, MOAR Pain?

[Moar Pain indeed. Walking around to Dane's feet, Dusty lifts them before stepping one foot between Dane's legs, looking to wrap them up in a Scorpion Deathlock. Dane immediately fights against it, swiping at Griffith's face until he gets a fistful of his hair so that he can pull him in and blast in the face with straight up potato shots to the mush. Luckily for the Champion, with Dane on his back, he's not able to get much on those shots, but Dusty backs his leg out and then drives it into the back of Dane's knee, subduing his resistance. Letting go of his lesser damaged leg, Dusty tucks the others foot under his arm before turning Dane over and crouching down over his back to lock in a Single Leg Crab.]

DDK:

I don't know how much more Dane can take of this.

Angus:

So many have tried to go through his knees, but none have succeeded, Keebs.

DDK:

Yet. I believe the word you're missing in that anecdote is *yet*.

[Dane's arms flail as the pain surges from his leg and up his spine. Dusty barks "ASK HIM!" to Dan Ryan, who doesn't get an immediate answer as Dane is focused on trying to get himself out of this in any way that he can. Clawing at the mat, Dane digs in, trying to pull his way to the ropes in order to force a break.]

LET'S GO, DANE! LET'S GO!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

LET'S GO, DANE! LET'S GO!

LET'S GO, DANE! LET'S GO!

Angus:

LET'S GO, DANE! LET'S GO!

DDK:

These fans want to see the BAWS fight! Can he feed off this energy to do it?

Angus:

I love how they suddenly change their minds, flip floppers!

DDK:

They may not have liked his actions earlier, but our fans will rally behind someone who won't quit when the tables have turned against them.

Angus:

Oooh... LET'S GO, DANE!

[Only a couple feet away, Dane pulls himself up closer and closer, stretching his arm out as he desperately reaches for the rope. Digging, clawing, scratching, Dane reaches again and again as more and more of the fans rally behind him, finally erupting when Dane's hand gets firm grip on the bottom rope to force the break.]

RAAH!

[Dusty keeps leans back as much as he can, torquing on the leg until Dan Ryan orders him to break the hold. Getting up, Dusty makes Dane's freedom short lived, grabbing him by the bad leg and yanking him back to the middle of the ring. Turning Dane over while still maintaining control of his leg, Dusty reaches down for Dane's head with his free hand and pulls him up so that he's standing on his other foot. Dane hops up and down on the foot, jumps and...]

CRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

RAAH!

DDK:

ENZUIGIRI!

Angus:

Caught Mayberry right on the button!

[Dusty drops to his knees, hunching over with his hands hitting the mat to keep himself from slumping down completely. Dane hits the mat and tries to crawl away, but the pain surges so much that he can't move very far. Dan Ryan circles around to another corner, waiting for the action to resume. The relatively quiet moment passes, Dusty shaking the cobwebs and rubbing the back of his neck as the ringing in his skull subsides. Getting up, Dusty stalks Dane, who still tries to crawl away. Reaching down, Dusty grabs Dane's bad leg, lifting it up high and then throwing it down, slamming

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

the knee against the mat, once, then twice, each making a loud thud against the mat.]

DDK:

Dane finally gets a break, but his leg is so gimped, he couldn't even hope to take control.

Angus:

I never knew Mayberry had this sort of callousness inside him, I kinda like it... Ugh, gawd, I can't believe I just said that.

[Dusty flips Dane over on to his back and holds his bad leg, looking to the crowd who watch intently to see what the Champion has in mind. Spinning into a Toe Hold, Dusty leans down to lock in the Figure Four Leglock, but Dane suddenly reaches up and pulls Griffith down into a Small Package.]

DDK:

DANE WITH A PIN!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

ONE!... TWO!... THREE?!... NOOOOOOOOO!... KICKOUT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

Gaaaaaaaawddamnit, he was SO close!

DDK:

Dane was mere inches away from becoming a SEVEN TIME World Champion!

[Dusty is up quickly and holding up the "two" sign, the look of panic and fear in his face is undeniable as he bores a hole into Dan Ryan's face, who confirms the two count with a "two" sign. Dusty exhales and takes in several, quick, heavy breaths to calm himself.]

