

Building an army for War Games

[Cold open to the Commissioner of the Heritage League, Cito Conarri.]

[The 56 year old luchador still looks like an athlete. He raises one hand to acknowledge the cheering fans, smiling as he does so, and then raises a microphone.]

Cito Conarri:

For starters, I would like to thank the wrestlers who work for me here on Heritage league - especially Christian Light, Clair St. Sure and Jan Gin Xiao - for proving in the ring that I am not the fool that Elijah Goldman thought I was when it comes to putting together a roster and promoting a league.

[More cheers.]

Cito:

As you may remember, at the previous Defiance on ESEN televised show, Light, St. Sure, and Xiao were able to win their matches and bring three Interleague points to Heritage. Light, in particular, brought us a big victory in the TLC match.

[A small "Light" chant starts, Cito waits until it fades.]

Cito:

Coming up in three shows' time is the second ESEN show. It is going to be headlined by a War Games 4 vs 4 match. While I appreciate spontaneity as much as the next promoter, rather than bend over backwards to keep things a mystery until the last second and send a confused, disorganized team to represent Heritage League, I'm going to begin putting the team together tonight.

[Pause.]

Cito:

Claira St. Sure and Christian Light have been far and away the top competitors in either league. I'm not about to let the man who won the TLC match skip War Games, and I'm not about to put Clair in the position of missing another main event. So I am sending them both to War Games!

[Big cheers.]

Cito:

However! The thing that I know is on everyone's mind, including mine, is - which one of them is better? That's what we're going to find out on Heritage TV 08! Because the Team Captain will be decided in a singles match between Clair St. Sure and Christian Light!

[The arena erupts.]

Cito:

The third spot, I am not going to decide on tonight, because I do like to keep options open. So moving on to spot Number 4. I am holding an eight person mini-tournament to fill the spot - the first round matches will take place on Heritage TV 07, and then the semi-final and final round will take place on Heritage TV 08. The eight participating wrestlers will be...!

[Announced in alphabetical order to prevent claims of favoritism...]

Diamond Shazam!

Eugene Dewey!

Frank Dylan James!

Impala!

Jack Cassidy!

Jan Gin Xiao!

Lucky Seven!

Michel LaLiberte!

[Fan reaction.]

Cito:

And now, because I don't believe that being a league commissioner means I have to be a significant 'character' on the show, I'll be heading back to the commentary station. Enjoy the rest of the show, ladies and gentlemen!

SportsCenter: Frank Dylan James vs Jan Gin Xiao

[Back at the commentation station, Cito Conarri has not returned yet, which leaves just "Downtown" Darren Keebler in the center chair and Jeff Andrews to the viewer's right, Darren's left. A large flatscreen monitor hangs from somewhere overhead behind them.]

Darren Keebler:

Welcome to Heritage TV, Defiafans! I'm Downtown Darren Keebler, alongside Jeff Andrews on color commentary! Cito Conarri isn't here yet, but he just finished giving us a tremendous preview of what we may be seeing in the coming weeks! And that's to say nothing of what we've got planned for tonight!

Jeff Andrews:

We got some interesting stuff, that's for sure. Now we've got two new wrestlers on the roster, one named Impala and one named Hollywood Jack, not to be confused with the Jack Cassidy we've already got, and so we lined them up against Christian Light and Clair St. Sure respectively. I don't know what if any kind of fight either of them'll put up...

[Cito Conarri walks into the commentation station and sits down in his chair.]

Jeff:

I haven't seen Hollywood around, it's like he didn't show up or something, but Impala's here. Headache and a half, he had an entourage of dudes in suits and ladies in black dresses, and they've been cluttering up the halls. I don't get why pro wrestling's so attractive to fuck-you-rich rich people.

Cito:

One of life's mysteries, for sure. We also have the debuting Lucky Seven taking on Diamond Shazam, who debuted with a win only last week. Lucky Seven relies on luck in the ring, and somehow she makes it work. Shazam's just brutal. It'll be interesting to see how that contrast of styles plays out.

DDK:

We've also got Nakita DuBov taking on Eugene Dewey. DuBov finally got back in the win column last week, and she could pick up a decent bonus for putting Dewey down, Dewey's been pretty successful but has lost just often enough that he hasn't been able to get any win streak bonus points. We've got Cancer Jiles taking on Jack Cassidy, and in the opener, we've got Frank Dylan James stepping up to Jan Gin Xiao's bodyslam challenge! It's a singles match, but the challenge of course means that FDJ's got a chance to pick up a 5 point bonus if he can execute a scoop slam on JGX.

Cito:

The battle of the guys with three initials. FDJ - alright, I profusely apologize for using a term like 'retard strength', but that's the closest to describe what FDJ has. He's certainly no bodybuilder, if he got inside a gym he'd probably kill everyone in a mile radius with the heavy moving things. But does he have the technical ability to scoop slam JGX? He's never had need to learn the technical side of the game.

Jeff:

I get on with FDJ alright, cos I speak fluent West Virginian. I think between the strength and the stubbornness, he's gonna be able to do it.

Cito:

On the other hand, when he and JGX got into that brawl that caused me to make this match, JGX sent him flying with one palm strike. I've seen some pretty big guys unload their hardest shots on FDJ and only amuse him. How do you think Frank's going to deal with someone who's able to muscle him around?

Jeff:

Iunno. Magnets.

[Cito facepalms.]

Frank Dylan James vs Jan Gin Xiao

Frank was already in the ring when we cut to live action, with The Chinese National Anthem playing over the loudspeakers. Out walked Jan Gin Xiao to the boeing of the capacity crowd. Jan wasted no time with the fans or with anything. He was quick (relative to his size) into the ring, and he's already in a pissed off mood from last show.

