

Prologue I: 7:55

[Despite having an entire conference room dedicated to his Evolution League's War Room, Elijah Goldman has managed to find a way to steal five minutes to himself before WarGames goes live on ESEN. He has retired to his office, of course, posted a DEFsec agent at the door and made it perfectly clear that there would be consequences should anyone breach the door and interrupt what would be his last five minutes of sanity until after The Match Beyond.]

E-Gold: I mean it. If I so much as even smell Kevin Alloy or anybody else I'll have your badge so fast your grandchildren's heads will spin. Are we understood? **DEFsec Agent:** Crystal, sir. [The door shuts behind him with a snap of urgency. Goldman peels his glasses from his face, folds them and places them delicately into the inside pocket of his suit-jacket. He finds himself around his desk and leaning as far as the high-backed chair will allow him.] **E-Gold:** This business is going to be the death of me... [He brings a thumb and forefinger to the bridge of his nose, attempting to massage away the mounting pressure of whatever hell of a migraine that he knew he'd be fighting for the next two hours. Relief comes, surprisingly, in the form of his ever-creeping fantasy of taking control of DEFIANCE and remaking it in his own image, crushing Eric Dane and all of his lackeys and sycophants along the way.] **E-Gold:** But then again... Maybe. Juuuuust maybe... [His eyes close. Flashes of Evolution dominance dance across his cortex. A smirk comes to his face as he imagines Alceo Dentari, or Jimmy Kort, or even that holier-than-thou cunt of a woman Heidi Christenson winning that Master of Wrestling trophy and effectively handing him the keys to the castle. The smirk widens into an unnatural smile that cuts a swath across his face.] [He imagines gaudy spectacles designed to bring in more and more viewers, paid actors performing in scenes that he himself concocts... He thinks about the buyrates, does the math and translates that into the exponential growth in his net worth and his headache is nearly forgotten as he glances down at the face of his Rolex.] [7:55] [It was time.] [He knows that he's coming up on the final straightaway in this race for control. Eric Dane had been missing in action for weeks and he had been able to keep the Evolution League relatively under control in the interim and despite the fact that he'd held it together with enough bubble-gum and masking tape to get himself into a strategic sweet-spot heading into the playoffs.] [It was all up to his roster now, though. They'd have to score him the points to earn the man advantage in the finals. They'd have to carry out his will for the next two hours so that he could press the advantage and take DEFIANCE for his own.] **E-Gold:** Fuck it. It's now or never. Showtime. [He stands, takes a final mental stock of himself, and makes his way out of his office where he is accompanied by DEFsec to the Evolution War Room for the start of the show...]

Prologue II: Best Laid Plans...

[Cito Conarri didn't take the job as Heritage League commissioner because he wanted it. He'd been retired, working for the wrestling school he ran, slowly cutting back on his responsibilities, handing duties over to possible successors, and making up for the decades on the road by spending time at home with his family.] [That's when Eric Dane convinced him to run Heritage League.] [Once again, Cito was up at nights with booking sheets and payrolls piled on his desk, spending more time away then at home, and running Heritage was so trying. His roster had collapsed out from under him on Week 3, and things hadn't picked up from there. Just now, he had to deal with firing the most goddamned obnoxious wrestler he'd dealt with since Markus Maximus, and try to fill a vacant spot on his War Games team at the same time.] [So, somehow, none of it was getting done. Every time he tried to read something, the words blurred together.] "You alright, coach?" [And now, Jeff Andrews was walking into the office that he could've sworn he locked when he came in.] **Conarri:** No, not really. Why didn't you say anything when Clairra suggested that you join the War Games match? **Andrews:** Because I haven't been wrestling a full schedule and I burned myself out chasing the Ultratitle. [Cito sighs. There are way, way too many wrestlers who don't become everything they could because they, for one reason or another, fail to follow through. Cito likes Jeff Andrews; he'd have been quite happy to give Andrews the spot on the War Games team if Andrews had acted like he wanted it. But in regards to lack of follow-through... Andrews isn't exactly a former student. Technically, he never even graduated.] **Andrews:** You have any plans for finding a new person? **Cito:** I have... [pause] various options that I can pursue. [It's true. He could always just arbitrarily give the spot to someone. Aside from Andrews himself, there was always Cancer Jiles - irritating, but he could be focused in different directions so that the irritation factor was directed at someone who deserved it. Eugene Dewey, who really hadn't deserved to get kicked out of War Games contendership. Tom Sawyer, who'd fight the good fight anywhere at any time for any reason.] **Andrews:** Does Christian Light? **Cito:** As far as I know, he's still advocating for Michel LaLiberte. **Andrews:** Does Kai Scott? [So many questions. And suddenly, Cito looked up, and rather than seeing a concerned friend, saw someone asking too many questions about something that wasn't his business anyway.] **Cito:** [flat] He isn't here, he hasn't had a thing to do with this. **Andrews:** Oh, right. [Instead of leaving, Andrews sits down.] **Andrews:** Coach, I wouldn't be bothering you if I didn't have a reason, because believe you me I know what a pain in the ass what you're doing right now is. But I was thinking - there's nobody on either league who hates Evolution more than Heidi. And I checked the rules about War Games, and it doesn't say anything about a person in one league not being allowed to represent the other. [Cito's eyebrows go up. He's been around long enough to not be gullible, but the prospect of getting the most recent Defiance World Champion on his side is... appealing.] **Cito:** You're sure it's legal? **Andrews:** Coach-man, look. I know how these things go. I xeroxed and time-stamped the rules, just to make sure that lawyering douchebags couldn't lawyer about this. You can pick anyone you want from either league and there ain't shit Goldman can do about it. [With a flourish, Andrews drops a short stack of papers onto Cito's desk.] **Andrews:** But seriously. Pick Heidi. [Andrews, in his usual style, turns and leaves without waiting for a goodbye, let alone a dismissal. Cito, on the other hand, picks up the papers, shuffles through them.] [What Jeff was saying checks out.] [His job made more than a little easier, Cito permits himself a spot of relaxation, leaning back in his chair, hoping that the show just hurries up and starts already. The only thing that's bothering him is that Jeff is usually very protective of Heidi, and why would he so eagerly send her into a match like War Games?] [His gaze falls on the digital clock on his desk, and he pushes the seconds button to watch them count down.] [33] [32] [31] [30] [29...]

WarGames 2012 Opening

[DEFIANCE Wrestling presents WARGAMES in...]

[An explosion of pyrotechnic glory starts the show.] [CUE-UP: Black Sabbath. "War Pigs"] ♪ Gen'als gathered in their masses ♪ ♪ Just like witches at black masses ♪ ♪ Evil minds that plot destruction ♪ ♪ Sorcerers of death's construction ♪ ♪ In the field the bodies burning ♪ ♪ As the war machine keeps turning ♪ ♪ Death and hatred to mankind ♪ ♪ Poisoning their brainwashed minds ♪ ♪ OH, Lord yeah! ♪ [Fouteen-thousand and fifty-seven rabid DEFIAfans have jammed themselves into the CenturyLink Center in Shreveport for DEFIANCE's biggest event since the inception of the Masters of Wrestling: Grand Champions League. The crowd is at a fever pitch as the countdown on the DEFIAtron has just exploded and the music is shredding their eardrums in ways that only SLASH, Ozzy Osbourne and Tony Iommi could provide.] ♪ Politicians hide themselves away ♪ ♪ They only started the war ♪ ♪ Why should they go out to fight? ♪ ♪ They leave that up to the poor ♪ ♪ Time will tell on their power minds ♪ ♪ Making war just for sport ♪ ♪ Treating people just like pawns in chess ♪ ♪ Wait til' their judgment day comes ♪ [The camera pans around the crowd and the nut-jobs are out en-masse. There are men painted black and gold, women painted turquoise and purple, teenagers with dreadlocks, gypsies, vampires, zombies, and every other manner of creature of the night you could imagine stuffed into eighteen inch seats like little green fish into cans. How many of these people are refugees from New Orleans is anyone's guess!] ♪ Now in darkness, World stops turning ♪ ♪ As you hear the bodies burning ♪ ♪ No more War Pigs have the power ♪ ♪ Hand of God has struck the hour ♪ ♪ Day of judgment God is calling ♪ ♪ On their knees the War Pigs crawling ♪ ♪ Begging mercies for their sins ♪ ♪ Satan, laughing, spreads His wings ♪ ♪ OH, Lord yeah! ♪ [Sabbath fades and the camera pans around and up to the monstrosity of a cage that hangs high above the arena floor, and then zooms down past the double DEFIANCE black and red rings sitting center-stage and settling on the brand new and improved Ringside Commentation Station where "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland, both suited and booted, Keebler in a DEFIANCE blazer and Angus in a tuxedo t-shirt, and both with headphones over their ears and monitors in front of their faces.] **Angus:** AND! WE! ARE! LIIIIIIIIIIIIVE TONIGHT FROM SHREEEEEEVE-PORT LOO-WEEZY-ANNA! Hurricane Issac thought he could hump his way into DEFIANCE by way of New Orleans' collective asshole, BUT THAT'S NOT HOW WE ROLE! We packed up our trucks and we hauled it up here out of the eye of the storm so we could bring you ALL of the DEFIANT action! [This gets the raucous DEFIANCE Faithful going even harder.] **Angus:** I'm here tonight live with my former, future, and current commentary partner and all around nerdy-assed know-it-all Darren Keebler, and WIIIIIIIIIIIIINGO do we have a show for you people tonight! **DDK:** We've got four big matches AND a WarGames for you tonight folks, and both League and Inter-League points are on the line in every last one of them! **Angus:** Would somebody please explain to me what an Inter-League Point is? **DDK:** Were you not at the meetings we had before the season began? **Angus:** Of course I was there! I slept through ALL of them! **DDK:** That explains more than you could possibly know. [SPLIT-SCREEN: On the left side of the screen is Elijah Goldman, just arriving to his Evolution War Room for the event. He is accompanied by DEFsec agents and none of his wrestlers are anywhere to be found. On the right side is Cito Conarri and Christian Light inside of the Heritage War Room, all manners of pie-chart and bar-graph pinned to cork boards all around the room.] **Angus:** You know, if I were in this situation myself, there's nobody I'd want Captaining my team more than Christian Light. That guy is Peyton freaking Manning for Team Heritage! And much as I'm loathe to admit it, Cito's ain't no slouch in the "wrestling mind" department either! **DDK:** On the other hand, brute force has been working so far for Elijah Goldman and his Evolution team, but in a situation where strategy is just as much if not more important than brutality, you've got to know he's going in at a disadvantage! I mean, think about it, there is a reason that the Heritage league leader has nearly doubled the amount of points as the Evolution league leader! **Angus:** Yeah, well, Elijah Goldman is a moron, but he's a

conniving son of a bitch too, and you can better believe that he's got a plan. On top of that, we still don't know who the fourth member of Team Evolution is going to be! And speaking of, if I may, I'd like to take this moment to say FUCK YOU DOOKY SPOOM, you're a raging homo and your love for the cock is why we fired you, take that however you want to! [A moment of awkward silence ensues.] [...] [Keebler's eyebrows rise as he tries to figure a way out of that particular bit of commentary. Angus just smirks. Finally, after several seconds of strange television silence, Darren Keebler just changes the subject entirely.] **DDK:** Anyhow. If you take a look around ringside you can see that the stars are out in force tonight in New Orleans for WarGames! [The camera panned around the ringside area, stopping for a second on a group of heartless street thugs. Special note: they're all wearing red.] **Angus:** And there's LIL' WAYNE and the entire Young Money/Cash Money roster representing New Orleans and a certain street gang that I'm not gonna get shot for mentioning in the air! **DDK:** I've heard that Lil' Wayne is a lifelong wrestling fan! **Angus:** We tried to get him to rap tonight, but he was already so stoned when he got here that he answered in some sort of weird seven minute acapella freestyle rap that nobody in the back could understand. [The camera pans again, this time landing television star and official Blues Brother John Goodman, he's got on a Christian Light t-shirt and has a beer cup in his hand.] **DDK:** And there's- **Angus:** DAN CONNOR! **DDK:** It's not- Are you serious? **Angus:** Don't look at me like that, I know Roseanne's husband when I see him! **DDK:** I'd forgotten how retarded you were. **Angus:** I'd forgotten how much of a homosexual faggot who loves cock that you were. [Awkward silence.] [The camera pans again, this time to a mountain of a man with blue in his hair and gold over his shoulder.] **DDK:** And as promised there he is folks, the LAST Legacy Champion and current jOlt Champion, The SuperBeast, Sylo! **Angus:** [sneering] I wouldn't waste time putting over a rival promotion's champion, if I were you. [Sylo stands up and holds up both titles much to the delight of the fans who recognized him from jOlt, LoC and a slew of other promotions. A few near Sylo flex and roar next to the Human Natural Disaster as Sylo lets both titles fall over his shoulders and throws up the traditional devil horns as he is hyped to see what Defiance has to offer.] **DDK:** Bah! Sylo is one of the good guys in this business, and he's an invited guest here tonight. Why do you have to crap on everybody with a pulse when you're on TV? **Angus:** An invited guest of whom, dude? Eric Dane's off in the New Frontier, Cito's busy trying to figure out how to fill out his WarGames team, and guaranteed Elijah Goldman's never heard of Sylo, jOlt, or probably even you! [Next to The Superbeast sits the beautiful and deadly Aria Murphy, Sylo's current jOlt and real life love interest. He leans down and steals a kiss as Aria snags the jOlt title and thrusts it up, mocking Sylo with her best impression of one of his roars. Both laugh and kiss again as the camera pans back to the Commentation Station.] **DDK:** Fair point. But his reputation notwithstanding, this show ain't about Sylo, he's here as a fan and along with the rest of the celebrities and revelers and DEFIANCE Faithful he's going to see whole lot of action tonight! **Angus:** Not only that, but I'm told Jimmy Kort is finally going to throw a White Trash Party worth noticing! **DDK:** Speaking of, we've got cameras in the parking structure where Jimmy Kort is throwing another one of his world famous White Trash Parties!

White Trash Party 1

Angus:

I'll be honest with you, in the entire time that Jimmy Kort's been working for DEFIANCE and throwing these little "parties," I've yet to figure out what they're supposed to accomplish. [The White Trash Party: BEYOND, because it's War Games and we've got to promote the match that needs no promotion some more.] **DDK:**

Maybe if you'd spend a little more time paying attention, and a little less time taking a dump on everybody on the planet not named Stephen Greer or Cancer Jiles, you'd have figured it out by now. [As far as the naked eye can see there are people. They don't have tickets, but they paid money to hang in this space, roped off by Goldman, to watch War Games. Mainly to watch EVO kick the ever loving shit out of Heritage. They came to see if Christian Light is tough, news flash he isn't.] **Angus:**

You've got answers for everything, don't you? [They have Red Solo Cups. Some dumb cover band is butchering a Classic Rock song. And sitting at a table off to the side, further roped off from the crowd, is James Anthony Kort. The KING OF THE unCOOL, the POOR man's EDward WHITE, the Man Who Turned His Back on the World by Joining EVO Instead of Heritage, at least according to Kai Scott and his peg leg.] **DDK:**

It's in my job description. [He's wearing his PURDDDDY white Cowboy Hat, an EVO t-shirt, because he's a company man, a pair of faded old blue jeans and those Cowboys boots that you all know and love. On his arm is Katie Lynn Johnson. Jimmy takes a deep breath of air.] **Kort:** Smells like a good day to me, babe. [Katie Lynn nods.] **Katie Lynn:** Certainly does, sug. A good day, 'n it's gonna be a good night too. Your gonna be headin' to the playoffs, 'n the team behind ya, or in front a' ya is gonna help prove that EVO is incredibly better than them ol' blowhards in Heritage League. [Kort smiles.] **Kort:** Smart girl. I knew there was a reason I was with ya. [Punch in the arm. Clearly this makes Katie Lynn a spouse beater. Insert the Kai Scott comment eye roll here.] [A staff worker opens the ropes and the king of UNcool is joined by one of his War Games team mates, Sam Turner Jr, a true good ol' boy.] **Kort:** Put her there, Sam. [Jimmy extends his hand and Sam of course takes it. Sam is wearing an EVO shirt underneath a pair of overalls, with a pair of work boots. He sits down next to Kort, on the opposite side of Katie.] **Sam Turner:** Thanks fer invitin' me, Jimmy. Mr. Ellis told me t'was a great oppertunity t' come out here 'n mingle wit des people. **Kort:** Sure is Sam. Gonna be great t' party with them later, too. Ya know when we win. [Jimmy gives Sam a point and Sam nods his head in agreement.] **Sam Turner:** I can't wait t' get mah han's on some a' them Heritage boys -- **Kort:** -- and girl. **Sam Turner:** --'n girl. Lot bein' said fer a whole lotta nothin'. Ain't amountin' to a hill a' beans, swear some a' them just like to hear the sound a their lips flappin' in the wind. **Kort:** Couldn't agree with ya more, Sam. Ya want somethin' to drink. [Kort indicates a cooler. Katie Lynn opens it. Beer, Gatorade, Water, a few other various drinks.] **Sam Turner:** I'll take some a' that there Sweet Tea I see. [Katie Lynn hands him a plastic bottle full of Sweet Tea.] **Katie Lynn:** Jimmy's aunt, Kate, made that. Pretty good. **Sam Turner:** Thank ya m'am. [The two start talking strategy for the match as we cut back. to ringside.] **Angus:**

Alright. Southern people enjoy sweet tea. I'm so much better for having seen that. **DDK:**

It's commraderie, Angus, something you obviously have no clue about. A team needs to be on the same page for something like WarGames, and you don't get that from watching tapes of your partners! You get it from proximity and shared experience! **Angus:**

Sounds gay to me...

Jeff Andrews/Tom Sawyer/Jack Cassidy vs WLTT & Christopher Barton



DDK:

Do you think you can at least try to hold it together for one match?

Angus:

I promise nothing...

Ooooooooooooooh...#
Ooooooooooh...

["Barton Hollow" by the Civil Wars begins to play, low and slow. Without much in the way of embellishment, Christopher Barton himself comes striding out from the back.]

[Seeing as we were short on time, once the Civil Wars got the recognisable part of the song out, the song immediately switched over to the hard-pumpin' beat of "The Bad Touch", by the Bloodhound Gang. As the fresh-outta-2000 beat pounded, the house lights flashed in alternating patterns.] [And out came the World's Longest Tag Team.] **Darren Quimbey:** COMING FIRST TO THE RING... THE TRIOS TEAM OF CHRISTOPHER BARTON, RICH MAHOGANY, AND PEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEETE WHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEALDOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOON! [Their groins move rhythmically, drug-addled eyes hidden behind sunglasses. Whealdon wears an unbuttoned Hawaiian tee-shirt, and his pink wrestling trunks. Mahogany wears a tiny blue manthong and a blue neckerchief.] [As Barton stoically stands between the two gyrating, pelvic-thrusting sex pistols, he sighs softly.] **Angus Skaaland:** I wouldn't look so mad, Chris! Your hopes rest on your teamwork with these guys! [Barton, Mahogany and Whealdon make their way to the ring, as the music fades. The Murder City Devils quickly blast in with the rockin' guitars of "Lemuria Rising".] **"Downtown" Darren Keebler:** Jack Cassidy, a sorely underappreciated talent, could be just the X factor that Sawyer and Andrews needed! **Angus:** Uncle Kracker? **DDK:** What?" [The Ripperman strides out from the back, fists clenching and unflexing a few times. He turned out to the crowd, beckoning to them as the frantic guitar intro quickly turned into the rockin' guitar riff from Monster Magnet's cover of Grand Funk's "Sin's a Good Man's Brother".] [The Cross-Wired Time Bomb strides out from the back, to come up beside Jack Cassidy. A pleasant clap of a hand onto Cassidy's shoulder.] **DDK:** Cassidy and Andrews are already familiar with one another. But the third man on their team... [Perhaps not so much. Andrews got a long few moments to soak up the fans' adulation. Standing beside Cassidy, the Ripperman got a chance to feel what it's like to get a full-on main event face pop.] **Angus:** Why does Cassidy look like he smells a fart? [And then...]

[And the fans that weren't lit up already, lit up.] [Spoiler: That meant the kids and the teenage girls.] [With the smarks cheering Cassidy, the smarks and facekick marks cheering Andrews, and everybody else cheering for Tom, it made the loudest reaction to a Rush song since the last Rush concert in Canadaland on Canada Day.] [As "Tom Sawyer" blared, Tom Sawyer rushes from the back, flying through the entryway like air resistance wasn't a thing. With a "LET'S GO!" as he flies by Andrews and Cassidy, Tom runs like the wind down the steel ringramp!] [Mahogany and Whealdon had been lingering at ringside, handing out cards with burner telephone numbers on them, room keys, personalized condoms, and creepy leers. Barton had taken up his position in the middle of Ring 1.] **Angus:** Do you see the problem I'm seeing? **DDK:** The fact that Barton has chosen to stay in Ring 1, while Mahogany and Whealdon are sliding into Ring 2? **Angus:** K, good, you see it too. Barton's about to get fucked up! [Tom Sawyer rolls into the ring, after leaping into the air and acrobatically diving between the middle and bottom ringrope! While Jeff and Cassidy hadn't exactly sprinted to the ring, they were quickly getting to ringside as well!] [The World's Longest Tag Team decide to linger in Ring 2. Ring 1 sucks, anyway. This allows Tom to duck a Barton Punch, pop a series of jabs to Barton's jaw, and send Barton rushing off with an irish whip!] **Angus:** Andrews has one ankle... **DDK:** And Cassidy got the other. **WHAM!** [Barton's ankles get grabbed just after he rebounded off the ropes. His momentum arrested, Barton slams facefirst into the mat!] **DDK:** With Jeff Andrews and Jack Cassidy backing Tom up, it's not hard to see why the World's Longest Tag Team have left Barton to his outnumbering... **Angus:** But they're gonna have to risk entering the fray to avoid ending up down a member! **DDK:** Hey, you're pretty good at this wrestling idea! **Angus:** I'm going to desecrate your grave, old man. [Rich Mahogany, already eyeing referee Carla Ferrari up, leans in and shouts something. Carla nods her head agreeably, and is soon in the midst of things, highly visible in her zebrastripes.] [As the World's Longest Tag Team had entered the ring first, they had chosen Ring 2 as the battleground. Despite Barton being in first. Ferrari and Mahogany had been chatting.] [Chatting about dick.] [Rich Mahogany's dick.] [She explains to Tom that they all have to go to Ring 2, and Barton takes the quick scramble across the ring to get in the midst of his tag partners.] **Angus:** Who is your money on? **DDK** Andrews to get the pinfall. The odds were good, and the man is the only World Champion in this match. **Angus::** I bet on Mahogany to tap. **DDK:** Tap out? **Angus:** Tap your wife. [Mahogany heads off Barton's excuses with a palm held in front of the face. He would begin the match and simply not fail like Barton did. Barton and the already-gyrating Whealdon get onto the apron as Tom Sawyer comes running across Ring 1, leaping over the top rope, and-] [Rich Mahogany springboards off the opposite set of ring ropes. As Tom handsprings and leaps out, Rich flies in...] **BITCHSLAP** [Tom hits the deck, bitchslapped out of his electric yellow boots.] [They go nicely with his electric yellow long-tights. With sassy, yet functional orange stripes down the outside of his legs.] **Angus:** Mahogany's bitchslap is my favorite move currently used to bitchslap people. [Rich grabs Tom in a big side headlock and brings him up, already adopting the wide stance for a long, grinding side headlock... But Tom twists behind, puts both hands on Rich's back, and shoves the Vaginal Vegan off!] **DDK:** Mahogany right where he doesn't want to be! [Tom is quick to hit the ringropes on the perpendicular side of the ring, coming running back and leaping at Rich...] **Angus:** Some kind of flippy, acrobatic, holding-onto-Rich-and-spinning thing! Does that have a technical name, Darren? **DDK:** Nope, you got it. [Mahogany is tossed all helter-skelter across the ring, to bounce and end up right back up on his feet beside the ropes...] [Air Sawyer comes flying through, taking Rich over the top rope with a clothesline! The two go crashing to the floor, leaving the four men on the apron to decide what two clash next.] **DDK:** The Suite Dolphin, Pete Whealdon. The King of the Bittermen, Jeff Andrews. **Angus:** Ohhhh fuck. I'd get down, if I were you. Think this place's resonance frequency is easy to find out? **DDK:** Why? **Angus:** No reason. [Pete Whealdon and Jeff Andrews walk to the center of the ring, eye one another up and down, and fall back into their own respective stances.] [Usually, one would turn this into a slow, headlock-driven thing.] [But this was a rare opportunity for Pete Whealdon to show his asskicking (or rather, chestkicking) prowess.] [Whealdon hauls off, as Jeff Andrews so kindly gives Pete the first kick, and cracks Jeff Andrews right square in the chest.] [The veteran warrior accepts the punishment. Internalizes it. Overcomes it.] [Jeff Andrews brings his leg back.] **KERSMASH** [Pete Whealdon gets the HELL kicked out of his chest, staggers back a bunch of steps, hits the ropes and barely manages to stay up.] [He does, however, manage to shoot a wink and a kiss to a girl at ringside. The dude was always on.] [Whealdon straightens up, as the crowd begins to shift and chant.] LET'S GO JEFF! LET'S GO JEFF! WHEAL-DON! WHEAL-DON! [The smark chant for the Suite Dolphin couldn't overwhelm the powerful Jeff chant, and as Whealdon steps up to take his place again, Jeff was already ready!] [And Whealdon took the first impact, this time! The kick sent Whealdon straight down, flat onto his ass! Jeff steps back, a grin on his lips, and bows, beckoning for Whealdon to get back up.] [The Suite Dolphin cannot accept this fuckery, and pops back up to his feet, fists clenched. Fucking... Fuck! Jeff shuffles his feet, moving to settle into a horse stance, but the Corporate Dolphin shoots the leg too quick for Jeff to compensa-] **Angus:** NO WAY! **KERRASH** [Andrews takes the kick high on the collar, and is sent sprawling to the mat! Whealdon: 1!] [But Jeff Andrews wasn't going to take that shit laying down. Literally.