DDK:

Griffith knew he was a heartbeat away from losing the title.

Angus:

Imagine if he lost, he'd probably quit again, which would be so much win for me.

DDK:

Really? That again? I think he's more than proven himself and his loyalty to DEFIANCE.

Angus:

Oh, I know, I'm just a dick.

DDK:

That's one way of putting it.

[Getting up, Dusty is quickly standing over Dane and dropping a big elbow across his body, getting up, Dusty drops another elbow and another. Getting up once more, Dusty pulls Dane up and grabs a

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

rear waistlock.]

DDK:

German Suplex!

Angus:

Oh god, he's not letting go.

[Dusty rolls, pulls Dane up and German Suplexes him a second time. Rolls and does it a third time, rolls and pulls Dane up before switching position to a Back Drop setup. Dusty lifts Dane high into the air, spins Dane around and drops him.]

DDK:

Griffith with a standing, release style BLUE THUNDER! But that's the least of Dane's worries, because Dusty is looking for the FIGURE FOUR AGAIN!

Angus:

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Using the blunt impact of the Blue Thunder to break Dane's resistance, Dusty takes the leg, applying the Spinning Toe Hold and then locks in the Figure Four Leglock in the center of the ring. Dane is instantly woken from the stupor that set in from the rolling German's and the Blue Thunder.]

DDK:

Dane has to get out of this or it's over!

Angus:

FIGHT! Come on, BAWWS... FIGHT!

[The pain starts to overwhelm Dane and he lulls back with his shoulders on the mat, Dusty pushes up with his arms stretching up to put as much pressure as he can on the hold. Ryan waits a moment and then drops down to make the count.]

ONE!... TWO!... TH... NO!...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Dane gets the shoulders up, but he's got to fight the urge to fade here!

[Dusty persists, demanding Dan Ryan "ASK HIM!". Ryan does and Dane shakes his head emphatically, his face twisted up with pain. Ryan asks again a moment later, Dane yells "NOOO!"]

Eric Dane

Aaaaaaaah... NO!... Aaaaah... FUCK!... NOOOO!

[Wincing and heaving, Dane finally comes up with something and starts to sway to the left and right, back and forth as he tries to roll over and turn the pressure around on Griffith's leg. The fans rally behind Dane, trying to will him to overturn the hold, but Dusty fights it with hammering fists to

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Dane's leg, momentarily breaking his efforts and the fans rallying cries.]

Angus:

Damn! Come on, Eric... COME ON!

[Dane lulls again and his shoulders hit the mat, which gets Dan Ryan in there to make the count.]

ONE!... TWO!... NO!...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Dane quickly pops up, grunting and growling with frustration as he glares with contempt for Dusty Griffith, who stares back at him with determination. Sitting up, Dane reaches out and slaps Dusty right across the face, Dusty smiles back at him, Dane slaps him again, Dusty keeps smiling back at him, Dane slaps yet again and Dusty roars back at him, pushing up on his arms to apply more pressure. Dane falls back, but pops back up before Ryan could make a count and plants his hands.]

DDK:

Dane trying to pull himself towards the ropes!

Angus:

I'unno how he's gonna pull that off with Mayberry's wide load hitched to him at the legs.

DDK:

He's got to do whatever it takes to get out of this.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Dane gets close to the ropes and falls back, stretching his arms out as he desperately reaches for the ropes, just barely being able to get his fingertips close enough to graze the rope.]

Angus:

He's almost there! DIG, DIG, DIG!

DDK:

These fans are trying to will him to the ropes!

[Dusty however is currently all out of his supply of fucks, as he shakes his head and starts digging his palms into the mat and pushing-pulling himself and Dane back and away from the ropes, instantly silencing the fans rallying cries. Dane grunts and groans in pain, but after a few deep breaths, he sits up, looking Dusty in the eye with steeled determination, giving him the big double bird as he's hit with a surge of adrenaline.]

Eric Dane:

FUUUUUUUUUUUCK YOOUUUUUU!