The match began without hesitation as both massive man-beasts charged each other and started laying shots to each other's dome. *RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!* The crowd in Casper was apparently looking for a fight and they got their wish as the two huge men bashed each other in the skull over and over. Carly Ferrera, the unlucky referee to draw this contest, gave a half-hearted attempt at getting these two to have a clean fight, but no one blamed her one bit when she stepped back and let the two beasts slug it out. Finally Jan Gin Xiao stumbled backwards from one massive left-right combination that left Frank feeling pretty proud of himself. Never one to sit back and let the brawl come to him, Frank pressed on, swinging shots at the big former Sumo until he had backed JGX to the ropes. JGX finally got an arm up in defense of his skull and fired back with a palm strike to the chest that sent the big man stumbling backwards. *BBBBBB000000000000000000!* And now it was JGX's turn to lay in punches, chops, and palm strikes backing the Mastodan of the Mountains to the ropes. Once on the ropes, Frank blocked a punch of Jan's and stomped on the former sumo's foot, sending him stumblin' backwards. Frank charged with a big ol' mountain yell, but Jan caught him with the patented Jan Gin Xiao Belly To Bellies suplex for a near fall. The starch taken out of the mountain man, Jan went to work with some open-handed chops, some stomps, and finally he fell into a nerve hold on Frank's shoulder. Frank fought his way to his feet, and then elbowed Jan in the guts a couple of times. He tried to hit the ropes but Jan grabbed a hold of Frank's greasy locks and the mountain man came tumbling down to his back. Carly Ferrera warned Jan, but Jan wasn't listening. He already had hit the nearby ropes and when he came back he dropped a HUGE leg on the head and throat of FDJ. He climbed on for the cover, but only got two. Xiao picked up James and after a few disrespectful slaps to the face, James fired back with a big ol' hamhock to the mush. Jan stumbled backwards for a second, but was quick to respond to James' charge with a knee to the gut, sending the big man ass over teakettle. JGX then picked him up and locked him in a bear hug. He cranked on the hold for a few seconds, with Frank exhibiting the usual signs of pain. Frank tried punches, no luck. Frank tried a bellclap, which loosened the grip slightly. Finally Frank used his left hand to grab Jan's hair and he started swinging his own head into Jan's head over and over again. Each shot loosened the grip a little more until, after the fourth or fifth head butt, Jan released the grip. But Frank kept swinging his head as the crowd counted along. *SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE! TEN!* And after the tenth headbutt Frank dropped his grip. Carly admonished FDJ as he and Jan both stumbled backwards. Jan had a good flow of blood coming out of his nose that he's checking on, while Frank used the ropes to steady himself and get some bearings. As Jan angrily charged over to address the FDJ situation, Frank sidestepped him and landed a stiff as all fuck clothesline to the big man, causing him to rock backwards. Frank ran off the far ropes, comes back, and hits another thunderous clothesline. Jan will not go down. Frank hit the ropes one more time, but ate an elbow to the face for his troubles. Jan picked up Frank and threw him into a nearby corner. After a palm strike to the face, Jan whipped Frank across the ring. He charged in after him, but Frank side-stepped the massive back splash. Setting himself behind Xiao, Frank ran in and grabbed the hair of Jan, using all his bodyweight to bring the Former Sumo wrestler down to the ground with a sloppy but strangely effective bulldog! *RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!* Frank took a look at the downed Sumo wrestler clutching at his face. Then he took a look at the top rope. Could Frank be heading for the Mountain Top for his Knee Drop? No sir, Frank said, making a motion that he would slam the big sumo wrestler. Grabbing Jan by the hair, Frank pulled him up to a vertical base. He then set for the scoop slam. He lifted... ..And **GOT JGX UP INTO POSITION**... ..And fell backwards, FDJ unable to hold Jan's weight for long enough to slam him down. Carly was right in position for the count. But Frank got his shoulder up at the last possible second. Undeterred, JGX picked up FDJ, hooked him straight away, and WHAM! RED WAVE! He stuck the cover, and that was it for the Mastodon of the Mountains. Winner: Jan Gin Xiao (Red Wave, pinfall)

Lost

[If ever there were a time for screeching and smoking tires, it was now. Unfortunately the driver of this particular car doesn't seem to think so. Slowly it pulls up in front of the camera, the driver almost entirely obscured but the roof apart from two highly feminine looking hands clutching the steering wheel at ten and two, the passenger however opens their door and steps out.]

Eugene Dewey:

Thanks Mom!

[Eugene turns back into the car and reaches through to the back seat. He grabs his bag and breaks into a half jog. He only gets a couple of steps before turning back to lean through the window and give his mom a peck on the cheek.]

Eugene Dewey:

See you later!

[Once again Eugene turns and hurries into the building where he's greeted by a man with a headset and clipboard.]

Nameless Stage Hand:

Eugene! Where have you been? You were supposed to be here an hour ago!

Eugene Dewey:

Sorry! Mom doesn't like driving on the interstate much. She's never been a huge fan of driving.

[One eye roll later.]

Nameless Stage Hand:

Ok well, go get ready, you're up after the next match.

[Nameless Stage Hand browses up and down is clipboard for a second before tracking across it with his finger. He uses that same finger to point down the hallway.]

Nameless Stage Hand:

Your locker room is down that way. Take a left, then a right, then the second left and it's the third door on your right after the stairwell.

[Eugene throws his backpack over both shoulders and heads down the hallway in the direction the stage hand motioned. He passes other nameless faces and doors emblazoned with names like Christian Light, and Clairia St. Sure before stopping to look around the hallway for any possible sign of his locker room.]

Eugene Dewey:

So it was down here, left, right, right... or was it left?

Voice:

Lost?

[Eugene spins around to see the Count of COOL standing there having just turned the corner behind him.]

Eugene Dewey:

Huh?

COOL Cancer Jiles:

Are. You. Lost?

[Blank staring.]

