

Brad Cummings vs James Sullivan

It's important to note that the crowd was very excited for Defiance action early in the night, as the Playoffs were about to start. To start things off a pre-show match featuring two new Defiance faces as the "Crescent City Kid" Brad Cummings went toe to toe with "The Shootist" James Sullivan. The hype machine was spinning for both men heading into this one and no one wanted to lose their DEF debut.

The match started with a flurry of high flying offensive attacks from Cummings. Irish Whip, Slide Under from Cummings, bounce off the ropes, leap frog Sullivan, boounce off again and deliver a dropkick to Sullivan's mid chest. Cummings early offensive output had the crowd on it's feet. He almost netted the fall when he was able to hit a Reverse DDT onto Sullivan and connect with a Leg Drop across the neck off the second rope. Impressive stuff, as the future is shining bright for this youngster. Sullivan however would make a comeback. After going to the high rent district looking for what appeared to a be a moonsault, Sullivan hit a devastating Superplex that left both men down in the ring for almost a ten count. Sullivan would use this to stage his comeback. A lot of technical/chain wrestling came at fans here. Drop Toe Hold, Cummings landed on the bottom rope, a boot to his head from Sullivan, which saw the ref get involved very briefly. Sullivan also hit two German Suplexes holding the last one to net a two count. This one would come down to who would make the BIG mistake, turns out it was Cummings, while encouraging the crowd to get behind him before after hitting Sullivan with a DDT onto his knee, Sullivan who is known for his great endurance in ring popped to his feet. Cummings wildly swung a clumsy punch and Sullivan locked in the Crossface. TAP OUT. Both men looked amazing and the fans appaluded their effort

Tom Sawyer vs Christopher Barton vs Michel LaLiberte

[Michel LaLiberte enters to "Your Man" by Down with Webster, taking a long while and visibly favoring his recently dislocated arm. Christopher Barton enters to "Barton Hollow" by The Civil Wars, a look of disgust, anger, and hatred on his face.]

[He even grabs a microphone, and points a finger directly in LaLiberte's face.] Christopher Barton: I'M BETTER THAN THIS, AND I'M BETTER THAN YOU! I SHOULDN'T BE IN A DARK MATCH, I SHOULD BE IN THAT TOURNAMENT RIGHT NOW! [Michel LaLiberte snatches away the microphone.] Michel LaLiberte: C'est quoi cet osti de merde la?! You are une blague, and- ["Tom Sawyer" by Rush hits, and Tom Sawyer, in a rush, runs out.] [Barton, blowing off LaLiberte, turns to welcome Tom into the ring. Tom runs down to the ring, pumping his arms as he does. He leaps, diving right between the middle and bottom rope, effortlessly rolling to his feet! Barton goes for a running lariat, but Sawyer ducks, and hits the ringropes!] [Flying forearm to Barton! LaLiberte has backed into the corner to let Tom do his thing, and Sawyer rushes to the ringropes, shaking them wildly up and down, all throwback style! The fans go WIIIIIIIIIIIIILD-] RRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH! [and Tom, feeding off their enthusiasm, scoops Barton up, getting the man in a head-and-arm standing headlock. Barton roars in anger, rushing Tom backward, and shoulderblocks Tom into the turnbuckles! LaLiberte, seeing an opportunity, runs in and hammers a powder blue boot into Tom's stomach! The two rain pain down on Sawyer, until Tom is left sitting in a heap in the ringcorner.] [Barton storms away from Tom, howling, pumping his fists in the air. LaLiberte steps back, wincing and rubbing at his right elbow.] [Tom grabs ahold of the top rope, pops the hips, and basically kips up to his feet. Both fists clench, and Tom pumps them at his sides, rooooooooooooooooooaring in DEFIANCE!] [Barton turns just at the wrong time, and Sawyer wipes him out with a flying lariat! Tom keeps going, hitting the ring ropes, and turns... And handsprings as he comes back, hitting a rising Barton square in the back of the head with a double-foot dropkick!] [Barton crumples. Tom lands, watching LaLiberte warily. LaLiberte steps back, and gestures with both hands to Barton. Watching LaLiberte closely, Tom grabs Barton's wrists, crosses 'em, tugs Barton in for the straightjacket spinning neckbreaker!] [New Impact Finisher. Permanent Wave.] [Barton: Out.] [The moment the hand came down for the three-count, LaLiberte rushes in and kicks Tom in the face! Tom catches the tail end of a brutal stomping, LaLiberte knocking Tom onto his back and raining down the stomps on Tom's face and ribcage!] [LaLiberte pulls Tom to his feet, hooks Tom around the waist for a belly-to-back suplex, lifts Tom up, and drops Tom flat on his back! The Powder Blue Prince comes up, grabbing Tom by the wrist and pulling him upward, but Tom catches himself halfway through, throws his body, grabbing Michel by the wrist, and armdrags Michel across the ring!] [Michel rises, as Tom springs to his feet, the second ring-rope, and into the air! A hook of LaLiberte's head, Tom kicks through, and Tom lays Michel out with the Tornado DDT! Tom rolls up, grabs Michel by one wrist, and pops a hand into the air, pointing to the turnbuckle! Did the crowd want to see the Ode to Madness?] RRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! [Tom glances down, realizing he's holding Michel by the right arm. He carefully puts Michel's arm down, grabs Michel's left wrist, and drags Michel into the center of the ring! Tom races to the top rope, signals with his arms out to the sides, waving those fingers up to the sky, leans back, SPRINGBOARDS off the top rope!] WHOOMP! [ODE TO MADNESS! LALIBERTE: ELIMINATED!] WINNER: TOM SAWYER [Sawyer is in the crowd within moments of the three-count, hugging people, high-fiving kids, posing for pictures as Rush played. Welcome to the show.]

