

Introduction

[Sometime shortly before the show, maybe an hour or so.]

[The office of Elijah Goldman.]

[Elijah Goldman at all times has an appearance that could be described as ratlike, but it's more pronounced than usual right now. His eyes are dark and shiny behind his glasses and they dart in every direction, and the tip of his nose is flushed and almost looks like it's twitching. His forehead glistens with sweat.]

[The office is perfect. The desk is spotless except for a mahogany, gold and navy blue velvet embossed pen holder sporting a pair of \$60 pens, there are potted plants on the file cabinets and a little American flag hanging next to the window.]

[Yoshikazu YAZ leans against the wall, his arms folded. His expression is lost behind his mask.]

[Lisa Loeh sits cross legged on the edge of the desk. It's very film noir. She has nice legs and her little black miniskirt doesn't cover any of them. She looks bored and irritated, and as Goldman bustles around the office, fixing that and reading the other, she occasionally glances at his back in cold contempt.]

[Then there's a knock at the door.]

[At a glance from Goldman, YAZ walks over and opens it.]

Kai Scott:

Word up, yo?

Elijah Goldman:

Come right on in, Mr. Scott, I've been waiting to talk to you for a long time.

[Goldman pulls up a chair, a cushy padded one, for Kai to sit down on. YAZ steps back and leans against the wall.]

Elijah Goldman:

Lisa, get Mr. Scott a drink. Kai, do you like scotch? Dewars or Johnny Walker?

Kai Scott:

Thanks, but I don't drink anymore.

[Goldman claps his hands together.]

Elijah Goldman:

Excellent. The more I know about you, the more I respect you. And you know, that's actually why I asked you to come here and talk to me.

[Kai settles into the chair, places his crutch lengthwise across his lap.]

Kai Scott:

So why did you ask me to come talk to you?

Elijah Goldman:

To be frank... I'd like for us to work together.

Kai Scott:

What do you think I can do to help you?

Elijah Goldman:

...Lisa, pour me a drink.

[Lisa Loeh takes a bottle of Dewar's 18 Years Old off a shelf and pours it into a glass. Goldman takes a swallow, and then a deep breath.]

Elijah Goldman:

Much as it pains me to admit it, I don't have wrestling as figured out as I thought I did. My master plan to control Bronson Box against everything Eric Dane wanted to do didn't play out the way it was supposed to. Dane stymied Box handily by playing a wrestler who didn't care about the points or the tournament against him.

Kai Scott:

I see.

Elijah Goldman:

I don't have the wrestling connections that Dane does, nor do I have my finger on the pulse of the business the way he does. And I need someone who can do that to work for me. Cito Conarri wouldn't give me the time of day. Jeff Andrews, even if he's as smart as Dane claims, which I personally haven't seen...

[Kai frowns.]

Elijah Goldman:

Sorry. Forgot he was a friend of yours. But at any rate, I don't really understand wrestling. And you do.

Kai Scott:

...Since you admit you don't understand wrestling, here's some advice for going forward. If you want to get on someone's good side, it's best to do them a free favor beforehand, rather than the opposite.

[Sweat beads on Goldman's forehead, and he pulls out a handkerchief and dabs at it.]

Elijah Goldman:

I do apologize for the situation with Clairra and the TLC match, but I didn't have time to book or hold a rubber match in Evolution League and I couldn't let Heritage send an extra wrestler. My hands were tied. Again, I apologize, but...

Kai Scott:

Jonny Booya isn't booked very high on the card either.

[Elijah fidgets in his seat and stammers something unintelligible.]

Lisa Loeh:

You know, if you're willing to work with us, we can make sure that Jonny never gets overlooked again.

[Kai stands up.]

[Goldman shrinks back and YAZ takes a step forward.]

Kai Scott:

What, precisely, do I gain from playing backstage chess with Eric Dane? Money? Preferable treatment?

[Goldman looks at Lisa. She looks at Kai and raises her eyebrows.]

Kai Scott:

The truth, Mr. Goldman, is that I'm sick and tired of that game. I've won, repeatedly, I don't need the self-gratification

that winning again would bring me. I'm not going to work for you, for the same reason that I haven't agreed to work for Eric Dane for Jeff's sake - or decided to help Heidi make you sorry for the way you've treated her.

Elijah Goldman:

...why?

Kai Scottt:

Because I've been the King, and I almost died on the throne.

[Tucking his crutch under his arm, Kai turns to leave. He limps to the door, then stops and looks over his shoulder.]

Kai Scott:

If it makes you feel any better, my loyalty is to the Truly Untouchables. If Jonny Booya makes it to the final round of the tournament, I'm going to try and make sure he wins. So if you want my cooperation, the best - and only - thing you can do is to treat my wrestler fairly.

[Kai steps out of the office, shutting the door behind him.]

[E-Gold slumps forward, head in his hands.]

Elijah Goldman:

That didn't go well. At all.

Lisah Loeh:

It could've been worse. He told us enough to work with at least.

[Pushing himself up, E-Gold looks at the young woman]

Elijah Goldman:

What do you mean?

Lisa Loeh:

I have a wrestler to manage, I can't just tell you. Look, just get me as much information on Jonathan Andrews as you possibly can and we'll start from there.

Elijah Goldman:

Who's Jon Andrews?

Lisa Loeh:

Jonathan Andrews is Jonny Booya's real name. Gawd. Just listen to me.

[Lisa stalks out of the room. Goldman sighs, then looks at YAZ.]

Elijah Goldman:

Are you going to call me stupid too?

Yoshikazu YAZ:

...I don't really think that's necessary.

[He leaves the room too.]

[Goldman fumes, but he doesn't have anything better to do, and so after a minute or so he takes out his laptop. Some clicking and typing ensues.]

Elijah Goldman:

Jonathan Andrews, better known by his stage names Jonny Bravo, LAREDO, and Jonny Booya, made his professional wrestling debut in 2004...

[Nothing left to see here. Fade.]

==

[Defiance Wrestling continues in...]

5....

4....

3...

2..

1.

[The MGM Grand Arena arena goes pitch_black, causing the sold-out crowd inside to vault to their feet with feverish anticipation.]

[Up on the DEFIAtron, burns the Defiance logo.]

[Silence.]

#...fuck you I won't do what you tell me...#

[The logo on the giant screen and your regular-sized screen at home explodes like an atom splitting in half.]

#Fuck You I Won't Do What You Tell Me#

[Massive pyros and fireworks singe the roof and illuminate the thousands in attendance.]

[!FLASHCUT!]

[The epic return of Christian Light to the ring takes over the massive, video-fun machine. The crowd erupts ballistically because of it.]

FUCK YOU I WON'T DO WHAT YOU TELL ME

[!FLASHCUT!]

[Eugene Dewey seemingly overcoming insurmountable odds, always, is next in the montage. The exuberant fans continue on a steady roar, only to be drowned out when Rage Against the Machine comes blasting over the PA again.]

FUCK YOU I WON'T DO WHAT YOU TELL ME

[After Dewey get his spot to shine, the darker side of things take over.]

[Evolution League.]

[!FLASHCUT!]

[Jack Bryant, up to his usual tricks, throwing lariats and winning matches against people he had no business winning matches against. The native Alabamian destroyed Mike Sloan with the Mason-Dixon Line just last week!]

#MOTHERFUCKERRRRRRRRRRR!!!!#

[!FLASHCUT!]

[Dan Ryan is next, with his nonchalant attitude on full display. The crowd turned upside-down to show their disdain for the former multi-time World Champion.]

[Somewhere in the building Dan didn't care, probably because he's Dan freakin' Ryan and he doesn't have to care.]

#UGHH!!#

[!FLASHCUT!]

[Lastly, the ever so devious Alceo Dentari, head-kicking his way through the competition on his way to being the one who could finally rid DEFIANCE of Bronson Box and his reign of terror.]

[Even so, you could imagine his lauded ovation.]

[Alceo fades off screen, revealing a rotating ladder and more Fourth of July pyrotechnics.]

[The place erupts once again as the feed jumps to Angus Skaaland sitting all by his lonesome inside of the DEFIANCE Commentation Station.]

Angus:
WEEEEEE AARRRRRRRRRRRE LIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIVE TONIGHT IN SIN CITY, NEVADA! We've got eight-zillion fans SUPER NO VACANCY jampacked into the MGM Grande arena, and I can tell you without a shadow of a doubt that TONIGHT will be THE NIGHT that DEFIANCE steps into the forefront of the wrestling industry!

[Wait for it.]

Angus:
...Again! HA! See what I did there?!

[With Jeff Andrews nowhere in sight, there's no one to keep Angus on a leash.]

Angus:
It's been a long, arduous road to get to where we are tonight, but fuck me if we're not sitting here in PRIMETIME on ESEN TV getting ready to BUTT-fuck this industry into submission, NOHOMOSTYLE MUHFUKEEZE!

We've got Inter-League matches all up and down the lineup, and we're capping it off with an anything goes Elimination Style Tables, Ladders, and Chairs match where there's fifteen points hanging from the rafters and five points on the line for every possible elimination!

We've got it all tonight, folks, well, we've got it all except for my esteemed colleague, as the Sultan of Surly decided he needed to go scout for a couple of longnecks just before the show went live. Well, I'm kind of an aye-hole, so I had a camera crew follow his stocky ass, let's see just what the ol' codger is up to right now when he should be up here doing all this work so I don't have to!

God, I miss Cito sometimes....

[Cut.]

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[Cut to the backstage area, where we see Jeff Andrews walking down a hallway. He is surly in appearance, and is wearing his green and yellow John Deere trucker's cap on his head.]

[Then, an elderly gentleman wearing a three piece butler-esque suit, with two stripes of gray masquerading as a haircut, approaches the Surly Bird and hands him some papers.]

Elderly Gent:

Excuse me, Mr. Andrews... you've been served.

[Jeff Andrews stops walking. He blinks.]

Jeff Andrews: [grabbing the papers]

LEMME SEE THAT.

[He feverishly scowls at the papers, trying to find who the complainant is.]

Jeff Andrews: [eyes growing wider by the second]

What the hell. Is this some sort of stupid fucking joke?

Elderly Gent:

I'm afraid it's not sir.

Jeff Andrews:

This cowardly sonofafuck.

[Jeff tries to spike the papers onto the floor. Being made of paper, they don't spike, and flutter around his ankles instead. He kicks at them, and storms off.]

Elderly Gent: [from a distance]

Ahhhh, Mr. Andrews... I'm also supposed to tell you that Cancer Jiles is here.

[Jeff stops dead in his tracks. He clenches both of his fists, and slowly turns around staring a hole through the poor bastard who served him.]

Jeff Andrews:

Come again?

Elderly Gent: [moving closer]

I said, Mr. Jiles is here. In this building. Right now.

[The surly escapes its nest, and Jeff lunges forward grabbing the old man by the collar of his shirt. He pulls the old fart close, and with his most serious of tone, whispers.]

Jeff Andrews:

Where?

Elderly Gent:

Before I tell you where you can find him, you should that there was a complication with Cancer's surgery. And before you go off wanting to pound his face into oblivion, I should tell you that it's in your best interest not to.

That being said, he's down in locker room 106. It's heavily guarded, but Cancer is expecting you.

[Jeff didn't catch the last point. He had already shot off like a bottle rocket in his search for locker room 106.]

[Michel LaLiberte heads in from the car park towards the backstage area. Suddenly, he stops short, as he smells a familiar perfume.]

LaLiberte:

Sacre bleu ostie du conasse de vierge de calisse de crisse de testament!

Betty:

Bon joor, Michel!

LaLiberte:

I t'ought you 'ad a restraining order against you. Deux cent pieds, two 'undred feet. T'is is a lot closer t'an two 'undred feet.

Betty:

I know, but I had to let you know that I don't blame you for the death of our baby, Michel.

LaLiberte:

Oh. Okay. Now ...

'EEEEEEELLLLLLLLLPPPPPPPPPP!!!!!!!!!!!!

[He looks around, and finds the security guard who should be guarding the doorway, unconscious on the ground near the door.]

Betty:

We're all alone, Michel. That was the only way I could talk to you.

[size=5pt]ohmyfuckingGodshe'sgoingtokillme!![/size]

LaLiberte:

I ... I ... I ...

[Thinking quickly on his feet, or at least, of his feet, he quickly pulls a black loafer from his right foot, and throws it at her, distracting her enough to give him a window of opportunity. He books it for the door, pulling his bags in tow, making it into the door just in time. Pounding is heard on the door, and muffled yelling.]

LaLiberte:

Just w'at I needed. fucking psycho lady 'ere again, w'en I 'ave a match wit' anudder psychopath 'nd 'is lady manager tonight. I need to find my locker room, 'nd calm t'e fuck down.