COOL Cancer Jiles:

What's the matter Dewfus? Did Mommy just drop you off or something?

[Dewey thinks back to a game he once played where the bad guy could see into your past. In order to defeat Sonej the Dragon Reader, he's the bad guy, you had to remove his eyes... and well, Dewey's not about to do that so he slouches instead.]

COOL Cancer Jiles:

Where's that shithead brother of yours? Isn't he supposed to make sure your ass gets wiped so situations like this don't occur?

[Eugene looks over his shoulders, possibly for an exit, possibly in the vain hope that Wayne would materialize by his side and verbally slam Cancer Jiles.]

COOL Cancer Jiles:

Oh, that's right-- he's not in the picture. Well, I'd love to tell you how big a shame, and how much it pains me to see him not here anymore... but I'm no liar. Dude sucked. Sucked, like getting mugged by a cripple wielding box cutters without a blade sucks.

[Dewey laughs awkwardly and rubs the back of his neck, all the while looking around for anything that might get him away from this situation.]

Eugene Dewey:

Uhhhh hey uh, hey... hey Cancer... Look I'm uhhh, I'm sorry about last week, you know? And... ummmm you wouldn't happen to know where my uhhh... locker room is... would you?

COOL Cancer Jiles:

Matter of fact I do, but why should I tell?

[Eugene looks disheartened.]

COOL Cancer Jiles:

HA! Settle down, Gene. I'm just fooling with ya.

What you got to do is turn back around, and make that left instead of going right. Then, you go through the boiler room -- past Lucky Seven's sex shack -- and cross the wasteland known as the women's bathroom.

Then you're right there.

[That simple.]

Eugene Dewey:

But the guy in the parking lot said it was down this way.

COOL Cancer Jiles:

I told you before I never lie, Eugene. Why start now?

--AND HOW DARE YOU believe the word of a commoner over the REAL King of COOL! That mongo couldn't pour piss out of a boot if the instructions were written on the heel.

Eugene Dewey:

Oh, yeah sure... Ok, Ok, thanks Cancer... You know what? You're alright really.

[Eugene reluctantly walks off in the wrong direction.]

COOL Cancer Jiles: [Cheshire Cat grin]

Good luck tonight, kid, you're gonna need it...

Another Nameless Stage Hand:

Hey, Mr Jiles? You're up next.

COOL Cancer Jiles:

ETZ CHAWPEN TIEM!!!!!!

SportsCenter: Cancer Jiles vs Jack Cassidy

DDK:

Up next we've got a singles match between Cancer Jiles and Jack Cassidy. Now Jeff, I know you had a hand in training Jack, and that you hate Cancer Jiles...

Jeff:

Look Darren. I would *love* to be able to say Jack Cassidy is going to beat Cancer Jiles. And you know, I think if Cancer ended up against Jack when Jack's got his head on straight, that he could do it. But I also know Jack took Troy Matthews getting injured and the Devil Rippers falling apart really hard. He's had a string of shit luck here in Defiance, but right now, I don't see him winning.

Cito:

I honestly can't argue with any of what Jeff said. Cancer Jiles has more athleticism than he gets credit for, because he'd rather cheat and wrestle easy than go for his moonsault and swan dive forearm and any of the crowd pleasing stuff he can do. Jack has the athleticism, but he lacks the drive and focus to get the most out of it.

Jeff:

Also, while Jack beating Jiles might be an upset under any circumstances, Jack has just enough points to not qualify him for an underdog bonus.

DDK:

Well, since things seem pretty unanimous, let's get to the match and see what happens!

Jack Cassidy vs Cancer Jiles

Cassidy came out first, followed by Jiles. Nothing special happened before the bell sounded and the match got underway.

The two men locked up in the middle of the ring with a collar and elbow tie up. Jiles used his slight weight and height advantage to push Cassidy back into the corner of the ring. Referee Carla Ferrari stepped between the two and demanded a clean break, which is what she got.

At least until Jiles bitch slapped the taste out of Cassidy's mouth.

Feeling pretty good with himself Cancer grinned at his opponent, but that soon faded as Cassidy exploded out of the corner and took him down with a double leg... well, takedown. Jiles tried to cover up as best he could and managed to block a few of the shots raining down from above, but Cassidy succeeded in landing a few rights and lefts to Cancer's temples.

Cassidy relented in his assault and got to his feet. Jiles did quite the opposite and rolled to the outside of the ring to gather his bearings. He walked around the ring post shaking the cobwebs out before being sent sideways into the crowd barrier as Jack Cassidy nailed a Jackslide which connected with the side of Jiles' head.

Cassidy straightened up on the apron and taunted Cancer to return to his feet. Jiles did so, but not because Cassidy was telling him to, but because he didn't know what was waiting for him. He turned around to see Cassidy come off of the apron with a running cannonball which took him right back off of his feet.

Cassidy hopped right back up though, slid into the ring and played to the fans who responded with a big 'arial move' cheer. Cassidy turned his attention back to Jiles who had just risen to his feet and started sliding back into the ring.

Jack dropped an axehandle down across the shoulders of Cancer and pulled him up to his feet. He bounced him off of the ropes and sent him running across the ring. Cancer returned off the other side into a standing dropkick from Cassidy. Jack rolled over and went for the early cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Cancer kicked out.

Jack wasted little time in getting right back on the offensive though and pulled Cancer to his feet with a front face lock. He hammed a forearm down across Jiles' back and lifted a knee into his chin. Cassidy went behind on Jiles and lifted him as though he were going for a side suplex. Instead of falling back however, Jack walked him a couple of steps to the corner and sat him on the top turnbuckle.

Clearly feeling the exertion needed to lift Jiles up like that, Cassidy took a couple of seconds for a breather and hammered a couple more forearms into Jiles' spine. He grabbed Cancer by the shoulder and pulled him back, hanging him in the tree of woe.