Show Opening

[Pan around the arena full of fans. Signs everywhere. People are screaming their fool heads off. It's the kind of pandemonium that one would expect from a high-profile wrestling event.]

"Downtown" Darren Keebler: [v/o]

And we are LIVE!

[Sharp cut to Angus Skaaland and "Downtown" Darren Keebler, standing ringside. DDK is in a suit, while Angus is in a tux T-shirt and blue jeans. Both hold their own mic's. Behind them fans are going extra nuts trying to get on TV.]

Angus Skaaland:

You think Mother Nature could keep DEFIANCE out of N'awlins forever? You better think again, motherfuckers!

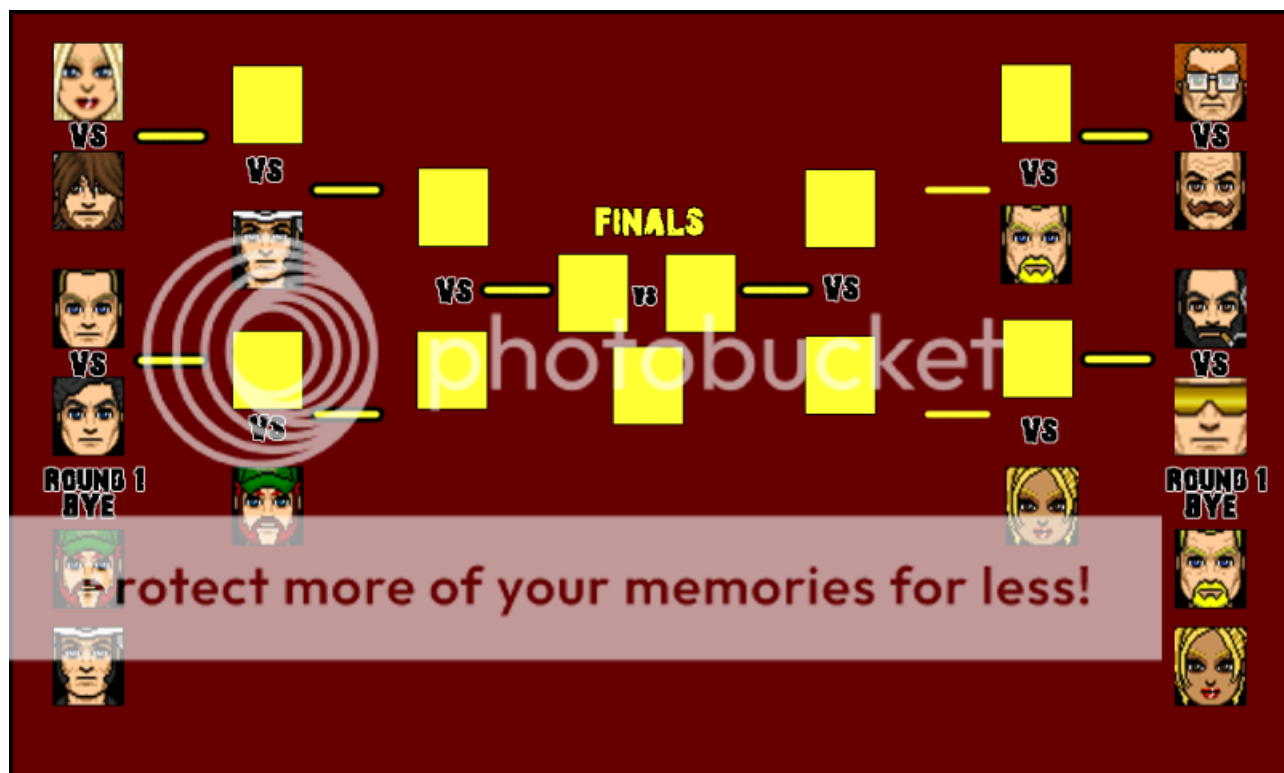
DDK:

And what a show we have for you today, Angus. Playoffs are in the air, which brings up the intensity that much more.