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TO WHEALDON! ANDREWS WITH A FLYING ENZIGURI TO MAHOGANY!]

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! [Sawyer and Whealdon brawl out of the ring, Barton's already out, and Cassidy calmly rolls out, holding his face and injured pride in his hands.] [Andrews. Mahogany.] [Mahogany came up to his feet. Andrews watched him.] [Mahogany put both hands behind his head, began to pelvic-thrust while moaning a name.] "Oh, Heidi..." [Wrong thing to say. Andrews leaps, coming in with a flying elbow-smash to the top of the head! Mahogany blocks, and goes to bring a knee up, into Jeffy's balls!] [Jeffy hops backwards, breaking away from Mahogany's grasp. Rich lunges out with a kick, trying for Jeff's balls once more!] [Andrews sidesteps, kicks Mahogany in the back of the bracing knee. Mahogany's stance breaks, and as he goes to fall, Jeff spins around, getting a discus-style buildup to lash a chop into Mahogany's neck!] **Angus:** "My god, it's like watching a handsome, virile, popular man being chopped in the neck by a dumb gay baby!" **DDK:** Say that when Jeff is sitting beside you. **Angus:** ANSL;NCLKDNKJLAI WILL~! FUCK YOU, DARREN! [Mahogany stumbles backwards, hands clutching his throat. Fukk... Andrews backpedals a few steps, getting a long enough runway to build up some speed...] [Andrews charges in! Mahogany leans against the ropes, Jeff brings a leg up for a big boot... Mahogany drops, grabbing the top rope! Jeff flies too far, catching his thigh on the ropes! Andrews cuts a quick, ungraceful flip, cracking his head into the ring apron!] [Ripper was still nursing his pride, trying to console it over how it likely just lost its black cherry.] [Tom Sawyer was already on the top rope. As Rich Mahogany struts away from the side of the ring where Jeff Andrews just went fallin', Tom leaps off the top rope!] **Angus:** rassafassin' hate tom sawyer fffffffuuuuuuuuuccckkkkkkkkkkkkkk **DDK:** Tom Sawyer with a beautiful hurricanrana on Mahogany! [Mahogany goes skidding across the ring, and Tom just beckons Rich back up, having landed on his feet somehow! Rich is no dummy, and as Tom waited for him, Rich springs to the Team Sexbomb corner, tagging a random hand.] [Tom grins and steps back, beckoning Barton in.] [Barton grits his teeth and snorts. Alright. Here was where he would really shine, proving his helpfulness to the World's Longest Tag Team and win this ma-Aw, hell.] **DDK:** Tom with the armwringer! Sawyer puts a foot on Barton's chin, and... FACEBUSTER! SOLE FOOD! [Barton stumbles away, and Tom kips up! Both hands clenched, Tom flexes every muscle on his upper body, roars in DEFIANT fury! Andrews and Cassidy hear this. Know what's goin' on. Watch closely.] [Barton turns around. Tom with the boot to the stomach! Grabs the wrists, crosses the arms! Tom pulls Barton in, twists, and the straightjacket spinning neckbreaker drops Barton flat-out!] **Angus:** IN COMES ANDREWS AND CASSIDY! **DDK:** "More like there they go! Andrews and Cassidy take Mahogany and Whealdon out!" [Indeed, Andrews and Cassidy tackle MAHogany and Whealdon off the apron, allowing Sawyer to... Point to the top rope!] **RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!** [Sawyer was fast in going to the apron. Grabbing that top rope, Tom springs to the top rope, and effortlessly springboards off that rope!] [THERE HE GOES! Sawyer takes flight, arm extending perfectly! Flashes go off like a lightshow, and Tom streaks in for...] **WHOOMP DDK:** SAWYER WITH THE ODE TO MADNESS! **Angus:** I HATE YOU TOM SAWYER! ONE! TWO! THREE! [Sawyer rolls free, and springs up straight, fists clenching above his head!] **DDK:** Maybe this will lend some credibility to Tom's cause! **Angus:** MAYBE TOM SAWYER SHOULD DIE IN A FIRE! [Angus continues to impotently rage as "Tom Sawyer" hits the speakers. The World's Longest Tag Team goes back to trying to get laid. Andrews and Cassidy come back into the ring for the traditional photo op. Sawyer poses with the ref.]

War Room: Heritage

DDK:

Are you going to be okay?

Angus:

No.

DDK:

Are you going to cry?

Angus:

FUCK YOU KEEBS I HOPE YOU DIE TOO!

DDK:

I figured as much...

[Backstage. The Heritage WAR ROOM~!]

[Well, really, it's an office. The center back of the office has a large executive desk with Cito Connari at the head. He has his back to the rest of the room, a cordless phone in his hand. He can be heard speaking quietly but firmly to, well someone. Around the room are posted various pictures of events in E-Gold's career that would be considered lowlights. Included amongst them: E-Gold hiding under a desk, begging for his life, E-Gold being squirted in the face by Jimmy Kort's cayenne pepper six-shooter, E-Gold standing on the rampway, with Heidi having a handful of his tie, and of course, the most recent promotional footage where YAZ's manager Lisa Loeh elbowed Goldman flush on (complete with midair glasses flying).] [Near the center of the room, towards the right, sits a large round table that has papers strewn asunder. Atop the mountain of dead trees is The Last Nighthawk, dressed in a Heritage League promotional War Games T-shirt. He glances at several papers in front of him, silently studying the documents available to him as research.] [Until we hear the sound of a door open off-camera.] [Upon glancing up from his psych evaluation of Jimmy Kort and seeing Clair St. Sure and Diane Parker, Christian immediately leaves the bio on the table and stands, hand extended to the two ladies.] **Light:** Good evening. How are you two feeling? **Diane:** She's fine, her back healed up with no problems. How's your head? [Claira elbows her. Kind of hard.] **Claira:** We're both fine. How are you? **Light:** Better, thank you. After a few nights the healing process worked its magic. [A slight pause as Light looks down at the mountain of papers at his seat at the table.] **Light:** So, do you want to talk business about tonight's War Games match? **Claira:** We probably should. Where's Edward White? And did Cito say anything about the fourth person? [Light motions up to the desk, where the Heritage commissioner is on the phone with his back to the three Heritage roster members.] **Light:** My understanding is that Cito's working on #4 now. I've heard him toss around Andrews, Jiles, and LaLiberte's names so far. As to Ed? Well, his secretary to his personal assistant hasn't gotten back to me yet, so who knows? **Claira:** I would have preferred anyone in that match over White. Even Cancer Jiles! at least say he loyal to Heritage, White got no loyalty to anyone. **Light:** Well, except himself. And his cash flow options. But it is what it is, and not much we can do about it right now. I do have a plan to try and work him to our advantage, and it has to do with the order of the match. Would you mind if we discussed that a little? I think yours and Diane's input could be useful. **Claira:** Sure. I talked to Kai about it, before I came here, he couldn't make it. He told me to tell you I should be number 2 though, because I... **Diane:** Because she's got lots of endurance but if she enters second she won't end up in a 2 on 1 situation. **Light:** Hmm... [Returning to his seat, Light sifts through the piles of papers on the table. It looks like a mess, but it appears to be somewhat organized at least in The Last Nighthawk's mind.] **Light:** A ha! [Light pulls out a sheet of paper that had several four-person permutations on it.] **Light:** So, it was kinda up in the air as to who got placed where. I've had Claira anywhere from #2 to #4 based on who gets picked. So far the one that I would say would be two ahead of you would be if Jeff made it, because Jeff's been in Wargames and understands how to work the match to his advantage. Thank you, by the way, for pointing that out; I didn't know that prior to our tweets. **Claira:** Like everyone says though Jeff's inconsistent **Light:** I think motivation has been an issue with him. Look at what Jeff does when Cancer's not under his skin. And I would imagine he's as cognizant of the fact that a loss puts Elijah Goldman that much closer to being in charge of us all. I suspect we'll get at least "good" Jeff if he's picked... [It's here that the sound of a hung-up telephone is heard. All three roster members turn and look towards Cito Connari as he turns to look at his charges.] **Cito:** Christian, Claira, Diane. Rather than take a chance on Jeff Andrews, I'd like to give the chance to someone more reliable. The last time I talked to Jeff he

was in 'screw it all' mode because the rush to the playoffs got cancelled and sunk his chances of making the playoffs. I wish someone... anyone, would have been more anxious to step up as the fourth person, but since no one was, I'm going to decide it this way. The winner of the Heidi/LaLiberte match is the fourth person on the team. [Light thinks on this for a moment.] **Light:** I can get behind this. Heidi is about as reliable as it gets. And If Michel can beat Heidi clean, I think, Diane and Clairra, that your doubts about him would be assuaged for one night? **Clairra:** I'd have absolutely no problem with him if he could beat Heidi clean. **Diane:** If he beats her clean, I'll buy him all the wine, pate and vichyssoise he can drink. **Light:** Then it's settled. Clairra, you're second. I'll be 3rd to try and keep things in check after the three on two. The winner of this match will go in 4th; Heidi's a heck of a cleanup hitter and LaLiberte in 4th covers some of his green. And Ed White will lead off- **White:** [interrupting] Hold up -- I'm the lead in this match? [And now we spin a hundred and eighty degrees to come face to face with Sir Moneybags himself, Edward White. Along side his right is Hector Perez, the Dominican Republic powerhouse and to his left, Nicky Corozzo, The Russian Power Plant, ready to explode like Chernobyl. White grins puffing on a known contraband cigar to the States.] [Light puts on a smile. He knew this would be a hard sell, but he'd hoped for a better intro to it.] **Light:** Doesn't it make sense to lead off in a match like this with someone who's not only been through his share of wild and crazy brawls but is smart enough to pace himself properly to make it to the end of the match? I thought that was one of the easier choices I've had to make. [Enjoying the last of his cigar, he hands it off to Perez who snuffs it in a glass beaker.] **White:** Mr. Light, I only jest. I am here at service of Mr. Cito, the Heritage League, and the mutually shared benefit of Defiance as a whole. That is to reach it's maximum in market share, profitability and dominance over the entire demographic of wrasslin'. This is your project for management and with Cito as the sponsor, I have relatively no qualms. [Well, that was...easier than expected. Still smiling, Light nods at what he generally perceives as a positive statement.] **Light:** Then it seems we've come to an agreement, then. Good. One of our strengths versus the Evolution league team is we're coming together as a team. We'll be able to work better as a team than Evolution, and that will be a big part of their downfall. Now all we have to do is sit back and watch Heidi vs. LaLiberte and see who will be our fourth partner. **White:** So, Mr. Jiles is not even in the running for a possible fourth? With no disrespect meant, Christian, I feel that Cancer is qualified beyond both Heidi and Michelle. **Light:** I understand your concerns, and I do have much more respect for Cancer's athletic ability than I did coming into Defiance. He gave me all I could handle the two times we faced off. But Cito is the one who made the arrangements for the fourth man. I'm not sure who he was on the phone with, but he spent the better part of a half hour to forty-five minutes speaking with several someones, and that seems to be the Defiance executive decision on this one. [White runs his tongue over his teeth, mouth closed, mulling the decision over.] **White:** It would be rude for me to interrupt an ongoing conference call to call for a favor. I've fired people for a lesser reason. If it's not meant to be -- I suppose, it's not meant to be. I would rather work with a known reliable business partner, but you should know this phrase from your dealings with LaLiberte, but c'est la vie? Eh? [A nod of acknowledgement comes from The Last Nighthawk.] **Light:** Yes, I've heard it once or twice. But I think if he beats Heidi clean, we could argue that, since we know what Heidi is from a wrestling perspective, that we could then say that Michel's floor is at least that. **White:** Having wrestled her on numerous occasions, my question is not of his floor of competency but of his floor of endurance. This is Cito's decision, but feeling a little risk averse currently, I would rather take a man from a tag match. I know the younger generation has a bit more pep than old souls such as you and I, but I wouldn't invest in that sort of stock in the time of the game. I prefer my odds to be better than playing against the house. [And here's where we can see Christian's lack of experience negotiating against a top financial mind comes into play, as he can't think of anything better to say than...] **Light:** It's like you said; it was a decision Cito negotiated for us. **White:** One day, I might have Mr. Cito shadow me in a day of my life. Wrestling is one of many industries but there's a few more that are demanding of its physical labor capita. I just feel like I could have brokered a better deal with the higher ups. Sadly, I will never come close to the reigns of this enterprise. But, heh, you could ask Ryan Corey about a good sob story if you want to hear a grown man cry over spilt milk. [White jabs at Christian, probably the most playful the Billionaire would get in a professional atmosphere. Light smiles still, playfully dodging the jab.] **Light:** Yeah, I guess so. [A pause.] **Light:** If you all would excuse me, I need to use the bathroom now. [Light smiles and nods at both Ed White's entourage and Clairra's entourage before he exits stage left, the sounds of a closed door echoing his departure.] [Edward grins looking over his partner for War Games.] **White:** So, Miss Sure, do you have any college backing to your name? Perhaps a bachelors in science or an associates that you hung up on your wall next to your brown belt in... tae kwan do... right? [Clairra, who had been watching silently, is clearly startled at being called out so suddenly.] **Clairra:** I did not get to go to college. I got trained to fight instead. **White:** Well, an apology is meant in that respect. The focus of your fighting was in... [He giggles a little bit, egging on his cohorts to share his actions] [Christian Light and Diane Parker neither one have the slightest interest in joining in.] **Clairra:** The focus of my fighting was learning how to fight. Please, though, tell me how your diploma is going to help you in a cage match. Are you going to hit Yoshikazu YAZ in the head with it? Are you going

to teach a lesson, or... **White:** Clairra, Clairra, Clairra -- I don't aim to educate any of the dolts of Team Evolution. They are just pawns in this game of chess we play. Kort is a woman beating illiterate Southerner, YAZ is a hired gun and Aleco... he's a common crook. I was looking for a certain amount of... how should I say... experience from your side. I want to know if I can safely bet on our collaborative team, put my mind at ease. **Diane:** Ed, do you know who Kai Scott is? Do you? As long as he's involved on our side, which he is, even if he's at home in a wheelchair, she's less likely to make a stupid mistake than you are. **Clairra:** I been wrestling 3 years anyway, I'm not that new to this. **White:** My name is Edward White, but please refer to me as Mr. White or Edward, it's more formal and proper -- Yes, I do know who Kai Scott is. As much as he has done, as much of planner he is, I have not had the pleasure to do business. So allow me to have my issues with a relative new-comer to the sport. Do you know how long I've been in the wrestling business? Do you know how long I've been in the business business? A lot longer than three years, I can guarantee that. [Having only just started trying to talk for herself instead of relying on a manager, Clairra isn't quite up to exchanging cutting banter with Edward White.] **Clairra:** ...Just be you sure to stay out of my way. If anything goes wrong, I'll be blaming you first. **White:** No ma'am, my excellence will not be at fault. Even in this bout, I rose from nothing to the main event, I came from rags and now I'm in riches. I am a success story... you, I'm not quite sure what you are, but you're not dining on caviar and creme fresh as appetizers, that's for sure. **Cito:** Both of you, stop it. You're on the same team, Christian Light is the team captain, and I'd hope both of you are competent enough in the ring to avoid getting in each other's way. You all earned the right to be in this match, you all want to be in this match, so... whatever your personal grievances are, please put them aside for the night. There's always the playoffs. Now go get ready. [White cranks his neck towards Cito, annoyed at first but quickly gives a nod in his direction, Clairra also nods before walking away with Diane, leaving Cito alone with Christian Light fresh from his bathroom visit.]

Ropes and the art of Showing

[CUTTO: The Locker Room Area.]

Angus: Uh-oh! **DDK:** Looks like we're gonna catch a glimpse of the Dark Horse and his tag-team partner Curtis Penn now... [It is War Games and Mike Sloan and Curtis Penn are only minutes away from going to war against their opponents of Cancer Jiles and Eugene Dewey.] **Angus:**

I can't figure out if I like Sloan or not this time. The ego's gone, and the guy seems focused, but I can't help but wonder how effective he can be for the long haul in DEFIANCE! [Curtis Penn sits quietly in a chair taping his left wrist, as per his norm before any match. Mike Sloan rests in the opposite corner with a towel over his face, just trying to relax; it's the same method he has used since his early days back in the NeWA.] **DDK:**

I think Mike has made his peace with the business, with his past, and with the demons that kept him from having a longer run on top. And I think he's got it in his mind to give something back to the business, just look at Curtis Penn and the newcomer Tyson Burke... [Just when things were about to become settled; the butterflies, the game plan, and mentally the win the door bursts open. Penn jumps quickly to his feet ready to shoot on whoever wants to play games and Sloan rips off the towel only to reveal a look of anger that someone would interrupt his nap.] **Angus:**

Speak of the Devil... [It takes one second for them to realize that it's none other than their team mate, their cohort and friend, Tyson Burke. But, something is wrong. He's not stuffing his pie-hole with food. He's not making any annoying sounds with his voice. His head is hanging low and his arms are behind his back.] **Burke:** Mike... [In a very slow and serious voice Tyson calls out to his boss.] **Burke:** Tell dees mothafuckas I knows ya! Tell dees mothafuckas I'ma supposed ta be here! [A police officer... 5-oh.. A pig steps out from behind the cuffed wrestler.] **Officer:** Is that true

Mr. Sloan, is this riff raff supposed to be here? Is he with you? **Burke:** If ya lemme go I'll give ya a donut. I gots a nice jelly filled one in my pants! [Curtis Penn rolls his eyes at the scene, this is his partner in EPW's King of the Cage and he's already arrested.] **Penn:** Mike... let them take him. It would be a lot less trouble. [Mike stands up and scratches his head.] **Sloan:** It's alright officer, he's with us. [He looks over to Curtis who is always bashing Tyson.] **Sloan:**

What did he do? **Burke:** I didn't do not a got-damn thing. Dey saw me walkin' backstage an' thought I was gonna try and rob somethin. [The cops face turns a little red.] **Sloan:** Where is your backstage pass Tyson? The one that is supposed to keep you out of trouble like this. **Burke:** I gave it tuh a lil' kid outside da show. [The cops face is extremely red now. He has taken Tyson Burke around in hand cuff because Tyson had a kind heart. The cop releases the handcuffs from the wrists of Tyson Burke. Tyson turns around to the cop and faints like he is going to hit the cop for harassing him.] [The cop turns around and walks away briskly and the door closes.] **Mike:** [Before Sloan can

open his mouth walks in a white male that is around 6'6 and weighs the amount of a small bull. He pulls the cowboy hat off the top of his head and looks towards the group of men. Curtis quickly forgets the last scene and places his hand out to shake the kid's hand.] **Curtis:** Mike... Tyson. [Curtis is proud to introduce this man.] **Curtis:** I would like to introduce Virgil Riley...Mike, you remember him...You set up the training for him. [Mike walks over and shakes his ribeye thick hand.] **Sloan:** Finding your way around the venue easy, son? **Riley:** Yes, sir... I just couldn't find my pass. [They all look at Tyson as he tosses his hands in the air.] **Burke:** Dats what I'ma talkin' bout. He white as flour and I'm black as dirt... I gets cuffed an he walks round wit a damn slushie! Fuckin' pigs! [Back to ringside, Angus's eye is cocked high on his face.] **Angus:** Seriously? **DDK:**

Like I said. Giving back. **Angus:**

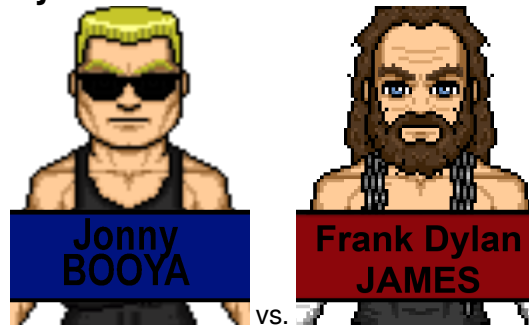
Fuck this, I can't deal with this shit anymore. Throw it backstage to Lance before I kill myself on the air.

Lance Warner interviews the Scottish Strongman

[We cut backstage where Lance Warner is standing by.]