Jack landed a couple of stomps to Jiles's midsection and ran around the ring to the opposite corner. Once there he charged in on Jiles with a spear!

But Cancer pulled himself back up to a seated position on the top rope and Cassidy connected with nothing but turnbuckle!

Jack stumbled back into the middle of the ring clutching at his chest as Jiles moved himself into a perched position on the top ropes. When Jack turned around Cancer launched himself off the top rope and connected with a missile dropkick! Cassidy hit the mat so hard he practically bounced over onto his front which, fortunately for him, prevent Jiles from going for a cover.

Cancer took a moment to recover from Cassidy's opening flurry and likewise gave Jack the chance to recover from the dropkick. Both men got to their feet about the same time, but Cassidy threw the first shot, connecting with Cancer's jaw. Jiles threw a slap back and Cassidy responded in turn with a right. Jack gained momentum and landed a couple of shots in succession before winding back and swinging with a big right that Jiles ducked.

Jack's momentum spun him round to face away from Jiles, not a good position to find yourself in when your opponent is willing to rake his fingernails down you back. Cassidy arched his back in pain allowing Jiles to hook his head and drop him down with the COOL ever after! Jiles went for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Cassidy got a shoulder up!

Cancer got to his feet and slapped his hand three times before asking Carla whether that really was a two count. She assured him it was and Jiles turned back to his opponent. Cassidy had pulled himself to his feet with help from the ropes and threw a kick to the midsection of the incoming Jiles.

[SPLIT SCREEN]

As Cassidy took Jiles over with an arm drag, Eugene Dewey appears on the other side of the screen, still carrying his backpack. Nobody else was around, but there was a TV on in the background which Dewey clocked. On it, the match being contested in the ring. Dewey stopped walking and stood in silence, intently watching the match as we returned to a single image.

[SINGLE SCREEN]

Cassidy clamped in a deep armbar on Jiles, but Cancer quickly rolled through to relieve the pressure and rose to his feet. Cassidy kept the armbar locked, but had his grip loosened as Jiles laid a few right hands into his breadbasket. One or two may have even landed below the belt, but according to Carla Ferrari, they were absolutely fine.

Cancer adjusted his position and lifted Cassidy before dropping him right back down in an inverted atomic drop. One hard spinning elbow later and Cassidy was on his back being covered again.

ONE!

TWO!

Cassidy got his shoulder up!

Jiles pounded the mat once out of frustration and got back to his feet, pulling Cassidy with him by the hair. Ferrari tried to interject herself to stop the hair pulling, but Jiles flat out ignored her. He pushed Jack sternum first into the corner and lifted a knee into the small of his back as he bounced out. Jiles lifted Jack as though he were going for an atomic drop but placed him on the turnbuckle instead. Cancer followed Cassidy up, hooked up his arm and drove him down to the canvas with a belly to back suplex off of the second rope!

Cancer went for another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Cassidy kicked out again.

Jiles refused to lose his COOL again and pulled Cassidy up to his feet before slamming him right back down with a body slam. Jiles headed for the corner and climbed to the top rope, whereupon he leapt and came crashing down with a splash!

Only there wasn't anyone there to crash into!

Cassidy had rolled out of the way and Jiles collided with nothing but canvas. He almost bounced up to his feet though and turned around to see Cassidy flying through the air and connect with the Rip Kick!

Cassidy covered!

ONE!

TWO!

Jiles got a shoulder up!

Jack scrambled to his feet and brought Jiles with him where he hooked Cancer up for a suplex. He popped the hips and lifted Jiles up for what would presumably be the facewaster. The Count of COOL had the move scouted though and brought a knee down into the top of Cassidy's head as he was lifted. Cassidy couldn't halt Cancer's momentum and Jiles dropped down behind his opponent, took a step back and waited for Cassidy to turn around.

TERMINAL CANCER!

Cassidy didn't drop though, instead he stood there, practically out on his feet. For good measure Jiles brought his hand down across Jack's forehead!

MONGO CHAWP!

Ok, it wasn't off the top rope, but it didn't need to be. It was enough to take Cassidy off of his feet and lay him out on the mat for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Winner: COOL Cancer Jiles

Backstage Eugene Dewey looked on, seemingly impressed with the performance he'd just witnessed in the ring.

Matthew 24:36

[Footsteps.]

[An unrecognizable voice from the darkness.]

“But concerning that day and hour no one knows, not even the angels of heaven, nor the Son, but the Father only. For as were the days of Noah, so will be the coming of the Son of Man. For as in those days before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day when Noah entered the ark, and they were unaware until the flood came and swept them all away, so will be the coming of the Son of Man. Then two men will be in the field; one will be taken and one left. Two women will be grinding at the mill; one will be taken and one left. Therefore, stay awake, for you do not know on what day your Lord is coming. But know this, that if the master of the house had known in what part of the night the thief was coming, he would have stayed awake and would not have let his house be broken into. Therefore you also must be ready, for the Son of Man is coming at an hour you do not expect.

Matthew twenty four, thirty six through forty four... ”

[The footsteps slowly fade away.]

“ ... Sooner or later God'll cut you down... ”

[End.]

SportsCenter: Eugene Dewey vs Nakita DuBov

[Fade up to the commentation station.]

DDK:

Up next we've got Eugene Dewey taking on Nakita DuBov. Now Nakita, she started off in Defiance *big* by defeating Bronson Box, but since then she's slipped, and badly. She got back into the win column by defeating an injured and burned out Michel LaLiberte, and now she's up against Eugene Dewey.

Cito:

Let's talk about Eugene Dewey for a while, alright?

DDK:

Fine by me.

Jeff:

Works.

Cito:

Eugene Dewey's currently running fourth in the league, way behind Clairia St. Sure and Christian Light and a bit behind Jan Gin Xiao. Like several of the guys over in Evolution, he's been unable to get a good win streak going.