Angus:

Damn right, Keebs, and tonight, we trade in the complex points system for a concept as simple as it gets...WIN OR GTFO!

[And its here we cut to the playoffs graphic.]



DDK: [v/o]

Four big-time first round matches to start off the docket. The first one is a rematch from Defiance season 3, where Bronson Box...

[The graphic shrinks to half-screen, showing Angus and DDK at the top and the brackets at the bottom. But as it does, the two boxes around Box and Dewey's headshots flash, highlighting the two grapplers' one-on-one match. We'll refer to this hereafter as "flashing"]

Angus:

...slaughters a piggy named Eugene tonight. You saw what Box did to Dragon Jones, and all Jones did was punch him in the dick. Now you're going to put Boxer in the ring with a guy who he's legit angry at? I hope the fans ringside brought ponchos...because it's going to rain red all over 'em!

DDK:

Box has begun to let the ultra-violent side of him out a bit more, hospitalizing Dragon Jones last show and promising to do the same to Eugene. But remember that Dragon Jones actually got the win in that match, and Eugene has pinned Box twice, so anything is possible.

Angus:

Box is gonna kill the nerd. IN THE FACE!

DDK:

And the winner of that match better have something left in the tank, because they have to come back and face Christian Light in the semis.

[The bracket flashes to highlight The Last Nighthawk as well as Box and Eugene.]

Angus:

You've seen Christian's promos. He's motivated not just because he's repping Team Danger and Eric Dane in this tournament, but because, well, I can't put it any other way: he didn't have the best night at War Games.

DDK:

He was eliminated at War Games, and he was fortunate that Sam Turner Jr has a heart, or Heritage might have lost the match entirely. Christian is still furious at Ed White and would love to get his hands on The Socialite, but to have any chance at doing that he'll have to get past either Box or Dewey in his semifinal matchup. I tell you, either possible match could main event any show, anywhere.

Angus:

Don't get crazy about it. Box and Light could tear the house down, but if Dewey happens to luck his way into this match, you think he'll be in any shape to compete against a focused Christian Light?

DDK:

He'd be the underdog by a wide margin, but I've learned NEVER to count Eugene out of a match. All it takes is one uppercut and he could be moving to the tournament finals.

Angus:

He better have a handful of quarters if he wants to knock out The Last Nighthawk.

[The bracket flashing moves to Heidi and Dragon Jones.]

DDK:

We mentioned Dragon Jones' condition before...at WarGames, after securing his spot in the playoffs with a small package of Bronson Box, Jones was savagely beaten and hospitalized by Bronson Box

[Someone got a cool still photo of Jones' face, locked in the pipe-assisted Boston Massacre with blood dripping down his face and off his nose. That displays now instead of the brackets.]

DDK:

We've been told that Jones has somehow been cleared to compete, but he draws a tough matchup against former Defiance World Champion Heidi Christenson. The winner going up against Jimmy Kort, who jumped up the tables after winning the battle royale on Evolution 8 and eliminating Cito Connari in the War Games match.

[The bracket is back, and now we're flashing on Kort as well Heidi and Box.]

Angus:

I will say this, Heidi better not be looking ahead to a rematch with Jimmy Kort. She may not have a sack to punch, but I bet THE FIRST has more than one rollup in his arsenal.

DDK:

Heidi's dislike of Kort seems to be a focal point of this block of three, but not in the traditional sense of the word hate. Heidi is using it to motivate her through, and that could be a dangerous combination

Angus:

But if there's anyone who can take advantage of a situation, no matter how bleak, it's Kort. He's not one of my favorites, but he's gotten it done.

DDK:

Speaking of your favorites, I bet you're looking forward to whatever Cancer Jiles and Edward White have planned for their first round matchup.

[Flash onto the Jiles/White part of the graphic]

Angus:

I'm lovin' the Heritage League bracket, and not just because Elijah Goldman makes tools look cool. Cash Cool in round one, Christian Light in round two. Jiles and White will put on a five star classic that will rival the Team Danger les-beating of Sherry Bell

[A roll of the eyes from DDK.]

DDK:

Well, it's a good thing we keep our standards high around here. If you think Cash Cool are going to seriously swing fists at one another, I've got a bridge to sell you.

[More flashy brilliance, this time including Clair St. Sure in the White/Jiles flash.]

DDK:

The only question I have for you is which Cash Cool member's going to move on to fight the Truly Untouchable one, Clair St. Sure. She's basically killed anyone she's been up against aside from Christian Light, but she's never been in the ring with the Cash or the COOL, so there's a tad bit of the unknown on both sides of the field.