[He heads off towards his locker room as we fade to powder blue.]

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Angus:

Where have you been?

[Jeff Andrews takes his seat at the Commentation Station.]

Jeff:

You know very well where I've been.

Angus:

Why don't you do your job for five seconds?

Jeff:

Why don't you STFU forever?

Angus:

I hate your guts.

Jeff:

And now, we've got a Handicap Match where the celebrated sumo from China Jan Gin Xiao takes on the combined might of Mike Sloan and Kevin Cage, both former World Champions. Thoughts?

Angus:

I think somebody's gonna bleed.

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Jan Gin Xiao vs. Mike Sloan & Kevin Cage

The giant former Sumo found himself inside the ring, awaiting his two opponents for the evening. If there was a modicum of uncertainty about him you could never tell as he went through his pre-fight rituals. He was oblivious to referee Mark Shields, who for his part did at least try to explain the rules to the big man before things got out of hand.

The sounds of "El Distorto de Melodica" by Everclear brought Mike Sloan and Kevin Cage out together. Animosity was running between the two of them like electricity, but at this point at least, they both wanted their points and weren't quite ready to risk it kicking each other's asses.

Sloan and Cage never took eyes off of each other, and JGX waited patiently, content to let their squabbling be both their downfall and his ticket to 10 points. Shields directed Sloan and Cage that one of them had to leave the ring, as this would be a tagging affair, and that only served to give them a reason to argue. "Get outta my ring," Cage snarled at the Dark Horse.

"Why don't you come over here and make me?" Sloan's reply was a taunt, and it worked. Cage started to rush Sloan, but Shields was quick to get between the two of them to keep them from killing each other.

Yet.

Eventually Sloan relented and took up his spot on the apron. Before he could even grab hold of the tag-rope Kevin Cage slapped him on the chest, hard, and jumped through the ropes and to the floor, turning his back on Mike Sloan and throwing his palms to the sky as if to show that he wants nothing to do with teaming with the former World Champion.

Sloan smirked, clicked his teeth, and entered the ring.

DING! DING! DING!

Sloan charged in with a shoulderblock, he had played Fullback for the University of Auburn when he was in college, figured maybe he still had it in him to move an entire defensive line...

He was wrong, and he bounced off of the shoulder of Jan Gin Xiao. He slapped the mat in frustration before hauling himself up and taking another tactic, this time Sloan walked straight up to the big man and bodyslammed him.

...

Well, that was the plan, anyhow. JGX stifled a chuckle as he looked down on The Dark Horse's straining back. Meanwhile, back across the ring Kevin Cage had taken up his post in the corner and was cackling away madly and Sloan's inability to slam the big man.

Finally JGX could handle no more stalling, and he flexed his core in a way that dislodged him from Sloan's grip and sent the smaller man sprawling. Kevin Cage could hardly contain himself.

Sloan took a moment to pull himself back together, and it was then that he noticed Cage pointing and laughing at him from the corner. With a quickness that the HD video cameras almost missed, Sloan slapped the laughing right out of Cage's mouth and exited the ring in much the same fashion as Cage had done earlier.

"You think yer bad, big boy? **You** go slam him!" Sloan spat the words with venom. Cage thought about forgoing that and just hopping off the ring-apron and pounding Sloan's face into mush. In the end, he decided that bragging rights were more fun, and he could always come back and pound Sloan after he'd slammed JGX.

The big man expected it, though, which made it even harder for him to be budged. This time he belted out a hearty laugh that served only to enrage Kevin Cage, who let go of his grip and and hauled off and punched the big man square in the jaw. Again, he was shrugged off, and before he could decide what to do next he was sent sprawling back toward his corner with a vicious palm thrust. Cage, foul tempered and angry, flung himself back at JGX, only to catch a body check that took him off his pins.

JGX dusted himself off. From the apron, Sloan applauded mockingly. Cage was up to his feet, spinning to face Sloan and snarling at him. Sloan sneered. Cage stuck his leg through the ropes and hooked it around the back of Sloan's knees, then pushed, sending Sloan tumbling painfully from the ring apron to the floor neck and shoulders first.

Cage rushed JGX, showing a shoulder tackle, and at the last moment lowering it, and driving his shoulder into the huge quadricep of the sumo. JGX stumbled, Cage ran the ropes, chop blocked the same leg. With JGX hurting and wobbled, Cage decided to take another try at the bodyslam thing. He got hold of the injured leg, hooked the head. JGX wobbled a bit, Cage gritted his teeth, planted his feet..

And Sloan hit Cage with a forearm shiver to the small of the back!

Sloan had lost all patience with this match. He threw Cage head first over the ropes and followed him out with an axehandle from apron to floor! Cage reversed an Irish whip and Sloan hit the ringside barricade! Cage charged, Sloan got his feet up, Cage bounced back and Sloan took him down with a clothesline! He lifted Cage up into a clinch, firing in right hands. Cage responded with some hard lefts. Bouncing off the guardrails the two men fought their way up the ramp, away from the ring, as the count finished.

EIGHT...!

NINE...!

TEN...!

Jan Gin Xiao (+10) def. Kevin Cage and Mike Sloan via Countout

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Jeff:

Nobody bled.

Angus:

Shutup.

Jeff:

Make me.

Next

[Cut to mid ring. The Heritage League Commissioner, Cito Conarri, has made an appearance.]

[Jan Gin Xiao is standing with him.]

Conarri:

In the interest of mixing things up a bit in Heritage League, after discussion with Jan Gin Xiao and his management team, I am pleased to announce the Bodyslam Challenge!

[Cheers from the fans.]

Conarri:

The first person who is able to execute a full scoop slam on Jan Gin Xiao will be receiving five points. If no one has been able to slam him by the end of the Defiance Rumble II ESEN show, JGX will be receiving the five point bounty.

[Applause.]

Conarri:

At this time, Jan Gin Xiao has agreed to allow one person on the Heritage League roster to come out and attempt the challenge.

[And almost immediately, the hip-hop beats of "Ante Up" by M.O.P begin booming over the PA system.]

[The fans cheered. They liked Dragon Jones. But at two and three tenths of a pound short of 200 lbs, no one thought he had a chance in hell.]

Accompanied by the King Pimp Splenda, LORD DANGRO SONEJ jogged down to ring. He took off his crushed velvet trench coat and pimpin' hat and handed them to Splenda, then got into the ring.]

DING! DING! DING!

[Take one. Drgona ran forward, tried to wrap his arms around JGX's waist. His feet skidded around on the mat and he slumped forward, face planting at JGX's feet]

[Take two. Dranog got a good grip on the waistband of JGX's trunks, and promptly pulled himself under the 450 lb sumo. Dargno screamed in panic, scabbled to the ropes.]

[Take three. Splenda yelled something about a vertical base. Drnoga tugged on JGX's ankle, trying to budge it, all to no avail. He finally collapsed exhausted.]

[Take four. Screaming to burst his lungs, Drogan practically flew at JGX. He grabbed the waistband and the back of the knee and he roared and he screamed and he shook and his foot slipped out from under him and he landed on his back, where he gasped desperately for breath.]

[Take five... was delayed while Splenda resuscitated Drgnoa.]

[Take five. For real this time. Dgroan pounded the mat with his fists, dived towards JGX, slid between his legs and climbed up the turnbuckle behind him. JGX turned around to face him, out of irritation or amusement or wtf ever.]

[Now, why Dngora thought climbing the buckle would help him lift the big man, only he could tell us, and it's not really given that he knows why he thinks this. But up on the buckle he realized that he couldn't reach JGX's legs for the lift.]

[So he tried the next best thing and grabbed two hands full of moob and tugged.]

[JGX slung him clear across the ring. And, as Lord Dargno tried to get up, JGX rumbled across and squashed him in

the buckle.]

[Dangor slid limply to the mat, and with that, the scoop slam challenge was, at least for tonight, over.]

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Angus:

Now, that seems kind of like something you'd see on Evolution, not so much Heritage.

Jeff:

You really don't know shit about shit, do you?

Angus:

Care to explain, oh enlightened one?

Jeff:

Well, Heritage is supposed to be the "oldschool" League, right?

Angus:

By definition, yes.

Jeff:

What's more oldschool Saturday morning wrestling than Ye Olde Bodyslam Challenge?

[Angus rolls his eyes, defeated.]

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[Cut to clothes flying through the air and landing on a heap in the middle of the floor.]

Eugene Dewey:

Come on, dude, he'll be back any second, let's go!

[Pan round to see Wayne, buried shoulder deep in a holdall, slinging socks, pants and shirts out of it with both hands. He emerges from the bag and lifts it, turning it upside down and shaking it to get every last piece of its contents out.]

Eugene Dewey:

Wayne, come on!

[Eugene grabs his brother by the arm and tries to drag him out of the room, Wayne however digs his feet in and pulls another bag down from the locker above his head.]

Wayne Dewey:

It's got to be here somewhere!

Eugene Dewey:

It's not, dude, it's long gone by now! Chopped up and sold for spares! The screen is probably in Mexico by now!

[Wayne simply rolls his eyes and tears into the new bag. He forgoes the 'gentle' emptying he did before, and instead opts to simply turn the bag upside down. Everything falls out of it, things ranging from deodorant canisters and shower gel to balled up dollar bills.]

Wayne Dewey:

Come on! He's got to have brought it with him...

Voice:

fuck you doin' here?

[The Dewey brothers spin around to face the doorway, in it stands the man whose locker room they were overturning.]

[Kevin Cage.]

Kevin Cage:

I said, fuck you doin' here?

[The Deweys back away from the big man as he enters the room until they can't go any further after they back into the wall. Cage closes the distance between them.]

Kevin Cage:

Looks like you boys are lookin' for somethin'.

[Cage reaches into his pocket and pulls out a PSVita. He waves it around in the air, taunting the brothers with it..]

Kevin Cage:

This wouldn't happen to be it, would it?

[Cage smiles slightly as he slips the Vita back into his pocket and closes the gap between himself and the Deweys, stepping over the money and clothes on the floor.]

Kevin Cage:

'Cause it looks like you boys are looking for something in particular.

Eugene Dewey:

Err... huh, buh derrr hnggh.

Wayne Dewey:

We uh... we were just...

[Cage's arms shoot out and grab each of the Deweys by the neck. He presses them up against the wall, tilts his head back and looks down his nose at them.]

Kevin Cage:

What the hell makes you think you can break into my locker room and steal my shit?

Wayne Dewey:

Uhh... we didn't actually take-

[Cage tightens his grip around Waynes neck, cutting off Wayne's clarification.]

Kevin Cage:

Stop talkin', now.

Another voice:

Hey, Kevin, put 'im down.

[Cage doesn't release or loosen his grip, instead he snarls at the Deweys. That was until he was tapped on the

shoulder.]

Alceo Dentari:

Kevin... Let... Go...

[Cage relaxes his grip around Wayne's neck first and allows the weedy little runt to scurry away.]

Alceo Dentari:

I meant the fat one...

[Reluctantly Cage releases Eugene from his grip as well and lets the fatty also run away out of the locker room and down the hallway.]

Alceo Dentari:

That's much appreciated, Kevin. I don't want nobody sayin' I only won tonight 'cause a third a' the guys in the match were wiped out, capiche?

[Cage turns around and locks eyes with Dentari, well, he has to crouch slightly in order to make eye contact. Cage narrows his eyes.]

Kevin Cage:

Hello little boy, do you want an autograph?

[A fire lights in Alceo's eyes, but YAZ places a hand on his shoulder as though to calm down the pintsize pipsqueak.]

Alceo Dentari:

Ha, yeah, good one.

[Cage can sense the reluctance to let that one slide in his voice and smiles.]

Alceo Dentari:

Anyway, Think a' us as the official welcomin' committee for Evolution. An' as the welcomin' committee we'd like to extend an olive branch to yous. See, we're lookin' for a new associate, somebody we can work with to make Evolution a better place to be for everyone involved.

[Cage looks between Alceo and YAZ and purses his lips in thought.]

Alceo Dentari:

Look, don't make your choice now, sleep on it. We'll be in touch.

[Alceo slaps Cage lightly on the cheek and turns to head out of the door. YAZ looks Cage up and down before following Dentari out the room as well.]

[All that's left for Cage to do is survey the mess in his locker room.]

Kevin Cage:

See Kev, this is why we can't bring nice shit to the shows... Someone always fucks it up.

Michael LaLiberta vs. Yoshikazu Yaz

As the show fades back, it's the music box chimes that lead to "Your Man" by Down With Webster, which in turn leads to the entrance of everyone's favorite Frenglish fuck. Michel LaLiberte, all smiles and smugness, walked to the ring. None of the fans seemed to be impressed one way or another, but this didn't stop him from hitting three of the four turnbuckles. He would have hit the fourth, except for...