Jeff:

Well, and I don't like to underestimate Eugene because we all know what happened when Bronson Box did that, but Dewey has faced two of the three wrestlers ahead of him in the rankings, and he lost to both of them. There was that loss to JGX way back at the beginning of the season, and then the loss to Clairia just last week.

DDK:

So, how do you see this match going down? Eugene's got some issues to deal with but is he going to be able to unload on a girl?

Jeff:

As someone who spent his middle school years getting owned at Street Fighter by some guy who refused to quit playing as Chun Li, I can say with safety that yes, sufficient aggravation at the hands of the fairer sex can indeed cause a reduction in one's level of chivalry. And so gimme Eugene for the win.

Eugene Dewey vs Nakita DuBov

Nakita DuBov's entrance, made to the sounds of "Increase the Dosage" by Bionic Jive went without incident. But when the 8 bit bleeps of the Punch Out Victory Theme began to play, Eugene Dewey took his time appearing at the top of the ramp. And once he finally got there, he looked around nervously.

Conspicuous by his absence was Wayne Dewey.

DuBov was beyond impatient as Eugene made his way down to the ring and relented to a foreign object search.

The bell rang, and DuBov was on her opponent, smashing knife edge chops into Eugene's flabulur chest. Dewey cowered and covered and backed into the corner, and covered up as DuBov switched over to elbow strikes, knocking a dent into the orange afro but failing to connect with any particularly hard hitting shots. Benny Doyle backed her off and called for a tie-up.

Eugene stood in the corner frozen in indecision, and DuBov finally locked up with him there, and with a surprising show of strength hip tossed Dewey down to the mat. From there she quickly sunk in the dragon sleeper, but Dewey quickly panicked and grabbed the ropes. DuBov shrugged it off, grabbed two hands full of orange hair and pulled Dewey to his feet - and mentally slapped awake, Dewey spun around on her, throwing frantic forearms and arm... hitty things.

When you've got as much sheer size and weight behind your strikes as Eugene does, they do damage even if they're so technically poor as to get a kid thrown out of wrestling school for throwing such. DuBov went down backwards, Dewey reeled off balance and collapsed on top of her! Benny Doyle dived in to make the count! ONE... TWO... and DuBov kicked out.

Trying to outfight Dewey wasn't working for DuBov, so she decided to try and use his size against him. Backing out of grappling range, she began firing off kicks. Dewey's reflexes weren't fast enough to catch most of them, and when he finally got one she quickly enzuigiri'd him. Stumbling and cowering, Dewey fell back into the corner. DuBov blasted him with more kicks. If he guarded his head, she laid them into his kidneys and ribs. If he tried to block the body shots, she'd throw one at his face. Finally a head kick left Dewey insensate, hanging off the top rope by one arm. DuBov backed off, and then ran in, throwing a high yakuza kick aimed at his face.

Dewey ducked, almost but not quite not in time. DuBov's kick missed his head by inches, and she ran straight into him.

This left Eugene Dewey in what was heretofore a completely unimaginable scenario - an attractive woman had her leg on his shoulder.

He panicked. He tried to cover up, push her away, and run like hell all at once.

And somehow, this all came together as a textbook rotating cradle suplex.

As Eugene got up, it's quite possible he had no idea what he'd done, but even without Wayne outside the ring to shout instructions, he jumped, and came down across DuBov's body with a big splash.

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE!!!

Winner: Eugene Dewey (Big Splash)

Ominous 2

[Darkness]

Voice Over:

Ominous.

In one word, Darren Keebler managed to sum up the future of many.

Ominous.

In one word, Darren Keebler managed to foreshadow the inevitable.

Ominous.

In one word, Darren Keebler managed to describe the path Heritage is about to be taken down.

[Jan Gin Xiao]

[COOL Cancer Jiles]

[Diamond Shazam]

Voice Over:

You are all guilty of crimes as yet unpunished.

[Christian Light]

[Eugene Dewey]

[Claira St. Sure]

Voice Over:

You are all guilty of facilitating the wrong doers.

For inaction is not the way to rid the world of these hoodlums.

Idleness is not the answer.

The Arrival can be delayed no longer.

Heritage...

I hear your cries.

You are in dire need of a savior.

I am coming.

And you will be saved.

[Two bright white eye shaped lights appear in the darkness.]

[Heritage 07]

SportsCenter: Diamond Shazam vs Lucky Seven

DDK:

Cito, do you know anything about Lucky Seven yet?

Cito:

Not at all, actually. I did my research and looked around for her, I also looked around for someone named Laurie Snow, but I couldn't find anything on either of them.

Jeff:

Lucky Seven's another one of those names that falls afoul of a google search, I'm afraid.

DDK:

Well, she's taking on Diamond Shazam.

[Silence.]

[Cito shuffles some papers.]

[Andrews taps his fingers on the desk.]

Diamond Shazam vs Lucky Seven

[Now I'm aware it's usually poor form to make OOC comments in the results, but Lucky Seven's handler proudly proclaims her disdain of reading matches and Diamond Shazam's handler hates intergender wrestling. So this match will not be written because no one should have to spend time writing a match where neither handler wants to read it.]

Winner: Time Limit Draw

Diamond Shazam: +1

Lucky Seven: +1

Nerves

"I just had a thought."

[Blacked out background. The foreground consists of a TV that is lit up with a frozen image of THE MIGHTY IMPALA on the screen.]

[And standing next to the screen, in his blue and white ring gear and black Heritage logo shirt, is one Christian Light.]

RRRRRAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

"The Last Nighthawk" Christian Light:

Now, unlike most people who have a thought, we wrestlers have two important things to consider.

One, since we're wrestlers, we find it more comfortable to put ourselves in front of a camera broadcasting to the millions in TV Land than to write it down.

[A thoughtful pause.]