Angus:

Ed White is smarter than any two women you can pick in this building, even Clair and Diane. There's no doubt Clair's a made woman in Defiance as far as talent goes, and she's extremely motivated by what Ed White did at War Games, but she better tread carefully against either member of our former Tag Team Champions, or she may find herself wondering what the hell just happened.

[The flashiness shifts to the last first round match, Sloan and Dentari.]

DDK:

Our last first round match features Mike Sloan taking on former Evolution league leader in Alceo Dentari. Alceo enjoyed at least a share of the lead from day one in Evolution, but things fell apart pretty rapidly for him didn't they?

Angus:

God damn right they did. YAZ has been Bizarro YAZ since Dan Ryan powerbombed him through the ramp a few shows back, and then Alceo slips from first to fourth in a matter of one show thanks to Sam Turner's mid-match turn on Evolution.

DDK:

Now, in order to get a shot at revenge against the big country boy from Bloody Harlan, Alceo will have to jump one huge hurdle in Mike Sloan. Sloan's been up and down throughout the season, but like Sam Turner, he's one of the few people who can claim that he pinned Alceo Dentari...

Angus:

Let's not exaggerate here. I like Sloan, he's a guy who gets it, but Heidi giftwrapped that pin for him.

[Now the flashiness expands to include Sam Turner Jr.]

DDK:

Maybe so, but there shouldn't be any doubt that Sloan can do it again. He's got the skill and the experience, and the former league leader has been coming up a little...shall we say, short on luck?

Angus:

I wouldn't say it too loudly if you value your kneecaps.

DDK:

And as to the second round match on that side, we know that Alceo can chop anyone he wants down to a level where he can execute the Whacked running kick, but do you think Sloan has the wherewithal to lift Sam Turner Jr for the Morning Star, especially after having a match earlier in the night?

Angus:

Iunno. Size and retard strength are definitely on Turner's side. But the adrenaline rush of the playoffs can do funny things to a man, AMIRITE??

[The bracket half of the screen fades down until the two commentators are all that's left in the foreground (with a "Where's my pizza, Alceo?" sign in the background.)]

The Things that Happen Backstage at Wrestling Shows...

[Cold open on the Cross-Wired Time Bomb, the King of the Bittermen, He Who Once Was Dubbed 'The Man'.]

[Jeff Andrews.]

[Andrews, much like Kalifornia, is not booked to wrestle.]

[The AWA Kalifornia, not the one that used to hang out with Boston Bancroft.]

[Though technically she's not booked either.]

[Anyhow, Jeff Andrews is reading a book - "Royal Assassin" is the title of it. It's fucking bizarre to watch him do something that makes him so closely resemble a normal person.]

[Something whizzes by his head and splats against the wall.]

[An egg.]

[Andrews turns down the corner of the page he was reading, then sets the book under his chair.]

Andrews:

Hey Cancer. What can I do for you?

[COOL Cancer Jiles' eyes are appropriately hidden behind shades most COOL, but he'd probably look damn well baffled.]

[A long.]

[awkward.]

[(insert penguin here)]

[silence.]

COOL Cancer Jiles:

What in the hell is wrong with you, Mongo McButterman?

Jeff Andrews:

What d'you mean?

[Jiles rolls his eyes.]

[You can't see it through his shades, but somehow, you just KNOW that's what he did.]

CCJ:

Let's see. Ed White making his triumphant return to Defiance to help bring justice to the world of professional wrestling by preventing you from stealing a win over me. I photoshopped pictures of your wife with three large black men.

[Andrews says nothing.]

CCJ:

I TRIED TO DROWN YOU IN A BUCKET OF PRE-SCRAMBLED EGGS!

Andrews:

Oh yeah.

CCJ:

'Oh yeah'? No wonder you're a career underachiever if that's all you've got.

Andrews:

Hey, look man. If it makes you feel better, I still hate you. But sometimes, y'know, things start happening, and even the Jeffman's got to keep his face to the wind. Even if it means temporarily refraining from mutilating his sworn enemies.

[Jiles frowns.]

CCJ:

What things?

Andrews:

Oh, I've got no idea, man. But why would I? I'm just a retarded hick, right?

[Cancer Jiles is probably literally incapable of admitting Jeff Andrews is anything other than a retarded hick, and he can't really pursue this conversation without doing so. Besides, he's got a match and Andrews is, against all explanation and reason, refusing to be baited into a fight.]

[So he spikes an egg precisely 3½ millimeters from Andrews' left boot and leaves.]