Angus:

YEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Throwing himself to the left, Dane rolls back and sways to the right, the back to the left, putting everything he has into turning the Figure Four over. Rolling back and forth, Dane gets a good rhythm going until finally getting Griffith's body to roll up. Dusty's eyes go wide with panic now, fighting the momentum Dane has built up, but is too late to stop it.]

Angus:

HE DID IT! HE DID IT! YUUUUSSSSS!

HE DID IT, THE SON OF A BITCH DID IT POP!

[Independence Day references for all of the wins.]

DDK:

The tables have turned and now it's Dusty with all of the pressure coming down on his legs!

[Dusty bellows in pain as Dane pushes up as high as he can on his arms, desperately trying to apply as much as pressure as he can on Dusty's knees. It doesn't take long for Dusty to pull himself to the ropes, gripping the bottom rope. Dan Ryan gets in there and starts untangling the two, eventually freeing both of them from the hold. Dusty pulls himself out to the floor, where he checks himself, rubbing his knee as he stretches it out. Dane rolls away from that side of the ring, putting distance between himself and Griffith, eventually getting himself into a corner.]

*WE WANT MOAR! *CLAP, CLAP, CLAP!-CLAP!-CLAP!**

*WE WANT MOAR!! *CLAP!!, CLAP!!, CLAP!!-CLAP!!-CLAP!!**

*WE WANT MOAR!!! *CLAP!!!, CLAP!!!, CLAP!!!-CLAP!!!-CLAP!!!**

DDK:

This has been a hell of a match, partner, I can't say that I blame them for wanting to see these two continue to battle it out.

Angus:

It damn sure is, but this match is already more than fifty pages long, are we even sure anybody is still reading at this point?

DDK:

What was that?

Angus:

Huh? I didn't say anything...

DDK:

Yes you did. You were breaking the fourth wall again!

Angus:

Naaaah, I don't think so, I would know if I said something like that. Get your ears checked.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[Dusty rolls back into the ring and pushes him up to his feet, flipping his hair back to reveal his bloody face. Bringing a hand up, Dusty wipes away the blood and shakes his hand, splattering some of his DNA on the canvas. Seeing Dane across the ring, who has since pulled himself to his feet and leaning against the corner, Dusty charges in, crashing into Dane against the corner with a knee to the body. Pushing Dane's head up, Dusty loads up and...]

CRRRRRRRRRAAAAAACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Dane snaps back from the force of the chop.]

CRRRRRRRRRAAAAAACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Dusty hits him again and Dane kicks at him, but Griffith ignores it.]

CRRRRRRRRRAAAAAACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Dane snaps back and hits Dusty with a left hook to the cheek.]

CRRRRRRRRRAAAAAACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Dusty with another chop, Dane snaps back, hitting a chop of his own.]

CRRRRRRRRRAAAAAACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Dusty recoils, but fires back.]

CRRRRRRRRRAAAAAACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

CRRRRRRRRRAAAAAACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Dane responds with another, then another.]

CRRRRRRRRRAAAAAACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Dusty switches up hitting an elbow. Dane responds in kind, then another chop.]

CRRRRRRRRRAAAAAACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Dane backs Dusty off a little.]

CRRRRRRRRRAAAAAACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

CRRRRRRRRRAAAAAACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

CRRRRRRRRRAAAAAACK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Unleashing a flurry of chops, to which Dusty scores an elbow, then another and another, until trying for a spinning elbow that Dane avoids. Catching Dusty with a rear waistlock, Dane throws him into the turnbuckles.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

BIG MOVE REVERSAL POP-SPLOSION!

DDK:

GERMAN SUPLEX INTO THE CORNER!

Angus:

The BAWS is back!

[Surging with another shot of adrenaline, Dane is up, limping, but he's up and looking to do damage. With Dusty down on his ass and slumped against the corner, Dane uses the top rope to steady himself and then proceeds to stomp the absolute fucking fuck out of Dusty's chest.]

RAAH!

DDK:

And he's stomping the biggest mudhole into him that world has ever seen!

Angus:

WOOOOOOOOOOO-WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[After a few more uncontested shots, Dane pulls Dusty up, snapmares him over and starts working over the cut on his brow, making it bleed even more profusely. After a few shots, Dusty comes to life, popping himself up and shoves Dane away. The Only Star is surging and charges back at Dusty, clobbering him with a forearm to the jaw. Dusty fires back with an elbow to side of Dane's head.]