Light:

Well, after years and years of practice, I certainly do

And two, since we're wrestlers and we get dropped on our head much more so than the average human being, we'd better get our thoughts out quickly or they might flutter away, disappearing in the void with other lost memories.

Hence the informality of the setting today.

[Light spreads his hands out, showing off his relatively black set.]

Light:

Right. So. Impala.

Opening promos are important, just because first impressions are so important.

To that end, since I had absolutely nothing else to go on for my prep time, including vitals, preferred fighting style, tryout tape, or anything else that is normally available for a wrestler to scout their opponent with...

[Christian pauses to shoot a look at the camera that says "Really?" before continuing.]

Light:

...I've been reviewing your first and only promotional appearance to see what I can derive from it. For example:

[Christian points to the freeze-frame of Impala. He's in the middle of extending his arm to motion to the oil fields in the background.]

Light:

Your height seems about average for a man in our business, as does your reach. You're a big man from a width perspective, but I'm willing to bet it's a lot less flab and a lot more muscle.

If not, I'd ask those trainers for my money back.

[Light motions towards Impala's back.]

Light:

And here, your back...you have, dare I say, majestic posture? That leads me to believe that your back is strong and will not be very easy to break down. Your neck, also, looks to be fairly thick and sturdy. Given the choice here, I'd definitely go for the neck, but I dare say that just based on the one promo and the lack of medical history that neither focal point will be easy to break down.

[A pause as Light takes his finger away from the screen and pushes a button on the DVD player above the TV. The mute is on so we don't hear Impala's promo, but he goes through the motions.]

Light:

You go through your motions well too, like you're at ease with your own movements. No apparent outstanding leg injuries, and probably good balance and agility too. And based on your size and build, I'd imagine you'd have quite the power base to work with.

Unfortunate for you that you may have run into one of the few men on the roster who could match and maybe overtake you in strength and power, but that's neither here nor there for our purpose today.

I can see a lot of potential in you. Given your family's royal background I can guess you'll be comfortable in front of a crowd.

There's one thing I see, though.

Or should I say, hear?

When you spoke, you spoke of your uncle. You spoke of your family. You spoke of the various things your wealth of resources can buy. You spoke of your right of birth. And you spoke of what your trainers have done to you.

Notice a pattern here?

You spent your promotional time talking about passive things.

You had the open opportunity to speak your mind unfettered by my comments. You had carte blanche to put over your strengths.

And yet you led with things done to or for you. No mention of what you can do.

Some may call that gamesmanship. But from someone who's wrestled all of zero times outside of sparring, I'm not buying it.

I'm thinking nerves are creeping in.

I'm thinking you're not really sure what you're capable of in the ring. And if your trainers are at all worth the money you paid for them, then I'm thinking you know exactly what I'm capable of...

...and you know that one mistake means lights out for you.

[Light pushes a button on the TV, and it goes off. After a second, a single spotlight illuminates the darkness, pointed right down at The Last Nighthawk]

Light:

Don't sweat it. Nerves, even to the extreme, are a normal occurrence for your first match or three. Some guys in this locker room...they'll never admit it, but some of them were so sick with stage fright the first time they were on the card that they puked into a nearby garbage can. I had a ton of nerves going on when I had my first match. The butterflies were so strong they practically carried me to the ring that night. I barely remember the match I was so charged with nervous energy, but watching tape showed my performance wasn't exactly awe-inspiring.

But looking back on it, I do know one thing.

Once I was done, I went backstage and the promoter said to me, "See you next week, kid."

No matter what happens, when you have someone like you, who has all the physical tools...there's always another match if you want to come back.

So try your best to leave the nerves behind. Take a deep breath, or a glass of water. Take your time and get yourself to the best possible emotional and mental state you can get to for this fight.

I'll be there waiting.

After all, I'm the one that wants to see what you can do.

See you tonight.

[End]

SportsCenter: Christian Light vs Impala

DDK:

Jeff, you mentioned Impala's ostentatious entrance to the arena at the top of the card, and now Impala is set to take on Christian Light.

Jeff:

Well, ostentation aside, I don't have any info on Impala. Not sure if that's his fault or the Defiance website's fault. He's a... guy. He's arrogant, he's rich, he's political fucking royalty from somewhere in Africa, can't quite remember the country. Uganda?

Cito:

Equatorial Guinea.

DDK:

How do you guys see Impala matching up against Christian Light?

Jeff:

Dude. It's Christian. Fucking. LIGHT. The only reason Impala is going to survive this match is because Christian Light is a pure old school white hat good guy and doesn't usually kill people.

Cito:

I have to agree with Jeff on this one, Darren. Christian Light has very few weaknesses. He has a bit of trouble against a good light heavyweight, someone with the strength to budge him and the speed to out maneuver him. I don't believe Impala has that level of speed, and I doubt very much that Impala can match power against Light.

Christian Light vs Impala

No bio for Impala = no match.

Winner: Christian Light in about 11 minutes with Realizing the Dream.

Found?

[You know that music from Tetris? Well that sounds out, only to be cut off prematurely by Eugene Dewey hitting the 'answer' button on the bottom of his iPhone. He lifts the device to his ear.]

Eugene Dewey:
Hello?

[Pause for a response.]

Eugene Dewey:
Oh, Hi mom, how's it going?

[Another pause.]

Eugene Dewey:
Yeah, but it's not like they're only going to put on an hour long show, is it?

[Yet another moment of silence.]

Eugene Dewey:
But Mom, there's still the main event to come.

[Eugene sighs and shakes his head.]

Eugene Dewey:
Fine, I'm on my way, meet me where you dropped me.

[Eugene hangs up the phone and heads off down the hallway, he passes more unimportant people before turning a corner and bumps right into the back of somebody.]

COOL Cancer Jiles:
WHATTHEFUCK?

Eugene Dewey:
Sorry!