Dim the lights.

Cue the motherfucking sitar.

Lisa Loeh, as hot a piece of ass as ever, sway-hipped it out onto the stage. And with a small swivel and gyration, she pointed to the back as Yoshikazu YAZ appeared. Crimson red and dark blue strobes flashed, and as YAZ stepped to center stage and raised his hands, a double blast of crimson pyros went off!

Behold the benefits of working for Elijah Goldman. Kickass fancy entrance.

In the ring, YAZ took off his robe and turned to hand it to Lisa, and LaLiberte ATTACKED! Running forearm to the back of the head. YAZ went to one knee and LaLiberte choked him on the ropes, a sparkling white smile threatening to split his face in two. He let off long enough to run across the ring and do a flying sit on YAZ's back, driving his throat into the ropes. Then he raised his hands.

And YAZ, given an opening, came flying off the ropes with one of those Japanese kabuki gimmick... strikey... things.

He drove both hands into LaLiberte's sternum, and the smile disappeared from the rookie's face as YAZ stood up. A barrage of face slaps, spinning back chop, high roundhouse kick, standing bicycle kick, and LaLiberte decided it was bail time. YAZ snarled and threatened as LaLiberte decided maybe he wasn't in the mood to wrestle, and headed for the hills, but Lisa was standing there.

Confronted unexpectedly with a hot chick, LaLiberte froze. Then he forgot that he was fleeing in panic and went into full range flirt mode.

Because Lisa is a bitch, she played along long enough to set LaLiberte up for a suicide dive from YAZ. And YAZ followed up by tiger suplexing LaLiberte on the ringside mats.

Now firmly in control of the match, YAZ decided that he was going to explore the depths of his moveset and look awesome doing it, and LaLiberte would help him by getting hurt entertainingly. He knocked LaLiberte's head in all different directions with alternating chops and open hand strikes and mixed them up with shoot kicks, and then he planted LaLiberte with a uranage.

And, funny thing, the fans were cheering him for it. Even if he worked for Goldman, at least he looked cool while brutalizing people, and LaLiberte was displaying none of the heart he'd shown against Christian Light a couple weeks ago.

YAZ ran the ropes and tried to decapitate LaLiberte with a running bicycle kick. Then he went off the top rope with a senton splash, similar enough to Jeff Andrews' Ultraglide that Andrews, were he commentating, would probably have said some bad words. Then he made the cover. One, two, rope break.

YAZ put LaLiberte on the turnbuckle, climbed to the middle rope and superplexed him off. He then climbed the turnbuckle. His opponent having barely put up a fight so far, he decided to raise his hands and spew a cloud of green mist into the air, enjoying the cheers he rarely experienced outside his homeland.

LaLiberte struggled to his feet, and ran on impulse. He came up the turnbuckle behind YAZ, hooked him, and threw him down to earth with a top rope exploder! YAZ spasmed as he hit, then lay there, and LaLiberte dived in for a cover. One, two, and he pulled him up!

The fans booed. Either LaLiberte was unforgivably arrogant, stupid, or both. But he pulled YAZ up to his feet, and signaled for something or other by swinging his right arm in the air. Best Face Forward, maybe?

Maybe not.

YAZ fought back with a hard back elbow, LaLiberte stepped back a step, and YAZ jumped and threw a spinning heel kick into LaLiberte's face. The fun gone from the match, he was ready to end this shit and end it now. LaLiberte, nursing his head, lurched to his feet and turned to face YAZ...

SHOTEI!

LaLiberte went ass over teakettle, and YAZ quickly made the cover.

One, two, three.

Lisa entered the ring, yanked YAZ's arm out of the ref's grasp and raised it herself, then kicked LaLiberte in the back of the head.

Yoshikazu YAZ (+5) def. Michel LaLiberte via Shotei

====

Angus:

Lillyberty just can't catch a break.

Jeff:

He's getting better with each and every week, though.

Angus:

Yeah, well, he can put Chris Light on his Christmas list forever, but he's still got to figure out a way to put it all together and start collecting wins and points before any of it matters.

Jeff:

It might help if he could figure out how to get of that psycho-stalker-girlfriend of his for five minutes so he could concentrate on a match...

Angus:

Yeah, well, let's get back into it. F'n is backstage and he's got something to say.

Jeff:

F'n?

Angus:

Yeah, Mike F'n Sloan.

Next

==--==

[Fade up.]

[Mike Sloan is accustomed to having a microphone and camera shoved into his face, but he is used to coming off the cuff with the most of his comments, this time he's been rehearsing.]

Sloan:

Ahem...

[Camera's rolling.]

Sloan:

I've always been a man of my word.

[He rubs the back of his neck.]

Sloan:

I've always done everything I said that I would do.

[He's trying to push out the words, but what he is about to do does not come easy.]

Sloan:

And Jack Bryant...

[He tugs the collar of his pale blue v-neck shirt and releases another grunt.]

Sloan:

I told you I was going to call you out and here we are.

[The camera pans out and shows Jack Bryant standing opposite from Mike Sloan. They tilt their ears up and they can here the crowd pop for Jacky boy.]

Sloan:

So here it is...

[Mike wipes his right hand off on his distressed Affliction jeans and sticks it out for Bryant.]

Sloan:

You took everything that Box and I had. You ... you didn't wait to earn the respect that the other veterans would never give to you. Instead you took the respect that you deserve. Jack... you have my respect.

[JB takes a long look at Sloan's extended hand, sticks out his own right hand, and gives The Dark Horse a firm handshake.]

RAAAAAAAH!

JB:

Sloan, your respects means -

BOOOOOOO!

[JB reels Sloan in and nearly beheads him with the Mason-Dixon Line! He then sends a gob of spit onto Sloan's back.]

JB:

- squat ta' me, boy. Ya' yabbered 'bout yer legacy, ran yer mouth, an' didn't give me a ounce a' respect before tha' match. Now, after Ah put a beatin' on you an' Box, just like Ah said Ah would, ya' wanna play friends? Not with ol' Jack Bryant. When, 'er if, they wake ya' up, Sloan, don't hesitate ta' look me up. There's plenty more where that came from.

[JB abruptly turns away and exits the scene. The camera lowers down to Sloan, who begins to shake the cobwebs loose as backstage personnel check on him.]

[Deep inside of Elijah Goldman's fortress of solitude.]

[Meaning, of course, that his office has been locked, and he is on the inside. Things are much the same as earlier, minus the presence of Lisa Leoh and Yoshikazu YAZ. The bottle of Dewar's that had been cracked and offered to Kai Scott sits nearly empty on top of Goldman's desk, and the air is blue with the smoke of a couple of not-so-legally-imported cigars.]

E-Gold:

I'll be honest, I didn't think they were gonna buy it.

[He is answered by a familiar voice.]

"Of course they buy it, everybody always buys everything. It's basic economics."

[Edward White, DEFIANCE's former Socialite, smiled through a plume of smoke-rings smoke rings and wealth. That's right, he's so rich it's in the air around him.]

E-Gold:

Yes, yes, of course. And starting next week at Heritage TV #5 we're going to revolutionize the history of televised wrestling! We're going to-

[Goldman is interrupted by a knock at his door.]

E-Gold:

Christ... Good help is so hard to find...

Ed White:

You're telling me, I'm a billionaire.

[The knock comes again, this time louder.]

E-Gold:

I SAID I WASN'T TO BE DISTURBED!

[A moment of silence is followed by a small explosion as the door flies inward off of its hinges. When the proverbial dust clears Eric Dane crosses the threshold into Goldman's office. Behind him with a goofy smirk on his face is "The Corporate Comedian" Damien DeSett, Kevin "Satan" Alloy (now with more Evil~!), and "Corporate Suite" Pete Whealdon, who strokes his chin mischievously.]

E-Gold:

What in the name of-

[He is cut off.]

Eric Dane:

Shut up, Goldman, I'll deal with you in a minute.

[The Defiance Boss's attention is turned on Edward White.]

Eric Dane:

How many times do I have to tell you, Eddo, DEFIANCE is not for sale.

Ed White:

You can't blame a guy for trying to differentiate his portfolio now, can you? I mean, come now, didn't you just bilk someone out of their production company over in the New Frontier, all for leverage against a title shot?

[Eric considers this.]

Eric Dane:

Yes, yes I did. And yes, I can blame you. Kevin, press the button.

Kevin "Satan" Alloy (Now with more Evil~!):

mmheh-heh... What button? Heheheh...

Eric Dane:

The one in your hand.

[Kevin looks down, there is indeed a big remote control sitting right there in his hand, with a big shiny red button and nothing else on it. Kevin mumbles through some more laughter before pressing the button. Goldman and more specifically White are both stuck in stupified horror at what might be about to happen.]

[And then the ceiling opened.]

[And something gross and sticky fell out of a carefully placed bucket, covering Ed White from head to toe and most-assuredly ruining everything he was wearing, and everything in each of his pockets, and everything within a three foot radius of him.]

Ed White:

gasping for breath

Eric Dane:

Pete?

"Suite" Pete:

FANS~!

[And then there were feathers.]

[Everywhere.]

[Everywhere?]

[EVERYWHERE!]

[“The Sociallite” Edward White had been tarred and feathered, right here on ESEN Television! He was at a loss for words probably for the first time in his life. Goldman for his part slinked as far away from him as possible.]

Eric Dane:

Pete, Damien, would you be so kind as to escort Mr. White the fuck out of my building? And when the shock wears off

and he starts talking again, feel free to bump his head on the door three or four dozen times on the way out.

[DeSett flexes. Whealdon salutes. Satan farts.]

Eric Dane:

And Ed, if I ever see you set foot in one of my arenas again, or even hear the rumor that you've mentioned my name, my promotion, or anyone that works for me, the next time I see you I'll have you buried up to your neck and left in the desert to fend off the buzzards with those elegantly attended eyebrows of yours.

Now get out of my sight.

[The fuckbolts oblige the boss, and the tarred and feathered White is led out of the room, out of the building, and out of DEFIANCE for good. At least we hope so. This leaves us with Eric Dane and Kevin Alloy standing in Elijah Goldman's office.]

Eric Dane:

Don't let me catch you trying to work around me again.

E-Gold:

But-

[Dane interrupts.]

Eric Dane:

No buts, don't fuck up again, Goldman, I'm serious. You're going to finish this Season and you're going to finish it right. We have contracts, and we have a deal. But if I catch you trying to sell my company out from under me again, there's gonna be more consequences than just watching your friends get embarrassed and getting a new assistant League Commissioner.

[You heard right.]

[Goldman looks to Kevin, back to Dane, and back to Kevin. Perhaps a spit-take would have been a lot more appropriate here.]

E-Gold:

Not him. Anyone but him....

[Dane smiles. Satan cackles.]

Kevin "Satan" Alloy (Now with more EVIL~!)

Mmmhehehehahahahaha. Goldbaum, you have a date with the devil, and the devil likes Italian food. You pay!

[Goldman's eyes go wide.]

[Fade.]

==--==

Angus:

You know, it had to happen.

Jeff:

You know why case studies never work?

Angus:

Why?

Jeff:

Because that thing about 25% of people being retarded is bullshit. We'd be lucky if 25% of the people aren't retarded. Maybe like 5% of the people alive are smart enough to be allowed an opinion.

Angus:

And yet, Eric Dane made you the Vice President.

Jeff:

Thanks for proving my point, Retard McRetardykins.

====

Jonny Booya vs. Nakita DuBov

#Oh my god that's the funky shit!#

Kai Scott, Diane Parker, and Clair St. Sure walked out onto the stage, Kai center. He raised his arms to the side like the pope, and as the drumroll of Funky shit crescendoed, Jonny Booya came sliding out of the back on his knees. He flexed, pointed to himself, and gold sparkly pyros erupted! Jonny charged the ring, slapping all the hands he could reach, then skidded into the ring. Kai and the ladies stopped outside.

Funky shit faded to be replaced by "Increase The Dosage" by Bionic Jive. 'The Fem Phenom' Nakita DuBov burst through the curtain and ran down to the ring. She slid into the ring under the bottom rope and climbed the ropes to pose for the crowd. Nakita dropped off the ropes and turned back into the ring to face Booya.

The bell sounded and we were underway.

The two locked up in the centre of the ring and Booya pushed DuBov down to the mat. Nakita rolled over quickly and got back to her feet as Kai cheered on from the outside. They locked up again and, once again, Jonny pushed Nakita away, only this time he sent her rolling back into one corner of the ring. DuBov pulled herself to her feet with assistance from the ropes and circled. Jonny tightened the wrist straps on his gloves and he turned to stay face to face with the 'Fem Phenom'.