TRADING MORE CONCUSSIVE BLOWS POP-SPLOSION!

[Elbows and forearms, then they revert back to blasting each other with open handed slaps that causes the sweat to explode off of their bodies.]

***SSLLLA AAAA PPP!* OOOAAAAAHHH!**

[Their heads ringing, the pace begins to slow, but it's Dusty who hits another, then another in a right and left combo.]

***SSLLLA AAAA PPP!* OOOAAAAAHHH!**

***SSLLLA AAAA PPP!* OOOAAAAAHHH!**

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

**SSLLLA AAAA PPP!* OOOAAAAA HHH!*

**SSLLLA AAAA PPP!* OOOAAAAA HHH!*

[Seeing an opening, Dusty grabs Dane and drives him into the corner. Grabs a wrist and Irish Whips him back across, miraculously, Dane doesn't tumble and hits the corner hard before Dusty charges across.]

Angus:

INNNNNNNNNNNCOMIIIIINNNNNNGGG!

[Nothing but turnbuckle.]

DDK:

DANE MOVED AT THE LAST SECOND!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

He's going for it, Keeps!

DDK:

This could be it!

WHHHHHOOOOOAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!?

[The fans react with surprise as Dane turns Dusty around and then heaves him up to the top rope. Climbing up on to the second turnbuckle, Dane sets Dusty for a suplex.]

DDK:

Dane looking for the SUPER STARDRIVER!

[The fans are going bananas with anticipation, which skyrockets when Dane actually manages to lift Griffith into the air, turn his body just enough and then drop him head first on the top turnbuckle!]

CLLLL UUUUNNNNNNK!

Angus:

BRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAIIIIIIIIIIIIIIINNNNNNBUSSSSSSSSSSSSAAAAAAAAAH!
BRAAAAAAAAAAIIIIIIIIINNNNNNBUSSSSSSSSSSSSAAAAHHHHHHHH!
BRAAAAAIIIIIIINNNNBUSSSAAAAHHHH!

OH MY GOD WHAT THE FUCK BARBEQUE POP-SPLOSION!

[Dane immediately crumbles to the mat, the impact of his weight dropping on top of his leg sends a huge jolt of mind bending pain through his body. Scooting away, Dane clutches his knee, but a moment later he looks to make the cover, but doesn't find Dusty in the ring.]

DDK:

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Dane could win right here, but Unfortunately Dusty fell to the floor after that Super Stardriver!

Angus:

FFFFFFFFUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!!

[Dane hobbles to his feet, wincing with so much pain as his hand grabs at his knee, as he feels the surge of adrenaline beginning to subside. Meanwhile, Dan Ryan starts his count.]

ONE!...

DDK:

Griffith is out, partner, but can Dane even get him back in the ring to make the cover? Can he even get him back in the ring before Ryan finishes his count?

TWO!...

Angus:

He better hurry, because his knee is starting to fight back against his will.

THREE!...

[Dropping down and rolling out of the ring, Dane grabs a lifeless Dusty Griffith by the head and arm, yanking up with all of his might.]

FOUR!...

[Getting him into an upright position, Dane goes behind and tries to heave him up enough to be able to roll him on to the mat.]

FIVE!...

[Struggling, Dane drops Griffith as he slips out of his grip.]

SIX!...

Angus:

HURRY!

DDK:

Dane better think of something!

SEVEN!...

[Dane drapes one of Griffith's arms over his head as he crouches down, taking one big breath to steady his nerves and then with everything he's got, pushes himself and Dusty up to their feet.]

EIGHT!...

[Throwing Dusty against the side of the ring, Dane reaches down and picks his feet up and rolls

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Dusty into the ring.]

NINE!...

[Dane dives back in, finally breaking the count.]

RAAH!

[Pushing Dusty away from the ropes, he drapes himself over top of him for the cover.]

ONE!...

TWO!...

AND A QUARTER!...

AND A HALF!...

AND... NO!... KICKOUT!

ZOOOMAIGAAWD DUSTY LIVES POP-SPLOSION!