Lance Warner: Ladies and gentlemen, Bronson Box. [From stage right steps the Scottish strongman himself, arm and arm with his mysterious red haired woman. Box is already dressed for action. The red haired woman has cleavage for miles and one wicked smile.] **Lance Warner:** My first question to you Bronson is this... [Box grabs the top of the microphone and slowly, forcibly pulls it closer; also beckoning for the camera man to zoom in a little closer and cut Lance from the shot. Box takes a second to silently admonish Mr. Warner with a sneer.] **Bronson Box:** This won't take long, lad. Now stand still and keep that mouth o' yours shut. [Turning back to the camera.] **Bronson Box:** I've said it before, it's common knowledge. Look it up, sunshine. I competed in the very first show Defiance ever held. I wrestled in the first match on that card. I unified the World Wrestling Alliance Heavyweight title and the Defiance Heavyweight Crown in a five man ladder war to become the undisputed Defiance World Heavyweight Champion. My feud against Boston Bancroft sold out more arenas than anyone in the short history of this company. [Taking a deep breath.] **Bronson Box:** It was the coverage I garnered for Defiance that got the attention of ESEN in the first bloody place. I effortlessly sold this company like bloody Barnum & Bailey. I am Defiance Wrestling. Now. We have Dragon Jones. A young man who's been around this professional wrestling circus for ages. His endless mockeries, his slights... he looks down on professional wrestling. He always has. He's accomplished NOTHING of note in his tenure here and in the World Wrestling Alliance. I defy any of you to find any competitor in the back who looks at Dragon Jones as anything but a JOKE! [Gritting his teeth.] **Bronson Box:** Jones, your very presence here is a slight against ME, lad. Compare and contrast, ladies and gentlemen. A man who walks the skin of the earth, a bloody giant. Against a lad with a penchant for cute t-shirts. A man who shook the very foundations of Defiance itself... versus Dragon bloody Jones. [The red haired woman leans in and looks Bronson right in the eye.] **Red Haired Woman:** Break him, Hollis. And bring me his cute little shirt. [The couple both let loose with the maniacal laughter as Boxer pushes Lance Warner out of the way heading off in the direction of the gorilla position.]

Jonny Booya vs Frank Dylan James



[Stranglehold. The Nuge. And Frank Dylan James, the Mastodon of the Mountains, stomped out from the back, waving his arms, hooting and hollering.]

"Downtown" Darren Keebler: "Frank Dylan James is a perennial force in destruction. Though unfocused recently, he can at any moment tear through men like a bulldozer through a picket fence." **Angus Skaaland:** "Thank you for the countrytime aphorisms, Keebs. Frank is a fucking tornado, plain and simple. And he's gonna spin through a trailer park named Jonny Bravo." **"Downtown" Darren Keebler:** "Booya, and I'm not so sure that Booya is gonna go down quite as easily as you think." **# OH MY GOD THAT'S THE FUNKY SHIT! #** [The house lights begins to flash in time to the beats of the Prodigy's "Funky Shit", and Jonny Booya storms out from the back, still wearing his black Terminator shades. Even though his eyes were hidden, it was clear what he was a-lookin' at.] **DDK:** "Jonny Booya looks all business, tonight!" **Angus:** "Pissed-off focus versus uncontrollable chaos. Well, we've seen THIS particular story play out plenty of times before." **DDK:** "Gonna guarantee a winner, then?" **Angus:** "Not yet." [Booya came marching down to the ring as FDJ powerwalked in a circle through the ring. As FDJ marched, arms pumping angrily, Booya slips into the ring.] **DDK:** "In comes Booya!" [And as Frank marches up to Booya, he balls both fists up, brings his hands over his head, and double-fist smashes Booya in the chest!] **Angus:** "What a double axehandle!" [Booya falls back against the ropes, and FDJ comes charging across the ring, smashing a shoulderblock into Booya's chest and sending the formerly Truly Untouchable careening out of the ring!] **DDK:** "And there he goes!" [FDJ begins to storm around the ring once more, arms pumping as he hoots and howls. The crowd didn't quite know whether to boo or cheer... But a chant of "MAS-TO-DON! MAS-TO-DON!" seemed to be in order.] [As FDJ continues to stomp around the ring, Jonny Booya pops back to his feet, aggravation evident on his face. The crowd was content to hurl abuse at Booya as FDJ stomped around in the ring, beckoning Booya back in every time he went by the side of the ring with the flattop.] **Angus:** "Wait... Who is that coming out from the back?" **DDK:** "Is... Is that who I think it is?" [Grinning through his mustache, the incomparable Bronson Box was slowly striding out from the back, hands clasped. He was watching the ring very, very carefully.] **Angus:** "If I see a single evil grin, I'm running for the exit." **DDK:** "I think that is a smart policy around Bronson Box." [Boxer slowly walks halfway down the ramp, then stops. And Jonny Booya takes the opportunity to slide back into the ring.] [As Booya comes up behind Frank Dylan James, Box's smile just grows wider.] **Angus:** "Now, we get to see what Frank's working with!" [Booya cracks Frank right in the back of the head. Frank gives a look like a stunned turkey, before Booya steps in, hooks one of FDJ's arms over his head, lifts Frank up, and drops the big man with a big belly-to-back suplex!] **DDK:** "Biiiig back suplex on FDJ! The Mastodon is down!" [Booya popped up, clenching his fists and leaping onto Frank, bringing big, strong right hands down into the man's beardy cheek again and again and again!] **Angus:** "Booya's tryin' to let out some of his daddy issues over Kai Scott not loving him enough! But is Frank gonna put up with the tantrum?" [Frank pounds Booya in the face with a liquor-fuelled punch and sends the flattop rolling away, clutching his face! Booya pops back to his feet, fists shaking in abject fury! Frank comes up, howling and hollering at his opponent, cussin' the eeedjit out!] **Angus:** "They're gonna clash like the titans they are!" [Booya and FDJ come face-to-face, and FDJ beckons Booya on.] **DDK:** "FDJ just said to take your best shot, Jonny!" [Booya does.] **WHAM** [FDJ takes his best shot, a big elbowsmash.] **KERWHAM!** [Booya takes a step back, holding his face. His sunglasses were long gone, and he was getting a nasty red mark on his cheek from that last hellacious impact.] [So, Booya straightens, composes himself, hauls off and goes for a biiiig strike on FDJ, with a windmill windup and everything...] [And FDJ cut him off with a raging elbowsmash of his own! Booya faltered, staggered, and was hit with three-hundred-something pounds of charging West Virginian!] **DDK:** "I think that's as close to a clothesline as Frank Dylan James will come!" [Booya hit the mat, hard. FDJ began to stomp and kick at Booya, as Bronson Box comes slowly striiiiiiding down the ramp. FDJ snapped his gaze up, at the ramp

and Bronson Box. A foot griiiiinds into the back of Booya's head.] {Box stops at ringside, watching under the bottom rope.] [As FDJ stares uncertainly down at Box, Booya sees another opportunity.] **DDK:** "Booya rolls through!" [The flattop didn't know many submission holds, but he did know your bog-standard ankle pick. He rolls through, grabbing the ankle and sending FDJ sprawling out!] [FDJ hits the ground, and Booya hauls up the Mastodon of the Mountain's foot, before slamming his knee right back into the ground!] **Angus:** "Booya, you better capitalize real, real quick..." [He didn't. Booya turns, spreading his arms and turning to the crowd. It's your typical pose-for-the-cameras, who's-the-man preening.] "I DON'T NEED ANYBODY!", Booya crows, a gleeful look on his face. [Frank Dylan James boils up to his feet, fist cocked, and socks Jonny Booya directly in the mouth.] **Angus:** "AND DOWN HE GOES!" [Booya topples like a cut-off tree. Frank quickly goes to the closest turnbuckle, hopping nimbly to the top rope like a cat who had only had a minor strike!] **DDK:** "Somehow, we will find out if a West Virginian can fly!" [Frank crouches atop the top rope. Bronson Box is grinning, and watching with baited breath.] **Angus:** "HE CAN!" [Frank flies, coming down like a collapsing roof, with all his weight and might behind a knee crashing into Booya's chest! The dead-center impact lays Booya out for keepsies!] "ONE! TWO! THREE!" [Bronson Box continues to watch, his focus squarely on the victor. Frank pops to his feet, fists clenched above his head in triumph.] **FDJ:** HAYELL YEAH, LET'S GO DRANKIN'!

Angus:

I love me some Frank Dylan James! **DDK:**

Well, as you would say, from one nut-job to another... [As Frank hoots and hollars his way up the ramp, the camera cuts backstage.]

Water for my Grave

[Enter the dressing room of Dragon Jones, he is nowhere to be found save a shoddily made coffin in the center of the room]

Dragon Jones: In here, underpaid camera jockey. [He moves towards the coffin and in lies Dragon, staring up at the ceiling.] **Dragon Jones:** Just testing her out to see how she handles, considering that this will likely be my final resting place tonight. Don't cry for me, Defiant faithful, because I'm already dead. Or perhaps a lesser evil will triumph over evil in this scenario and I'll be putting Box down tonight. Then again that is the equivalent of a slingshot against a handgun. [He lights up a cigarette.] **Dragon Jones:** You know my doctor said this shit will kill me but so will rampaging Scottish men so you might as well go sometime. Then again he told me to stop being a fucking pessimist and you know that is pretty fair. So tonight I'll be sticking to the credo of two men enter, Dragon Jones leaves and I swear to god if you get in my way or attempt any of your corrupt bullshit, Benny, I will make your head disintegrate with a folding chair. [Dragon sits up and then climbs out of the coffin.] **Dragon Jones:** Well, time to see my name up in lights. See you soon, lil Lightning. [He kicks the coffin once and walks off camera. CUTTO: Ringside.] **Angus:** Even the High Lord Dargno knows he's gonna die. **DDK:** I forgot how tiring it was to argue with you. **Angus:** That just means I'm winning. [#WINNING]

White Trash Party 2

[Back to the White Trash Party. Which is a lot like Back to Basics, but nothing at all.]

Angus:

From Dragon Jones saying the first coherrant thing I've ever heard, back to Jimmy Kort and Sam Turner trying to out-redneck eachother. I need my pills.

[The party is still in full swing. Security is making sure things are secure, the band is still playing, people have set up Cornhole, Beer Pong, Flip Cup. People are drinking from the numerous kegs all around the area. Pretty good turnout, nice little money maker.] **DDK:**

You're just pissed you didn't get an invitation. [MEANWHILE IN THE ROPED VIP AREA: Jimmy Kort and Sam Turner are in the middle of an argument.] **Angus:**

SHUT YOUR LYING FACE KEEBLER! [Turner pokes Kort with a big thumb to the chest, both men are nose to nose.] **Sam Turner:** Nah, it's all 'bout YOU a' KAY. **Kort:** Listen here hillbilly, it's all about Mizzou. **Sam Turner:** You're outta your mind if ya think I'm gonna give Mizzou any sorta credit at all. [Katie Lynn Johnson is on Twitter on her iPhone, she could care less. Benefits of Being Blonde or something.] **Kort:** Mizzou! **Sam Turner:** YOU a' KAY! [The man are nose to nose even further, like reallllly close. Suddenly, someone is let into the roped area.] [Yoshikazu YAZ.] **YAZ:** Hi. [Both men look at YAZ, then back at one another, then at YAZ, then to one another.] **Sam Turner:** Heya. **Kort:** Yeah, hi. [The tensions have cooled. Both men don't trust as far as they could throw a boulder, which isn't very far. Well maybe Sam could have a shot at throwing a boulder a little far.] **YAZ:** I'm sorry, did I interrupt something? [Both men again look at each other.] **Kort:** Disagreement over College Sports. **YAZ:** I... see. [YAZ smirks. Turner and Kort look at one another again. Katie Lynn looks up from her iPhone.] **Kort:** Well YAZ tonight is the night, you ready? [YAZ looks at Kort.] **YAZ:** You mean War Games? Sure, I'm ready enough. How about you? [Kort shakes his head.] **Sam Turner:** I think Jimmy n' I are both at the ready. Can't wait to put some boots t' some asses. **YAZ:** Sounds about right. [Kort senses things are building to a point.] **Kort:** YAZ, do you want something to drink? [Jimmy indicates the cooler.] [YAZ walks over the the cooler, roots through it and picks up a Budweiser, then tosses it back with enough force that the person who opens it will get a face full of beer foam.] **YAZ:** The fuck is this shit? No, I don't want anything to drink. **Kort:** Alright then. [The uneasiness continues.]

Bronson Box vs Dragon Jones

Angus:

What in the world are they even DOING? Shouldn't they be with Alceo and Goldman in the War Room?

DDK:

Come now, this is wrestling! Since when is anyone ever where they're supposed to be? Moving right along, this next match should be interesting as Bronson Box is trying to prove that he doesn't have to be completely insane to succeed in DEFIANCE, while Dragon Jones is trying to prove that he's just insane enough to make a go of it!

Angus:

Dragon Jones is going to die. I'm telling you now...



[The entire audience is wowed and brought into a palpable frenzy (see; bored and annoyed) as the full first minute orchestral intro of Hurricane 2000 is played while clips of Dragon Jones wrecking people is shown to the crowd. As Rudolf Schenker blasts hot fire into the intro, Dragon steps out to the rousing cheer from the fans. (see; fed up, taking a piss, throwing the odd cup) Two lackeys celebrate DJ's grand entrance by setting off small fireworks that are hardly legal to be lit inside of a building. He walks his way to the ring, ignoring any fan who may have a desire for the Jones of old and prepares for his match.]

[The arena grows dim as the DEFIatron flickers to life.] "He's a strongman from yesteryear." [Cut in on a sepia-toned filmreel of two men in black trunks, jerkily throwing one another around in the ring. The moves weren't flashy, they were just effective. A music box began to tinkle, slowly playing the familiar tune to "The Entertainer".] "He's a throwback to a bygone era." [A Model T Ford putt-putts by the camera, skinny little wheels rolling over a gravel road. The driver smiles out the window, waving enthusiastically. The aged camerareel makes his waving look spastic, and frantic.] "A relic of a time long ago." [A penny-farthing bicycle rider races by the camera, and then tips over! Oh, what fun!] [The music stops cold.] "And he was the first ever DEFIANCE World Heavyweight Champion." The camera slowly goes black, then wipes horizontally in on a manically grinning Bronson Box, raising the DEFIANCE World Championship over his head. *#You can run on for a long time...* [Johnny Cash's slow, soulful croon is a grim accompaniment to the Bombastic One, as Bronson turns, hauling off and belting someone directly in the face.] *#Run on for a long time...* [Bronson grabs Evan Hurley by the waist, and flips him up... Charges forward, and powerbombs Hurley onto the exposed nut of the top turnbuckle, an added sound effect of a metal-on-metal CLANG sounding at the moment of impact.] *#Run on for a long time...* [Heidi Christenson is yanked into the Boston Massacre, pulled back until her poor spine was simply creaking with agony, strained against itself under Box's violent touch.] *#Run on for a long time...* [Bronson Box yanks the World Championship out of Boston Bancroft's hands as Boston lays in the wreckage of a ladder. Slowly, both title belts are lifted into the air, over Bronson's head, as the Bombastic One just smiiiiiled...] *#Sooner or later, God'll cut you down.* [And while everyone was watching the cool-ass video, Box had made his way down to the ringside area. As the lights come up, he and his lady friend with the red hair are there.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! [Box rolls into the ring, letting his robe slip off his body as he rolls into the ring. His lady friend takes the robe and hands it to a ring attendant.] [Benny Doyle's the ref for this contest, and with both people in the ring he calls for the bell.] **DING DING DING! DDK:**

And here we go! [Box lunges towards The First, looking for the tie-up, but Jones wisely dodges the grasp, rolling to the side of Box. Another lunge-in by Box, but DeeJ ducks out of the way and slaps Bronson on the back. Bronson responds with a deathglare before stalking at The First once again. Box begins to back Jones into a corner, pushing

him backwards when he tries to exit the corner. Box lunges once again, but DeeJ is ready with a solid backfist, followed by a spinning backfist that knocks Box back to a seated position. Sensing his moment, Jones hits the ropes and comes back with the Fantastic Damage...that connected! Hooking Box's leg, DeeJ goes for the early win, but Box kicks out at one and a half.] **Angus:**

Oh, that's just gonna piss off' Boxer off! [The crowd, for its part, is really booing both guys, but more in a "we respect you but hate your guts" than "OMG GTFO you suck!" way.] [DeeJ pulls Box off the ground and goes for a spinebuster, but Box deadweights Jones and starts to pound on the back of The First, driving him down to the canvas. When Jones is down on his hands and knees, Bronson walks up behind Jones and lifts him into a dragon sleeper. Cinching it in with one hand, Box begins with the clubberin' once again, hammering forearms and elbows into the sternum of The First. After a few seconds of that, Jones has had enough, and between forearms raises a foot to the face of Bronson. And again. And a third time, until he breaks the hold.] **DDK:**

What in the world has gotten into Dragon Jones? **Angus:**

He's got the AIDS. **DDK:**

ANGUS! [And Jones is off to the races, foregoing more holds to run off the ropes. Jones ducks a clothesline from Box, then comes back. Box ducks the leg lariat, but Jones manages to rotate fully through the move and land on his feet. As Box gets back up, Jones is Johnny on the Spot with a European Uppercut that stumbles Box.] [Well, Bronson's not about to be outdone by THE FIRST~! He swings a European Uppercut of his own, which knocks DeeJ for a stumble.] **Angus:**

It's on now! [And the slugfest is on. Jones and Box trade European Uppercuts in an effort to one-up each other, each knocking the other back a step. Its finally Box that wins the psychotic game of chicken, following a European Uppercut with a head butt that stumbles Jones back to a neutral corner. Box then begins to lay in the combo shots...European Uppercut lifts DeeJ up in the corner, and Head Butt knocks him back into a slump. Over and over, in quick succession, as Benny Doyle begins his count. Box elevates his speed to get in as many shots as he possibly can before he has to back off. No fun getting disqualified after all.] **DDK:**

And strangely, Bronson Box seems to be playing inside of the rules! **Angus:** Yeah, right, we'll see how long that lasts and who goes to the hospital when he gets bored of it... [DeeJ slumps down in the corner as Box is reprimanded by Benny Doyle. Box doesn't seem to be paying attention, and as soon as Doyle is no longer an impediment Box returns to claim the DeeJ from the corner. Hooking him into a front facelock and throwing DeeJ's arm over his head, Box lifts up the First and holds him upside down overhead.] **DDK:**

From here it doesn't take long for blood to start rushing to the head! [And holds him there.] **Angus:**

That's all DeeJ needs, another excuse. [And holds him there.] **DDK:** Jesus, you're unrelenting... [And holds him there with one hand while he uses the other to gesture to the fans (who respond with appropriate heel heat).] **Angus:** Lookit Dargno! His whole head is turning purple! [And holds him there for a little while longer before dropping him with a vertical suplex.] **DDK:**

What an amazing show of strength! We don't call him the Scottish Strongman around here for no reason! **Angus:**

Box floats over for the cover. **ONE! TWO!** [Shoulder up by the First.] **DDK:**

AND HE KICKED OUT! **Angus:**

I am Jack's complete disbelief. [Box picks up Jones and grabs at his arm. He attempts to lift Jones' arm over his head for the Sacred Heart, but Jones reacts quickly and executes some kind of arm drag on Box sending him tumbling. Jones stumbles to his feet and Box charges with a wild roundhouse punch, which Jones ducks. Jones runs, springboards to the middle rope and comes back with a springboard slap to the face that has Box stumble back into the ropes. Box uses the ropes to pendulum back into the ring and tries to catch Jones napping with a lariat, but Jones ducks at the last possible second and Box throws himself forward to his hands and knees. As Box gets up and turns around, DeeJ is ON HIM with a Mafia kick that puts Box on the ground. DeeJ helps Box back up, hooks him up...and DRILLS him with a brainbuster! Just about everyone in the building is stunned...except Jones who goes for the cover. Doyle flies down for the count.] **DDK:** DRAGON JONES FOR THE UPSET! **ONE! TWO!** [NO! Kickout by Box.]

Angus:

Never gonna happen, Keebs! [Jones is furious and starts arguing with Benny Doyle, saying he should have had the fall. He doesn't spend much time though, thinking to capitalize on the downed Box. He drags Box to the nearest corner and starts to go up top. He's not at all looking back at Box, who groggily stands. As Box reaches his vertical base, Jones leaps without looking, thinking he's rotating on a downed opponent. Instead, he comes crashing into the standing Bronson.] [Forehead meets knee...hard.] [Jones' momentum comes to a screeching halt as all the rotational force impacts Bronson's skull sending him flying. Jones crumples to the mat, almost executing a brainbuster on himself. Blood is trickling down Box's forehead as he slumps to the mat. After a few seconds of downtime and the referee count to five, Jones drapes an arm over Box to cover him.] **DDK:**

Ho-boy, here we go again! *ONE TWO TH-no!* Shoulder up! **Angus:**

I can't believe what I'm seeing. Am I stoned? [And Jones is incensed again.] [Stumbling to his feet, he spends a good twenty to thirty seconds arguing the point. Not something to do against Box, and Box cleans his clock from behind with a lariat! Box picks up Jones into a standing headscissors...lifts him up...FINAL JUDGEMENT! Cover, with forearm to jaw!] **Angus:**

Now we're talkin'! *ONE! TWO! THRE-no!* Shoulder up at the LAST second! [Box looks stunned. Doyle signals 2 to him again. Box puts his shin on the throat of Jones as he argues with Doyle. But Doyle's not taking the bait of arguing the fall, instead counting the leg on the throat. Box stands to break it, then drops a knee to the chest of Jones and puts the leg back over his throat. This time he doesn't even bother with the ruse of arguing, just laying his shinbone to Dragon's throat for a four count before getting up. Box walks over to the corner...and with pure malice in his eyes, starts to peel off the turnbuckle pad. **Angus:**

Now this is the Bronson Box I remember! [Doyle remembers what happened when The Wargod last did this...he crippled Evan Hurley with his Bombastic Bomb on an exposed turnbuckle. Benny is on Box immediately, pulling him away from the turnbuckle.] **DDK:**

Benny Doyle had better be careful! Just because Box says he's not going to cross any lines, doesn't mean he *means* what he says! [The two get into a heated argument. Box believes Doyle should stand aside. Benny won't budge. This goes on for about fifteen to twenty seconds, with the crowd laying in the boos to the Scottish Strongman. While Doyle goes to check the turnbuckle and ensure it stays where it's supposed to, Box turns his attention back to Dragon Jones...] [...who hits a European Uppercut right in the Scottish Strongman's junk.] **Angus:**

SHENANIGANS! I'm calling it now! Box hunches over. Jones grabs the head and legs of Box as Doyle turns around...SMALL PACKAGE! **DDK:**

DOYLE SLIDES INTO POSITION! *ONE! TWO! THREE!!!* **Angus:**

Wait, what? **DING DING DING! DDK:**

DRAGON JONES DID IT! [Box is stunned. His lady friend at ringside is horrified. The crowd, more or less not liking either,, is taking the opportunity to laugh at Box.] **Angus:**

Yeah, well, that was a mistake and a half... [And it doesn't take long for that stun to turn into RAGE.] [Dragon has rolled out of the ring and is holding both hands in the air in celebration (that no one is joining him in), but Box is on him from behind and launches him into the steel steps head-first. The kicks begin, over and over stomping THE FIRST into paste on the mat floor, Doyle attempts to reason with Box, but gets shoved to the ground. And now the crowd, which has hated both competitors, starts to liven up a little for the random massive violence.] **DDK:**

Come on, Bronson! It doesn't have to be this way! **Angus:**

Don't plead with him! He might hear you and COME OVER HERE. [Box picks up Jones and rolls him back into the ring. Jones tries to get away, but Box grabs him by the tights and murders the back of his head with a massive lariat. And now he applies the Boston Massacre to Lord Dnrago. Jones is screaming in agony, and Box has a face on him that signals he's just lost it.] **DDK:** [into his headset]

Get somebody out here! [Referees come down, and they start to pry Box's hands apart. Box lets one hand go of the grip, but then sinks his hand and nails into the head of Dragon Jones, causing blood to trickle down The First's face. It takes several more seconds of Jones' back being bent in directions it's not meant to be bent in, but finally Box lets go and departs to outside the ring. The crowd boos as he lands next to his red-headed accomplice.] **Angus:** OH MY GOD WHERE DID SHE PULL THAT PIPE FROM?!? [This drew a violence-loving cheer from the fans in attendance. Box slides back under the ring ropes, unbeknownst to the referees. The refs have helped Jones get to his feet, just in time for Box to measure him up and PLANT the pipe into the forehead of The First.]