Nakita charged in and leapt at Booya with leaping double knee, but Jonny ducked. DuBov sailed over the top of Booya and collided with the referee, sending him tumbling to the outside of the ring. Nakita stood up and turned into a right hand from Booya. Jonny knocked her into the corner and wailed away with jabs. He landed a couple of headbutts into Nakita's shoulder before lifting her up into a seated position on the top rope.

{{Technical difficulties interrupted the match. The announcers had to announce the winner after they were over}}

Jonny Booya (+5 points) def. Nakita Dubov via Booya Bomb.

Next

Jeff:

Alceo Dentari hasn't the slightest idea what he's done.

Angus:

Is this where we talk about how badass Kai was five years or so ago, and do the 'don't wake a sleeping giant' routine?

Jeff:

Totally.

Angus:

Yeah. You know, I heard that that Kai Scott guy was a total badass back in the day. I'm afraid that Alceo Dentari may have woken a sleeping giant.

Jeff:

In all seriousness. Do you suppose Goldman was trying to make some sort of a point to the Truly Untouchables about agreeing to work with him?

Angus:

Goldman may be completely ass fuck retarded about wrestling, but not so much about disliking people and making allies maybe. I'd bet you that Dentari thought this all up on his own, and that Goldman's furious.

Jeff:

Anyway, backstage to the Devil Rippers.

====

[Jack Cassidy is pacing, and Saori Kazama is watching him. Troy Matthews is stretching his legs, trying to feign casualness.]

Saori Kazama:

Jack, come on. You promised you wouldn't do this anymore.

Jack Cassidy:

You mean the judging people and holding grudges thing?

[Saori nods.]

Jack Cassidy:

Yeah, I guess I did. And I meant it. But that was before people started cheering for Kai fucking Scott.

Troy Matthews:

I know, but it's just one match, right? And it's not like we're teaming with Kai himself, just with Clair St. Sure.

Jack Cassidy:

Yeah. Just with Clair.

[Jack shakes his head in disgust.]

Jack Cassidy:

Troy, you of all people should have more of a problem with this. You remember the CAL? You remember Kai trying to sell the CAL to Primetime Central? You remember all the careers he fucked over? Sam Carnage? Jack Cross? Lou...Lieu... that Welsh guy? You remember all the shit he's put Heidi through over the last goddamn decade?

[About this time, Kai Scott, flanked by Clair St. Sure and Diane Parker, appears in the doorway. The three of them look rather the worse for wear, and Kai has not recovered his trench coat. He holds out his hands to stop the two girls. They remain unnoticed by the Devil Rippers.]

[Troy sighs.]

Troy Matthews:

Bro, I didn't say I like it.

Jack Cassidy:

As far as I can see, Clair St. Sure exists because Kai doesn't want to wrestle anymore. And I don't care if it's her, or Jonny, or Cole Christenson, or whoever else, it's the same thing. And now he's got my ex-girlfriend working for him too, and...

[Jack rants on as Troy and Saori exchange glances.]

Jack Cassidy:

...And you know why Clair and Jonny are getting cheered? Cos Kai said it was convenient, he literally said it was just a convenience! Which means he'll turn on all of us as soon as it's convenient! He was around Elijah Goldman's office earlier, I saw it! And no one wants to listen to me!

Kai Scott:

Jack, I'm afraid you'll find that most people in the wrestling business are actually pretty stupid.

[Jack freezes as Kai Scott, leaning on his silver crutch, limps into the room. Clair stands attentively next to him. Diane glares at Jack.]

Saori Kazama:

You overheard everything he said, didn't you?

Kai Scott:

All the important parts, probably.

[The ensuing silence is long and painful.]

Kai Scott:

If you're aware that I spoke with Elijah Goldman earlier, then you should be aware that I said to him what I've said to everyone who asked me what I'm trying to accomplish while managing the Truly Untouchables in Defiance. I want them to win their matches. So Jack, why don't you tell me exactly what I'd gain from executing a screwjob on you?

[Jack can't think of anything to say.]

[So when in doubt, just be a jackass.]

Jack Cassidy:

I dunno. Maybe Diane asked you to in exchange for favors and you said OK?

[Two palms - those of Troy Matthews and Saori Kazama - meet their respective faces.]

Diane Parker:

Jack, you're a fucking retard.

Jack Cassidy:

You're a bitch.

Diane Parker:

You're an asshole!

Jack Cassidy:

Cunt!

Diane Parker:

Limpdick!

Jack Cassidy:

Whore!

Diane Parker:

Faggot!

Jack Cassidy:

Double faggot!

Kai Scott:

Diane, quit it. Jack, if we're going to be unreasonable and pretend it's still 2004 and I'm selling souls for fun and profit, then we'll have to do things this way. If you make a mess of this match, I will make you regret it.

[Angry after the shouting match, Jack is no longer intimidated.]

Jack Cassidy:

You try a single damn thing and I'll kick your ass.

[Kai holds Clairia St. Sure back.]

Kai Scott:

Unless you deliberately throw the match or cost Clairia the match through inaction, I'll have no reason to be trying any things. And if you do throw the match because you can't handle a breakup, you'd deserve it. Same goes for Troy too, although he hasn't given me reason to threaten him.

Troy Matthews:

Don't get me wrong. Just because I'm not raging like Jack is doesn't mean I technically disagree with anything he's said.

[Saori nods, confirming her agreement.]

Kai Scott:

That's fine. See you guys at the match then.

[Kai directs the Truly Untouchables out of the room. Diane manages to throw up a middle finger behind her as she leaves, the fact that she isn't looking doesn't stop Jack from returning it.]

Troy Matthews:

Great going, Ripperman.

[Jack just sighs in response.]

=====

Presenting...

[We welcome you with an extreme close-up of a hideously painted face. Lips pucker up no further than four inches away from camera lenses before erupting into a "Boo!"; the musclebound clown laughing away at his own prank. No really; standing before you is shirtless Doink with about 50 pounds of added muscle to an already bloated frame.]

[Essentially; coulrophobia justified.]

[He traipses and giggles and twirls around in circles for the camera before finally facing the damn thing, bowing down into a curtsy with the folds of his pleated Japanese hakama.]

"TA DAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

[He awaits a reaction. There is no reaction because this segment isn't filmed in front of a live audience, it's a video segment for Defiance. This does not please the six foot four bruiser.]

"Aren't you impressed? Do I dazzle you with my magnificence? The greatest artistic mind in the world stands before you and all you can do is sit there on your hands and watch? Well careful not to break your watch, then!"

[He erupts into feverish laughter, as if he had just told the funniest joke in the world. Luckily, he recovers quickly enough.]

"But look at me, again and again please, attacking you with all sorts of questions without giving any answers for you to follow. Except for one, the most important answer: **Diamond Shazam**. The Mastodon of Fashion, fabulous and dangerous, the genius of carnage... has arrived to Defiance Wrestling! Oh don't be coy, the road that lead me to your establishment has been arduous enough and you fully deserve **everything** that is coming to you!"

[The shot fades into a flashback of sorts, an introductory video to the pain Diamond Shazam casually dishes out in the ring. We're suddenly in Japan, where Diamond Shazam and a man in a condom outfit and purple afro trade powerful kicks between each other. This isn't so much wrestling as it is one man hitting the other as hard as he possibly can followed by the other man returning the favor in spades. A positive feedback of violence, that is. There are deafening chops, kicks to the head and a triple rolling backdrop driver until the shot dissolves back to our current setting.]

"However, for me to finally join Defiance Wrestling, I had to go through agonizing pain, debilitating punishment and incredible torture... of the heart. Yes, ladies and gentlemen of the audience, I was insulted! In Hollywood, they denied my script to combine the James Bond franchise with Big Momma's house! They ridiculed my concept to remake the ninja turtles as aliens from outer space! Harassed by minds too cloistered to appreciate my genius, I experimented with different forms of media!"

[Dissolve again into the flashback. From a violent lariat thrown during a theatrical play of MacBeth, Diamond Shazam moves to the Hollywood/West Coast pro-wrestling scene where he's wearing a Hawaiian shirt made of gaudy eye-assaulting colors. He's then picked up by a Japanese promoter to work in an organisation where everyone is seemingly dressed up like Lady Gaga. Diamond Shazam looks at all this and nods his head in approval. Back to reality.]

"I want the most visceral performance ever! I believe that since artists must suffer for their art, art must cause suffering in return! Let bones snap and blood flow from those lesser fighters toiling in Defiance; from their pain shall I stir the paint necessary to create my greatest artistic masterpiece!"

[Flashback: Diamond Shazam back wrestling in Japan, or at least getting repeatedly kicked in the head. Between bouts we find him eating chanko-nabe made from vegetables of dubious quality. More matches, more kicks to the head. Time sweeps by as his outfits become increasingly bizarre.]

"And if I am doomed to remain unknown, I can promise that the rest of you will become positively underground! **As in, in a grave!** I am Diamond Shazam, Mastodon of Fashion and post-modern author of life and death: what greater tragedy could there be than for me to remain unappreciated by the public?"

[Events cascade at a rapid pace. A gold-painted cup labelled "Baka Gaijin". Diamond Shazam tearfully clutching said cup. The normally demure Japanese crowd pointing and laughing at the crying man in the ring. Realization dawning upon the tear-streaked eyes of the Hawaiian giant.]

"But I will be famous... and I will make you famous as well! I will make you all obscenely glamorous, every one of you a salacious piece in my crowning magnum opus of destruction!"

[So much blood. Inside an office, Diamond Shazam stands over the remains of the Japanese wrestling promoter, his face violently pummeled by blood drenched fists. Crimson eyes shed tears of rage. Crimson fists drip Japanese blood.]

"Isn't this a good reason to get excited? Because it's all coming very soon... on the Heritage brand!"

[Wild mad laughter. From Diamond Shazam, past and present. Resounding, echoing, breaking out from separate sources and merging towards one. Finally, diamonds appear superimposed across the screen, shimmering in beauty, the words "Diamond Shazam" drawn out in cursive in front of it all.]

Angus:

Where. The fuck. Is Fishman Deluxe. When You Need Him?

Jeff:

I think things just got a little bit crazier in DEFIANCE.

Angus:

Yeah, because that's what we need, more craziness.

Jeff:

Could be worse.

Angus:

Yeah? How?

Jeff:

It could be you out there.

[Angus rolls his eyes.]

Jeff:

Let's take it to the ring!

==

Claira St. Sure/Troy Matthews/Jack Cassidy vs. Heidi Christenson/Damien DeSett/Pete Whealdon

Everyone seems to be singing for Satan #
Guess I will too #
What a joke, you make me laugh #
Til I turn blue

Heidi Christenson had started down the entrance ramp almost the split second her theme song ("Writhe" - Kyuss) started playing. Her cheers, compared to what they'd been in the past, were rather muted, and this certainly didn't improve her attitude.

Neither did the sounds of "Midnight City" by M83.

Pete Whealdon gyrated his way out onto the stage. Damien DeSett walked out after him and flexed. And Kevin/Satan (Now with more Evil!) followed them. They made their entrance slowly, and DeSett, whose legs weren't just thick as tree trunks but apparently as flexible as well, had trouble getting up onto the ring apron.

Then, "Endless Challenge" hit, and out came the Devil Rippers. Troy Matthews and Jack Cassidy tagged hands all the way down to the ring, and Jack took a lap around ringside as Troy hit the turnbuckles.

Then the sounds went out and the lights turned red.

"Death Threat" by Death In Vegas hit, and Kai Scott and Diane Parker walked out. They stepped to the sides, and Claira St. Sure walked out onto the stage. The fans lit it up as she made her walk down to the ring.

Carla Ferrari had the job of calling this one. She checked all six wrestlers for foreign objects, and called for the bell!

In came Jack Cassidy and Pete Whealdon. They locked up, Whealdon grabbed a side headlock, took Jack down to the mat and held it. Jack worked his way to his feet, tried to send Whealdon to the ropes, but Whealdon grabbed some hair and hung onto the headlock. The fans groaned, as the fast paced match they were hoping for wasn't materializing. Whealdon kept a hold of the headlock, Jack finally went technical to break it, stepping on the back of Whealdon's knee, twisting his arm behind his back, and taking him over with some sort of lucha libre style pin. Whealdon got up in two, Jack dropkicked him, Whealdon fell into his own corner. Jack rushed after him, Whealdon sidestepped and misdirected Jack into the turnbuckle, then as Jack stumbled back Whealdon took him down to the mat and applied a side headlock!