[Dane's eyes go wide, he stares at Ryan with nothing but pure dismay washing over his face as the Egobuster gives him the "two" sign and showing him just how close he was from it being a three count.]

Angus:

WHAAAAAAAAAAT TEEEEEEEH FFFFUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU?!

DDK:

Dusty absolutely was saved by pure, dumb luck there. Had he fallen into the ring, this one is likely all over.

[On his knees, Dane slumps over, his head and arms down as his body inhales and exhales deep breaths. As the moment stretches into another moment, Dusty begins to stir and Dane watches on with disbelief. The disbelief gets stripped away with a disdainful scowl as Dane slowly gets up, feeling the pain radiating in his knee, he pushes it down as much as he can and then reaches down to rip Dusty up off the mat.]

Angus:

Here we go, Keeps, this is it...

[Hooking Dusty with a front facelock, Dane sets him up for the Stardriver. Grabbing a fistful of Dusty's trunks, Dane bends at the knees a bit and tries to burst up, but gets nothing as his knee screams out in pain, not allowing Dane to even lift Dusty.]

DDK:

I don't know, Angus, I don't think he can get Dusty off the mat.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[Dane tries again, nothing. Dane slams a few forearms down across Dusty's back and tries again, still nothing, his knee absolutely refusing to cooperate with him.]

Eric Dane:

FFFFFFUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!

Angus:

Just beat him to death!

DDK:

Jesus Christ, Angus!

[Still holding Dusty, Dane fires away with knee shots to the body, but then Dusty catches one, lifts Dane off the mat as he switches his grip and then tosses him up and over.]

DDK:

FALLAWAY SLAM!

RAAH!

[Dane is up and he's not happy, seemingly getting a third wind. Rushing up behind Dusty, who was just about to his feet as well, Dane grabs on to him and throws him with a German Suplex, no bridge, all impact.]

RAAAH!

[Dusty rolls with the momentum from the impact, still a little groggy, but catches Dane coming in and tosses him with a Belly to Belly Suplex, sending him flying overhead.]

RAAAH!

[Dane is up again, Dusty is up again, Dane rushes in, Dusty swings, Dane ducks it, hooks Dusty and tosses him up and over with an Exploder Suplex.]

RAAAH!

[Both of them linger on the mat for a moment, their chests rapidly heaving up and down.]

DDK:

And both of them are spent!

*LETS GO, DUSTY! *CLAP!, CLAP!, CLAP!-CLAP!-CLAP!**

*LETS GO, DANE! *CLAP!, CLAP!, CLAP!-CLAP!-CLAP!**

Angus:

What's it gonna take, Keeps? What's it gonna take for either of these guys to keep the other down?!

*LETS GO, DUSTY! *CLAP!, CLAP!, CLAP!-CLAP!-CLAP!**

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

*LETS GO, DANE! *CLAP!, CLAP!, CLAP!-CLAP!-CLAP!**

DDK:

Your guess is as good as mine, partner!

*LETS GO, DUSTY! *CLAP!, CLAP!, CLAP!-CLAP!-CLAP!**

*LETS GO, DANE! *CLAP!, CLAP!, CLAP!-CLAP!-CLAP!**

[With the crowd urging them both to continue, they slowly push themselves up. Most of Dusty's face is covered with the crimson mask, while Dane's chest and arms are covered with Dusty's blood. Dane is up first and looks to time his shot, when Dusty is just about to his feet, he charges...]

DDK:

GRIFFITH DUCKS THE LARIAT!

Angus:

HE'S GOT HIM, KEEBS!

[Catching Dane around the waist, Dusty ends up behind the Only Star, lifts and turns his back towards the corner, sets Dane down and then throws him with a huge Overhead German Suplex.]

RAAH!

[Dane lands hard on his the back of his head and shoulders, but the momentum rolls him back on to his feet and he stumbles into the corner. Dusty is up, rushes to the opposite corner, comes charging back and crashes into Dane at full speed with an Avalanche Body Splash in the corner. Dusty whips him back across and hits Dane with a splash in the corner.]

DDK:

STAAAMMMMPEEEEEEDE!