Cancer Jiles (H4) vs Edward White (H5)

Cancer Jiles made his way out to the ring first to a predictable disdain from the crowd, and that didn't change when Edward White made his appearance just a few seconds later. Obviously there was never going to be a favorite in this one by any traditional meaning of the word, and as such the crowd seemed split on who they felt like booing more. That didn't bother either member of 'Money For Nothing, COOL For Free' though. In fact, they seemed to revel in the jeers from the capacity crowd.

Jiles and White circled each other for moment before both extending a hand and giving one another the slightest of respectful handshakes. They soon tied up in the middle of the ring, Jiles went behind quickly but White rushed for the ropes and clung on, forcing a break of the waist lock Cancer had applied.

Jiles raised his hands and backed off without incident to allow White time to turn around, slick back his hair and return to the middle of the ring. Once again they tied up and once again Jiles went behind almost instantly. White tried to rush the ropes again, but Jiles put on the breaks and held him back. White threw an elbow backwards, but Cancer avoided it and took White down with a rear waist lock slam. Jiles floated over, paint-brushed White's hair and stood back up where he taunted White to join him.

White pounded the canvas in frustration and joined Jiles at a vertical base. Cancer smiled broadly, but that was soon wiped off of his face by a lightning fast slap from White. Jiles checked his mouth, laughed to himself and slapped White right back, with the back of his hand naturally. White retaliated with a right hand, Jiles threw one of his own, another right from White, another from Jiles, then the exchange was cut short after a questionably low kick from White, although Mark Shields signalled it was to the gut.

Jiles pushed Cancer back into a corner and lifted a knee into his midsection. White landed a couple of closed fist punches to knock Jiles down to his butt and landed a couple of stomps to Cancer's chest. He hit the ropes on the other side of the ring and came back with a facewash boot. Cancer slumped over the bottom rope and almost fell to the outside, but White caught him by the tights and heaved him back into the ring.

Ed brought boots down into whichever limb he could connect with before dropping across Jiles for the cover!

ONE!

Ed lifted his legs up onto the middle rope!

TWO!!

THR-

Mark Shields spotted White's legs on the ropes and stopped the fall.

White grabbed Jiles by the neck and pulled him to his feet, he headbutted the king of COOL which knocked Cancer back into the corner. White hooked under Cancer's arm and stepped from the corner whereupon he took Jiles over with a hip toss. No sooner than Jiles had hit the canvas, White was rebounding off the ropes and dropped a log down across Cancer's throat.

White opted not to go for another cover and grabbed Cancer by the neck again, he heaved Jiles to his feet but got

caught off guard as Jiles rolled him up in a small package!

ONE!

TWO!!

White kicked out!

Cancer rolled to the outside of the ring to gather his bearings as Ed scrambled to his feet. Ever the antagonist, Cancer gave White the old 'up yours' gesture and taunted him from ringside. His plan to get White riled up didn't seem to work though as Ed simply laughed off the goading and invited Jiles back into the ring by holding the ropes open for him. Cancer refused to accept the invitation however and rounded the ring post before sliding back in under the bottom rope.

White left the ropes and headed in towards Jiles, who ducked under the top rope and leant out of the ring. Cancer demanded Mark Shields stop White where he was until he'd reentered the ring.

Now maybe Cancer's games were starting to frustrate Edward White.

White backed up slightly and gave Jiles enough room to reenter the ring. The two circled for a second before going in for a tie up, this time though Cancer didn't get the better of the exchange and ended up being pushed back against the ropes by White. Mark Shields stepped in between the two and asked for a break. White lifted his hands and it looked like there would be a clean break.

That was until Jiles put a thumb directly into White's eyesocket.

White stumbled backwards, blinded momentarily. Jiles threw a knife edge chop, and another, and another to knock White back against the ropes on the other side of the ring. He grabbed Ed by the arm and whipped him across the ring, catching him with a standing vertical dropkick on the rebound. Jiles scrambled in for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!!

White kicked out.

Jiles dug his fingers into White's eyes and didn't release until Mark Shields reached four. After breaking the eye gouge he went right back to it again, once more not releasing until the very last second. Jiles grabbed White by the hair and lifted him to his feet where he grabbed him by the head and dropped him with a 'COOL ever after' reverse DDT.

Jiles had no interest in pinning White though, instead he headed for the corner and climbed the ropes. Jiles steadied himself on the top turnbuckle before leaping off and bringing an elbow down into the che- NO! White rolled out of the way and Cancer connected with nothing but canvas!

Jiles got back to his feet and tried to shake the pain out of his arm. He turned around to be met with a stiff right hand from White directly to the... ahem... nether region!

Where was Mark Shields? Well his view was obstructed, naturally.

Jiles doubled over and White rose from his knelt position, bringing Cancer up with him draped across his shoulders. The King Of COOL was nothing more than a passenger from that moment on as White dropped him with the Stock Market Drop!

White rolled over and covered Jiles!