[Jiles turns and fixes Eugene right in the eyes, His anger fades to be replaced by the cheshire cat grin from earlier.]

COOL Cancer Jiles:
Well lookie here, a lil yankee wuss. How's it hanging Geek Squad? You fix that Wifi issue?

[Puzzled, Dewey chews his bottom lip while thinking of an answer.]

COOL Cancer Jiles:
HOLY Jibus!! Gene, MAI GAWD, did you have a good night?

Eugene Dewey: [DING]
Uhhh, not really, I never found my locker room and I lost my bag somewhere. I can't remember for the life of me where I last put it.

COOL Cancer Jiles: [concerned]
That's just horrible. Hopefully it didn't have anything important in it.

Eugene Dewey:

Only my clothes and a spare pair of glasses.

[Jiles removes his T-Shades to reveal a pair of glasses just like Dewey's.]

COOL Cancer Jiles:

Those glasses wouldn't happen to look anything like these, would they?

Eugene Dewey: [taken back]

Uhhh, yeah... yeah they would look them. Wher--

[Before Dewey can finish, Count COOL quickly removes the COOL as Cancer t-shirt he has on.]

COOL Cancer Jiles: [pointing to his chest]

What about this? Does this look like something that was in that trash bag you call a carry all?

[Somehow... due to the magic of wrestling and being COOL I suppose, Lord Jiles is now wearing a short-sleeved, white button-down. Yes, the collar is popped, and the pocket protector inside the breast pocket is full up on marijuana goods.]

Eugene Dewey: [Finally getting a clue]

Yeah... it does...

[The Count of COOL reaches for his zipper and starts to slide it downwards.]

Eugene Dewey: [Practically begging]

Please. I don't need to see my underwear.

COOL Cancer Jiles:

Gene, I'm not wearing any underwear.

[AWKWARD. SILENCE.]

[Where's Wayne Dewey when you need him?]

Eugene Dewey:

Would you happen to know where it is then?

COOL Cancer Jiles:

You know that flagpole outside?

[Eugene sighs and rubs his eyes in frustration. He'd thought the days of keep away were behind him after graduating high school. Clearly he was wrong.]

Eugene Dewey:

Fine, you know what? Keep it all. I'm beyond caring right now.

[Eugene side steps Jiles and starts walking past him when the COOL one sticks out an arm to grab Eugene by the biceps... Well, the place where the biceps would be on a normal human being. By the flabby ill defined bingo wing would probably be a better description of where he's clutched onto.]

COOL Cancer Jiles:

WHOA! Easy there Daddy-O! Don't go losing your... fuck it, COOL on me. It's not like I'm going to wear the TJ Maxx

clearance rack ever again. You can have your stuff back... shit, I'll even kick in a little incentive.

[That's drug talk, which is completely lost of Eugene.]

[Also, wait till Cancer is back on the street for peeing in Jeff Andrews' soup du jour. Then we will see what he is or is not wearing.]

Eugene Dewey:
What incentive?

[Jiles reaches into his breast pocket, and pulls out a joint.]

COOL Cancer Jiles:
Don't worry, all the COOL kids are doing it.

[Once he starts, he can't stop. It's a curse really. The curse of the COOLINO.]

Eugene Dewey: [shaking his head]
NO! ABSOLUTELY NOT! NO! I DON'T WANT TO GO TO JAIL! THEY HAVE NO ONLINE!

COOL Cancer Jiles:
You'll be fine. Really. I know you don't like your veggies, but this one is REALLY good for you.

Eugene Dewey:
NO WAY! I'M NOT GOING TO JAIL!!!!

COOL Cancer Jiles:
Listen, if you see a cop, just do what you do best and eat the fucking thing.

Eugene Dewey:
I can eat it? That wouldn't kill me?

COOL Cancer Jiles:
Sure you can eat it. With this though, you're gonna want to smoke it. That way, all the food you eat afterwards tastes a thousand times better.

[Dewey's eyes grow wide.]

Eugene Dewey:
Even Twinkies?

COOL Cancer Jiles:
Even. Twinkies.

[Eugene sharpens his eyes.]

[This is that moment.]

[That time they talk about in those Don't Do Drugs commercials.]

[Here, right now... Eugene Dewey has a choice to make.]

[cut.]

SportsCenter: Clair St. Sure vs Hollywood Jack

DDK:

And finally, we've got our main event of the night. Clair St. Sure taking on Hollywood Jack.

Jeff:

Hollywood Jack didn't show up, I don't think there's any point in pretending this match isn't going to be an evisceration. I tell you what though, Cito, you announced earlier that it's going to be Light and St. Sure for the main event of HERI08, and I am looking forward to that one.

Cito:

You know, if you think about it, a match in which Clair gets to show off may be exactly what she *doesn't* want right now.

DDK:

Really?

Cito:

Well, at this time, Clair's been winning most of her matches with that Truly Untouchabreaker. She's got a few other tricks, we saw her put JGX out with a running jumping knee strike, but she hasn't really had to branch out her style much. Shoot kicks and arm submissions have worked just fine for her. If Hollywood gives her a chance to show off, and she takes it, that's just giving Light more to work with.

DDK:

That's... I don't believe I'd have thought of that. But you can rest assured Light's going to be doing his studying.

Jeff:

Well, we don't want to give the Light/St. Sure match away, so let's just go catch the destruction of Hollywood Jack and wrap this bitch up.

Claira St. Sure vs Hollywood Jack

It was main event time. No one was under any illusions that this match was going to be anything other than a chance for Claira St. Sure to show off a bit and accrue even more points and pull even further ahead of the rankings, but every once in a while, it's fun to watch some unstoppable juggernaut of a wrestler steamroll over a hapless opponent.

I mean, it worked for Goldberg, right?

Hollywood Jack was already in the ring and damndest thing if there wasn't some sort of technical difficulty going on that obscured him. You couldn't even figure out his race, let alone his height and weight and attire.