The boos went up as Jack, again, fought his way to his feet. This time he twisted, threw a few kicks into Whealdon's ribs, then escaped the headlock with a backflip. He grabbed Whealdon in a waistlock, ran him to the ropes, Whealdon hung on, Jack rolled backwards but Whealdon slid out of the ring and knelt down behind the apron out of dive range. Damien DeSett lumbered into the ring and shoulder blocked Jack head over heels.

Damien DeSett, who hadn't been seen in Defiance for quite some time, looked like he'd put on about 80 lbs of muscle, and he also looked like a lumpy sack of potatoes. He grabbed Jack, whipped him across the ring and rumbled after him. Jack got his feet up, DeSett ran into his feet, lost his own footing and fell over backwards! The chants of "you fucked up" rose as Jack positioned DeSett, jumped to the middle rope and then hit a triangle jump split leg moonsault! One, two, and DeSett broke the fall by benching Jack with one arm! DeSett hauled himself up with the ropes, Jack rushed him and DeSett kinda stuck his arm out. Jack ran into the arm and fell down, DeSett overbalanced and also fell down!

Heidi put her head in her arms as Jack rolled out of the ring. Troy Matthews jumped in, firing kicks into DeSett as he got to his feet. DeSett didn't move, it was unclear if he was too jacked to feel pain or too immobile to show it. Troy finished with a jump spinning back kick to the head, and DeSett tumbled out of the ring.

Troy turned to Heidi, tagged her in. Heidi jumped the top rope and opposite the ring, Claira St. Sure stepped in over

the middle. The two girls looked each other up and down. And then it was AWN.

Both women exchanged wince inducing thigh kicks. Heidi, with about 10 years more experience throwing them, knocked CSS to one knee. A dropkick sent CSS sprawling into the ropes. Heidi hit the far ropes, bolted back with a spinning heel kick. CSS dived aside, Heidi's kick hit the ropes and bounced her right back to her feet, but CSS was ready and took her over with a northern lights suplex! She tried rolling it into an armbar, Heidi knew the counter and had no patience, she picked CSS up far enough to drop her on her head, then stomped on her until she let go. Helping her to her feet, Heidi put CSS's arms over the top rope, measured her, and...

Ka-THWACK!

Brutal roundhouse kick to the ribcage, and then two more. Heidi sent CSS off the far ropes in an Irish whip, caught her on the rebound with a huracarrana, tried to shift straight into the Twisted Triangle. But CSS was ready for it, twisting loose before Heidi could properly sink the hold on and shooting on the ankle. Heidi went to her back, brought CSS up on her feet as if going for a monkey flip, then dropped her into a bodyscissor and hooked in a guillotine choke.

shit was airtight. Between a relative level of inexperience and having her head trapped face down, CSS didn't know where she was, and started struggling towards the ropes in the wrong direction. But the Devil Rippers were much faster, and Troy broke the choke with a basement dropkick. Jack was in after him, and the Rippers sent Heidi into a neutral corner. Jack whipped Troy to the corner, Troy hit a front dropkick, rolled backwards and to his knees, Jack leaped off Troy's back and hit an Arabian facebuster! The Rippers whipped Heidi to mid ring where St. Sure decapitated her with a backfist!

Well, not literally, but Heidi went for a tumble. St. Sure scrambled into a cover, but DeSett and Whealdon had started moving in time. DeSett rumbled through the Devil Rippers and Whealdon landed an axehandle on St. Sure.

As the ref cleared the ring, Whealdon took St. Sure to the mat with the world's sloppiest, laziest headlock takeover. St. Sure promptly countered out with a headscissor.

Apparently, that was precisely what Whealdon wanted to happen. And honestly, Pete Whealdon's not the first guy who's decided to try that when matched up against a girl in the ring. But when she adjusted it into a blatant choke and Whealdon still seemed happy, that was... not okay with her. She got up, drove one kick into his head, and Whealdon glommed onto the ropes, making Carla have to back CSS away. St. Sure was pissed, ready to tear into Whealdon, and rage + inexperience meant Whealdon easily ducked her attack, took her to the mat with a drop toe hold, and moved into a full back mount.

Claira knew her counters and escapes. She quickly spun around and out from under him, but Whealdon, seemingly motivated enough to be athletic and stuff, was up too, and he hooked the abdominal stretch. With his free hand, he poked at Claira's stomach.

Troy Matthews, sick of this shit, ran down the apron and used a rope-assisted jumpkick to the back of Whealdon's head! St. Sure shoulder tossed Whealdon over and left the ring as Matthews springboarded in with a missile dropkick that sent Whealdon down again. Pacing master though he was, lucha style 6 man tags have been known to trip up many an American pacing master.

Matthews hit Whealdon with a trio of roundhouse kicks and tried an Irish whip, but Whealdon held onto the top rope and quickly went to the eyes. Punch, punch, gotta give credit to Whealdon for mixing in some off hand body shots with his haymakers, and he finished the combo off with a head claw submission.

It was so ineffective that Matthews did nothing for about 10 seconds, waiting for something to start hurting.

When he realized it wasn't going to, he slapped Whealdon's hand off and whiffed on the Trendsetter as Whealdon ducked!

...and then something went wrong.

When he landed, instead of making the cover, Matthews grabbed his left knee and screamed in pain. He rolled to the ring apron and slowly got down. Whealdon followed him. It wasn't clear if he was looking to be all heel and do some more damage, or if he was concerned about an unintentional injury, or if he just wanted to see what had happened.

Heidi was in the ring a split second later, and she dropkicked Jack off the apron, then stunned Clairra with a high roundhouse kick. She moved Clairra to the top rope, then superplexed her into the ring. Heidi floated over, gathered up the arm and neck and started twisting Clairra's arm into a very unnatural and nasty looking position behind her back. But Clairra was able to counter with a northern lights suplex, instead of holding on for the bridge she rolled backwards to the arm, then dropped the arm and switched to the left ankle, and suddenly had Heidi's leg trapped in a heel hook!

And Heidi tapped.

Almost instantly.

Clairra dropped the hold quickly, looking almost more surprised than Heidi.

Jack decided to let well enough alone and go accompany Troy and Saori to the hospital as they checked on Troy's knee. And the fuckbolts left as though they had somewhere else to be, leaving Heidi Christenson in the ring with Clairra St. Sure and Kai Scott.

What happened after that was that Clairra stayed on one knee next to Heidi, and after a quick unheard conversation, stood and helped Heidi up. The two girls hugged (not in a lesbian subtext way, although the determined viewer could certainly pretend), and then Heidi raised CSS's hand while the ref raised the other.

Then Heidi went backstage while CSS celebrated her win

Next

==--==

Angus:

Jeffman, DOUBLEYOU-TEE-EFF is wrong with your woman?

Jeff:

You know, Heidi injured her left knee real bad back last decade, missed two years of action because of it. She's been real protective ever since and maybe she figured a throwaway trios match wasn't worth risking reinjuring it.

Angus:

Okay. See, here's the thing, and I'm sorry but I call truth. There aren't any throwaway matches in this tournament. Why doesn't Heidi get that?

Jeff:

Like she said, she doesn't particularly want to win since she's being forced to work for Goldman...

Angus:

Yeah. I'm sure there's more to it than that.

[Jeff Andrews sighs.]

Jeff:

One, I plead the fifth. And two, since we're closing in on the main event I have to go find and see Cancer Jiles. So I'ma leave now.

[He gets up and leaves.]

Angus:

...Anyway. TLC! It's gonna be... ah great, they gave Jeff all the notes.

[Angus looks around furtively, then reaches across the table and steals Jeff's notes.]

Angus:

Jack Bryant, who's been an undefeated dark horse in the running since he debuted in Defiance! Alceo Dentari, who also came in an unknown and has made himself the arch-nemesis of Evolution league. Dan Ryan, who is awesome and weighs three hundred and seventy five thousand pounds or something. Eugene Dewey, who's probly too fat to climb a ladder, and Christian Light. Team Danger represent!

[Pause.]

Angus:

Also Cancer Jiles was s'posed to be in the match, but apparently he can't wrestle. Thanks a lot, Queen Surly.

KNOCK-KNOCK

"Who is it?"

[Taking a deep breath, trying his utmost bestest to maintain composure, the John Deere trucker hat wearing, ass kicking, whisky drinking, King Surly of Surlyville rests his head on the door, and calmly responds.]

Jeff Andrews:

YOU KNOW WHO THE FUCKIT IS, NOW LET ME IN.

[See, he only cursed once.]

[Jeff backs up, revealing the door he's talking to. Room 106, King COOL's digs.]

CCJ:

Heidi... is that you?

[Jeff rages on the outside.]

CCJ:

HEY! Did you read the papers?

Jeff Andrews: [blind with fury]

WHAT PAPERS?! OPEN THIS FUCKING DOOR! NAOW!!~!

[What Jeff doesn't know, is that Cancer Jiles has "three pipe hittin' niggas" hanging out in his locker room.]

CCJ:

Alright, settle down you Surly Sue. It's unlocked.

[Jeff's foot forgoes the customary turning of the knob, as he uses it to kick the door wide open.]

Jeff Andrews: [seething]

GOOD. I was hoping you had company.

[Before any fracas could ensue, Lord COOL orders his men to leave the locker room.]

CCJ:

HEY! NO! Not in here. Hit crew, take a walk, leave me with my old buddy.

[Befuddled, Andrews stands there trying to figure out the angle.]

CCJ:

Oh, and T-Bone, send Whammy in on your way out.

[Whammy is the suit. He's the guy who served Jeff them papers.]

[A few seconds pass of Jeff wondering why Cancer would leave himself alone and defenseless. Soon after, Whammy walks in and hands Jeff the documents he tried giving him earlier on.]

[This time, Jeff takes his time to read them.]

CCJ:

Wow, I'm shocked you can read.

Jeff Andrews:

I'll never sign any of this.

CCJ:

You don't have to. Eric Dane already did.

[A stare down of stare downs ensues.]

CCJ:

Time for you be a man, Jeff. You took me out of the main event tonight. You saw to it, that I pretty much need a miracle

to have a chance at this thing. Who knows how long I'm going to be out for, now that they botched the surgery.

[A smirk forms across Andrews' face.]

[I haven't mentioned what Cancer looks like, because he'd kill me if I told you he looks like Mr. Potato Head.]

[Oops.]

[Since the cat is out of the bag, Cancer is wearing a hospital gown, sitting in a wheelchair, and has an IV hooked up to him. His face is so heavily bandaged, only the black around his eyes is visible.]

[He looks like ninja, but not a very scary one.]

Jeff Andrews:

And what happens if I fuck you, huh? What then?

CCJ:

I become you, and you become me.

Jeff Andrews:

You trying to say you're going to put me in the hospital?

CCJ:

No, I become you, and you become homeless, Jeff.

[Distant, Jeff Andrews becomes.]

CCJ:

I get to go sit back in the booth, kick my feet up, calling it from the cuff with your buddies DQ and Ceets. I get to go take shits in the private bathroom, and pretty much live the life you've tried to rob me of.

AND You, Surly, YOU get a pink slip signed by Cancer fucking Jiles. AKA -- KING COOL.

[Shuffling through the papers, trying to figure out what exactly he must adhere to, Jeff's face begins to turn from red to melting.]

Jeff Andrews: [reading from the document]

As Jeff Andrews is the Vice President of Defiance, it is found that he has abused his position as Jiles' employer by... creating an unsafe work habit.

[Andrews is too astonished to be surly. He gives Jiles a blank look that could only be described as "...SRSLY?".]

Jeff Andrews:

This is professional goddamn wrestling. It's inherently as unsafe a workplace as you can get!

CCJ: [finishing a beverage through a straw]

AHHHH, just keep reading, Bitterman.

[Andrews sighs.]

Andrews:

Jeff Andrews is not permitted to make physical contact with Cancer Jiles unless he is directly physically provoked by Jiles. Furthermore, Cancer Jiles shall have returned to him the two point bounty he earned in Preseason 02 that Andrews revoked. Jiles shall also be awarded four points for the match on Heritage 03, putting him at a total of five for that match.

CCJ:

So you owe me six points. In addition to the... six that I already had.

Jeff Andrews:

Hereafter Andrews is forbidden from revoking points from Jiles or placing bounties, broadly construed, on Jiles. Should Andrews violate these terms, Jiles may be awarded bonus points and/or fifty percent of Andrews' pay for this pay period?

CCJ:

CHA-CHING~!

[If you listen closely, you can hear Andrews' teeth grinding.]

CCJ:

Go on... I dare ya to touch me? Set me up in Bocca for a short stint.

Jeff Andrews:

I dare you to wrestle in tonight's main event.

OH.

That's right.

I broke your face, and the doctors couldn't put you back together in time.

BOO. WHO.