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

Winner: Edward White



More Things that Happen Backstage.

[Backstage.]

[We're focused on the master of the Shoryuken, real-life style, as he walks through the back corridors. Normally we'd catch him in a moment like this with his face in a PS Vita or some other gaming device, but he seems additionally focused on his surroundings. Something about the revenge of the COOL, perhaps?] [As he reaches the door to the locker rooms, he reaches to open the door, when...] "Eugene!" [The cry from off-set startles Eugene Dewey, who seems to be a bit, well, jumpy. After all he just double-crossed the COOL one, and Bronson Box wants to make a Eugene-skinned hat, so he has a lot of right to be jumpy...] [...but there's no need to worry this time, as coming around the corner is someone who's reputation for fair play is unquestioned.] [The Last Nighthawk, dressed in a new black and red Heritage League football jersey with "Heritage League" and "2" on the front, and his new red trunks with black trim look ready to rumble, even if the red and black ensemble isn't what we're used to seeing from Christian.] **"The Last Nighthawk" Christian Light:** Hey Eugene, how's it going? [Light extends his hand to Eugene, who gives it a second of thought before tentatively shaking it.] **Eugene Dewey:** Ummm, yeah. I mean... Hey I'm ok I guess... [Eugene stands there looking into the eyes of the man who, provided Bronson Box doesn't send him to the hospital for the second time in three shows, he could be facing later in the evening. It took him a few seconds to realise that the handshake between the two was now over and they were simply holding hands.] [Eugene pulled his hand away quickly before nervously continuing.] **Dewey:** So uhhh... how're you? **Light:** Good, man, good. Listen, I just wanted to wish you luck tonight. Not just against Box, but if you make it forward to the second match, it should be a heck of a fight I think. **Dewey:** Heh, thanks Christian... [Eugene looks around quickly like a meerkat on red alert. He checks over both shoulder in rapid succession.] **Dewey:** Can I let you in on a little secret? I'm a little worried I might not even make it out to the ring for the wild card match. **Light:** Really? Why, because of Cancer Jiles? **Dewey:** A little, but I've got plenty of other things to be worrying about this week, like this place, it's like a maze. I keep thinking Frank Dylan James is gonna be stood right there whenever I turn a corner. [Eugene lifts his hand up and places it less than an inch from the end of his nose.] **Dewey:** I don't really want to spend another night in hospital, you know? **Voice:** Too bad that's exactly what'll happen, lad. [Bronson Box saunters into frame already dressed for action. His mysterious red haired woman right by his side.] **Bronson Box:** You ready for tonight, boy'o? [Box and his lady friend both chuckle to themselves as Eugene primes himself for an assault.] **Box:** Look dear, the fat little ginger's scared already. Don't leak in your fine slackers there, lad. **Eugene:** Listen Box, I don't... [Box cuts Eugene off with just a stare and one big step towards the young gamer.] **Box:** No YOU LISTEN you little SNOT... [Light places a hand on Boxer's chest, not flinching one inch when the Bombastic Brawlers eyes grow wide and lock directly on the Last Nighthawk.] **Light:** Save it for the ring Bronson. Or do you want to throw another little tantrum back here? Get yourself fired... again? Hey! Then you could be the 'greatest fighter' in your apartment building far far away from anything Defiance. [Box takes a deep breath and pats Eugene disingenuously on the shoulder... all the while with a struggled smile trained on Christian Light.] **Box:** I wasn't going to assault the lad, Christian. **Eugene:** I'm not scared of... [Box completely ignores Eugene, focusing his attention on Light.] **Box:** The pain I'm going to inflict on this fat little prat is on your head, Christian. His blood stains YOUR hands. [Light, pumped at this point, gets nose to nose with Box and speaks through clenched teeth.] **Light:** Bring it. **Box:** Oh you just wait lad, you and me are going to make history fella'... [Eugene literally can't take it anymore.] **Eugene:** WILL BOTH OF YOU PLEASE SHUT THE HELL UP! [Box and Light both look back at the fuming Eugene Dewey.] **Eugene:** I'm standing right here. [Looking directly at Bronson.] **Eugene:** Look past me, just like you did TWO TIMES before you arrogant jerk. Yeah, I'm not in the best shape, yeah I'm not as skilled a technician as you... EITHER of you. But you listen to me. I've beaten you twice Bronson Box. I've beaten you twice and you don't scare me. If I'm going down tonight I'm going down in a blaze of glory, Final Fight style. And Bronson? I'm taking you down with me. [Looking the monster of Defiance, the Bombastic Brawler, the Scottish Strongman right in his eyes.] **Eugene:** Boom. Headshot. [Eugene brushes past a simply stunned Bronson Box and a simply delighted Christian Light.] **Box:** I'm going to bloody murder that boy... [Christian just chuckles and shakes his head.] **Light:** Good luck with that 'boy'o'... because that 'fat little ginger' looks like he's ready to BEAT your butt. [Getting deadly serious.] **Light:** Again. [Light brushes by the other shoulder leaving the former Defiance World Champion alone with his companion. Boxer takes a moment and addresses his lady friend.] **Box:** Tonight, love? Psalms seven eleven. 'God judgeth the righteous...' [The red haired mystery woman puts a finger to Box's lips.] **Red Haired Woman:** God has nothing to do with what I want you to do to those two men tonight, Hollis. [She kisses him on the cheek.] **Red Haired Woman:** Nothing at all. [Back to ringside.]