Angus:

He just absolutely crushed Dane in the corner!

[Dusty backs off a few steps, a little wobbly as he flips his hair out his face, the blood streaming out of the cut on his brow. Wiping his face, he wipes the blood on his chest as he looks at Dane and throws up the sign.]

DDK:

He's going for the Atomic Powerbomb!

Angus:

But look at him, he's teetering from so much blood loss!

[Dane stumbles out of the corner and Dusty grabs him, pulling him towards the center of the ring. Doubling him over, Dusty sets Dane for the Atomic Powerbomb, whips him up super fast, then plants him with a loud, resounding thud that echoes throughout the building.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

****SUPER HUGE THAT'S IT STICK A FORK IN HIM POP-SPLOSION!****

[Dusty leans over, rolling Dane up for the cover.]

ONE!...

TWO!...

THR...

WHAAAAAAAAAAT?!

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Dusty slumps over to the side, breaking what would have been a three count for sure. Ryan moves over to check on Dusty.]

Angus:

I think he passed out?!

DDK:

Whatever it was, he couldn't hold the pin!

[As quickly as he went out, Dusty snaps back to and looks over to Ryan, who shakes his head and tells him it was only a two count. Dusty rolls back over, draping an arm over Dane's chest.]

ONE!... TWO!... THREE!... NOOOOOOOOOO!... KICKOUT!

****DANE STILL LIVES POP-SPLOSION!****

DDK:

Dusty has very little left...

Angus:

And Dane looks like he's ready for the morgue.

[Dane is out, Dusty is past the point of exhaustion, so much so that he doesn't he ever bother looking at Ryan for confirmation on the count. Pushing himself to his knees, Dusty slowly picks himself up, looking ready to pass out for good at any moment. Closing his eyes, Dusty takes one long, deep breath, trying to summon every last bit of what he's got left and then pulls Dane up. Putting a shoulder into Dane's body, Dusty lifts him up as high as he can and then drills him to the mat with a Spinebuster.]

Angus:

Why isn't he going for the cover?

DDK:

He's going for the leg again!

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[Still on his knees, Dusty takes Dane's leg and drapes it over his head and shoulders as if putting Dane's leg in a Torture Rack, then gets to one knee and pushes himself up to a standing position with Dane hanging from his damaged knee.]

DDK:

Oh my good lord, Dusty's got a [STRETCH MUFFLER](#) locked in!

Angus:

I can't believe I'm saying this, but Dane might have to tap if he ever wants to walk again!

[Dane does not tap, he screams, he hollers, he bellows, he struggles to do anything to get away, but the pain is surging so badly because Dusty starts to swing him back and forth, torquing the knee and hip.]

DDK:

This is just sadistic!

Angus:

Oh god, he's got something in mind, what's he doing now?!

[Dusty lowers Dane so that he's chest first on the mat, then steps over and crouches down, now applying a [Stretch Muffler with a Half Crab](#). Dane screams in agony, his arms flailing, but he has absolutely no leverage to be able to push himself up or pull himself to the ropes as Dusty leans back and squeezes his arms on Dane's leg. The pressure making Dusty bleed even more.]

TAP!-TAP!-TAP!

DING!-DING!-DING!

RAAH!

DDK:

He did it, I can't believe it, he made Eric Dane tap out!

Angus:

Thank GAWD, it's over!

DING!-DING!-DING!

[As soon as the bell is rung, Dusty's arms loosen on Dane's leg, allowing it to slip free as he collapses to the mat, completely spent.]

DDK:

What a war, I don't think either of these two will be the same again.

Angus:

That's putting it mildly, Keebs. Dane's knee has been wrecked, and Mayberry was willing to bleed out to make this win happen.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[Iris Davine and the rest of DEFIANCE Medical storm the ring, while being followed by Tyrone Walker, Eugene Dewey, Kelly Evans and Frank Dylan James, who surround the ring near their respective comrades. Meanwhile, Dan Ryan stands back in a corner furthest away from the proceedings as he watches everything unfold.]

DDK:

DEFmed on site to sift through the wreckage, but I have a feeling both will be going to the hospital tonight.