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!! [YAY VIOLENCE POP FROM THE CROWD!] **Angus:**

Didn't I tell you Dragon Jones was gonna die? [Carla Ferarri, who Jones was leaning on to get towards the ropes, tumbles over with Jones and rolls out of the ring. Shields is out of the ring before Fererra hits the ground. Doyle hesitates a second, catching Box's attention to make sure Carla rolls safely out of the ring. This is long enough for Box to threaten him with a swing, which Doyle ducks and then bails out of the ring. Box turns his attention to Dragon Jones as Doyle waves to the back for security. Cinching up the pipe against Jones' Adam apple, Box pulls The First up into a modified Boston Massacre as the red-headed woman climbs her way into the ring.] **DDK:**

This is sickening! Bronson Box hasn't changed one bit! [Jones is flailing around with what little strength he has left while blood gushes down his forehead wound and drips to the mat. Security is out within seconds and is pulling at Box's grip on the pipe. It takes several security team members on each arm to pry the grip loose, but finally, seconds after The First goes unconscious, Box relinquishes the hold. Security forms a wall between Box and Jones, but the lust for blood is now gone and Box settles for looking out into the crowd with his arm raised, pipe in hand, by his lady

friend. The crowd boos him because, well, he's Bronson Box and he's no longer fucking people up with a pipe.]

Angus:

I'll be honest with you, I kind of enjoyed that... **DDK:**

You're as sick as HE is! [Box and company exit the ring as the stretcher arrives ringside. Medics attend to Jones, taking great care about his neck and applying pressure to the wound on his forehead. Jones is stretchered off, to a largely confused reaction from the fans...some boo, some sympathy-clap.]

I got your back.

[The backstage area,]

[With, Cancer and Eugene-- Defiance Wrestling's odd couple!!]

[The two titans of the wrestling arena are situated a few feet apart from each other, and both look ready to make their way down to the ring. That is to say they have wrestling clothes on.]

[Gear, if you will.]

[They've been chatting away for a little while now, and by that I mean Cancer has been pleading his case like a two-bit lawyer.]

[Lets listen in.]

Cancer Jiles:

I hope you know you can trust me out there tonight, Gene. I would hate for you to have some other impression going into our match. That just wouldn't sit right with me.

[Eugene stirs. He doesn't know what to think of Cancer and his plastic sincerity.]

Cancer Jiles:

Really bro, I know you think I might have had a hand in that whole failed drug test thingy. I didn't. I wouldn't do that to a friend, and Eugene, that is what I consider you to be-- a friend.

Gene, we're friends right?

[Eugene stays silent. The cat tongue probably has something to do with him not knowing how to answer such imposing riddles.]

Cancer Jiles:

Okay. I get it. Actions speak louder than words. I can stand here, looking like a six_million_dollar_bill, wearing sunglasses that cost more than your entire entertainment system, telling you to trust in the COOL till the battery on your Gameboy Advance dies.

You're a doer, though.

You want to see it... you want to witness first hand how it is Cancer Jiles treats his friends.

That's fine too.

Just know, either way, you can count on the Count, Gene. He doesn't let his pals down when the tough gets going, or even when they have to play patty-cakes with two clowns from Evolution League.

[Dewey smirks-- faintly, as if he were trying to let a silent fart out of his mouth. Cancer notices the change in tune, and continues to skip down a brick road.]

Cancer Jiles:

That's right, big-man. Me and You. You and me. We're going to make mincemeat out of those fools tonight! We're going to shred them! We're going deep fry them! Then, we're going to get the extra mayo out and enjoy ourselves one big. fat. sloppy Evo sandwich.

[Chiming because his stomach is beginning to growl, The Dewfender inquires.]

Eugene Dewey:

With extra cheese?

Cancer Jiles:

With ten different kinds of cheeses! We'll even get the stuff Eddy imports from overseas! That rich shit!

[Cancer's enthusiasm spreads, as Eugene, with a more focused than focused look upon his face salivates.]

Cancer Jiles:

Are you with me, Eugene Dewey, the Raider of Lost Arcs? Will you put your faith in the man who has never, and will never betray you? Close your eyes, Gene. You can fall back... I'll catch you.

[Gene does, and in doing so, takes both him and Cancer to the ground.]

THUMP~!

Cancer Jiles: [struggling for air]

Ok. Maybe no extra mayo.

Now get the fuck off me before my back goes out.

We got some sandwiches to go make.

[cut.]

Edward White's Secret Meeting

Edward White:

Bring him in.

[Edward White sat next to the glass partition inside of a lush and luxurious limousine, to his right sat Hector Perez with a briefcase resting under one of his massive arms.]

[The passenger door swings open and in slide two men, both very eager to be in the public eye once more: Adrien Cochrane and Chris "THE" Cannon. Nicky Corrozzo peaks his head in to the limo.]

Nicky Corrozzo:

If they give you any problems... just let me know.

[He slams the door, startling Adrien but Cannon keeps the same smug cocky look on his face.]

Edward White:

So... do we have a deal?

Chris Cannon:

Eddy, Eddy, Eddy -- can I have a taste of that crystal I know you have in surplus? A business meeting with out champagne is like banging a broad with a rubber on. I want to get the full experience, I want to feel like I'm a part of the whole process of getting fucked...

Adrien Cochrane:

Not that your offer by any means is awful, we'd just like a little courting before we make the plunge... I'll take some sparkling apple cider, if you've got it.

[Edward takes a deep breath, looks at Hector who tosses the briefcase over to Chris and Adrien.]

Edward White:

Gentlemen, in the briefcase you will find a quarter of a million dollars. I will insist upon you putting that into either an offshore bank account, invest it in some sort of portfolio or at the very least, hide it under your mattresses for a rainy day.

Chris Cannon:

Fuck that. No deal.

[White narrows his eyes, burning a hole into leather behind Cannon's head.]

Edward White:

No deal?! I don't think you understand, Chris. When I contacted you a week and a half ago with my proposition, I made it clear that we would exchange a quarter of a million dollars for the ten points you accrued during your time in Evolution League.

Hector Perez:

No Points... No Dinero, Senor.

Chris Cannon:

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah. I'm fully aware of that but here's my issue with all of that. A quarter of a million dollars, isn't exactly a bunch of money. You probably wipe your ass with out of print circulation or use three antique coins like in Demolition Man. My point is... me and my associates... we want more.

[Adrien digs in his pockets to retrieve a piece of paper, which he shuffles over to arm length reach of Edward White. Edward quickly snatches the paper out of his hand and begins reading aloud. Chris Cannon nodding a long to each and every demand.]

Edward White:

Conditions... One Roundtrip Flight to Cancun, An all expense paid for trip at a 4 star resort at Cancun, An evening with Mason Moore, 100 shares of Larry Flint Inc... and I assume the life time supply of Root Beer is for Adrien...

[Cochrane nods with excitement, Root Beer is his crack.]

Edward White:

How about this?

[White rips the paper in half, discarding the scraps on either side.]

Edward White:

My offer is plentiful. Take it or leave it.

[Cannon smirks a little bit.]

Chris Cannon:

Alright.

[Edward White extends his hand out to Chris. They shake quickly making the deal legit.]

Chris Cannon:

I have one last question, Eddy.

Edward White:

... What is it?

Chris Cannon:

Ever thought of hiring some more goons?

[Chris jabs a thumb into his chest, Adrien quickly also copies the gesture to fit in.]

[Slowly, White begins to cackle aloud. Hector also joins in with loud chuckle. Cochrane and Cannon are quick to join in with the infectious laughter.]

[Edward and Hector stop suddenly.]

Edward White:

NICKY! GET THEM OUT OF HERE!

[The door violently swings open and both Adrien and Chris are pulled out of the limousine.]

Edward White:

I feel like that was worth the headache.

[CUTTO: Ringside.]

Angus:

Is that even legal?

DDK:[shuffling papers]

I've got nothing in my notes either way.

Angus:

I'd bet you dollars to dimebags that Elijah Goldman has something to do with this.

DDK:

Goldman runs Evolution. Why would he help Ed White in Heritage?

Angus:

Why did the chicken cross the road?

DDK:

What? How does that-

Angus:

ANSWER THE QUESTION!

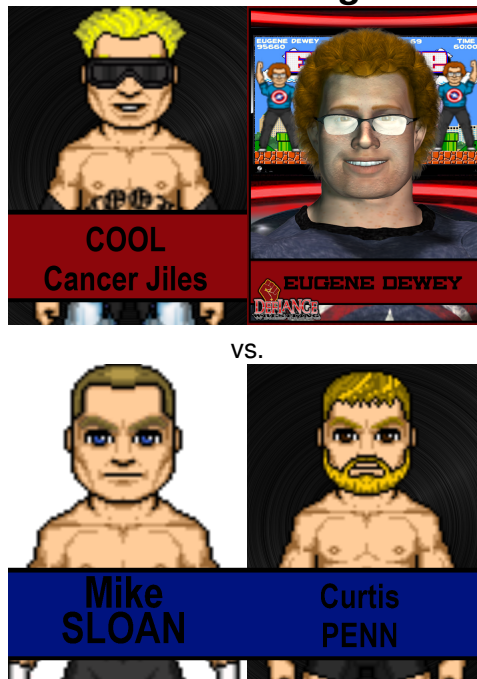
DDK:

I have no idea.

Angus:

Because the evil wannabe dictator of all DEFIANCE does whatever he can do to fuck things up at every single turn. It's called foreshadowing, learn it!

Mike Sloan/Curtis Penn vs Cancer Jiles/Eugene Dewey

**DDK:**

Well, it doesn't matter now anyway, what matters now is Mike Sloan and Curtis Penn taking on the makeshift team of Eugene Dewey and Cancer Jiles!

Angus:

I want to go on record here and say that I have filed a complaint on the behalf of Mr. Cool, he shouldn't have to be subjected to the likes of Eugene Dewey for a tag team partner!

DDK:

Well, he was trying to get the 8-bit Hero on his side just a short while ago, I guess we'll just have to wait and see how it breaks down!

[Mike Sloan and Curtis Penn make their way down to the ring first to Megadeth's Symphony Of Destruction. Both look determined as the climb into the ring and await the arrival of their opponents.]

Angus:

Look at these guys. All smug and confident. Somebody play some Screamin' Jay and let's get the star of the show out here!

[I Am The Cool by Screamin' Jay Hawkins hits and COOL Cancer Jiles makes his way out from the back. He refuses to slap hands with any of the fans and stops just short of the apron. Sloan and Penn are inside the ring, ready and waiting for Jiles' presence, but the COOL one waits for his opponent.]

DDK:

Is there anything to read in Jiles and Dewey not coming out together?

Angus:

Yeah, that they don't like each other.

DDK:

That simple?

Angus:

That simple.

[And he's not far behind, Eugene Dewey's music, The jogging theme from Mike Tyson's Punch Out on the NES hits and Eugene stomps his way out from the back and down to the ring. He pushes past Cancer and rolls into the ring. Sloan and Penn both advance on Eugene, but Penn takes a right hand to the midsection. Sloan manages to land a forearm smash down across Eugene's shoulders at the same time though, knocking Eugene back down to his knees.]

[Cancer slides into the ring after his partner and makes a beeline for Mike Sloan. Jiles throws a right hand that connects with Sloan's jaw and knocks him back from Eugene. Dewey tries to recover, but Curtis Penn is right there with a knee to the jaw that knocks Eugene to his back.]

[Jiles fights Sloan back to the ropes before clotheslining him over the top to the outside. Sloan flips over, but still lands on his feet out the arena floor and reaches in to try and trip Cancer, who has now turned his attention to Penn. Jiles manages to get his feet away just in time and Sloan's grab finds nothing but air.]

[Cancer throws himself at Penn's legs and takes them out with a chop block. Jiles gets back to his feet and offers a hand to Eugene to help pull him to his feet. Dewey though rolls over onto his front and pushes himself up. Once he returns to his vertical base Eugene heads for the corner of the ring and steps out to the apron.]

DDK:

Finally this match can get underway properly.

[Jiles turns to see Curtis Penn backing up into his corner, where Mike Sloan has just gotten up to. The two converse for a second before Sloan slaps Penn on the shoulder and sends him back into the middle of the ring.]

[Jiles and Penn circle for a second before locking up in a collar and elbow tie up. Penn quickly goes behind and takes Jiles down with a belly to back slam. He floats over into a front face lock and keeps Jiles grounded while the king of COOL flails his legs wildly.]

[Cancer pushes himself up, taking Penn with him, and manages to get back to his knees. He throws a right hand to the mid section of Penn, followed by another, and another. Jiles gets up to his feet and throws another right hand that breaks the front facelock and pushes Penn back into the ropes. Penn rebounds and comes back into a bitch slap from Jiles.]

DDK:

Uh-oh!

[That serves to do nothing but anger Curtis Penn, who puts his hand to his cheek and looks at Jiles as though he's something he'd just stepped. Curtis reaches out for Jiles, but misses as Cancer makes a mad dash for the corner and tags in his partner, Eugene Dewey. Cancer hastily exits the ring and gestures for Eugene to get in, he even applauds him as he steps through the ropes and squares up to Curtis Penn in the middle of the ring.]

[Eugene and Penn exchange a nod of respect as they circle each other and tie up. Penn has no trouble in gaining the upper hand though and catches Eugene's arm for an arm wrench. Penn twists the arm again and shakes it out a couple of times before using said arm to maneuver Eugene into the corner where he makes the tag to Mike Sloan.]

[Sloan enters the ring by climbing up to the second rope, stepping off and brings an elbow down onto the twisted arm of Eugene Dewey. Penn steps through the ropes to the apron as Sloan grabs Eugene's wrist and locks in a hammerlock before taking Eugene over with a belly to back, arm trap suplex. Eugene's massive frame comes crashing down onto his arm and Sloan goes for a quick cover!]

ONE!

[Eugene kicks out fairly rapidly.]

[Keeping the quicktags going, Mike Sloan reaches out and tags Curtis Penn back in. Sloan pulls Eugene to his feet using his arm for control as Penn steps into the ring and throws a kick to the underside of Eugene's wrenched arm. Sloan release his hold on the wrist and steps to the outside as Penn grabs Dewey's arm and drops him with a single arm DDT.]

[Penn wraps Eugene's arm up with his leg and grabs hold of his leg, locking him in a single leg boston crab. Eugene scratches and claws in an attempt to reach the ropes, but can't quite make it. Instead, he turns his attention to Cancer Jiles and screams out for help. Jiles looks as though he's about to step into the ring, but pulls his leg back and stays on the apron as Mike Sloan does exactly the same.]

[Curtis continues to crank on the single leg crab and Eugene gives up on looking for help from Jiles and starts trying to crawl towards the ropes harder than before. Slowly but surely Eugene inches closer and closer to the ropes until he grabs hold of the bottom one and Penn is forced to break the hold.]

[Curtis grabs Eugene by the leg again and drags him away from the ropes back into the middle of the ring. He looks to lock on the same hold as before but Eugene rolls over, pulls Penn in with his leg and kicks out, pushing Curtis away and putting some distance between them, albeit momentarily. Penn comes back at Dewey quickly, but Eugene does a barrell roll to escape and reaches out to tag Cancer Jiles.]

[Who's nowhere to be seen.]

[Jiles dropped from the apron just before Eugene was able to tag him and starts jaw jacking with the fans at ringside. Eugene calls out to him, but Jiles is far too engrossed in arguing with some woman who apparently doesn't like his T-Shades.]

[Eugene can't do anything else though as he is grabbed by the leg again and dragged back into Penn and Sloan's corner. Penn makes the tag to Sloan, who steps into the ring as Curtis lifts Eugene's leg and slams it down into the canvas. Sloan drops an elbow across the back of Eugene's head and cranks on a side headlock. Eugene clearly doesn't want to stay in the headlock for too long though, and pushes himself up to all fours. Sloan tweaks his head a couple of times, but Dewey fights through the pain and gets back to his feet. Sloan can't help but be lifted off of his feet and is taken over with a side suplex.]

[Eugene tries to crawl to his corner and reaches out to the outstretched hand of Cancer Jiles. He makes it closer and closer, but on the other side of the ring Mike Sloan has reached up and tagged out to Curtis Penn. Penn runs in, charging Cancer down, so Jiles retracts his hand and hides behind the ring post.]

[Penn turns his attention back to Eugene once again and delivers a dropkick to the face. He gets back to his feet and grabs Eugene under the arms to pull him back to his as well. Once he's got Dewey to a vertical base Penn pushes him back to the ropes and whips him across the ring. He catches Dewey on the rebound with a jumping leg lariat that knocks the big man to his back. Penn scrambles over for the cover!]

ONE!

TWO!

[Eugene gets a shoulder up!]

[Curtis Penn wastes no time once again in getting right back on the attack as he mounts Eugene and proceeds in raining down rights and lefts. Eugene does his best to cover up, but several shots find their mark. Penn tries to transition into an armbar on the same arm as he and Sloan had worked over earlier in the match, but Eugene defends well and rolls through, actually pinning Penn's shoudlers to the mat!]

ONE!

[Penn is quick to kick out though and scrambles to his feet.]

[Penn throws a wild kick that connects with Eugene's shoulder. He grabs the gamer and whips him to his and Sloan's corner of the ring before following in with a running shoulder to the gut. Penn lands a few kicks to the shoulder and head of Eugene again before tagging Sloan back in. Together the two push Eugene into the middle of the ropes and whip him across the ring. They take him over with a double hip toss before Penn exits the ring and Sloan goes for the cover!]

ONE!

TWO!

[Eugene gets a shoulder up again!]

[Mike Sloan grabs Eugene and pulls him to his feet again. A couple of knife edge chops later and Sloan has Eugene backed into a neutral corner. He climbs the ropes and starts bringing down right hands to the temple of Dewey! Ten shots later and Sloan dismounts and takes a step back, Eugene staggers forwards into a T-Bone Suplex from Sloan!]

[Mike opts to not go for the cover and instead climbs up to the middle rope. He takes a second to steady himself before leaping off and bringing a knee down onto Eugene! Or at least he would have done had Eugene not rolled out of the way. Sloan bounces back up to his feet, but clutches at his knee, meanwhile a still groggy Eugene gets back to his.]

[The two meet in the middle of the ring and Sloan throws a right hand that's blocked by Dewey. Eugene responds with a right hand of his own. Sloan throws another, but again Eugene manages to block it. Eugene manages to get some momentum going and lands a third right hand and follows up with a headbutt! A rocked Mike Sloan can't do anything but take a body slam from Eugene, which is then followed by a splash and a pin!]

ONE!

TWO!

[Mike Sloan kicks out long before Curtis Penn would be needed to break up the fall, but that hasn't stopped Penn from being through the ropes and on his way to break up the fall if he was indeed needed.]

[An exhausted Eugene rolls off of Sloan and looks around the ring for his partner. Once he spots him he starts to crawl slowly to their corner and reaches out for the tag.]

[Only Jiles isn't there for long.]

[Cancer has stomped off along the apron to yell at Penn, who has taken his time in climbing back through the ropes, leaving Eugene with nothing to tag but the turnbuckle.]

[Mike Sloan comes up from behind on Eugene and rolls him up with a school boy!]

ONE!

TWO!

[Eugene kicks out!]

[Cancer heads back to his corner, taking his time to once again argue with the fans around him. He stands on the apron with his back to the action as Eugene and Sloan both get back to their feet. Mike Sloan runs at Eugene with a clothesline, but Dewey ducks it and runs at Cancer's back. He slaps Jiles on the shoulder, finally making the tag he'd been looking for all match.]

[Everything stopped for a second as Cancer realised what had happened. He turns around on the apron to see a tired Eugene motion for him to get in the ring, Cancer simply shakes his head at such an idea.]

[Mike Sloan meanwhile has retreated back to his corner to watch all this unfold with Curtis Penn.]

[Jiles shakes his head again, and looks like he's about to drop to the arena floor, but Eugene gets to his feet and grabs Cancer by the hair before bringing him into the ring the hard way. Jiles scrambles to his feet, but gets taken right back down by a running clothesline from Dewey.]

[Jiles practically bounces back up to his feet and takes an open hand strike to the jaw, which knocks him back into the ropes, and as he comes back, Eugene quickly crouches down before leaping into the air and nails him with an uppercut right on the butt of the jaw!]

Angus:

SHORYUKEN! SHORYUKEN ON HIS OWN PARTNER!

DDK:

Dewey must have been sick with Jiles' avoidance techniques.

[Jiles falls back to the mat, unconscious.]

[Eugene steps through the ropes to the apron and gestures for Sloan to continue. Mike steps out of his corner, a little unsure, but as he closes in on Jiles he can see he really is out of it and not simply playing possum. Not wanting to take any chances though, Sloan pulls the deadweight of Jiles to his feet and takes him right back down with the Morning Star DVD!]

[Of course the cover comes next!]

ONE!

[Eugene doesn't move a muscle.]

TWO!

[Penn readies himself in case Eugene enters the ring, but the ginger gamer doesn't even bat an eyelid.]

THREE!

DDK:

JESUS, MARY, AND MOTHER! Eugene Dewey just cost his team the win and the points!

Angus:

Ha! Kid's finally growing a set!

False Start

DDK:

I'm not convinced that "growing a set" is the best thing for a young man like Eugene.

Angus:

Of course you're not, you're an idiot.

DDK:

What do you care, anyway, shouldn't you be raging for your friend Jiles?

Angus:

Absoulutely not. The playoffs are coming. This wrong will be righted in due time.

DDK:

Well, speaking of wrong's being righted, it looks something's going down backstage at the Heritage War Room!

[CUTTO: Backstage.]

[The HERITAGE-league Big Steel Doors, protecting the War Room and the sensitive intelligence within.]