Did I tell you, Lord COOL, that the winner of the TLC -- MAIN EVENT -- gets fifteen points? Were you aware that whoever wins tonight... will already have more points than you?

shit, I could take your place, maybe win, and have more points than you.

Did you know that, Cancer?

Did you?

[You can't see it, but Cancer is one furious mofo right now. If he could... he'd spring up out of that wheelchair, and give Jeff probable cause to beat the ever living shit out of him.]

[For free.]

CCJ:

Get. Out.

Jeff Andrews:

What was that? I couldn't hear you through all the bandages? Did you say I'm a coward who's not competing tonight because a man took him to task?

[Cancer tries to get up, but the medication and surgery has robbed him of his equilibrium.]

Jeff Andrews:

fucking pathetic. Take your points, I'm gonna go watch the main event now.

[Jeff turns to leave, and right before exiting he looks back at Cancer.]

Jeff Andrews: [with an open hand]
Care to join me? HAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA--

[The door slams shut behind him.]

==

[Backstage.]

“Hello, everyone, I’m Christy Zane!”

[Christy stands backstage, in an area set up to interview people. She’s dressed to impress, but then again everyone’s got their best game on tonight for the first ever ESEN INTERLEAGUE EXTRAVAGANZA!]

[For Christy, that means looking like an 11 out of 10.]

Christy Zane:

And we’re just moments away from the exciting TLC match pitting several of Defiance’s best wrestlers against each other for massive amounts of points. But before we go out to the ring, I’ve got one of the participants right here.

[The camera pans back, and we see one Christian Light standing to Christy’s left.]

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH HHHHHH!
RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH HHHHHH!

[Christian’s dressed in his ring gear, with a black T-shirt that has a red Heritage logo on the front serving as his warmup gear. In his hand, a bottle of water, from which he takes a quick sip.]

Zane:

Christian, we’re moments away from what is promising to be one of the most brutal, most chaotic matches in Defiance since the Aggro Crag match. What are your final thoughts going into this match?

[Christian wears a smile as he begins to speak.]

”The Last Nighthawk” Christian Light:

Two weeks ago, I spinebusted a four-hundred and fifty pound man before making him cry uncle in the middle of the ring. That’s how I got go my spot in this match tonight. For the two weeks since, I have trained myself physically and mentally to be not just a weapon but THE weapon in the Heritage League’s war against Elijah Goldman and the Evolution league.

And yet all I get from my opposition is cynical jokes about my name and threats directed at myself and my family by The Little Mobster That Could.

I guess I shouldn’t have expected all that much. I’ve never had any contact with the other five men in this match, so to them it’s like seeing me for the first time. So here we go with the name jokes again.

But that’s OK, I’ll be happy to introduce myself one more time.

I’ll be happy to show them how many different ways a suplex can drop them on their head, no matter how big they are.

I’ll be happy to remind them why my finishers are among the deadliest in professional wrestling.

If someone wants to introduce a table, ladder, or chair into the match, I'll be happy to show them how it can backfire in their face very easily. The only thing I need the ladder for is to climb up and claim the briefcase with those fifteen points in it.

Oh, and Alceo?

[The smile from Christian Light fades into a serious look.]

Light:

You made a fatal mistake this week when you threatened my family's well-being. Tonight, you're going to find out that your mouth has written a check your body won't be able to cash. Tonight, you will find no quarter from me as I break down your body in that ring. Tonight, as every man, woman, and child in this arena lives and breathe, I will lift you up above my head and drop you onto yours, knocking you out and putting your out of the misery that I'll be putting you through otherwise.

But most importantly, I'm going to teach you two lessons no one's had the chance to ingrain into your skull.

Respect.

And regret.

[The nostrils of Christian flare as Christy Zane takes back the microphone.]

Zane:

Thank you Christian! Let's get back to the ring for our main event!

Tables, Ladders, and Chairs

And then, it was time.

Time for the match everyone in the world had been waiting for.

Time for the Tables.

Ladders.

and Chairs match.

TLC, TLC, TLC, TLC

TLC, TLC, TLC, TLC

TLC, TLC, TLC, TLC

As though in order to get the fans pumped up as quickly as possible 'Let me hear you scream' by Ozzy Osbourne hit the PA system like something hard hitting some sort of audio device. The fans erupted as Christian Light stepped out onto the stage wearing a T-Shirt bearing the Heritage logo on the front.

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Light slapped hands with as many fans as he could as he headed down to the ring and slid in under the bottom rope. He turned and headed to one corner before climbing to the second rope and pointing to his Heritage logo emblazoned chest. Christian removed his shirt and threw it out into the crowd.

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Once again the fans erupted, but that was cut short as Zero by Smashing Pumpkins interrupted and Dan Ryan made his way out through the curtain.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Ryan cut a stark contrast to Christian Light. He headed down to the ring not bothering to acknowledge anything said to him by any of the fans along the aisle. Dan reached up and grabbed the top rope to pull himself up onto apron and stepped into the ring. He walked into the center of the squared circle and spun on the spot, with his arms raised.

Next up, some 8-bit goodness from Punch Out as Eugene Dewey, with brother Wayne in tow, walked out onto the stage. Although he received a similar reaction from the crowd as Light, Eugene's journey to the ring was a lot less energetic. He waved awkwardly to the fans around him a few times before climbing the steps and standing on the apron. Dewey hesitated to get into the ring, but finally did so as his music faded and was replaced by 'I got mine' by The Black Keys.

Jack Bryant emerged from the back, causing half of the crowd to revert to booing. Despite the mixed reaction this guy was arguably the most popular participant from Evolution in this match. JB headed down to the ring and slid in. He got right up in Christian Light's face, but 'The Last Nighthawk' was completely unphased by the jaw jacking.

Then the moon hit your eye like a biga pizza pie and Alceo Dentari emerged from the back. Dentari slowly walked down to ringside, taking his time to jaw with a couple of the fans, even going as far to stick his chin out at one guy and

offer him a free shot. Alceo looked to slide into the ring, but backed off as Dan Ryan approached him. Alceo turned to argue with another fan, and then another, and another.

Finally Wayne Dewey decided he'd had enough and walked around the ring to get in Alceo's face. Normally Wayne wouldn't tower over anyone, but seeing as 5'7" is taller than 5'3" he did just that. Alceo, completely unfazed by Wayne's approach turned and laid out the younger Dewey brother with one right. Wayne dropped like a sack of potatoes.

Eugene saw this and charged at Alceo. He scrambled through the ropes to the outside and took a right hand from Dentari to the gut for his trouble.

Benny Doyle knew we weren't going to get all five guys in the ring at at the same time any time soon and called for the bell.

DING, DING, DING!

Jack Bryant and Dan Ryan seemed to make a nonverbal agreement and closed in on Christian Light. Light stood his ground however and swung with a knife edge chop connecting with an unsuspecting Jack Bryant. Dan Ryan landed a shot of his own into Light's jaw. Christian responded with a chop to Dan Ryan, but was overcome by another shot from both men simultaneously.

Bryant tackled Light and pushed him back into the corner of the ring. JB thrust his shoulder into the gut of Light while Dan Ryan continued to throw bombs directly into Light's chin. Bryant ceased with the shoulders and straightened up. He whipped Light across the ring and followed in with a clothesline. JB sidestepped allowing Dan Ryan to charge in with a massive clothesline of his own which took Light off of his feet and down to the canvas.

Meanwhile on the outside Alceo Dentari had grabbed Eugene by the afro and thrown him into the steel steps. Dentari turned and grabbed a ladder that had been set up at ringside and folded it up. He turned and charged with the ladder at Eugene in an attempt to crush him between ladder and steps. Eugene recognised he was about to become the next victim of the Death Star's crusher and rolled out of the way just in time.

CRUDONG!

Alceo dropped the ladder as Eugene got to his feet. Dewey jumped the obstacle that had just fallen at his feet and threw a right hand at Dentari. Yes, Eugene Dewey threw a superman punch. It's just a shame he didn't hit it.

Dentari avoid the shot and landed another right directly into Eugene's breadbasket. Dewey doubled over allowing Alceo to place Eugene's head between his legs and attempt to lift him for a piledriver. Alceo tried, but he couldn't lift Eugene's weight. Instead Eugene straightened up and back dropped Alceo down onto the ladder!

All the while, medics had arrived at ringside and taken a still unconscious Wayne Dewey back to the locker rooms to get him checked out.

Back in the ring Jack Bryant and Dan Ryan stomped away at the shoulder blades of Christian Light. Eugene slid into the ring and threw all of his weight at Jack Bryant, knocking him off of his feet and to the mat. Dan Ryan turned his attention onto Dewey and stepped over Light to get to him. Eugene panicked and turned to flee, but Ryan grabbed him by the hair.

Dan turned Eugene back around and landed a headbutt right into the temple of the ginger gamer. Eugene fell to the canvas clutching his head and pounding the floor with his feet in pain. Dan Ryan simply smiled and turned back to Christian Light.

But Light wasn't where he'd been left. No, he'd gotten back to his feet and threw a dropkick, connecting with the chest

of Dan Ryan. Light scrambled back to his feet and ducked a right hand from Bryant. Light responded with a chop that lit up Bryant's chest. Another chop echoed around the arena and a third one took JB off of his feet.

Dan Ryan and Eugene both got back to their feet and squared up to each other. Eugene tried his best to look intimidating, but a shover from Ryan that knocked him on his ass soon ended that facade. Christian Light grabbed Dan's arm and spun him around. Light then lit up Ryan's chest just as he had done to Bryant. Eugene pushed himself back up to his feet and landed a right hand into Ryan's jaw. Dan seemed to hardly feel that though. What he did feel, however, was the hard kick to the kidney from Christian Light.

Working together the Heritage boys hooked up Ryan and took him over in a double suplex. Ryan crashed hard into the mat and Eugene and Light got back to their feet and acknowledged this was probably going to continue as Evolution vs. Heritage for a while. Before they could work together any more though, Alceo Dentari slid into the ring, chair in hand, and cracked Eugene over the spine with it.

Dentari turned his attention to Light and swung for the fences, but Christian ducked the shot. What he didn't manage to avoid was Dentari's jabbing shot with the edge of the chair into his midsection as they both turned around. Dentari then brought the chair down across Light's back, knocking him to the floor as well.

Alceo discarded the chair and dropped back to the outside. He grabbed the ladder he'd landed on moments before and slid it into the ring. Jack Brant however had other plans as he hit a baseball slide into the ladder, knocking it back into Alceo's face. Alceo stumbled backwards into the barricade, and Bryant managed to cling onto the ladder and not let it fall to the outside. JB pulled the ladder into the middle of the ring and set it up.

He climbed as quickly as he could on the unstable ladder until Dan Ryan stopped him with a forearm to the lower back. Ryan shouted 'What are you doing' as he grabbed Bryant's tights and pulled him, down of the ladder. Bryant took a swing at Ryan, apparently absolving their momentary truce, but Ryan ducked it. JB's momentum spun him around and Ryan caught him with a belly to back suplex.

Dan Ryan looked up at the briefcase and smiled. He stepped onto the bottom rung, then the next, then the next. Quickly Ryan was fingertips away from the briefcase. He brushed the bottom of it, but that was as close to retrieving it as he got, as Eugene Dewey started to tip the ladder over. Rather than fall to the canvas, Ryan abandoned the ladder and jumped off. He landed on his feet as the ladder fell to the canvas.

Ryan closed in on Eugene, looking to shove him down again, but he was cut off by Christian Light and a steel chair. Light jabbed the chair edge into Ryan's kidney and knocked the ego buster down to his knees. Light held the chair in front of Ryan's face and told Eugene to do something...

HADOUKEN!

Eugene thrust his hands out as fast as he could with a double palm strike, knocking the chair into Ryan's face. Whether that did more damage to Eugene's hands or Ryan's nose wasn't obvious, but still, it looked cool.

On the outside, while all the ladder climbing had been going on, Alceo Dentari had recovered from the baseball slide and grabbed a table. He set it up in front of the entrance way and went to look for something else under the ring. Alceo came back out with a smaller ladder than that already in the ring and slid it into the ring along with said bigger ladder.

Alceo followed it in but couldn't get to his feet as he was mobbed by Eugene and Light. Eugene pretty much bundled on top of Dentari, preventing him from getting up, while Light laid stomp after stomp into his head. Christian told Eugene to let Dentari up, which Dewey obliged, and Alceo was forced back to his feet by Light pulling him up.

Christian whipped Alceo across the ring and caught him on the rebound with a back body drop. Dentari could have almost grabbed the briefcase he got so much air. But as we all know, what goes up, must come down. And Dentari did so.

Hard.