Angus:

No doubt. Mayberry's gonna need a transfusion, Dane's probably headed to another surgery on his knee.

[DEFmed check on Dane's knee, having taken off his brace, kneepad and lifted the pant leg of his tights. Just a few feet away, another team of medics have turned Dusty over onto his back, revealing a gruesome red stain where his face was.]

DDK:

Oh god...

Angus:

That is horrible, Keebs... Jay-zuss, if he had to, Mayberry would die to keep that title.

[Now sitting up, Dane winces as the medics poke, prod and work his knee as they look for structural damage, but Dane's focus has steered over to his champion. Watching the medics apply heavy gauze to Griffith's head, they manage to slow the bleeding enough to be able to sit him up.]

DDK:

As insane as it is, that's what puts him on the level with the best in the sport.

Angus:

I guess that's why I'm up here with you, because fffuuuuuuuhhh that!

[A moment passes and Dusty finally regains a modicum of consciousness, groggily shaking his head as his hand comes up and he looks around to see the match is over. Seeing Dane on the mat, still have his knee worked on, then looking to see Dan Ryan still in the ring.]

DDK:

I don't know if he realizes it's over.

Angus:

I think all the EMT's would tell him that.

[Dan Ryan stalks over to Dusty and sticks out his hand, Eugene and Frank watch with a very mindful eye in case he tries something. Dusty looks up at him, not sure what to do, but eventually reaches up for Ryan's hand, who pulls him up and then raises his hand into the air. As the moment lingers, Ryan mutters a few words to Griffith.]

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner of the match... AnnnnnnnND STILL!... DEFIANCE WRESTLING!... WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION!... DUUUUUSSSSSSTTTTTYYYY GRRRRRRRIIIIIIFFFFFIIIIITTTTHHHH!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And there it is, Dusty Griffith has officially come out the other side of this the winner.

Angus:

Yeah, but look, Dan Ryan is letting Mayberry know that he's next.

[Griffith nods as he grins weakly back at the Egobuster. Letting his hand go, Ryan makes his exit from the ring after a final look down at Eric Dane and then disappears to the back. Griffith drops back to his knees as Frank Dylan James, who had rushed over to the championship, rolls into the ring and drapes the prize over his best friends shoulder.]

DDK:

What a show, partner.

Angus:

You can say that again, not literally, but it sure was.

[Eugene joins Frank in the ring and the two of them lift Dusty off the mat, each putting one of his arms over their shoulders to help hold him up. Many of the medics have since bailed from the ring, though some, along with Iris Davine finish putting a temporary brace on Dane's knee. Having had enough of their attention, Dane tries to get up, but struggles until Walker joins him and helps his old friend up.]

DDK:

And these two have helped make it one of those special nights that will go down as one of the greatest nights in the sport.

Angus:

Damn right, Keeps... But that's Just Another Day In DEFIANCE, because we're awesome!

[Feeling a little more steady on his feet, Dusty slips free of Eugene and Frank's aide, so that he can approach the man who has been one of the biggest influences on his career. The two share a long look, Dane looking upon Griffith with a mix of pride in him and a natural disappointment that it wasn't him holding the belt draped over Dusty's shoulder. Dane nods his approval and sticks out his hand, which Dusty accepts.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Alright, partner. I think that's about it, what a way to close out the year.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Angus:

Damn skippy, Keebs, now we just gotta go ahead and make 2015 our bitch!

DDK:

With that said, I'm Downtown Darren Keebler and he, as always, is the incorrigibly incomparable, Angus Skaaland...

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

Conflict of Interest

[“I Love It Loud” suddenly fades out. In the ring, Griffith’s smile falters. Walker, who had just rolled out of the ring to help Dane out, stops, and Dane frowns. He’s been around the block, he knows the timing for these things.]

[And with great fanfare, “Chasing Sheep is Best Left to Shepherds” begins to play, and the stairway leading up to Edward White’s skybox suddenly comes alive with glittering white lights. As the orchestral music swells the door opens, and lead by Jane Katze and flanked by Nicky Corozzo, the Head Financial Backer of DEFIANCE descends from on high. Lit up as it is, the glass staircase almost looks like it’s made out of sky and stars. And almost unnoticed behind Nicky is a very, very slightly familiar looking blond woman.]