[A set of Security Guards stands before the door like a wall of dumb muscle. But they are numerous enough that nothing short of an army would get through.] [And yet, the biggest, burliest bodyguard in the group is having to debate calling in backup, as he faced down the man demanding access.] **Security Muscle:** You have nothing to do with the Wargames match. And you already had your match! Go on, get back to the hotel, man! [The ball of energy in a tee-shirt standing before him leaned forward on one foot, fists clenching as he glared up at the bodybuilder.] **Tom Sawyer:** "I need to talk to Christian Light. **Security Muscle:** We- [Tom suddenly reached down, snatching the walkie-talkie off the security muscleman's belt. The limber kid sprang back a few steps, bringing the walkie-talkie up to his mouth.] **Tom Sawyer:** Cito? I won't distract you guys from your Wargames match for long. But I need to talk to Christian Light! [The security muscleman snarls and lunges forward to grab his walkie-talkie back. Tom easily ducks the grab, dashed forward to get behind the Security Goon, and narrowly sidestepped another man's grab!] **Tom Sawyer:** C'mon, Cito! I won you some interleague points already, and I've got something important to talk ab- **CLICK** [The door that the Security Muscle had been blocking opens, and another redshirted HERITAGE Security Man pokes his head out. He points to Tom's chest.] **Security Muscle 2:** You. Come in. [Tom tosses the walkie-talkie back to Security Muscle 1, and Tom skips nimbly through the open door into the War Room beyond. Sitting at the War Room Table, a manila folder in his hands, is one Christian Light, across from a feverishly reading and writing Cito Conarri.] **Christian Light:** You aren't here to assure me that you're the fourth member of Cito's team, are you? [Tom shakes his head, a blank expression on his face.] **Tom Sawyer:** Nobody's talked to me about working double duty. I can start doing stretches now, if you guys need m- **Cito Conarri:** It's handled, Christian. Tom. You can take it easy til the show's over. Thank you, though. **Tom Sawyer:** Before I go, I needed to talk to you, Christian. [Tom walks over, to stand beside the Last Nighthawk.] **Tom Sawyer:** I'm not just blowing smoke, Christian. Something's going down. I can feel a disturbance in the Kayfabe. [Christian looks up from a set of 8x10 glossy color photoes of Alceo Dentari, tosses the photoes onto the table, and flips to the psychological eval that Cito had some armchair psychologist put together on Dentari.] **Christian Light:** Is something going to go down tonight? **Tom Sawyer:** That's the thing. I don't know when it's gonna happen. I don't know where. But something bad is gonna happen soon, and I need to have an elite fighting force before then! **Cito Conarri:** Is this a problem that Security can handle? [Tom shakes his head wordlessly, looking down at Christian.] **Tom Sawyer:** I need something like what I had way back when with DEF Row. I need a group of Spartans to stand in the way at Thermopylae. We will probably take our licks, and we will probably suffer some battle damage, but... **Christian Light:** We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately. That the kind of thing you mean? **Tom Sawyer:** That's catchy. Did you come up with it? [Christian just grins, as he continues to stare at the psych eval.] **Christian Light:** Next show, I promise you, we'll talk. But I have to focus tonight, Tom. And after the show, I fly back home to be with my family. Whereever we get booked next, we'll talk. **Tom Sawyer:** Christian, putting this off really isn't- **Cito Conarri:** Tom, now's not the time. If we don't win this WarGames match, we'll be facing an insurmountable challenge in the Playoffs. If you had come back earlier, maybe you could have been involved in the points game and be on this team, but for right now... You've earned your paycheck. Just take a rest, man. [Tom Sawyer pursed his lips in irritation, and looked away from the two men.] **Tom**

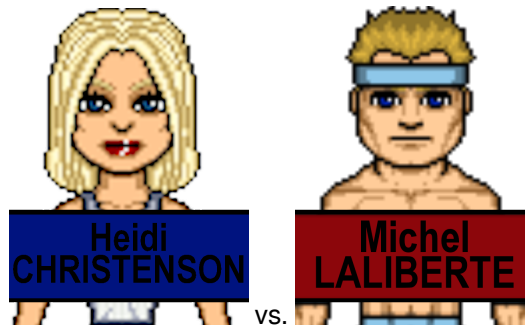
Sawyer: See you next show, Christian. [Tom turns, and wordlessly strides from the room, the Security Muscle opening the door for him. The door shut heavily, and the camera wiped to black, to cut to...]

Gathering the Sheep

[We cut backstage where we find Frank Dylan James hootin' and hollerin' about his win earlier in the night over Jonny Booya. Backstage crew scatter like crickets to get clear of the victorious Mastodon.]

FDJ: YALL SEE THAT?! SHIT'C YEAH BOY, THAT'S HOW A GOOD OL' BOY GITS'AT SHIT DONE! [The big West Virginian, with a twelve pack dangling from one hand and two open beers in the other, is about to kick open a back exit when a balled mustachioed figure steps from the shadows... arm and arm with a beautiful red haired woman... causing him to spin on his bare heels to face them.] **Bronson Box:** Frank. [James is startled.] **FDJ:** Gal'dernit ya' creepy bastard! What th' hell you want?! [Box's gorgeous companion slinks behind Frank, running her fingers up and down his shoulders and through his tangled brown hair. The whole scenario obviously making Frank a bit uncomfortable.] **Bronson Box:** Frank. When I look at you, I see a fount of untapped potential. You have an innate ability to strike true fear into this roster... I respect that. I respect YOU, Frank. I honestly do. [Frank is an impatient man.] **FDJ:** What'n da' hell is you goin' on about, boy? An why's this crazy kooze rubbin' up on me lahk a got-dang bitch in heat? [Box takes a step forward.] **Bronson Box:** How long have you been at this game, Frank? You've built this amazing reputation as arguably one of the greatest pure brawlers of all time and what do you have to show for it? A gadget in Eric Dane's booking toolbox. When was your last title shot Frank? When was the last time anyone booked you as the potential champion you are? [Frank is uncharacteristically disarmed with nothing to say. The woman rubs Frank's shoulders and quietly whispers in his ear.] **Bronson Box:** You seem the kind of fellow that enjoys a bit of... mayhem. Am I right? The kind of man who probably enjoyed the sort of chaos I brought to the table over my tenure here in Defiance? [James takes a deep breath but nods in apprehensive agreement.] **FDJ:** What's yer point. [Boxer smiles. The woman continues whispering in Frank's ear.] **Bronson Box:** My point is this, big fella'... you and I are the monsters of this bloody promotion. It's about time you and I started wreaking a little havoc together. Maybe even get ourselves some gold, aye? I can help you reach your full potential, boy'o. I can give you all the blood and guts and mayhem you can bloody handle. Just stand by my side, help me make this pathetic lot of Godless miscreants bow down in reverence to the great swath of destruction you and I lay. [The woman in red steps away, Boxer places a hand on the side of Frank's head looking the big West Virginian right in the eyes.] **Bronson Box:** What do you say, Frank? [Box motions towards the door with a grin.] [Frank looks apprehensive... but marches towards the door. The red haired woman taking his arm as they exit. Box is left standing in the hallway alone.] **Bronson Box:** ... he tends his flock like a shepherd: He gathers the lambs in his arms and carries them close to his heart. Isaiah forty eleven. [The Scottish Strongman chuckles.] [Hands in pockets Bronson follows his cohorts through the exit and into the parking lot.] **Angus:** I'm going to say this once. This. Is. Not. Good. **DDK:** I'm gonna have to agree with you on that one. [CUTTO: Ringside.]

Heidi Christenson vs Michel LaLiberte



DDK:

It's time for the singles match between Heidi Christenson of Evolution and Michel LaLiberte of Heritage, and Angus, there's a big stipulation on top of this match. Whichever one of them wins, becomes the fourth member of Heritage League's War Games team.

Angus: Keebs, it'd be just like Cito Conarri to field a War Games team with two women on it, and even more like him to win with it. I like that froggy Frenglish fuck LaLiberte, don't get me wrong, but I think Heidi's going to kill him. [The annoying sounds of "Your Man" by Down With Webster hit. LaLiberte appears at the top of the ramp, jogs in place for a few steps, then heads straight down to the ring.] **DDK:** And LaLiberte is uncharacteristically serious tonight, just as he was in his promotional footage. **Angus:** He's young, he's hungry, Heidi wouldn't sleep with him anyway, so this is a good one for him to serious up for. And he's still that same kid who unexpectedly took Light to the limit, so I hope Heidi's not treating him like Jimmy Kort. [Speaking of Heidi, "Shine" rises up over the PA system, and the Sexy Submission Siren of DEF, the Queen of All Wrestling, Heidi Christenson, heads down to the ring. You know she's serious because she's rocking the white one-piece woman's wrestling singlet.] **DING! DING! DING!** [LaLiberte cautiously circles Heidi. Heidi smiles a slasher like smile, lowers her arms, and stares him down.] **DDK:** LaLiberte doesn't have a mat game to speak of, he's going to want to avoid grappling exchanges with Heidi at all costs. [LaLiberte backs into a corner. Heidi follows him, stalking him like a panther. LaLiberte scrambles backwards up the turnbuckle.] [Angus starts to laugh as the referee gets in between Heidi and LaLiberte.] [He chokes on it when LaLiberte springs off the middle rope with a flying polish hammer that hits Heidi squarely and sends her tumbling head over heels.] [LaLiberte clearly has a game plan. He does not go for a rest hold. He follows Heidi up with an elbow drop, and then a knee drop, not worrying so much about where they land as making sure they do land and Heidi stays on the defensive and can't get herself together for a counter. Knee drop to the head. Elbow drop to the lower back. Elbow drop to the back of the head. Stomp to the ribcage. At no point does LaLiberte maintain enough contact with Heidi to give her a chance to grab a limb.] [Heidi resorts to rolling out of the ring.] **DDK:** And that's something you don't often see, Heidi moving backwards. She's a smart wrestler though, LaLiberte gave her no room in the ring to maneuver. **Angus:** And, surprisingly, he's smart enough not to follow her out. Still. [Referee Mark "lazy fuck" Shields doesn't bother counting out Heidi, or warning LaLiberte, or doing anything at all besides lighting up a cigarette. Heidi jumps up on the apron, LaLiberte tries to scare her back off, Heidi fakes a springboard and fakes a roundhouse kick.] [Then, she front flips over the rope, catches LaLiberte with an ankle scissor and tosses him to the mat. LaLiberte tries to quickly get up, but Heidi's already right on top of him with a double leg takedown. LaLiberte grabs her head and hangs onto it for dear life.] **DDK:** LaLiberte showing he's actually done some research, he's trying to stuff Heidi's offense here. Holding on like that doesn't give him any offense opportunities though, and he'll need some. [Heidi wiggles loose, shifts to side control, buries her knee in his kidney. LaLiberte rolls over to escape, Heidi sits down on his back, reaches under her own leg to grab his neck, puts her leg over his arm and rolls back into... some hold or other, I don't even know.] [LaLiberte thrashes. It actually works - her grip breaks and he's up and away and facing her from one knee, but Heidi's also fast, and she steps off that knee and hooks a flying triangle!] [LaLiberte doesn't fall forward. He gets his feet under him, heaves her up over his head, Heidi recognizes the powerbomb coming and drops the hold, lands on her feet in front of him.] [Heidi's knee strike and LaLiberte's Euro uppercut land at the same time, but the uppercut knocks Heidi backwards and the knee only causes LaLiberte to wince.] **Angus:** See, this is what happened when he wrestled Light. He's done his homework, he's gone for a powerbomb because everyone knows powerbombs are Heidi's one big weak point, he's cutting her offense off at the pass. Will it be enough, I DON'T KNOW, but it's the way to try to win this match. **DDK:** The fans, actually, haven't really taken sides

in this match, they're just applauding all the good moves so far. [LaLiberte goes for a cover, taking care to plant his forearm across Heidi's face.] [Kick out in two!] **DDK:** Forearm to the face is one of those underrated tricks, if you can't move your head you can't use your neck to kick out, that uses up more energy. The meat and potatoes of the wrestling game can add up if you use them well. [LaLiberte hits Heidi with a basement dropkick, then puts his hands on his hips. He's going to have to do more damage than this to put her away, he knows it, but the question is, how to get close enough to her to execute some suplexes or something without giving her a chance to attach his instep to his shoulderblades?] [He helps her up and throws her into the corner, and lines up a knife edge chop.] [He telegraphs it.] [Heidi comes to life. Snapping roundhouse kicks from the knee, she alternates blasting him in the ribs and head with her foot, then arm whips him out of the corner, flips over the arm, has it twisted up behind his back in some sort of a hammerlock anchored with a triangle lock.] **Angus:** I swear she just makes those things up on the spot. Cito's not commentating how are we supposed to call any of this stuff? [Whatever it is, it's got crazy pressure on both the arm and the neck, and LaLiberte's desperate for an escape. Kicking frantically, he gets his feet on the ropes.] [Heidi's already grabbing hold of LaLiberte's head and neck as he tries to stand, but there's one thing LaLiberte's learned how to do pretty well, and as Heidi goes after his arm, he pulls her in, up and overhead with an exploder!] **DDK:** Great move by LaLiberte! Can he follow up?! [LaLiberte grabs Heidi's hair to pull her to her feet and tries setting up the Best Face Forward. But it's tough - she's a few inches shorter than he is so he has to reach down to properly hook her head, and her leg is free. She manages to twist, drive a roundhouse kick into his sternum, jump and catch the arm in mid air, taking him to the mat in a flying armbar!] **Angus:** Apparently not. Heidi just has this sixth sense about danger, she always does this. Now she's got a textbook armbar on him. [LaLiberte tries to stand up. Heidi bellies out to stop him... and herein is the problem.] [LaLiberte is not experienced with armbars, and he does not know that "bellying" is a counter to prevent people from powering out of an armbar, because it puts the attacker's weight on the back of the elbow joint. He knows that Heidi weighs 140, he can deadlift way more than that, and so he tries to yank her off the mat.] [A second later, a guttural howl of agony rips out of LaLiberte's chest. Another second later, Heidi has let completely go of the armbar and backed as far across the ring as she can manage. LaLiberte's left arm is dangling crazily from the elbow.] **DDK:** Oh my. **Angus:** Oh shit. [LaLiberte sinks to his knees. A couple security guards come out, but Heidi has backed across the ring and looks pale. A few medics and Iris Davine have come out to the ring.] **DDK:** I'm not... fans, obviously, this match took a turn for the worse. Heidi Christenson put Michel LaLiberte in an armbar, and LaLiberte's arm ended up at least dislocated, maybe broken. **Angus:** It was LaLiberte's mistake, Darren. [Lazy fuck Mark Shields is just watching, but the timekeeper was smart enough to ring the bell anyway. The arena's gotten quiet and Iris can clearly be heard to say 'dislocated'.] **DDK:** Fans if you didn't hear that, LaLiberte's arm is not broken, just dislocated, and it appears... [One of the medics has a wooden peg that he hands to LaLiberte, who bites down on it.] **DDK:** That they're going to put his arm back in joint first. [And they do. Once it is, LaLiberte's arm is placed in a sling and he's helped out of the ring. Heidi follows them at a distance.] **Angus:** Heidi Christenson. Girl who doesn't know her own strength or great actor? **DDK:** More importantly, does she default into War Games? **Angus:** I'm pretty sure she does, but she needs the points from this match to qualify for the playoffs, as right now she's sitting in seventh place. Someone ask Mark Shields. Oh, I can do that. Mark, hey Mark! MARK! [Mark Shields ambles over and picks up the guest headset.] **Mark Shields:** What? **Angus:** Who won the match? **Mark:** Um. [He whips out a rulebook and pages through it.] **Mark:** Says right here, in the case of deliberate injury, the injured party wins by disqualification, in the case of accidental or inadvertent injury, the party who can continue the match wins by forfeit. So... I think that means Heidi wins. **DDK:** So Heidi wins? **Mark:** Sure, why not. **DDK:** Well, there you have it folks - Heidi picks up ten points and has a chance to pick up even more in War Games in just a few minutes. Until then, let's go backstage and see what's happening!

White Trash Party 3

Angus: [shuddering]

That. Right. There. is why I gave up wrestling. [The Match Beyond is soon. As in quite possibly next.] **DDK:** That, and because your tag team partner got tired of carrying you to decent matches and defending you from everyone you pissed off on a nightly basis. [The White Trash Party is raging on and on. People are now crowding around the large screens that Goldman provided to watch the match. The band has started taking down their instruments and set up. The kegs are still flowing but many have been kicked. This is the match the world, NO, the UNIVERSE has been waiting for.] **Angus:** I resent that! I think I'll just listen to Jimmy Kort instead of you for the rest of ever. That's how much I hate you. [And stil 3/4s of the team is sitting in the EXCLUSIVE roped off area for VIPs. Fans earlier came and took pictures with Kort and Katie Lynn. Drank a beer while talking to Kort, posed with his pickup, but now it's time to get down to business.] **Kort:** Well fellas, it's 'bout that time. The three of us puttin' aside whatever differences we see in one another and fightin' together under a common goal a' runin' Heritage League over the river and through the woods. [Turner nods his head in agreement and YAZ is YAZ.] **Sam Turner:** Jimmy, I respect what ya said n' all but Mr. Ellis told me that I need to start focusin' on beatin' people come playoff time, so this might be a' one n' done type a' deal. [Kort nods his head. He can respect that. He looks at YAZ.] **YAZ:** What? Yes, of course I hope we win... [Kort and Turner take that for what it's worth.] **Kort:** Tonight, we're gonna go out there and -- **Dentari:** What the hell is yous doin'? [He doesn't even wait to be let into the EXCLUSIVE ROPED OFF SECTION. How dare he!] **Kort:** Aleco, nice a' you to join -- [He holds up a hand that stops Kort.] **Dentari:** Close them lips a' yours before I close 'em for yous. None a' yous is the captain tonight, I am, So it ain't your place to be tellin' these boys nothin'. [He points a finger into Kort's chest.] **Kort:** Aleco, listen, I didn't mean nothin' by it I was just-- [Aleco lifts his finger up to Kort's mouth.] **Dentari:** What did I say about closin' them lips? If I hear one more word outa yous I ain't gonna hesitate in cuttin' this team down to three men, capiche? [Turner is just memorized and YAZ appears unconcerned. Dentari surveys his team slowly.] **Dentari:** Just go get ready. [Tensions are mounting. The MATCH BEYOND IS SOON.] [CUTTO: Ringside.] **Angus:** Ha! There's no way these guy's are gonna be on the same page- [He is cut off.] **Cito:** I'm getting word from that Heidi has made it back to the locker room area and she's distrought about the end of her match a few moments ago with Michel LaLiberte! **Angus:** Well, I mean, she did break his arm... **DDK:** Dislocated his elbow. **Angus:** WHATEVZ. DAG.

And the fourth member is...?

[Somewhere backstage.]

[Heidi Christenson looks not quite distraught, but more than perturbed, as she looks out the bay doors where the ambulance with Michel LaLiberte in it left.] [Christian Light and Clair St. Sure are both out there with her. With so little time before the main event, they were probably there waiting to fill her in on the strategy and entrance order and everything.] **Heidi:** I didn't mean to hurt him. **Light:** It's unfortunate, but he's still learning. [Heidi doesn't seem comforted by this.] **Light:** When I came to him last show, and I asked him to work with me on that EPW side project, it was as much because I needed a tag partner I knew wouldn't stab me in the back as I figured I could teach him something. He's going to learn. I'll help him come back from this. **Claira:** Besides some holds don't hurt that much until something bends too far. He made the mistake, not you. **Heidi:** I know, but... **Light:** You spent six months on a knee you shouldn't have been walking, defending the IWA Heavyweight Title. If you can do that, he'll be able to fight back from a dislocated elbow. He probably even won't miss any time. [Heidi forces a smile. It doesn't last long, but it was a valiant effort.] "Just hold on a minute there." [Up comes Elijah Goldman, radiating smugness, and flanked by two officers. Although they were just on security duty, they're official enough to have badges.] **E-Gold:** Actually, considering what you just did to LaLiberte, combined with your constant threats to 'hurt' Evolution League, I think that this goes a little bit beyond your usual wrestling... machismo. [Said sarcastically as possible, and Heidi clenches her teeth.] **E-Gold:** The point, Heidi, is that I don't feel comfortable letting you into the cage. If you tried to break his arm in cold blood. **Heidi:** I didn't! He just tried to counter it and didn't know how! I let go as soon as I knew he hurt himself! **E-Gold** [somehow, even smugger than before]: Heidi, I'd love to believe you, but I have the interests of every wrestler on my roster on my mind. Letting you into the ring – no, letting you stay in the arena at all – is a dangerous, unnecessary risk to expose them to. Breaking a man's arm in cold blood isn't normal wrestling, it's felonious assault! **Heidi:** It's! Not! Broken! **E-Gold:** See officers, she's suffering from some sort of hysteria or other. She needs to be removed from the arena for the sake of everyone's safety. **Officer #1:** Miss, I'm sorry, but we're going to have to do what he says. **Heidi:** WHAT?! But... **Officer #1:** It's the law. We have to escort you out of the arena. **Heidi:** He's just doing this to try and make sure I can't wrestle in War Games! **Officer #1:** If Mr. Goldman's complaints turn out to be frivolous, he's going to find himself in a lot of trouble. [He punctuates this with a hard stare at Goldman. Goldman gulps.] **Officer #1:** But until then, we have to err on the side of caution. Now please. If you don't come with us willingly, we'll have to cuff you. **Light:** What?!? **Heidi:** ...Alright. [She looks E-Gold in the eyes, and E-Gold sees his own death by torture. He cringes. But Heidi allows the two officers to lead her out through the bay doors and out of sight.] **Light** [turning to E-Gold]: I don't know what kind of stunt you think you're pulling, but it's not going to work. **E-Gold:** I'm not pulling anything, and if I were, it already did work. Good luck finding another person for your team with 3 minutes and counting until War Games starts. [The look on Christian's face is the look of someone who doesn't have a good poker face fighting back anger and frustration. Light snorts angrily as he walks off.] **Light** [V/O]: Clair, we need to find Cito, fast! **Claira:** Goldman, we will make you pay for this one way or another. [She jogs off, following Light off camera. CUTTO: Ringside.] **DDK:** Things just went from bad to worse for Team Heritage. **Angus:** Yeah, well, not like Evolution is faring much better! **DDK:** Speaking of, let's cut back to the Evolution War Room and see what's going on there!

War Room: Evolution

[The Evolution War room.]