Dentari rolled to the outside to avoid any more punishment at the hands of the Heritage two. That was ok though, as Jack Bryant had just gotten back to his feet and charged down Eugene Dewey. JB Speared Dewey down to the ground and mounted him, raining down punches. Light pulled Bryant off of Eugene and threw him to the outside of the ring under the bottom rope. Light extended a hand to Eugene and pulled him to his feet.

The two exchanged an awkward look, both just waiting for the other to strike first, that was until Dan Ryan started to stir. Light broke away from the staring contest and dropped an elbow into Dan Ryan's chest.

Dewey would have charged in to help, but Dentari had just gotten back up on the apron. Eugene charged in and tried to clothesline Alceo off of the apron, but Dentari ducked. Eugene turned into a hard right hand before Alceo grabbed his head and dropped to the floor, pulling Eugene throat first across the top rope.

Eugene bounced back into the ring clutching his neck and Alceo spotted an opportunity. He slid in and covered Eugene. He clawed at Dewey's pant leg to get the drumstick hooked.

ONE!

TWO!

Eugene kicked out.

Light meanwhile had Dan Ryan's leg hooked and pulled back on a single leg Boston crab. Ryan clawed his way to the ropes and held onto the bottom one, however this being a TLC match there were no rope breaks. Dan Ryan's hand hovered above the mat as he contemplated tapping!

CRACK

Light slumped forwards, releasing Dan Ryan, and clutched at the back of his head. Through the ropes balanced a table, thrust through by Jack Bryant into the back of Christian's neck. Despite being saved, Dan Ryan wasn't exactly in a good location considering said table hovered right above him. JB pushed his end of the table up quickly, bringing the opposite end down onto Dan Ryan's legs. Bryant bounced the table a couple more times, each time the edge of the wood connected with and around Ryan's knees.

Dentari stomped over and grabbed the table from Bryant. He pulled it into the ring, but JB held onto his end tightly. The two played tug o' war for a few seconds with the table before Bryant thrust it hard in Dentari's direction. The table buried itself deep in Alceo's gut, knocking him back to the canvas.

JB slid into the ring once again and grabbed the table from the sides. He maneuvered it into the corner of the ring and stood it up against the ropes. JB side stepped and Eugene Dewey, who had just charged in from behind, missed an attempted axe handle and collided with the wood. Bryant spun him around and landed a few knife edge chops; enough to stun Eugene and leave him propped up against the table.

Bryant backed off to the opposite corner and signaled for the Lariat that he calls the Mason-Dixon Line. JB charged in, but Eugene rolled off of the table. Bryant applied the brakes and prevented himself from crashing through the table on his momentum alone. He couldn't stop Eugene, however, from going behind and rolling him up with a schoolboy!

ONE!

TWO!

Bryant kicked out!

Eugene and Jack both got back to their feet. Eugene attempted a clothesline of his own but Jack ducked hit. He caught Eugene in position for an Urunage, lifted him and dropped him with the Birmingham Backbreaker! Dewey tried

to roll to the outside but Bryant grabbed him, rolled him back over and covered!

ONE!

TWO!

Eugene got a shoulder up.

Dentari dropped a ladder onto JB's shoulders!

Alceo scooped up the ladder and cast it aside before grabbing Bryant by the hair and pulled him to his feet. He turned sharply, pulling Jack with him and threw JB into the corner of the ring. A bent over Bryant slipped through the top and middle ropes and connected shoulder first with the steel ring post before falling to the outside of the ring.

Alceo grabbed the chair, the same one as had been hadoukened into Ryan's face, and carried it over to Christian Light, who was recovering from the table to the back of the head on all fours in a corner of the ring, with a sick smile on his face. Dentari raised the chair above his head and brought it down across Light's back. Christian dropped to his front and Alceo brought the chair down across Light's back a couple more times.

Alceo then turned his attention to Dan Ryan. He turned the chair in his hands and drove the edge of it into Ryan's knees a couple of times. Dan howled in pain as he clawed at the ropes and tried to pull himself away and Alceo threw the chair to the outside of the ring where it landed with a clatter on the steel ramp.

Dentari spun around and looked up at the briefcase. He picked the ladder up again, but this time set it up in the middle of the ring. Dentari climbed a couple of rungs. He couldn't quite reach as high as Dan Ryan could, and so needed to climb up a couple more rungs before he could brush the bottom of the case. Alceo steadied himself, standing near the top of the ladder and reached up for the briefcase.

Before he could lay his hands on it though, Eugene Dewey was standing at the base of the ladder. He wobbled the steel slightly before starting to rock it. Dewey finally tipped the ladder up and Dentari came crashing down onto the ropes, crotch first!

[YEAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!]

The fans erupted for the first big fall of the night!

Eugene kept hold of the ladder and stood it back upright. Dentari tumbled to the outside of the ring as Eugene climbed the ladder. He looked like a lamb taking it's first few steps as he steadied himself of each rung. Slowly but surely Eugene headed closer and closer to the briefcase.

That's when the ladder started to wobble.

Dan Ryan lay at the feet of the ladder shaking it. Eugene clung on for dear life before deciding to abandon his ascent and climb back down. Dewey quickly descended from the ladder and placed his feet back on solid ground, but they were soon taken out by Jack Bryant as he came in from behind with a chop block.

Ryan pulled himself back up to his feet with the ladder and shook out the pain in his knees. He walked with a slight limp towards Jack Bryant who spotted him coming. Bryant dove through the ropes back to the outside but Ryan still managed to grab him by the hair. JB turned and slapped Ryan across the face. An enraged Dan Ryan dropped to the outside after Bryant, who had escaped around the ring post.

Ryan rounded the post after his opponent but received a chair to the midsection as he did. Bryant dropped the chair at his feet, hooked Ryan up and dropped him with a DDT onto the chair! Bryant got back to his feet, turned around and got wiped out by Christian Light hitting a baseball slide, connecting with Bryant's jaw.

Christian dropped to the outside and picked up another ladder. He tossed it into the ring and climbed up onto the apron before stepping in through the ropes. Light grabbed the ladder and laid it across the second rope in one corner of the ring. Light looked around the ring but only saw Eugene Dewey pawing at the bottom rung of the ladder, trying to pull himself up after losing all feeling in one of his legs.

Light lifted Eugene by hooking under his arms and pulled him to his feet. Eugene turned to face Light and once again the two exchanged an uneasy look. Eugene's eyes flitted between the briefcase, the ladder and Light, while Christian stayed firmly focused on Eugene. Neither man was ready to pull the trigger though, and Eugene backed off slightly, limping as he went.

Dentari had just started to drag his way back up onto the apron, something that Light didn't miss and formed a sort of welcome party for him. As Alceo rolled in under the bottom rope Light grabbed him in a gutwrench. Light lifted Alceo with ease and suplexed him further into the middle of the ring.

Dentari struggled to find his bearings, but still managed to get to his feet. He clumsily spun around and bumped into Light, who had walked up behind him, and found himself forced into a head first collision with the ladder set up in the middle of the ring.

The ladder toppled to the canvas, and Eugene took it upon himself to tidy up. He slid the ladder towards the edge of the ring and signaled for Light to lift Dentari over his head. Yes, Eugene was telling Light to deliver his patented 'Realizing the Dream'. Light obliged and lifted Alceo into a gorilla press. Eugene spun around, pumping the crowd up.

YEAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

But those cheers to turned to boos as Alceo raked across Light's eyes and dropped down behind him. He pushed Christian forwards into Dewey. The two collided, knocking heads and sending Eugene down like a fat old sack of fat. Light stayed on his feet, slightly dazed, which allowed Alceo to lock him in position for an STO. Dentari dropped Light into a backbreaker before pulling him back and driving him face first into the mat.

Dentari covered Light!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-LIGHT GOT A SHOULDER UP!

Alceo rolled off of Christian and punched the canvas in frustration. He stood up and looked around the ring for something that would help him put away 'The Last Nighthawk.' He contemplated the table set up in the corner of the ring, then surveyed the two ladders, but ultimately decided to slide to the outside and grab another steel chair.

Alceo back slid into the ring and stalked Light, who had crawled the corner and was pulling himself up with the assistance of the ropes. Alceo hit the canvas with the chair a couple of times and waited for Light to turn around. Slowly but surely he did so, and Alceo pulled back the chair and swu- Dewey grabbed the chair from his hands!

Alceo lost his grip on the steel and swung nothing to connect with nothing. Eugene on the other hands turned the chair in his hands and swung for the fences himself. He connected with Alceo's forehead.

CRACK

Dentari hit the mat with a thud, but before either of the Heritage two could cover him Jack Bryant charged in with a high knee to the spine of Eugene Dewey. Dewey stumbled forwards, and collided with Light again. Both guys fell through the ropes to the arena floor.

Bryant grabbed the ladder from the edge of the ring and set it up in the middle under the briefcase. Jack started to

climb, but was soon cut off by Dan Ryan getting back into the action. Ryan landed a forearm across the back of Bryant and spun around. He grabbed Bryant's thighs and peeled him off of the ladder. One second later, and Bryant has driven down into the mat with a monstrous powerbomb!

Ryan turned and proceeded to climb the ladder himself. He made it up a few rungs and brushed the briefcase again, setting it swinging. Dan reached out for it, but couldn't reach from where he was. Before he could climb another rung, Christian Light hotfooted his way up the ladder on the opposite side and chopped Ryan across the chest!

Dan Ryan, stunned from the chop, immediately stopped reaching for the case and gripped onto the ladder so as not to lose his footing. Light landed another knife edge chop to Ryan's chest and another. Light signaled for something to the fans, what exactly it was was unclear, but they loved it none the less.

YEAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Christian hooked Ryan up for a suplex and tried to lift him. Dan kept a grip on the ladder with one hand though. Light tried to lift again. Dan's feet almost left the steel, but he managed to keep himself planted. Light tried once more and lifted Dan ever so slightly, but Ryan threw a wild right and connected with Christian's ribs. Light dropped Ryan back onto the ladder.

Dan landed a couple more rights to Christian's mid section before hooking an arm and trying to throw him off the ladder. Now it was Christian's turn to keep a grip on the ladder. Light broke free from the underhook and threw a forearm, which connected with Dan's face. Light grabbed Ryan and almost exploded with a belly to belly suplex. He took Ryan off of the ladder and the two dropped down to the ring below!

YEAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Christian hit almost as hard as Ryan though, and the two laid spread eagle on the canvas.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

'I am the COOL' took over the PA system.

Not too long after, King Cancer of COOL came rolling out of the back in his fancy little wheelchair. His arrival was accompanied by a hysteric chorus of jeers from the thunderous capacity crowd.

Defeated, Cancer looked. He was slouched over all pitiful looking; gazing out into the sea of hate before him with disdain and foulness emanating from his body.

Then...

After letting the crowd have their fill...

...Cancer Jiles showed Defiance Wrestling what it's like to be wearing the other shoe.

Slowly, Lord COOL reached up and began to gingerly unravel the bandages supporting his face. Around and around he went, until finally he finished-- revealing perfect hair and a shit grin wider than a football field.

The arena collectively gasped.

Next, Cancer started to wipe away the black surrounding his eyes. Turns out it was mascara this whole time. When that act was done, he shot his hand high into the air, snapped his fingers, and manifested Terminator Skull Ficker edition shades capable of blocking out ten suns.

Another, collective, arena wide gasp ensued. Also, a faint war cry could be heard echoing from the commentary booth.

Finally, for his last trick, Cancer jumped out of his wheelchair, and tore the hospital gown he had on clean off his body. To mostly everyone's chagrin, The Count of COOL had on his wrestling attire.

Jiles laughed as he swaggered on down to the ring, thoughts of what Andrews' face looked like running through his mind. He climbed the steps up to the apron, prodding at his face and slapping himself in the chest before beginning to laugh even harder than before.

Cancer stepped through the ropes and surveyed the damage around him. Light and Ryan still lay in the middle of the ring. Alceo Dentari had rolled onto his front, but still laid on the apron. Eugene Dewey had propped himself up against the steel steps and held his temple after one too many collisions... and Jack Bryant was dragging himself to the ladder.

Cancer walked around the ring and leaned back against the ropes to watch as Bryant clawed his way to his feet and placed one foot on the bottom rung. Jiles straightened up and walked to the other side of the ladder. He climbed, almost to the top, never taking his eyes off of Jack, before Bryant even got to the second rung before dropping down again and walking back around the ladder to Bryant's side. Cancer shook his head in pity as he peeled Jack back off the ladder, took a step back and BAM!

Terminal Cancer.