[The staircase itself rotates, lowering down towards the ring, until it’s positioned so that White and co only have to make one step down from the stairs to the ring.]

[In the ring, White claps his hands as Jane procures a microphone.]

Edward White:

Very well done, Mr. Griffith, very well done indeed.

[White hasn’t even looked in Dane’s direction yet.]

White:

In actuality, I’m not expecting you to hold that title for very long. On the other hand, a loss on your first defense after being the person to finally put an end to the Kai Scott Marathon wouldn’t have reflected well on either you personally, or on DEFIANCE as a whole. You did exceed my expectations, and I can say in full honesty, with no sarcasm or hidden meanings, that I’m proud of you and glad that right here, tonight, that you, Dusty Griffith, are the DEFIANCE World Champion.

[Griffith adjusts the World Title belt over his shoulder and continues watching the Bo\$\$.]

White:

The DEFIANCE World Title’s lineage has been unbroken, minus the vacancy due to the DEF1.0 closure, ever since Boston Bancroft won the belt from Bronson Box after Ronnie Long injured reigning champion Aaron Vasquez. Paper champions... short term champions... those can be lived with. It’s those vacancies that give the heritage of a championship a black eye. And that’s why I wished you well earlier, Dusty.

[Here it comes.]

White:

Because had Eric Dane won the DEFIANCE World Title, instead of congratulating you, I’d be informing the ‘boys in the back’ that the World Title is vacant.

White:

Tell me Eric, have you ever heard of a Conflict of Interest? You know what? Disregard that, even if you have I’ll have to explain it so that the Defiance Faithful understands.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

[White turns to the booing fans.]

White:

What it means is that Eric Dane, as the owner of DEFIANCE, has responsibilities. One of them is to remember not to pursue his own best interests at the expense of the company he runs. You see, as an investor, I have no true power over the day to day operations of DEFIANCE, but if irresponsible behavior from the majority owner is costing me money, I do have both the power and the right to take preventative action.

With over a dozen wrestlers on the roster qualified to hold the World Title, with “The Egobuster” Dan Ryan already a fourteen time World Champion from other promotions and active in DEFIANCE for over two years, Eric Dane assigned a title shot that he never earned to himself. He has wrestled two singles matches in DEFIANCE, one for the title, one made after he’d already announced his contendership.

Dane:

At least I didn’t just appoint myself the champion like that other guy did.

White:

There was nothing stopping you from filing a conflict of interest against Jeff Andrews other than your own ego. You just had to beat him in the wrestling world, on wrestling terms.

Dane:

Yeah, well, maybe I’m a wrestling guy!

White:

Be that as it may, for so long as you remain the owner and promoter of the LLC otherwise known as “DEFIANCE Wrestling,” you may no longer present yourself in a manner that could be perceived as “above” the contracted wrestling talent. That is to say, Mr. Dane, your wrestling days are over!

[Dane surges at the billionaire, only the quick acting of Dusty Griffith stopping him from laying hands on the Chief Financial Officer of DEFIANCE.]

Dane:

You’re the one that ACTIVATED me in the first place you IDIOT!

[Ed scoffs.]

White:

Yes, and you’ve shown implicitly that you aren’t capable of both running the company, and competing fairly within the rules of DEFIANCE.

Angus:

Did he just say “rules of DEFIANCE?”

DDK:

Yessir, I think he did.

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Executive Decision 14

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
21 Dec 2014

White:

Now, Ms. Lyons, if you would serve Mr. Dane his papers?

[And out steps that really, really, kinda, sorta familiar lawyer-type. She hands The Only Star a Manilla Envelope and steps back behind White and Corozzo.]

Dane:

You know I'll have my lawyers shred this to pieces!

White:

I know you'll try, and in that case, Mr. Dane, I'll see you in court.

[He snickers.]

White:

Where I won't see you, is in this ring. NOW PLAY THE CHAMPION'S MUSIC!

["I Love it Loud" plays again as White and Friends make their way back to their rotating stairway over over-bossification. Inside the ring Eric Dane is incredulous, and a celebration is not what is happening.]

[End.]