[Empty.] [Save for one man.] **E-Gold:** Where the hell are they? [Goldman paces back and forth wearing a hole in the carpet and checking his watch every couple of seconds. He'd bite his nails as well, but having already chewed them down to the cuticle that's not really an option.] **E-Gold:** I told them, no, I ordered them all to be in here tonight. Where the fuck are they!? [Just as he finishes shouting the War Room door swings open and in walks Evolution's Team Captain, Alceo Dentari.] **E-Gold:** Alceo! Where the fuck have you been!? [Dentari opens his mouth to respond, but he can't get a word out before Elijah continues.] **E-Gold:** Not important, you're here now... [E-Gold looks over Dentari's shoulder at the door as it swings shut.] **E-Gold:** Nobody with you? [Dentari slowly looks over both shoulders before tilting his head sarcastically at the league GM.] **E-Gold:** Alceo, I made you team captain, not just because you're the league leader, but because I thought I could count on you to get the best out of every member of this team. How can I expect you to lead my team to victory tonight if you can't even lead them into this room together? [Once again Alceo tilted his head at Goldman.] **Dentari:** Finished? [E-Gold is initially taken aback by Dentari's bluntness, but quickly composes himself.] **E-Gold:** I think you forget who you're speaking to, Dentari. I'm not just anybody around here, and I sure as hell don't have to put up with any of your shit, you hear me? When you and your band of invisible idiots go out there and kick the crap out of Cito Conarri's chumps, I'll be well on my way to running Defiance. And although I'm sick of reminding you, I'll do it again. Do. Not. Fuck. With. Me. [Alceo stewes for a moment. He takes a couple of sulky deep breaths as he throws E-Gold a glare that would make anyone glad looks couldn't kill.] **Dentari:** You wanna know where YAZ, Sam an' Kort are? [Goldman raised his eyebrows and nodded slowly.] **Dentari:** They're out in the parkin' lot. Have been all night. Apparently Kort's parties are more important than yours an' your quest for power. [Dentari took a small amount of pleasure in that quip.] **E-Gold:** Goddamnit! If they're drunk out there... [E-Gold starts collecting up his things from his desk.] **E-Gold:** And what's your excuse, huh? Where have you been all night? **Dentari:** Takin' care a' some business. [Clearly frustrated with such a vague answer, Goldman looks back over his shoulder and sighs.] **E-Gold:** Care to divulge any details? **Dentari:** No. [E-Gold thrusts one last item into his pocket and barges past Dentari on his way to the door.] **E-Gold:** Oh, ok then, so I guess your business more important than my 'quest for power' as well, huh? [Dentari doesn't answer.] **E-Gold:** You know what, I'm beyond being mad now. Let's just go find those idiots and get this thing done. [With that Goldman swings the door open so hard that it crashes into the wall. He stomps off down the corridor while Alceo slowly follows him out. We'd probably see a dent in the wall from the handle, but the feed fades before the door even begins to close.] [CUTTO: Ringside.] **Angus:** Well then. **DDK:** Looks like things might just be unravelling for Mr. Goldman, eh? **Angus:** All part of the plan, my man, all part of the plan!

Last Minute Commentary

[The orchestral "Mars, Bringer of War" by Holst begins to play as the arena lights go out. Red and silvery-white strobes light up the two rings as the gigantic double-cage is lowered down over the two rings at the center of the arena. Angus and Darren Keebler are at the ringside Commentation Station, which sits mere centimeters from the outside of the monstrosity of a cage, and they've both got their main event faces on.]

Angus: It won't be long, now. Once the cage is secure we'll get these guys out here, and they'll go to war for our viewing pleasure. **DDK:** Not only for that, but for the all important and deciding three Inter-League points, not only that but there are a whooooooooooooole lotta points on the line here tonight and playoff spots and positions to secure! **Angus:** You can say that again, Keebs, I can't figure out how the EVO League's playoff brackets are going to fall with a graphing calculator! Ross Perot and the entirety of Texas Instruments couldn't get these numbers straight! **DDK:** We'll get The Professor to figure out the numbers after this thing is over and done with. First thing's first, though, for anyone who isn't familiar with how WarGames works, why don't you give the fans at home a quick rundown of the rules. **Angus:** Rules? In a WarGames? Uh... lemme see here... no surface-to-air missiles? There ARE no rules, Keebler, that's the entire point! [Keebler buries his head into his hand.] **DDK:** Fine. How about the format. Can you tell the fans at home the format? **Angus:** Oh, yeah, fa'sho! First thing's first, there's no referee inside the cage. Hell, we couldn't afford the insurance for it, but Benny Doyla is at ringside along with his entire crew. Their function will be to make the official counts on pinfalls for eliminations, and watch for someone to surrender. And that's it. [Keebler nods.] **Angus:** This thing'll start with two members from each team entering the cage and trying to maim each other. It'll go on like this for five minutes, at which point ol' Benjiroo Doyle will flip a coin, they'll call it in the air, and whichever team wins the toss will get to send in the next participant, thus giving that team a one-man advantage for the duration of the WarGames! [Downtown seems impressed that Angus actually knows the format.] **Angus:** The team with the advantage will beat the shit out of the sole member of the other team for two minutes, at which point the door will open and it'll even up at two apiece. It'll go on like this, alternating every two minutes, until there are eight men and women inside of that cage and The Match Beyond begins! At that point, one of the only two questions that matter will be answered. **DDK:** And that is? **Angus:** WHO THE FUCK IS HERITAGE LEAGUE'S FOURTH MEMBER? **DDK:** I see. And what's the other question? **Angus:** Easy. Who's going to make it out of this thing alive and physically capable enough to compete in the playoffs?! **DDK:** Well, that's actually a pretty fair question. [He pauses, listening to his headset.] **DDK:** It's time, Angus. The cage is secure, the wrestlers are ready... **Angus:** BUT WAIT! **DDK:** What now? **Angus:** I authorized the expenditure of a metric fuckton of money on the montage for this main event, and I want to give it the proper buildup! **DDK:** What in the world are you talking about? **Angus:** Ladies and gentlemen, I give to you: THE ROAD TO WARGAMES! [The DEFIatron flickers to life...]

The Road to WarGames

[And we're greeted by the intellectual baritone of Morgan Freeman. That's right, DEFIANCE throws out the big bucks, and now the rest of this segment will sound in your brain like "Crazy" Joe Clark, erstwhile principal of fair Eastside High.]

"Alceo Dentari." [An almost-monochrome image, faintly tinted blue, of a Defiance ring, surrounded by screaming fans, the noise muted by the dramatic music and the voiceover. The five foot nil mafioso stomps around a ring furiously, screaming his head off in silence.] "When Elijah Goldman's plan to set Bronson Box in place as the centerpiece of Evolution League fell through, Dentari stepped into the spot." [Out in a parking lot, Dentari wields a metal pipe, smashing it into Bronson Box's head. He follows that by Whacking Box, kicking his head into the side of the building. Slow fade down on Box's unconscious, bloodied features.] "And he lost no time establishing himself as a force to be taken seriously in Defiance Wrestling." [Alceo beats down Heidi Christenson with his STO/Backbreaker to Complete Shot move. He hits it once. Then he hits it two more times. Then he throws her out of the ring, and hits it again.] "But now, comfortable in his spot as league leader, he chafes under Goldman's authority." [Dentari sweeps Goldman's desk clear of every object on it, then spits in his face before storming off camera.] "Yoshikazu YAZ." [The masked and shrouded Japanese superstar spews a cloud of green mist into the air. The mist is the only thing in the shot that is colored.] "He was brought to Defiance to enforce Elijah Goldman's will. Although he got off to a slow start, he soon began racking up wins." [YAZ hits Chris Cannon with a Shotei. He hits Michel LaLiberte with a Shotei. He hits Dan Ryan with a Shotei, and despite the 100 lb size difference, the big man slowly sinks to the mat.] "But after an upset win over Dan Ryan, he was given several powerbombs, the final one straight through the entrance ramp." [The powerbomb in slow motion. YAZ's body careens through the metal girders that make up the ramp. Quick cut forward, the girders have been removed entirely and the medics are lifting YAZ's motionless body out of the hole and onto a waiting gurney.] "He came back, allegedly not injured - but acting like a completely different person." [YAZ stops during his entrance to mouth off at a fan. He insolently puts his hand in Alceo Dentari's face.] "What, exactly...." [Close-up of YAZ's eyes glittering behind his mask.] "Are we dealing with here?" "Sam Turner, Jr." [The big country boy rambles his way down to the ring, a smile on his face, tagging hands all the way.] "He didn't ramble into Defiance until Evolution TV 06, but he got right out to a winning start." [STJ picks up the even larger Lone Wolf in a fireman's carry and spins, spins, spins before dumping him on the mat. He plants Johnny Hotrod into the canvas with a brutal powerbomb.] "And one week later, he earned himself a berth on Evolution League's team in War Games." [STJ goes nuts on Dragon Jones' face with the bootscrapes. Another long spinning fireman's carry. Another powerbomb.] "One week later, he proved he deserved the spot at the expense of his own teammates." [Yoshikazu YAZ misfires a spinkick aimed at STJ, and it connects with Alceo Dentari. STJ lofts YAZ out of the ring and powerbombs Dentari for a three count.] "No one has been given any reason to question Sam Turner's strength, or his heart. But he's a young wrestler walking into one of the most dangerous matches of all time." [STJ, again, walking his way to the ring, all smiles and handshakes.] "Can the country boy survive? Or is he just out of his depth?" [Fade. Next.] "Jimmy Kort." [The Sheriff touches the brim of his hat, lowering it to the fans.] "He's been in Defiance since Day 1." [On Defiance S01E01, Kort knees Bronson Box in the groin and small packages him for a three count.] "He's a two time Southern Heritage Champion." [Kort drives Doozer down with a bulldog en route to SoHer Reign #1. For Reign #2, he plants Stephen Greer with that "eye of the hurricane" maneuver he calls the Hillbilly Deluxe - and follows it off straightaway with a successful defense against Jake Donovan, who also eats a Hillbilly Deluxe.] "But, although he's scored a fair few upset wins, he hasn't yet won the big one, hasn't yet ascended to the top of the card - and his opponents haven't let him forget it." [Heidi Christenson just kicks ten different shades of shit out of Kort.] "Still, Kort's prove that he can beat anyone, anywhere..." [Heidi is schoolboyed, and Kort leaves the ring with his hands raised, smirking at the fuming femme.] "Is this going to be the night he finally does it?" [The tint of the video changes from blue to red.] "Christian Light." [Christian Light throws his arms up overhead as the fans leap to their feet in jubilation.] "The Last Nighthawk has come out of retirement and he's being badass." [Clips of Light being badass.] "Since his triumphant return to Defiance, he's been absolutely undefeated." [Light picks Clair St. Sure up on his shoulders and drives her down to the mat with his desperation finisher, the Sledgehammer.] "And he won the Tables, Ladders and Chairs match for Heritage League." [Standing atop the ladder, Light rips the briefcase loose from its fastenings and off the cable it hangs from, then raises it triumphantly.] "Will the combined might of Evolution League be enough to stop the Last Nighthawk?" [Slow fade. "Clair St. Sure." [A monochrome shot of St. Sure in her hooded robe walking stoically down to ringside.] "Added to the roster on the spur of the moment to fill an empty space, she exceeded all expectations." [St. Sure flies through the air, knee extended, and crashes into the back of Jan Gin Xiao's head, causing the 450 lb sumo to slump to the mat. She twists Adam Waterman into the arm-

mutilitating Truly Untouchabreaker.] “With her manager Kai Scott sitting at home with an injured back...” [Jonny Booya powerbombs Kai Scott onto a wooden table.] “...She faces the biggest test of her career without the benefit of his experience.” [Claira takes Christian Light over in her “Truly Untoucha-pin”. She raises her hands, is informed that he was in the ropes, and sinks to her knees.] “Will she, or will she not, prove to be up to the task?” [Fade.] “Edward White.” [The Socialite smiles his way down to the ring, money falling behind him, goons walking beside him.] “A late entry into the Masters of Wrestling tournament, he unexpectedly slipped into the tournament.” [White punches Jeff Andrews in the nuts and small packages him.] “With only five points to his name, what does he hope to accomplish in War Games?” [Fade.] [Black screen.] “When Diamond Shazam’s faggot ass got fired for fucktardery and douchebaggery...” [Yes, he said that.] “It left Heritage League without a fourth team member. Plans to replace him officially fell through.” [Michel LaLiberte tries to power his way out of an armbar incorrectly, and dislocates his elbow. Heidi Christenson is escorted out of the arena by three police officers.] [Stills of Jeff Andrews, Cancer Jiles, Tom Sawyer and Jack Cassidy flash over the screen.] “Heritage does have allies, but who will step up to the plate?” [The stills all melt together.] “Who will enter... the WARGAMES? [A slow fade to black.]

WARGAMES: The Match Beyond!

[The cage is in place, the lights are back up, and the crunching riff of “El Distorto De Melodica” by Everclear is playing.]

Quimbey: And now, ladies and gentlemen, introducing the team representing Evolution League! Lead to the ring by Evolution League Commissioner, Elijah Goldman! BOOOOOOO!!!! **Quimbey:** Introducing first, the team captain, ALCEO DENTARI! [Elijah Goldman is the first person to walk out. It's Goldman, so of course he missed his cue,



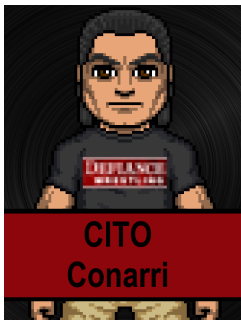
and he walked out when Dentari was being announced.] [He touches two fingers to his forehead and then raises his hand to the crowd, the gesture apparently supposed to represent his intelligence. Instead of his usual tortoiseshell glasses, he's wearing big shades.] **Angus:** Christ, that man is fucking retarded. [Dentari is wearing navy blue pin striped dress slacks instead of the usual black ones. Evolution colors. His facial



expression is closed off, and he doesn't really respond to the fans.] **DDK:** Alceo Dentari is all business tonight! **Angus:** Note that when we do these team vs team matches, the 'Good Guy Team' enters to El Distorto, and the 'Bad Guy Team' enters to Orion. And that's why Goldman insisted on HIS team getting El Distorto. In his dumb ass brain, all the fans love what he's doing except for the irrelevant marks in whatever city we're in, and no matter how many places boo him out of the building he never gets the hint. **Quimbey:** Next, SAM TURNER, JR!



JIMMY KORT! And YOSHIKAZU YAZ! [STJ's wearing his normal overalls and John Deere cap. Jimmy Kort's wearing a blue Evolution League T-shirt over his usual blue jeans. YAZ is the only one of the three who's altered his attire - he's replaced all the red trim with blue trim.] **DDK:** You'll notice that Yoshikazu YAZ is without Lisa Loeh. Although I haven't been filled in on the details, there was some sort of incident between Lisa and Goldman a couple days prior to the show, and Lisa has actually been fired for it. **Angus:** Ain't no details to it, Goldman got knocked on his ass by a girl and his "manhood" couldn't handle it, so he fired her like a bitch. [El Distorto fades. And then a bone-rattling bass line rips through the arena. It's "Orion" by Metallica.] **Quimbey:** And introducing the team representing Heritage League! Being lead to the ring by Heritage League Commissioner,



Cito Conarri! [Cito, being Cito, does not miss his cue. He walks through the curtains, raises one arm to his fans, and then steps to the side to get out of the way of the wrestlers.] **Quimbey:** Introducing first, the



Team Captain, The Last Nighthawk, CHRISTIAN LIGHT! [Christian Light roars out onto the stage and raises both fists in the air. He's rocking red tights - he's been wearing blue for so many years that he looks kind of weird in red - and a Heritage League T-shirt.] **Quimbey:** Accompanied by Diane Parker, CLAIRA ST. SURE!



And accompanied by Hector Perez and Nicky Corozzo, The Socialite, EDWARD WHITE!



[Claira St. Sure is out next. Since her attire is red to begin with, she doesn't have to change anything. Edward White is out next, wearing a pair of red track pants that would look quite at home on a Russian mafiya soldier. **DDK:** As you see, no fourth person for Heritage Team. In case you're just tuning in, the plan to make either Michel LaLiberte or Heidi Christenson the fourth person based on their match decision fell through when LaLiberte dislocated his elbow, and Goldman - and I wish I was making this up - managed to get Heidi 'detained'. **Angus:** It's like the polite version of arrested. Or possibly the 'you put Heidi in handcuffs on national TV and the women's league goes batshit' version. I don't even care. Fuck Goldman. [The teams gather near the steps that lead to the cage door. The DEFsec Brute Squad fill the area between them, keeping them apart. Buffalo Brian Slater, King of the Brutes, takes a long gander at the giant cage and a deep sigh, knowing this is going to be a long night for him and his crew.] **DDK:** It looks like Christian Light is going to put Edward White on grinding duty, as The Socialite is making his way toward the cage door. [Edward White steps into the cage first. There's some arguing and scuffling in Team Evolution's corner, and Yoshikazu YAZ gets onto the steps, but refuses to go in any further.] **DDK:** Looks like YAZ isn't happy about being put on point. **Angus:** Yeah, well, he's second in the league, and you think Dentari he wants to risk fighting him in the playoffs? Look, E-Gold's team has fallen apart at the seams already, it's a miracle he

got them all to the ring in one piece, and right now, YAZ is nothing but a future problem to Dentari, so he's gonna make him go first and hope he gets hurt! [Dentari yells, E-Gold yells, Kort yells too, YAZ slowly climbs into the cage, and the door shuts, and it's on!] **DING! DING! DING! Angus:** And it's gonna be YAZ starting for Evolution, it's gonna be a long night for him though if he doesn't get his head out of his ass and into the game! **DDK:** It doesn't look like they're gonna waste any time here! [YAZ throws the bicycle kick! White ducks, and LIGHTS him up with a chop! Jab! Body shot! Another chop! YAZ backed across Ring 1 into the ropes! White grabs his head and runs him across the ring and flings him at the steel! YAZ gets his hands up to block it, turns around, and eats a dropkick! YAZ rolls to where the safety of the ringside area would be, but his way is blocked by the cage. White pulls him over the bottom rope and drops a nasty elbow to the head!] **Angus:** OUCH! **DDK:** Edward White and Yoshikazu YAZ have four more minutes to get things settled between them, after that, one team's going to send in another person. Right now, White has control of things. [White pulls YAZ up to his feet and tries again to force his head into the cage. YAZ blocks it with his foot. He fights back with an elbow, then takes White right over his head with a spinning ipponzei! White ends up sitting, and YAZ sends a tomahawk chop directly into the top of his head! He lands a few more tomahawk chops, then pulls White up to his feet, poses for a few seconds gathering his ki or something, and hits White with a chest slap that sends him reeling across the ring!] WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!! **Angus:** DWAAAAAAAAMN! Ed White ain't got enough cash in his stash to make that sting go away! **DDK:** And now YAZ is pressing the advantage! [YAZ bolts after him, goes airborne with a leaping front dropkick! White dodges! YAZ hits the turnbuckle with his butt, flips backwards, lands on his feet somehow, but White is there to plant him with a big back drop!] [White helps YAZ back up only to snapmare him back to the mat. He gets a chinlock with one hand and grabs the eyehole of YAZ's mask with the other, ripping at it! The Japanese wrestler throws elbows, knocking White backwards and breaking the chinlock. From one knee, YAZ throws a pair of uppercut-like strikes into White's breadbasket, then climbs to his feet and takes White down with a leg lariat! He checks the damage of his mask, then viciously double stomps White.] **Angus:** He's still doing it. **DDK:** What? **Angus:** YAZ. He's still using the wrong moves and stuff. [YAZ pulls White to his feet and runs him across the ring, throwing him face first at the cage. White blocks. YAZ charges in after him, White ducks, and YAZ goes up in a back body drop, bounces off the cage and lands hard on the apron! YAZ is up to his feet slowly, and White grabs him by the back of the head and bounces his face off the steel mesh of the cage! One, two, THREE shots into the cage, and YAZ falls backwards, his legs give out, and he falls over the middle rope into the ring.] **DDK:** And now White with the advantage, ragdolling YAZ into the cage and over the ropes! **Quimbey:** There is ONE MINUTE REMAINING IN THE PERIOD! One minute! **Angus:** To steal a line, business is most assuredly about to pick up. **DDK:** Ed White's had a distinct upper hand in the early goings, but YAZ has that mask, which offers a fairly large amount of protection from the cage. He's not busted open, as an unmasked man probably would be by now. [White tries to keep the offense coming, but YAZ stops it in its tracks with a completely legal low punch. White doubles over, and YAZ rises to his feet and kicks him in the face! The Socialite is knocked to his back. Now it's YAZ's turn to go on the offensive, as he forces White back into the turnbuckle and starts stomping away. He jumps to the middle rope, balances with his arms on the top as though he were going for a slingshot splash, but instead swings back down and puts both feet into White's jaw!] **Angus:** I hope he's got an oral surgeon on call! [We suddenly cut to a camera outside the ring, where Benny Doyle is standing with Elijah Goldman, Cito Conarri, Christian Light and Alceo Dentari.] **Doyle:** Evolution League currently leads in IL points, they make the call. Goldman, call it in the air. **E-Gold:** Tails! [Doyle flips the coin and catches it, flipping it onto the back of his hand.] **Doyle:** Tails it is! Evolution wins the toss! **Angus:** Of course it's tails, when have the 'good guys' EVER won the coin toss in a War Games? [The countdown begins.] 10! 9! 8! 7! 6! [YAZ tries to whip White across the ring. White hangs onto the turnbuckle, yanks YAZ back and drop toe holds him into the buckle! He quickly tosses his stunned opponent into the gap between the rings and climbs into Ring #2 (the one not bordering the door) himself.] 5! 4! 3! 2! 1! [A very loud, very exaggerated buzzer goes off.] **BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!** **DDK:** And it's Sam Turner, Jr.! The big hillbilly heading into the ring! White's in Ring #2, waiting on Sam to come to him, and STJ's not hesitating one bit! [White attacks STJ as he climbs into ring 2. STJ just grits his teeth and bears the strikes, then lifts White straight up, bouncing his head off the top of the cage! White falls down to the mat stumbling and staggering, and STJ grabs White under the armpits and again lofts him straight up into the roof of the cage! White lands on his feet but flops to his belly. STJ looks at YAZ, who's on his knees and still acting hurt, and then he looks outside the ring, where E-Gold and Dentari both start yelling at him to "relax" and "slow down".] **Angus:** That's um... peculiar. **DDK:** He's a big guy, Angus, maybe they're worried about him blowing his cardio? **Angus:** Then why send him in second? Let Kort in second, then Dentari third, let STJ bat cleanup. [STJ walks, slower, over towards White, and picks him up by the head. And White quickly sucker punches him. STJ groans and doubles over, White dumps him into the alley between the two rings and steps on the back of his head, forcing it down in between the rings. YAZ is up, although unsteady, and he joins in with a few kicks.] **Quimbey:** There is ONE MINUTE

REMAINING IN THE PERIOD! One minute! **DDK:** Sixty seconds until it's all even at two! [YAZ picks White up and sets him in the ropes, then chops him. White falls backwards, ping pongs back towards YAZ, who front kicks him. He pongs backwards again, and STJ rocks him with a forearm smash. White collapses to his knees, and army crawls down the alley and around the turnbuckle to escape back into Ring #1. YAZ is much quicker than STJ, and he meets White in Ring #1. As White tries to climb back between the ropes, YAZ grabs his head and guillotines him over the top rope! White falls on his knees, and YAZ kicks him in the back of the head, sending his face into the cage!] [The countdown starts again, the crowd counts along.] 10! 9! 8! 7! 6! **Angus:** Clair's ready to go for Heritage! [White flounders towards the door and imminent help. YAZ takes one look at CSS and decides he doesn't want any of that, and retreats to Ring #2 just as STJ heads into Ring #1.] 5! 4! 3! 2! 1!