Bryant hit the canvas and Jiles covered him!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Eliminated: Jack Bryant by Cancer Jiles (Jiles +7pts)

Jiles pushed Bryant with his foot to the apron before unceremoniously dumping him to the outside. Cancer then turned to look at the briefcase and started to climb the ladder. Maybe he was a little over confident, or simply took too long to climb to the promised land, but Christian Light got to his feet and pushed one of Cancer's feet through the ladder. Jiles obviously lost his footing and fell. He got caught up in the ladder and dangled upside down by one leg.

Cancer threw wild fists, hoping to connect with Light, but Christian was able to pick his spot through them and delivered a knife edge chop to the chest of Jiles. Eugene Dewey then rolled into the ring and positioned himself in the middle of the ladder. He grabbed Jiles' arms and prevented them from flailing while Christian Light lit up Jiles' chest with chops and slaps.

Alceo Dentari, having just come round from that brutal chair shot, picked up the chair that had just been used to brain him and threw it at Light. Christian avoided the contact and turned his attention to Alceo. Alceo charged in on Light, who lifted Alceo and threw him over head. It wasn't a back drop though, more like a leap frog slash launch. Alceo landed on the ladder that had been set up in the corner earlier. One of his legs fell between the rungs, but he managed to keep his balance surprisingly well.

Dentari turned around and launched himself with a bulldog, taking down Light, who had gone back to chopping the living crap out of Jiles. Alceo got to his feet and closed in on Eugene, who was still restraining the arms of Jiles. Alceo landed a right hand hard into the jaw of Dewey, causing him to release Jiles, who used his newly freed arms to pull himself up and untrap his leg. Jiles dropped to the canvas and gripped at his knee.

Alceo tapped the bottom of the supports of the ladder, bending them and allowing him to fold the ladder up. Alceo tipped the ladder onto it's back, which took Eugene Dewey with it, and with Dewey stuck between the sides of the ladder Alceo lifted one side and drove it back down onto Dewey's front.

was rocked as Ryan hit the ropes and came back looking for a clothesline, but Christian ducked it, went behind and jumped, he hooked Ryan's arms and pulled him down in a crucifix!

YEAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-DAN RYAN KICKED OUT!

Both men scrambled to their feet and Ryan lunged forward, connecting with a powerful clothesline that almost took Light out of his boots. Ryan took a couple of seconds to catch his breath before pulling Light up by the hair and tossing him into the table that was still set up in the corner. Ryan landed a few body blows to Light before slamming the back of his head into the wood a couple times as well.

Meanwhile, on the outside, Dentari and Dewey were still pretty much unconcious, but Jiles was doing a little bit of furniture rearrangement. He'd looked in the ring and seen Dan Ryan beating the tar out of Light and decided now would be a great time to continue the construction work Alceo Dentari had started earlier.

He'd placed a table alongside the one Dentari had set up earlier in front of the ramp and placed two tables on top of them. It looked a little like a hardcore jenga set, if you can imagine such a thing.

Once he was done with his moving, Jiles grabbed another ladder and slid it into the ring. He followed it in and quietly set it up in the middle of the ring. Dan Ryan was far too busy choking Light out to notice any of this going on behind him. Jiles started to climb the ladder.

BOOOOOOOOO!

Dan Ryan looked around to see what the fans were reacting to, and sure enough, spotted Cancer Jiles with his fingertips on the briefcase. Dan Ryan grabbed half of the broken ladder from the canvas and jabbed it upwards, ramming it into Cancer's gut. Jiles lost his footing before receiving another shot and fell to the mat to a tremendous pop from the crowd.

YEAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Dan didn't have much time to do anything though as Eugene Dewey leapt on him from behind and tried to lock in a... sleeper hold? Choke? Cobra Clutch? Dan swung around, but Eugene kept a tight grip of whatever he was trying to lock in and stayed piggybacking on the big man. Dan fumbled around the ring and knocked over the ladder before charging backwards and driving Eugene into the turnbuckles. Eugene loosened his grip and Ryan snapmares him off of his back.

Dan then grabbed the broken half of the ladder he'd used to knock Cancer off of his perch and placed his head between the rungs. Eugene stood up and took a shot from the ladder square in the face as Dan Ryan spun round and round like a helicopter.

Cancer Jiles stood up and took a shot to the back of his head.

Christian Light, who had been recovering from the choking moments ago, witnessed the whole thing and hung back. He looked for a moment to pick his spot, but Ryan continued to spin. That was until his legs were taken out from under him by Alceo Dentari.

Dentari had charged underneath the spinning ladder of death and clipped Ryan's leg, stopping the spinning instantly and taking the ego buster down to one knee. Alceo hit the ropes and came back with a running kick right into the ladder, sending it full bore into the back of Ryan's head.

WHACKED!

All of this happened right in front of Eugene Dewey. Before Ryan could slump to the mat though, Eugene crouched in front of him and leapt into the air, fist raised high!

SHORYUKEN!

The uppercut from Dewey lifted Ryan back to his feet, sent the ladder flying from around his neck, and spun him round to face Cancer Jiles, who had climbed to the top rope!

MONGO CHAWP!

Ryan stood in the middle of the ring, dazed and confused as Christian Light turned him around, and although it wasn't perfect, seeing as he's a 6'7" 300+lb dude, gorilla pressed him before dropping him in an implant DDT!

REALIZING THE DREAM!

Light got to his feet and looked to roll Ryan over-

CRAAAAACK

Alceo Dentari almost broke a chair in half against the shoulder blades of Christian Light!

Cancer Jiles grabbed Dentari by the leg and tripped him. He locked Dentari in a single leg Boston Crab and screamed at Dentari to tap.

Eugene Dewey, meanwhile grabbed one of Dan Ryan's legs, hooked it and covered him.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!!

Eliminated: Dan Ryan by Eugene Dewey (Dewey +5pts)

Jiles continued to crank on the single leg Boston Crab. Dentari looked dangerously close to tapping when Dewey brought the chair used to split Light's shoulder blades in twaine down across the back of Dentari's head, knocking him out.

Jiles released the hold and turned to square up to Dewey. He screamed in his face, asking him what he thought he was doing, and about how he was about to tap. Eugene tried to apologise, but the King of COOL was completely losing it. Cancer kicked out and nailed Dewey square in the family jewels, he then grabbed Eugene by the afro and charged him into the corner of the ring, driving him through the table in said corner with a bulldog/facebuster.

Eugene convulsed on the floor as Jiles rolled him out of the wreckage and covered!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Eliminated: Eugene Dewey by Cancer Jiles (Jiles +6pts)

Jiles rolled Eugene out of the ring, well, more like he soccer kicked him until he fell to the floor on the outside.

Cancer looked around the ring, Alceo Dentari was laid out from the chair shot moments ago and Christian Light had just started to crawl his way to the corner of the ring with the ladder still propped over the middle ropes.

Jiles grabbed the ladder lying on the mat and stood it up. He moved it into position underneath the briefcase and started to climb. Christian used the ladder above him to pull himself up and turned. He stumbled forwards and grabbed Jiles by the foot. Cancer kicked back down at Light, connecting with his head and knocking him back.

Captain COOL took another step up the ladder and grabbed hold of the handle of the briefcase. Christian Light also grabbed hold of something. The ladder underneath Cancer's feet. He pulled the ladder out from under him, setting Jiles swinging, and also hanging onto the briefcase for dear life!

Jiles flailed his legs wildly, looking for something, anything he could stand on, but there was nothing around. Light folder up the ladder and javelin-ed it up into the air. The top of the steel connected with Jiles' gut, caused him to lose his grip and fall to the canvas with a thud!

Light stopped Cancer from rolling around and covered him!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-JILES KICKED OUT!

Dentari crawled into the picture and reached out. he grabbed Light by the hair and pulled him away from Cancer. Dentari pushed Light further away and covered Jiles himself!

ONE!

TWO!

JILES GOT HIS SHOULDER UP!

Dentari's weak cover was no threat to the king of COOL, who rolled over closer to the ropes and onto his front iso that nobody else could cover him. Dentari and Light both got to their feet, Alceo a lot slower than Light though. Light chopped Alceo several times, backing him into the ropes. Light whipped Dentari across the ring and swung with a clothesline, Dentari ducked it though and hit the ropes himself. He came back at Light and tried a crossbody, but Christian caught him, spun around and drove Dentari down into the mat with a powerslam.

Light stuck the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Cancer Jiles threw himself ontop of both men to break the pinfall up!

Light rolled out from the pile of man and pushed himself up to his feet, Jiles slowly joined him. This time Jiles swung first, but Light blocked it. Before Light could retaliate though, jiles unleashed a swift kick to the nads on Light!

Christian folded like he had a seven two unsuited.

Jiles grabbed the ladder from the mat and set it up in the middle of the ring. He put one foot on the ladder when Alceo,

who had grabbed the ladder set over the ropes, slammed the steel into his spine. Jiles dropped back to the floor before taking another shot to the chin. Cancer spun around and landed across the middle rope. his head and arms hanging over one side, his body on the other.

Dentari set his ladder up along side the one he'd just knocked Jiles off of. Alceo then proceeded to climb his ladder while Christian Light clawed his way up the other on the opposite side. Both men reached the top around the same time, with Light slightly beating out Alceo because of his height advantage. Light chopped Dentari across the chest and Dentari responded with a right hand of his own. Soon the two were trading blows at the top of the ladders. Christian landed a couple of quick chops in succession, followed by a forearm. Alceo looked like he was about to fall as Light wound up for one last blow, But received a blow of his own.

From below.

Way below.

Again.

Cancer Jiles removed his forearm from between the legs of Light and climbed the ladder next to him, placing himself opposite from Alceo Dentari. Dentari had managed to recover and reached up to grab the case as Cancer arrived at the top of the ladder.

Jiles landed a right hand into Alceo's bread basket, knocking Dentari back down a rung. Alceo clung onto the steel and stopped himself from falling all the way back down, but that might not have been such a bad idea as Jiles hooked up Alceo for a suplex.

He tried to lift Dentari, but Alceo threw a wild right hand and connected with the ribs of Jiles. Another right broke up the suplex attempt and a slam of Jiles' face into the top of the ladder almost wiped Jiles out completely. Alceo stepped up a rung and reached out for the case!

But he couldn't reach it.

You see, the ladder was tipping over!

The ladder hit the ropes and bounced back, Jiles and Alceo didn't however and tumbled all the way out of the ring and through the tabled at the foot of the ramp that had been set up earlier!

The wood exploded as the two crashed through it and thumped into the ground!

Christian Light had pushed the ladder over with his foot! He found his footing again and, as the only man anywhere near the briefcase, took his time in reaching out, unhooking it and claiming its contents.

Christian Light (+15) wins via Briefcase Retrieval

Outro

[Heidi Christenson was trying to relax. Her left leg was submerged in a tub full of ice, and she was listening to an iPod. Which is why she didn't hear it when Elijah Goldman entered the room, along with Lisa Loeh and two burly security guards.]

Goldman:

Heidi, turn around and listen to me.

[It's easy for a little rat like Goldman to be brave when he's berating an injured person whom he outnumbers four to one.]

[Heidi turned off her iPod and slowly turned around.]

Heidi:

Whatever it is, I don't care, get out of my locker room.

Goldman:

Let's get something straight, you obnoxious smug self-satisfied uppity **cunt**. This is MY locker room! Not yours. Everything you own, as a member of the Defiance Evolution League roster, is by MY GRACE!

[Heidi looks at Goldman, trying to decide on an appropriate response. Then she thinks of one.]

[She wordlessly turns her back on him and picks up her iPod.]

Goldman:

You're fired.

Heidi:

...excuse me?

Goldman:

You heard me. But just in case, here it is again. Yooouuurrrreee.... FFFAAAAAAIIIIIIUUUURRREEEDDD!!!!

[She doesn't have enough respect for Goldman to bother turning around.]

Heidi:

Fine. I'll go to Heritage League then.

Goldman:

No, you won't. You're the Defiance World Champion, you haven't won a match since the first week, and that was against someone who didn't win a match in the entirety of Defiance 2.0! And while it's all one and the same to me whether you humiliate yourself or not, when I hired you, I inherited your Def 1.0 contract, and you're still making the money of a champion. And I won't pay it one more week. You're out of EVO, you're not going to HERI because you've got a no compete clause, and I'm not letting you get anywhere near anywhere Jeff and Conarri can protect you. You're gone, you're outta here, finished, finito, exnay, fired!

[Heidi doesn't respond.]

Goldman:

And I'm vacating the Defiance World Title. Where's the belt?

Heidi:

I'll give it to Eric Dane myself.

[Goldman is visibly disappointed. He wanted tears, and pleas, and begging for the job.]

Goldman:

You have one hour to vacate the premises or I'll have you arrested for trespassing.

[He leaves.]

[Heidi stands up, walks across the room, and takes the World Title Belt out of her bag. She looks at it and sighs.]

[End.]