Claira made her entrance to "Death Threat" by Death in Vegas. She was, of course, accompanied by Kai Scott and Diane Parker. And the fans were loving it.

The bell rang. Claira and Jack circled each other. Jack lunged at her looking for a tie-up, she easily ducked it, hooked a leg and took him down hard to the mat in a banana split! Too close to the ropes, Jack grabbed them, Claira hanging on until the count of four. Jack got up, shook out his leg, then shoved Claira. Claira went back a step and a half, then came right back at him with a roundhouse kick. A flurry of jabs to the face, another roundhouse to the kidney, Jack ducked to cover up, Claira hooked the front face lock and drove knees into his chin and head area, and Jack floundered to the ropes!

The referee called for the break, but Claira moved right back in. She sent Jack off the ropes with an Irish whip, Jack reversed, and caught her on the rebound with a shoulder tackle, knocking her to the mat. He ran the ropes, Claira rolled over, he jumped her, rebounded, straight into a frankensteiner which was transitioned into a triangle choke, which was transitioned into an omoplata! Jack rolled with it and got the ropes again.

Merciless, Claira "helped" him up and hip tossed him out of the ropes. She spinal tapped him, ran the far ropes and hit him with a chest tap, then backflipped into a superstar elbow! The fans erupted for the previously unseen acrobatic move as Claira made the cover.

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....KICKOUT!

Claira raised her right fist and gripped her elbow, then snapped her arm to the side, calling for the end of the match via applied arm trauma. She went for the omoplata again. Jack, at least having the Truly Untouchabreaker scouted, rolled with it.

She just grabbed him around the neck and lay back with the rear naked choke. Jack struggled to his knees. Claira dropped the bodyscissor, pulled him the rest of the way up... reverse northern lights suplex! Rolling through, Claira dropped the neck, grabbed the arm in an omoplata, reached across his body and did whatever that evil thing is that she does to his other arm, then leaned back and deathlocked the legs.

And Hollywood Jack tapped out straightaway.

Winner: Claira St. Sure (Truly Untouchabreaker)

+5 Victory, +4 win streak bonus

An abrupt and unexpected retirement

[Fade back up to the commentary station.]

Jeff:

Aw shit.

DDK:

What?

Jeff:

Show's supposed to be over. If that camera's on, it means that someone's probably got something left to rant about, and he's probably gonna come in here to do it and piss me off, and.

V.O. CCJ:

One side, mongos!

Jeff:

hoobagastrik

[Andrews' rising blood pressure is evidenced by the vein erupting from the top of his head.]

[Cancer Jiles swaggers into the room, tossing an egg up into the air. It splatters all over Cito's notes. He is also wearing a fanny pack.]

DDK:

Cancer, what do you want?

Jiles: [ignoring DDK]

Jeff, I sincerely hope you didn't think you'd get away with screwing me out of my hard fought win over Christian Light last week. Now I know....

[Andrews says something. Jiles, however, has walked in front of the desk and unplugged Andrews' headset, so it goes unheard.]

Jiles:

Wait your turn, McDaniels. As I was saying, it's really gotten pathetic how desperate you are to get one over on me. I mean, I suppose I can't blame you, it's got to be really tough being outfought and out-manuevered by me every step of the way through this pathetic tournament. Have you considered just going home and letting your friend with manhands Heidi come back and do the real work?

[Off-mic, Andrews can't answer.]

Jiles:

Because it's my unfortunate responsibility to show you what Heidi's been up to while you've been on the road.

[Unzipping the hip pouch, Jiles pulls out what appears to be an 8x10 glossy photo - almost completely obscured by a circular censorship blur. What can be seen through the blur, however, is two dark blurs on either side, and a paler tan blur in the center.]

[You don't have to be able to lip read to see Jeff Andrews say 'mother fucker'.]

Jiles:

That too.

[Out comes another blurred-out photo. Andrews reaches to swat it, draws his hand back just in time. His knuckles

are white, his fingers dig into the desk.]

Jiles:

Don't you worry Jeff, I've got the whole set.

[Out come another three papers. Cito is quietly turning them upside down and stacking them. Jiles doesn't notice.]

Jiles:

In fact, I got these when I stopped by Baltimore. Heidi was real glad to biblically know someone who wasn't all self-obsessed and surly. Though, honestly, I've had better. But she gave me this as a keepsake.

[Jiles removes a pair of white thong underwear from the pouch and drops them on Andrews' head.]

[And suddenly, Andrews goes back to normal.]

[He lifts the thong off his head and drops it on the floor, then carefully takes DDK's headset off and puts it on his own.]

Jeff:

Cito, since you're the highest ranked person here, not counting myself, I need you to pass a message on to Eric Dane for me.

Cito:

Alright.

Jeff:

I quit.

Cito:

What?

Jeff:

I hereby vacate my position as the Vice President of Defiance.

Jiles:

YES! AHAHAHAHA! YESSSSS! I TOLD YOU I'D WIN, DANIELS! I TOLD YOU YOU WEREN'T COOL ENOUGH! I...

[Jiles stops laughing abruptly as Andrews stands up. From somewhere Andrews produces a bottle of beer. To his credit it was - keyword, WAS - unopened.]

[Andrews chugs it in one shot, then smashes the bottle on the desk.]

Cito:

I believe what is happening here is that Jiles forgot that if Andrews quit as Vice President, all the things about Andrews not being allowed to touch Jiles or owing him points and money were....

Jeff:

I'M GONNA SLICE YOU GOOD!

[Jiles turns tail and flees as Andrews, brandishing the jagged beer bottle, hurdles the desk.]

Cito:

Invalidated.

[DDK doesn't have a headset on. He nods.]

[The reason this doesn't count as an awkward silence is because of the faint sounds of chaos echoing from offscreen.]

[End.]