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT! [Clair's into the ring fast, to a huge pop from the fans. STJ raises his fist, and hesitates for just a minute. That's enough. Spinning back kick to the midsection, jump spinning enzuigiri and the big man goes down hard! STJ scrambles up to his feet, but he's not able to contain the striking prowess of St. Sure. Left roundhouse to the chest, right roundhouse to the back, left, right, jumping back heel kick and down goes STJ again!] [But STJ isn't the one she wants a piece of. Kai Scott's not out here with her because he's at home with an injured back, and one of the men responsible for that is currently hiding in Ring #2.] **DDK:** St. Sure is moving straight in on Yoshikazu YAZ! It looks like YAZ doesn't want any, but I don't think she cares. [YAZ has backed to the far end of Ring 2. As Clair steps through the ropes, YAZ changes his mind about the non-confrontation thing and rushes her, but it's too late. Clothesline attempt ducked! Spinning back fist! High roundhouse kick! Grabbing one hand full of hair and one full of mask, Clair runs YAZ across the ring and slings him between the middle rope and top rope into the steel! She grabs YAZ by the waist, backs him out of the ropes. Reverse northern lights suplex! Rolled into a back mounted sleeper!] **Angus:** Clair's trying to tear YAZ's head off of his shoulders! **DDK:** More likely she's trying to expose a weakness for her team to focus on during the later stages of the match. **Angus:** Know it all. [STJ comes to the aid of his teammate, dropping an axehandle on St. Sure's back, but White is there, and he bulldogs STJ from behind! Clair's up, they send YAZ off the ropes on an Irish whip, White with a drop toe hold and Clair with a sliding dropkick! Clair leaves off on YAZ to crack the rising STJ in the head with a buzzsaw kick, and then a spinning back kick under the jaw! STJ leans backwards on his knees, but he lacks the balance of a cruiserweight and he topples over like a tree that wasn't cut in the right place.] **DDK:** St. Sure with an amazing array of kicks! **Angus:** She should team up with Heidi under the team name SUPER-KICKY-LADIES! **DDK:** I... uh... am at a loss. **Quimby:** ONE MINUTE remaining in the period, ONE MINUTE! [Quick cut to outside the ring. Alceo Dentari is patting Jimmy Kort on the back, working on psyching him up. Kort is clenching his fists and scuffling his feet, just waiting to get into the cage.] **Angus:** Looks like Alceo's ready to send Jimmy Kort into a different kind of party... **DDK:** Yeah, what kind of party is that? **Angus:** A WarGames Party! BAZINGA! [Clair throws YAZ into one of the corners, and let's put it this way. Stomps hurt a hell of a lot more than they normally do when the person who's throwing them can do push kicks. The masked man is reduced to covering up and hoping she stops, or something. White's using the time to take a breather, apparently. He clotheslines STJ so that his arms are trapped in the ropes - but then he doesn't follow up, he puts his hands on his knees and watches Clair tear into YAZ.] **DDK:** Edward White has a pretty confident smirk on his face for a man who's bleeding. **Angus:** Perks of being a zillionaire, I guess. [Christian Light runs around the ring to where Clair is and yells something. It isn't clearly heard, but the gist of it is "Jimmy Kort's about to come into the ring be ready for him".] 10! 9! 8! 7! 6! [CSS runs around STJ to get back into Ring #1 as White lays some casual stomps into YAZ.] 5! 4! 3! 2! 1! **BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!** **DDK:** And in comes the Sheriff and he gets- **Angus:** Absolutely STUFFED with a back kick! [Yes, Jimmy Kort rolled into the ring with a full head of steam and Clair St. Sure sidestepped and took him right off his feet with a hook kick.] **DDK:** If I were Christian Light I'd be having concerns about Clair's pacing, but she's put YAZ in a bad way and now she's looking to put Kort right there with him! [CSS hooks Kort in a head and neck lock, and starts driving knees into his face. After a few of those, she twists around with a neckbreaker, then, still hanging onto Kort, rolls back over his body and applies a seated guillotine choke! STJ is still trapped in the ropes, and White's using his boot to keep YAZ pressed into the corner!] [Jimmy Kort finally realizes he's still half again as big as St. Sure, and he stands up, still in the guillotine choke. Bearhugging her, he rams CSS right into the turnbuckle, and hanging onto the middle rope, he begins burying his shoulder into her midsection. One! Two! Three! Four shoulders! Kort leaves her gasping for breath long enough to pull the ropes off STJ's arms, then he turns back on St. Sure. STJ, freed from the ropes, runs up behind the unsuspecting and unnoticed White...] **Angus:** Watch out Eddie! [STJ grabs White from behind and hurls him over the turnbuckle and right into the corner post of the cage!] [Caught completely by surprise, White falls into the ring, color appearing in two different spots on his forehead. Taking one knee, STJ starts driving hard forearm shots into White's head.] **DDK:** And that cut is opening RIGHT up! [Meanwhile, across the ring, Kort throws CSS out of the corner. He climbs onto the top rope - and hits his head on the cage! Not hard enough to hurt enough to even slow him down, but he goes

down to a crouch and jumps off almost sideways. But he does connect with the flying bulldog he was looking for!]

Angus: Look at Kort, going for the high impact offense! That must be to make up for the shitty band he had playing at his White Trash Party! **Quimbey:** ONE MINUTE remaining in the period, ONE MINUTE! [Kort's trying to use his size advantage over Clairra, putting her head and neck over the middle rope and then kneeling on her back, holding the top rope for leverage, and even bouncing on her. When he stops, she rolls over backwards into the ring. Kort rolls her over onto her stomach, puts a knee between her shoulderblades, grabs two hands full of hair and rubs her face against the canvas.] **Angus:** [sarcastic] Hey! That's no way to treat a lady! **DDK:** If you let her hear you call her a lady, she might kick your head off. [In Ring #2, STJ pulls White up to his knees, and White shoots a punch out towards STJ's balls, connecting - and he instead clutches his own fist as STJ stands there unmoved! Either STJ has balls of steel, or he wore a cup. Probably the latter. STJ grabs the arm attached to the injured fist, sends White off the ropes, catches him in a flapjack, presses him up with it so he bounces off the cage, and drops him!] **Angus:** Lookit the STRENGTH on that one! **DDK:** He's impressive, that's for sure! [White's up, very slowly, and YAZ, finally back to life, cleans his clock with a jumping crescent kick!] [We cut outside the ring, to where Heritage Team - by which we mean Christian Light, along with Cito Conarri, the team coach, and Diane Parker, who came out to accompany Clairra St. Sure. They're talking with Benny Doyle.] **Doyle:** Who's it going to be? **Light:** We... haven't decided. We don't have four people. **Doyle:** [pointing at Diane] I can sanction her if you want. **Conarri:** [quickly] No! She's not ready yet, she hasn't been working an active schedule. **Angus:** Light and Conarri'd better get it together! [Back inside the ring, YAZ has climbed over into Ring #1 to help Kort with CSS. The two men pick her up off the mat and send her off the ropes. But YAZ goes for a boot when Kort goes for a clothesline, and with both men going off balance she easily ducks! On the rebound with a double dropkick! YAZ goes down, Kort only stumbles, but CSS is all over that shit.] **DDK:** And now Clairra's re-focusing on Jimmy Kort! [A torrent of rapid fire hammerfists to the side of Kort's jaw, and a wristlock and leg sweep put him down on the canvas. St. Sure rolls him onto his front, twists one arm into a hammerlock, twists the other one into a hammerlock too and sits down on his back! She grabs a handful of his hair and rubs his face in the mat for a change, then yanks his head back with one hand and fishhooks his mouth!] **Angus:** During the promotional period, Kai Scott asked Kort to switch sides and join Heritage, but he'd already managed to rustle his jimmies, so Kort's just pissed at Clairra, and I think she's pissed right back at him! [Clairra lets Kort have one of his arms back, but keeps the other. Instead, she locks on an airtight body triangle and smacks him on the back of the head, repeatedly. Kort tries to stand up, but she takes out his other arm, letting him smack his head into the mat, and then smacks him on the backside.] **DDK:** Clairra's treating Jimmy Kort like the proverbial government mule! **Angus:** I have the weirdest boner right now. 10! 9! 8! 7! 6! [Cut to outside the ring.] **Doyle:** Who's it gonna be, Light? 5! 4! 3! 2! 1! **Light:** [deep breath] We're forfeiting the spot, I'm waiting til 4th. **Doyle:** Are you sure? **Light:** Yes. **Doyle:** Conarri, is that alright with you? **Conarri:** ...Yes. **Doyle:** OK, that's a final decision! Heritage League is sending no one in, start the timer for the next period! **BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!** [Clairra, who'd heard the fans chant down from 10 and heard the buzzer, notices that no one's coming into the cage. She lets go of Kort, and walks to the cage.] **Clairra:** What de hell, Christian?! **Light:** I need to wait til fourth! You're doing fine! **Clairra:** WHAT?! **Conarri:** LOOK OUT! [Clairra is not stupid. She ducks and pulls the top rope down, and Kort, who had bum rushed her, goes over the top rope and headfirst into the cage! St. Sure follows him, stepping over the top rope so she's standing on the middle, and rubs his forehead against the steel links!] **DDK:** For the time being, Clairra St. Sure and Edward White are holding their own, but not only are they going to be subjected to another two minutes of a 3 on 2 handicap, then they'll be subjected to 4 on 2 for 2 minutes once Dentari enters the ring. **Angus:** And 4 on 3 after that! Look Darren, I know next to nothing about Diane Parker's wrestling ability cos she hasn't wrestled for Defiance, but she's got the pedigree. If she wants it so bad, let her go in 3rd, see what she can do, and if she can't handle it, once Light gets there, tell her to stay in a corner or something. I prefer being an unrepentant Team Danger mark and pissing on the fourth wall to intelligent commentary, but I do have thoughts, and I think Christian Light just made a very, very bad call. [Over in Ring #2, STJ throws White into the turnbuckle. He backs off and then runs and leaps up in the air with a Stinger splash! But to avoid hitting his head on the cage he has to get more perpendicular to the mat than vertical. And White dodges anyway. STJ hits the top turnbuckle hard.] **PONG! Angus:** What the hell was that? **DDK:** Sounded like Metal breaking, and I think STJ damaged the ring's integrity when he landed on the buckle like that! [The top rope of Ring 2 is sagging and wobbling. White steps over it rather than over the middle and walks into Ring #1 where Clairra is now hitting Kort with elbows to the back of the head. Kort's face is becrimsoning itself, and YAZ is clutching his own head, not seemingly interested in helping.] [White walks up behind Clairra and Kort, and...] **Angus:** Uh-oh! [Grabs Clairra by the head and yanks her off the ropes and back into the ring with a Trickle Down Neckbreaker!] [Insert record scratch noise.] **DDK:** What the?! [Heritage Team looks around in shock.] [E-Gold and Alceo Dentari are at ringside grinning like they just won the lottery.] **Angus:** Did the... Did Ed White just backstab Heritage? What on the... why.... why are we so surprised that he would do something like this?

It's Edward. White. **DDK:** But that means Clairia St. Sure's in a... I can't believe I have to even say this... 4 on 1 handicap match now. **Angus:** ...fuck, they're gonna kill her. [Shock has faded. Christian Light runs straight to the door and tries to pull it open. Benny Doyle doesn't even personally argue, he screams for "Buffalo" Brian Slater and DEFsec to get the hell over here and make sure that door stays shut. The Last Nighthawk is absolutely livid on the outside, not only at Edward White but at his own error in judgement of not entering the match when he could have.] **DDK:** I can't even try to watch this. **Angus:** You know what, me either. [Ed White is smirking. He pulls off his red mafiya pants to reveal royal blue - "Evolution League Blue" - wrestling briefs.] [But Sam Turner, Jr. is back on his feet and he's roaring back in and clotheslining White!] [Kort leaves off taunting HERI through the cage and gets between STJ and White. "He's on our side now!" Kort can be partially heard shouting to the big redneck. This takes the wind out of STJ's sails, and he's obviously confused.] **DDK:** Sam Turner is a good ol' boy, and he's more used to a defined line between right and wrong than he's looking at right now. The big guy doesn't know what to make of this! **Angus:** And I bet he thought he'd made a new friend earlier at the White Trash Party... [Yoshikazu YAZ, for his part, has turned his back on all this and stormed over to his own corner. With Kort holding Clairia's arms behind her back and White taking liberal shots to her head and body and STJ standing there looking like he just stepped knee deep into a cow pie, we get an angle from over where Evolution Team is watching the match.] **YAZ:** What the hell is going on?! **Dentari:** You looked like you need the help. **E-Gold:** What he's trying to say is that we arranged for White to switch sides ahead of time, and keeping you in the dark was an unfortunate necessity since we needed an authentic performance once we found out they were making him start. [YAZ snarls. If he says anything else we don't hear it. White and Kort each grab one of STJ's arms and the big man, looking reluctant as all hell and half of heaven, hits her with a big boot.] **Quimbey:** One minute remaining! One minute! [Funny thing is, now that White's in the ring, he's calling the shots for Evolution Team. And he instructs STJ to go over into Ring #2. Ring #2's top rope is part broken, as you should have seen earlier, and STJ grabs the broken buckle and starts twisting at it, unscrewing the steel bolt. He gets it free, and the entire turnbuckle pad comes off.] **DDK:** I don't like this! Not one bit! **Angus:** I hate to say it, Keebs, but this is WarGames, and, well, it's MASTERFUL strategy. [Speaking of turnbuckle pads, Jimmy Kort's ripping the pad off one turnbuckle. With Clairia in a heap on the mat, White yells at YAZ to get over into Ring #1 and help. He and Kort pick her up, both grab her by the hair, and - drive her head right into the exposed bolt.] **DDK:** This is sick. This is just... [A wound has appeared on Clairia's forehead right up against the hairline, a line of crimson spreading by the second.] **DDK:** You know what, I can't believe Jimmy Kort would participate in this. I thought he was a good guy. **Angus:** I did too, but y'know, I think that between them Christian Light and Kai Scott got him mad enough that he forgot. All he wants to do is win WarGames. And, devil's advocate, that shit Clairia pulled riding him like a horse probably didn't help her case in his eyes. [Dentari makes his way around towards the cage door cautiously. DEFsec backs Heritage Team away as he gets near. Diane screams. Light tries to force his way past them, they lower their heads and push back.] 10! 9! 8! 7! 6! **DDK:** And it's about to be a 5 on 1 handicap match. **Angus:** Inside of the WarGames cage. 5! 4! 3! 2! 1! **BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!** [There is no fire as Alceo Dentari enters. He's all smiles. He's got a 5 on 1 advantage right now, it's never gonna get better for Heritage than 5 on 2, and anyway - his idea is that with a 5 on 1 advantage, that they can make sure CSS isn't good to wrestle by the time Light gets into the ring. If, y'know, ever.] **Angus:** And here comes the coach, the Team Captain of Evolution and the current points leader, Alceo Dentari, and he's taking his ever-loving sweet-ass time about it too! [White and Kort each grab one of Clairia's arms and hold her for Dentari, who gets right up in her face, and then drills her with a punch. She sags in their arms, but is pulled right back to her feet. Again, Dentari yells at YAZ to get over here and start helping, then slaps her across the face.] [E-Gold is yelling something about stop stalling and get to work hurting her.] [Kort and YAZ pull Clairia right up against the cage fence in front of Heritage Team. Light's still screaming. Diane looks like she's close to tears.] **DDK:** Christian Light is going to tear right through the wall of that cage and rip Jimmy Kort and Yoshikazu YAZ apart! **Angus:** I was just thinking the same thing. [Kort decides to be a dick and make fun of her for this. YAZ sticks out his tongue and makes a mist spitting kabuki gimmick pose thing.] **DDK:** They're just playing with her at this point. **Angus:** Count your blessings and hers, they could be piledriving her over and over again. [Dentari back across the ring, and then runs in, kicking St. Sure's face into the cage at full force with his Whacked!] **Angus:** Ah fer fuck's sake, spoke too soon... [St. Sure goes limp. The bleeding increases exponentially. Dentari grins like the Devil, and he's close enough to the camera that his voice is heard clearly.] **Dentari:** Pick 'er up and hold her there, I want these punks ta see how this goes, all nice an up close, an' where's that fuckin' hick? [Over in Ring #2, the top rope is completely detached from the turnbuckle and lying on the mat, and STJ has just unscrewed the thick, metal turnbuckle bolt. He walks over into Ring #1 and Dentari grabs it out of his hands. He uses the tip of it to raise Clairia's chin.] [Diane screams.] [If anything this seems to encourage Dentari.] **DDK:** This is starting to border on criminal. [A very small pop from a small section of fans goes up, and a quick camera shot shows Sylo, still at ringside, standing and hanging onto the guardrail.] **Angus:** Look, even Sylo's pissed

off at ringside! The jolt Champion came here to see a war, not a bunch of lowlives beating on an already beaten Clair St. Sure! It looks like a street-gang fuck-in in the cage! [Dentari brings the bolt back to swing. The fans are quiet.] **DDK:** *swallows audibly into his microphone* [And as Dentari holds the bolt over his head, Sam Turner grabs it!] **Angus:** He... didn't let him do it? [Dentari is livid.] **Dentari:** The hell yous think yous doin' boy? [STJ can't enunciate what's going through his mind. He knows that even when everything's fair, there's still limits. And even if St. Sure wasn't a girl, it still wouldn't be right for a 5 on 1 handicap match to go to town on her with a 15 pound piece of metal.] [So he hangs onto the bolt and shakes his head.] [YAZ turns around then.] **YAZ:** Do what he says, or else. [STJ also understands threats.] [And he also understands open hand palm strikes, like the one YAZ just pasted him in the mouf with.] **Angus:** Mistake, population: YAZ! [BIG BOOT!] [YAZ goes head over heels!] [Choke toss!] [Kort goes flying across the ring!] [Headbutt!] [White goes down in a heap!] **DDK:** And Momma Turner's Baby Boy is going WILD! RRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!! [The fans approve of this.] [But Dentari still has the bolt, and he hits STJ in the small of the back with it, although STJ's back is thick enough that the bolt bounces out of his hands and rolls to the apron! Finally able to do something, Light pulls on the cage as hard as he can, sticks two fingers through the mesh - and manages to get the bolt rolled out of the ring!] **Angus:** This is the part where I'd normally chide Light for cheating, but fuck it, KILL THOSE FAGGOTS! [But meanwhile, St. Sure is barely conscious, nowhere near fighting shape, and now STJ's absorbing the 4 on 1 that was meant for her. And it's actually Yoshikazu YAZ, not Alceo Dentari, who's calling the shots. As though he were ashamed at his lackluster mid-match performance, YAZ sends STJ into the corner. Kort runs in with a back elbow. White runs in with a thump! Dentari runs in with a jumping elbow, and YAZ is in last with a leaping double knee into the corner! STJ stumbles out, and White, by far the strongest on his side, scoop slams the big redneck.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!! **Quimbey:** ONE MINUTE remaining in the period! One minute! [Christian Light isn't a guy who's prone to looking angry.] [Right now, he looks way, WAY beyond furious.] [Dentari and Kort pull STJ up to their feet, and YAZ strikes a pose, then jumps and clocks STJ in the head with that spinkick finisher he's been using since the six powerbombs incident, the one that doesn't even have a name yet.] [STJ is hurled into Ring #2, his neck and one arm are pushed down over the middle rope, and YAZ pulls the bottom rope up over them, trapping him there! With St. Sure still lying motionless in a pool of her own blood, it's now four on one, and they have nothing better to do than wait for Christian Light.] **Angus:** I don't give a shit it's five-on-two, Christian Light is about to murder Evolution by his goddamned self! 10! 9! 8! 7! 6! **DDK:** And probably pick up all the elimination points in the process! [Christian Light has rarely looked like he wanted to kill anyone more than he looks like he wants to kill Evolution Team right now.] [And all four of them clearly know it. The Defiance Faithful know it, too.] **FUCK 'EM UP, CHRISTIAN FUCK 'EM UP! *Stomp! Stomp!* FUCK 'EM UP, CHRISTIAN FUCK 'EM UP! *Stomp! Stomp!* FUCK 'EM UP, CHRISTIAN FUCK 'EM UP! *Stomp! Stomp!* Angus:** And look at those faggots! The tables are turned and they're fucking fighting over who gets to hide behind who! 5! 4! 3! TWO!!! **OONNEE!!!! BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!** RRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!! RRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!! RRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!! [Jimmy Kort was the poor shit who found himself at the front of the line as Light roared into the ring, and Light took him over with a belly to belly so high that Kort's feet hit the cage top and he landed on the back of his neck!] **Angus:** JIMMY KORT IS DEAD! FUCKING DEAD! IT'S FOUR ON TWO! [Light recovered quickly enough to catch the incoming White in an Olympic suplex!] [Yoshikazu YAZ is grabbed around the waist and thrown directly overhead. He hits the cage top and crumples to the mat.] **DDK:** The Last Nighthawk is tearing through the Evolution League! [And that leaves Alceo Dentari in the corner.] [Pleading for his life.] [Light wraps a meathook around his throat, brings back the other, and punches him right smack in the face. Over. And Over. AND OVER AGAIN.] **FUCK 'EM UP, CHRISTIAN FUCK 'EM UP! *Stomp! Stomp!* FUCK 'EM UP, CHRISTIAN FUCK 'EM UP! *Stomp! Stomp!* [Light grabs Dentari by the ankles, and climbs to the middle rope.] [Catapult!] CLAAAANK!** [Dentari's face took an industrial strength whip directly into the cage. He lands in a fucking heap. And Light leans forward, grabs the roof of the cage himself, hangs in the air above Dentari...] **WHAAAAAAM!** [DOUBLE STOMP!] **Angus:** Jesus BAH GAWD Christ! [But Yoshikazu YAZ is there with a chop block.] [And Light just stands right the fuck back up.] **DDK:** Christian Light is INVINCIBLE! [Light grabs YAZ by the neck, grabs hold of his mask and spins it around!] [PUNCH! PUNCH punch punch punch punchpunchpunchpunchpunchPUNCH!] RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!! [Flailing around blindly, YAZ misses with a wild swing, and Light hits him with a completely legal kick right to the balls.] [And a powerbomb, too.] [Outside the ring, Benny Doyle has a microphone.] **Angus:** Now what the hell is Benny Doyle doing? **DDK:** It looks like the Head Ref has got something to say! **Doyle:** By the authority vested in me as Defiance's Senior Official, I have made the following changes to this match. Firstly, Sam Turner, Jr. and Edward White have officially switched sides, with Turner representing Heritage and White representing Evolution!