Alceo Dentari (E4) vs Mike Sloan (E5)

Dentari comes out first, then Sloan is out next, but before Sloan can get into the ring Dentari lifts a knee as Sloan enters and the battle spills out to the outside. Dentari goes out and slugs away at Sloan, then hooks him for a DDT, but Dentari makes a mistake yelling at some adolescent who motions that he's taller than Dentari (what, he was?), and that allowed Sloan to push Dentari off into the ringpost. Sloan scoops Dentari and rolls him back into the ring, where he also rolls back into the ring.

Dentari begs off, but Sloan will have none of it. Kick to the chest sends Dentari scrambling into the corner, and Sloan starts to slug Dentari down. Carla Ferrari, the referee assigned to this scrum, backs Sloan off, but Sloan comes right back in and starts slugging again. Sloan is backed off a second time, but when he comes back Dentari yanks the trunks and throws Sloan to the middle turnbuckle. As Sloan starts to rise, Dentari leans on his neck over the middle rope, and choking ensues. Dentari breaks before DQ, then goes right back to it. After a second break, Dentari lays down a kidney punch to straighten Sloan up, then socks him in the stomach. Dentari goes to toss Sloan shoulder-first into the post, but Sloan deadweights, pulls Dentari into a stomach kick, and then DDT's Dentari down.

It should be noted for those that don't know the two men that everything Dentari does gets heat from the crowd, while everything Sloan does gets cheers and screams from the crowd. It's clear which one they want to win this match.

Dentari rolls to the ropes, covering up his head, but Sloan won't give him the break, grabbing him and lifting him to his feet. Sloan brings him into a Russian Leg Sweep and hits it clean, floating over for the cover, but Sloan barely gets two as Dentari slips out of the pin and ring. Sloan goes to follow, but Carla Fererra holds him back and begins the count. Dentari starts to stall, rolling in and out at 7, and it's all Mike Sloan can do to stay calm. Finally after Dentari rolls in and out again, Sloan slides under the ring and gives chase around the ring. Dentari rolls in first, Sloan follows, and Dentari is on him with an elbow drop. Then he drops a knee to the back of Sloan's head. Then he starts to stomp on Sloan until Carly backs him off. And back on him again, Dentari grabs Sloan and chucks him into the corner ringpost between the middle and the top rope, with Sloan's shoulder bouncing off the steel.

Back out of the corner Sloan is pulled, and his arm is wrapped around the middle rope and pulled, hyperextending the shoulder. Carla counts, and Dentari breaks at 4.9999. Sloan takes a swing with his good arm, which connects, but Dentari comes back with a dropkick to the chest, sending Sloan sprawling. And back to the arm twist in the ropes, which nets another 4 count. Dentari pulls Sloan out of his corner, drags him to the middle of the ring, and hits his patented STO Backbreaker to Complete Shot combo, which nets a close two count.

More stomps to the shoulder of Sloan before locking in a Buffalo sleeper hold. Carla checks, but no way Sloan's giving. Dentari cups his hand over Sloan's nose and mouth while shouting "HAVING TROUBLE BREATHIN' OLD MAN?" and breaking the suffocation at the 4 count. Sloan fights his way to his feet, then elbows Dentari in the chest once...twice...Dentari goes for the grab of the hair, but Sloan smacks his hand away and socks him in the mouth. Sloan runs out...THESZ PRESS! He's got the cover, but Carla only counts two. Dentari immediately cuts off any further rally with a running Kitchen Sink, taking down Sloan. And it's back to the Buffalo sleeper, tweaking the arm and neck of Sloan. The fans begin their rally cheer, and Sloan once again climbs to his feet. After another elbow to the chest, Sloan begins to spin while still in the hold...and after a full turn, it works...Sloan is out of the hold, and Dentari is in front of him, back turned. Perfect time for a school boy, but only gets a close two. Dentari runs at Sloan...and eats a T-Bone Suplex! Both men are down, and Carly begins the count.