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!! **Angus:** He can do that?! **DDK:** You want to tell him he can't? **Angus:** Hell no! I'm just surprised Goldman hasn't started bawwing about it yet. **Doyle:** Secondly! I am allowing one final two minute period before The Match Beyond starts for Heritage League to find a fourth entrant! [Cito Conarri breaks a rule. He gets right in front of the camera and yells directly into it.] Conarri: Jeff Andrews, if you are listening to this, get out here and help us! **Angus:** Welp, I guess we know where he stands. **DDK:** Not to take away from Christian Light's rampage, but Andrews has been acting... bizarre over the last couple weeks. I'm surprised he wasn't out here to begin with, I'm more surprised he wasn't out here when Dentari was threatening to break Clair's skull with that pipe or whatever it was. [Light looks for a victim. He decides that Jimmy Kort hasn't been punished enough, and that he will rectify this immediately. He doesn't even help Kort off the mat, he just punches ten shades of shit out of his face while he's down.] **Angus:** I just noticed, Light's so pissed off he's forgotten to help STJ out of the ropes. [The problem is that Edward White, although the olympic suplex is a pretty high-tier move, didn't receive the face punching, and so he's recovered. He reaches into his tights, and rolls over. As Light moves in on him, he suddenly unleashes a fistful of platinum dust!] **DDK:** The numbers game is finally catching up with Light... **Angus:** I don't care, he'll catch a second wind... COME ON CHRISTIAN! TEAM DANGER REPRESENT! [Light clutches at his burning, stinging eyes. White hits him with a lunging shoulder to the kidney. YAZ tomahawk chops him right across the bridge of the nose and kicks him in the throat. Dentari is still recovering from that double stomp, and Kort's face now resembles hamburger.] **Quimbey:** One Minute remaining in the period, ONE MINUTE! **Angus:** I... don't know where the hell Jeff's at but I don't think he's coming down. **DDK:** There has to be someone on Heritage! Or... even on Evolution! [Safely behind security, Elijah Goldman has walked around.] **E-Gold:** You're still gonna lose, Cito! It's still 4 on 3, and hey, has Clair even gotten up yet?! [Diane lunges forward and takes a swing at him. It's not that E-Gold dodges, it's that security blocks her path. E-Gold still flinches back, and when he does, his shades go flying off.] [Revealing a beautiful purple shiner around his right eye.] **Angus:** BWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA HAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! **DDK:** Yes, that would be the parting gift that Lisa Loeh left for him. [His blackened eye exposed, Goldman shrinks back and starts hunting for his sunglasses. [And then Cito takes off running backstage.] **Angus:** It looks like the boss is gonna go back and FIND some help! **DDK:** He'd better hurry! [White reaches into his kneepad and takes out a pair of handcuffs. Christian Light's right arm is affixed into the cuffs. He knows what's coming and fights wildy, but YAZ and Kort and White all dogpile on him and Dentari hooks the right arm to the bottom rope.] **Angus:** Oh shit. Things are going from bad to worse! [Even tied down, Light isn't willing to quit fighting. He reaches out with his legs and grabs YAZ in a body scissor, then grabs Dentari by the hair and pulls the Mafioso up against him to use as a shield against strikes. One of Kort's kicks does land very solidly on Dentari's ribs] **DDK:** He's fighting it like a boss! 20! 19! 18! 17! 16 [Clair St. Sure has dragged herself up to a sitting position. The 'color' she has obtained probably exceeds anything that has happened to a female wrestler outside Japan, but she's up. She kicks Kort in the face, but she's still running on empty, and White knocks her back down and out of the way.] 15! 14! 13! 12! 11! [Diane pulls off her T-shirt. The moment is so intense that she doesn't even get the usual T&A pop, even though she fills out a sports bra much better than CSS does.] **Angus:** If she goes in, one of two things could happen. She turns out like Clair herself did, beats some asses and looks awesome doing it. The other, she turns out to be a liability, gets hurt, surrenders and costs her team the match. TEN! NINE! EIGHT! SEVEN! SIX!

[Someone appears at the top of the ramp.] [It's Cito Conarri, but it's not just Cito Conarri.]

[It's Cito Conarri in his wrestling gear.] OHMYFUCKINGGODRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!! **DDK:** I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT I'M SEEING! THE MAN WHO TRAINED OUR LAST WORLD CHAMPION HAS LACED UP THE BOOTS AND HE'S HEADING

TO THE RING! [Cito lowers his head and sprints down the entrance ramp.] **Angus:** BUT HE'S SO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOLD~! FIVE! FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!
BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT! [Alceo Dentari is ready for this shit. It's just an old Luchador, he tells himself,
nostalgia pops are meaningless... but on second thought he'll put Kort on point.] [The cage door is swung open and
Cito runs up the steps and, even though it's a cage, grabs the top rope and springboards. He doesn't raise his head,
he stays practically horizontal in the air. He catches Kort around the head with a chancer, spins around his body to
feint kick Dentari in the head! He uses the momentum to swing back around Kort's head, grab the arm, and spike him
to the mat!] **DDK:** At the age of 54, Cito Conarri just executed a textbook quedabra! **Angus:** Quesadilla? **DDK:**
God DAMMIT Angus stop no-selling this! **Angus:** IT'S IN MY NATURE! **DDK:** Fine, but can you at least try to take
this seriously? THIS IS THE MATCH BEYOND! [In comes Alceo Dentari.] [In comes Cito's foot right into Alceo
Dentari's MOUTH.] **DDK:** Spinning heel kick! And when Cito does it, it's a KICK, not this leg lariat nonsense! [And
then Cito turns on the man who backstabbed him and his team.] FUCK HIM UP, CITO, FUCK HIM UP! ***Stomp!**
Stomp! FUCK HIM UP, CITO, FUCK HIM UP! ***Stomp! Stomp!** [And Cito Conarri proceeds to bring to bear every
disrespectful rookie he failed to stretch because he doesn't believe that it builds character, every run as an active
wrestler that he had to shitcan because he kept getting begged backstage, every time Angus insulted him on
commentary, and every time he had to watch Elijah Goldman make a train wreck out of a wrestling program, and
smack White with a discus palm strike to the ear so hard that White falls over on his back, all four limbs twitching in
different directions.] [With that done, Cito does what Light forgot to do. He goes to the aid of Sam Turner, Jr., finally
pulling him out of that rope. By the way, since his head AND arm were trapped, STJ wasn't really getting choked, he
just couldn't escape by himself.] **Angus:** And now here comes the boss to rally the troops! **DDK:** What about Light
being cuffed to the cage, though? I saw White throw the key away. **Angus:** I don't know. But more importantly, the
Match Beyond is starting, and that means that people can be eliminated! [Edward White flees Cito Conarri's
onslaught into Ring 2. The problem there is that Cito 30 years ago rose to fame because he didn't believe in this
'gravity' nonsense, and even now he can leap over the ropes in Ring 1, soar all the way into Ring 2, and plant White
with a swan dive DDT.] **Angus:** LOOKITCITOFLY! [Jimmy Kort looks at Clair St. Sure and thinks he might have
an elimination. But, despite being hurt quite badly, she's been left alone for quite some time, and had enough time to
recuperate that she can take it right to Kort! Alternating roundhouse kicks and a leg sweep! Clair grabs both ankles,
waits for the fans to cheer, and double stomps Kort right where it hurts!] [And Sam Turner, Jr., who was
comparatively unhurt and then trapped for about 7 minutes, is so fired up he's more than ready to handle Dentari and
YAZ single handedly. He plows them both down with a double clothesline, beal throws Dentari over the ropes and into
Ring #2, and then lifts YAZ up into his trademark bearhug!] **DDK:** If YAZ taps out to that, not only does Evolution
Team lose, but Sam Turner Jr. picks up 25 points, which would put him WAY at the top of Evolution League, points
wise! [It's like YAZ heard him or something, because he manages a low kick, causing STJ to drop him.] **Angus:** But
why didn't he use the mist? His wrestling's still all wrong, why didn't he use the Asian mist? [YAZ tries his spinkick.
It misses. STJ grabs him by the neck and chokeslams him. He sends Dentari off the ropes and hits him with a
spinning double axehandle to the chest. A Polish Hammer from West By Gawd Virginia, if you will.] **DDK:** And now
Sam Turner is firing up again! But this time he's taking out his former EVOLUTION teammates! [And Edward White,
scrambling frantically to escape from Cito, has made it to between the rings. He scrabbles at the mats, and his head
and then his upper body disappears down between the rings. Cito don't care, Cito don't give a shit, Cito jumps over
the broken ropes of Ring #2 and elbow drops White... well, right on the butt, since that was about all he could reach.]
[Then, the cage shakes. And then, very slowly, the cage starts rising up into the air.] **DDK:** What the... the cage!
Angus: Twenty to one, this is Ed White's work. **DDK:** More importantly, look at Hector Perez and Nicky Corozzo!
[Perez has slipped on two pair of knucks, one for each hand. Nicky has picked himself up a chair. The cage is
raising, and as soon as it's up high enough for them to roll in - they do.] **DDK:** Is this legal? [Nicky goes straight to
Ed White's aid, blasting Cito with the chair. The boos go up, the fans enraged that Nicky would have the audacity to
chairshot a beloved 54 year old luchador. Even though the luchador just got done making his boss humble... marks,
right?] [Perez, on the other hand, has fast hands, and he quickly slips a knucks-aided gutshot in on St. Sure. The
young woman tries to fight through the pain, but it's nothing doing - she collapses to her knees. Perez pays her no
further attention.] **Angus:** Man, I have never heard of a War Games where someone managed to break into the cage!
I don't even know! It's all legal inside but what the fuck is this shit?! [Perez has turned his attention on STJ. The
redneck doesn't defend against the loaded punches so well, and he's soon sitting slumped in the turnbuckle, a purple
mark on his cheek and his lip and nose busted.] [That was when Sylo stepped over the guardrail.]
RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!! **DDK:** The jOlt Champion has seen enough! SYLO'S
GONNA KILL YOU! SYLO'S GONNA KILL YOU! SYLO'S GONNA KILL YOU! [Buffalo Brian Slater knows that
Sylo does not wrestle for Defiance, and tries to stop him. Now Slater, the head of DEFsec Security, is no small man, in

fact he's bigger than most wrestlers.] [Sylo STILL piefaces him right head over heels, and DEFsec scatters. He grabs the top rope, pulls himself up onto the apron, and steps over it. Nicky Corozzo turns and comes in with his foot leading. Sylo sidesteps the attempted Yakuza kick, catches Nicky and cradle suplexes him right over the top rope and out of the ring! Hector Perez flees for his life.] **Angus:** LOOK AT THAT BIG BASTARD GO! [As an observer, Sylo understands professionalism, and he gives the actual wrestlers in the match a wide berth. He reaches down in between the rings, and reaches under them - coming up with a secondary cage control device that White probably paid someone to wire in. Someone's getting fired for this bullshit, you can take that to the bank.] **DDK:** And now Sylo is RE-LOWERING THE CAGE! [Once he's sure the cage is lowering, Sylo ducks out of the ring. Hector Perez, who does not want to die, continues to flee, with Sylo stalking after him.] **Angus:** Somebody offer that guy a contract! **DDK:** So jOIt can sue us into the next century? **Angus:** SHENANIGANS! [However, Hector and Nicky's attacks did do the damage they were intended to do, and the sides are evened up. Or less than that, since Light's still handcuffed to the cage. Speaking of the cage, BBS and his crew are on hand to make sure it goes in back in place.] [Then someone comes running down the ramp.] **Angus:** Oh, great. Now he shows up. [That someone is Jeff Andrews, and he's holding something. He's holding a Hacksaw. Hector Perez, who was about to flee up the ramp to escape Sylo, decides that the Cross-Wired Time Bomb holding a freaking saw is marginally more dangerous than a 315lb wrestler holding no weapon and turns back. Then he looks at Sylo, questions his own judgment, makes an executive decision, and starts climbing up the cage.] **DDK:** And Heter Perez is heading for high ground! [So does Sylo.] **Angus:** Holy Crap! So is Sylo! [While all this is happening, there's actions a transpiring in the ring!] [To refresh. Ed White's down between the two rings, Cito's in the alley as well, busted open from a chair shot, STJ's slumped in the corner, Jimmy Kort's rolling around clutching his balls, Christian Light's still handcuffed to the bottom rope, and the people who're standing are Alceo Dentari, Yoshikazu YAZ, and Claira St. Sure.] [St. Sure ducks a badly telegraphed kick attempt from YAZ, and ignores him to smack Dentari in the face with a backfist! Quick high roundhouse to YAZ! But with her back turned, Dentari pulls himself together and jumps up on her back with a sleeper hold!] **DDK:** Dentari, trying to put CSS to sleep here, and it's worth noting that just knocking her out isn't enough to win the match - she has to either submit, or one of her teammates has to surrender the match if she's no longer capable of submitting. [Sleepers are tough to endure when you're suffering from blood loss. Light roars from his prone position cuffed to the bottom rope. YAZ, clutching his head, throws a pretty good looking superkick that he's never been seen to use before. It takes Claira off her feet and hard down to her back - and Dentari, who was ON her back, gets squished between her and the ring! Turning his back on this shit, YAZ decides he'd rather taunt Light.] **Angus:** And now the Jeffman's climbing the cage, hacksaw and all! Is he trying to break in that way? [Hector Perez is already up on top of the cage and Sylo's just pulling himself up. STJ heaves himself up to his feet and clotheslines YAZ from behind. He turns to catch a dropkick from Jimmy Kort that doesn't take him off his feet. He falls back into the ropes, stumbles, and Kort small packages him!] [Carla Ferrari, the nearest referee, counts a count on the side of the cage! ONE! TWO! And a kickout. Kort's quickly on STJ trying to get him hooked for a Hillbilly Deluxe, but STJ pushes him to the ropes. Light reaches out with his legs and catches Kort with a drop toe hold, and STJ drops a big knee on the back of Kort's head!] [Perez is up on the roof near the edge of the cage, and he starts stomping on the chain links!] **DDK:** I can't imagine that Hector Perez is happy in his current predicament. **Angus:** I can't imagine he's not pissing his pants. [Now maybe Sylo was just going to chase him off, but if he knocks the cage ceiling loose, Perez can get back into the match and continue causing problems and helping Evolution League cheat, and... he must go squish now.] **DDK:** Sylo with a meathook wrapped around Perez's throat, Angus, I think he's coming this way! **Angus:** FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!!!! [Hector Perez goes airborne. And then he drops like a rock.] [He lands on the commentary station, and it collapses.] [No commentary while they try to get the electric working again and medics are already on the way to help Hector Perez. The really sad part is that yes, he does get paid enough to make even this shit worth his while and meanwhile at least half the wrestlers on the indy circuit have to work second jobs to cover their living expenses.] [Now Jeff Andrews is up on top of the cage.] [Cito pulls himself up to his feet and moves in on YAZ, spinning the masked man (who must've fixed the mask Light turned around while he was off camera or something) around and hitting him with a kick. He scoops YAZ up for the Michinoku Driver he calls the Afterburner, but YAZ slips off the back, throws a tomahawk chop that Cito blocks with an X block and turns into another quedrabra! Instead of just spiking YAZ's face into the mat, he wrenches back on the arm in a wakigatame!] [Dentari breaks it up. Cito is bigger than Dentari because everyone except the girls are, but not _much_ bigger, like in the neighborhood of 20 lbs or so. He kicks Cito back into one of the corners and then knocks him on his ass with a big right hand, then starts delivering knee shots to the head. Edward White finally pulls himself out from between the rings, gets up and comes over to help.] [And on top of the cage, Sylo is staring down Jeff Andrews, and Andrews, who rarely feels fear to begin with and is generally too surly to act upon it on the rare occasions he does, is staring him the fuck down and holding his hacksaw above his head with one hand.] **Angus:** I don't know if anybody can hear me... CAN YOU HEAR

ME NOW? **DDK:** Have we got this working? **Angus:** Yes, yes we have, and look up on the cage! We might just get ourselves a special bonus main event LITERALLY ON TOP OF the real main event! [CSS comes up behind White and Dentari and cracks their heads together from behind, then takes Dentari over with a reverse northern lights suplex! She starts trying to apply the Truly Untouchabreaker! ...But White shakes it off and kicks Clairra in the head twice, making her let go, but before he can do a third stomp, Cito leaps off the middle rope and facebusters White! And in turn he catches a dropkick from Kort, who catches a clothesline from STJ!] **DDK:** The action is picking up again! [Jeff Andrews points down in the ring and says something. Sylo frowns as though thinking - then nods. And he walks to the edge of the top of the cage, grabs the top bar and side bar, and pulls them apart! Even with his Superbeast strength he only moves them a couple inches in either direction - but it gives Andrews enough space to drop the hacksaw down into the ring!] **Angus:** And now there's a hacksaw in play. I sure hope Jeffy-boy know's what he's doing... **DDK:** More importantly, I hope Sam Turner, Jr. knows! [STJ grabs the hacksaw, and somehow understanding what it's for, goes over to Light and starts to work on the handcuff chain! Sylo does, however, insist that Andrews climb down first. Andrews shrugs and acquiesces.] **Angus:** It's ridiculously hard for me to believe that Jeff Andrews just cooperated with anyone or anything, even if that anything is Sylo. [And as Angus says that, Light's wrist comes free!] **DDK:** The Last Nighthawk is free! **Angus:** And if you thought he was pissed before, you ain't seen NUTHIN' yet! [Light is up like a shot, he grabs Kort and throws him over the ropes and into Ring #2! White is also thrown over into Ring #2, although he's less aerodynamic and bounces off the top rope of Ring #1, bounces off the middle rope of Ring #2 (remember, the top rope is lying on the mat, which is also why the wrestlers were somewhat avoiding Ring #2), and lands awkwardly.] **DDK:** CHRISTIAN LIGHT IS CLEANING HOUSE ONCE AGAIN! **Angus:** That guy's like a broken record, but in the good way! [STJ follows Light over into Ring #2 and following Light's lead they pick up the fallen ring rope and use it to clothesline Kort down! STJ grabs White, lifts him up in an atomic drop, and drops him on the bare turnbuckle! White howls and falls into the ring. YAZ takes a running start, and goes airborne, leaping over the ropes to hit a dropkick on Light!] **Angus:** They're all over the place now, I can't keep track of what's going on! **DDK:** YAZ just took Light off his feet, but he's left Dentari in Ring #1 by himself with Cito and Clairra! ...I bet that was entirely pre-planned! [Cito gets Dentari in a standing double armbar. Clairra kicks him in the head, and then the chest, and then the face. Dentari can't fall down! Mark Shields, the closest referee, who incidentally was informed in no uncertain terms that in this particular match he had better not even show the slightest signs of being lazy and apathetic, presses up against the cage to watch, listen, and see if Dentari's thinking of surrendering.] **Angus:** The little midget can't take this kind of assault for very long! [But Jimmy Kort breaks away from the ruckus in Ring 2, leaving YAZ to kick at the downed Light and White to keep clubbing away at STJ and trying to knock him off his feet, to come to Dentari's aid. He grabs one of the ring ropes, climbs into Ring 1 dragging it, and hooks it around Clairra's neck from behind!] **DDK:** Uh-oh! [Clairra breaks the choke with a back elbow, but she doesn't actually get free of the rope. Kort hangs onto it and uses it to yank her to the mat.] **Angus:** Clairra did take an awfully bad beating earlier, and I think Kort and maybe the others too see her as a good target, even if she's got a fuckton of points and an IL point as well. [White grabs the turnbuckle. Yes, the literal turnbuckle. What that is, in this particular case, is the metal buckle, the irrelevant pad on top, and the steel bolt that fastens it to the turnbuckle. As Kort picks CSS up and holds her arms behind her back, White brings the buckle back for a swing.] [And Cito Conarri steps in the way.] **FWOOOOOOOOOSH!!!** [An orange-white FIREBALL erupts out of his mouth and explodes in White's face! The Socialite hits the ground, clawing and writhing.] **DDK:** And THAT is why they used to call the man The Inferno Kid! **Angus:** Forty-seven years ago. **DDK:** ANGUS! [Kort flings CSS to one side, drops to his knees, and brings his forearm up between Cito's legs. The luchador doesn't have time to react, and Kort quickly schoolboys him. ONE! TWO! THREE!!!] **Angus:** Well, shit. **DDK:** Ten points for Jimmy Kort and Heritage is a man down! **Angus:** [matter of fact] Again. [Kort looks around at what he's got left. Light and STJ are going at it with Dentari and YAZ. Dentari's been busy working over STJ's knee, trying to cut into the power base of the redneck, and Light's just gotten done hitting YAZ with a spinebuster. He makes a cover! ONE! TWO! And Kort's in to break it up! Kort kicks Light then pushes him into the corner, then taps into strength reserves as yet unknown to DEFIANCE in order to muscle The Last Nighthawk up onto the top turnbuckle!] **Angus:** What in fuck's name is Jimmy Kort trying to do now? [Kort climbs up the turnbuckle himself and tries to double underhook Light's arms, but Light just pushes him right back down into the ring. Light jumps off the turnbuckle, and takes Kort head over heels with a flying clothesline!] **DDK:** From the looks of it, get himself decapitated. [Raising his hand, Light grabs Kort's legs, twists them into Texas Cloverleaf position, puts his knee on the back of Kort's neck and twists his back all out of shape! Light Leg Lock! Kort screams. He grabs the ropes, but there's no rope breaks. Dentari runs over and punches Light, but Light just grits his teeth, turns his head, and hangs on. STJ recovers and clobbers Dentari from behind, then throws him off the ropes and into a big boot! YAZ is busy trying to ward off an armbar from Clairra.] **Angus:** KORT IS GONNA TAP! HERITAGE WINS! [Edward White picks up the turnbuckle. He sneaks up behind and SMASHES it into the back of

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picks up ten points for disposing of Jimmy Kort and another five for surviving! And Heritage wins the Inter-League points race by picking up the all important last three IL Points! [Christian Light and Cito Conarri have recovered enough to re-enter the ring and help Sam Turner collect what's left of Clair St. Sure, they get her out of the ring, a big, sappy group hug goes down, and the winning team makes their way back up the ramp toward the backstage area, presumably to all make the trip to Iris Davine's triage area.] **DDK:** What's this now? [Alceo Dentari has gotten to his feet and taken in the scene around him. He stands over the prone Yoshikazu YAZ with rage building on his face.] **Dentari:** WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? [Dentari starts giving him the boots. Nobody in the ring is in any condition to help him, even if they wanted to.] **Dentari:** I DIDN'T TELL YOU TO GIVE UP TO NO BROAD! [He keeps on with the stomps before graduating to vicious knees.] **DDK:** Haven't we seen enough violence for one night? **Angus:** This is DEFIANCE man! There's NEVER ENOUGH VIOLENCE! [A murmur develops as a masked man pushes his way down through the crowd and jumps the guardrail.] **DDK:** That mask... **Angus:** Is that... **DDK/Angus:** [together] ULTRA RAPTOR? [It surely is, and he makes his way around both cage-covered rings to the door where he climbs into the ring and dives at Alceo Dentari. Dentari's taken a beating tonight and even though he's filled with rage he's no match for a fresh man, especially one who's that big.] **DDK:** There's no way! **Angus:** Wasn't Ultra Raptor Jeff Andrews? **DDK:** Yes. And Jack Cassidy, and the REAL Ultra Raptor was named Paco Losantio, but that man in that mask is bigger than EITHER of those two! [Ultra Raptor throws Dentari between his legs in a standing headscissors. He lifts the smaller man up easily onto his shoulders, extends just as the cage starts to rise again, takes a step and DESTROYS him with an extension Powerbomb!] **Angus:** It doesn't matter who it is, Keebs, because we're OUT OF TIME! **DDK:** FOR ANGUS SKAALAND, I'M DARREN KEEBLER, FROM THE CENTURYLINK CENTER IN SHREVEPORT, THIS HAS BEEN **WARGAMES!** STAY TUNED FOR THE PLAYOFFS AND GOODNI- [The feed cuts.]