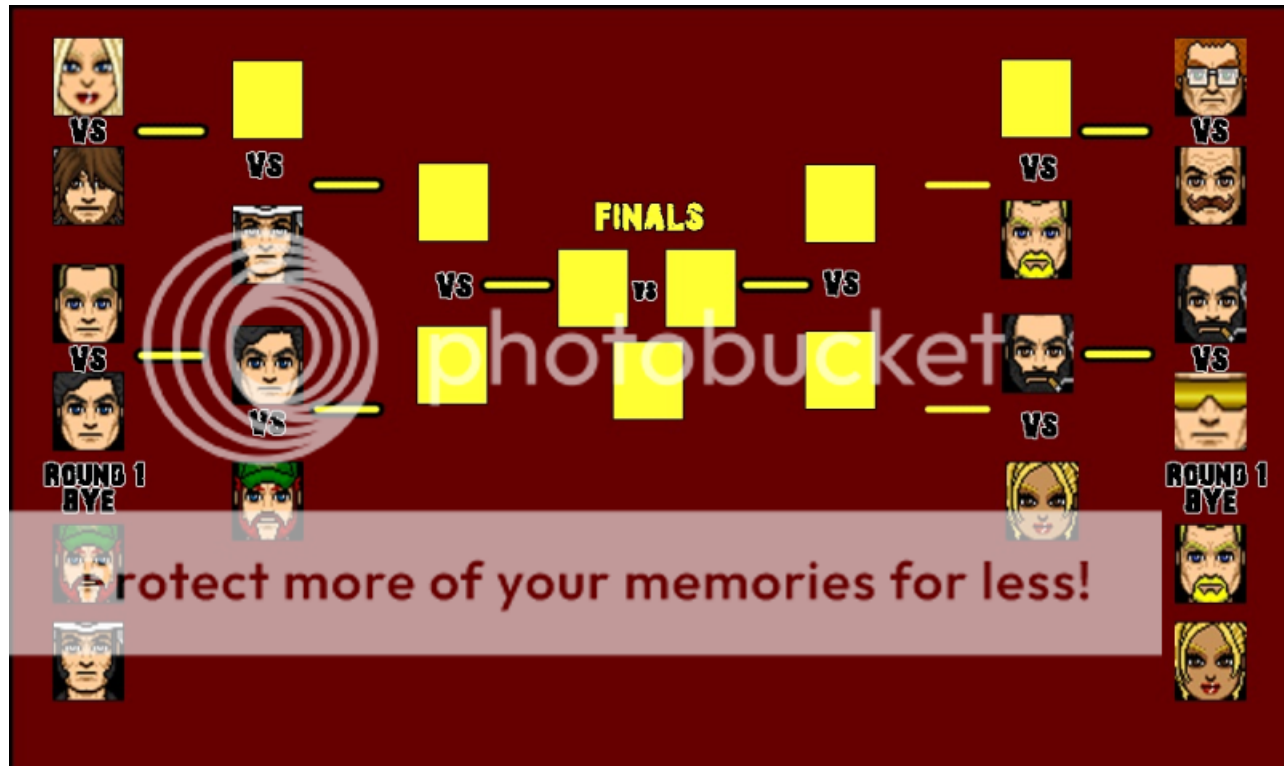
Both Dentari and Sloan are on their knees facing each other when Dentari swings a right hand. Sloan retaliates. And the two start exchanging punches on their knees until Sloan manages to land three quick punches in succession, knocking Dentari for a loop. Sloan is up, and he pulls Dentari to the ropes. Whipping him across, he treats Dentari to a boot to the gut on the return. Hitting the opposite ropes, Sloan comes back with a knee lift to the head, taking Dentari down. Cover, gets two. Dentari tries to crawl away, but Sloan catches him by the back of the pants. Sloan hooks the legs up....and DRILLS HIM with a Wheelbarrow suplex. Cover by Sloan...almost gets it!

Sloan pulls Dentari up almost immediately, and hooks him for the Morning Star, but Dentari desperately drops elbows to the back of Sloan's head until he lets go of the hold. Sloan falls to one knee...SHINING WIZARD by Dentari!

Cover! But only gets two.

Dentari rolls to his side, back to Ferrari, and reaches into his trunks. Carly is checking on Sloan, but when she turns back, she catches Dentari slipping knucks on his hand. Ferrari immediately threatens to disqualify Dentari. Alceo relents, extending his hand and allowing her to remove the knucks. But when she turns her back to Dentari, and Sloan is charging for the big lariat, Dentari throws powder into his eyes, then hits him hard with a right hand that drops Sloan out of sheer surprise. Rolling Sloan into a cradle, Dentari waits for Ferrari to start her count before he puts both feet on the middle ropes to get the extra leverage needed to secure the victory.

As Dentari leaves and "Ain't That A Kick In The Head" plays, Sloan is left trying to clean out his eyes while Ferrari checks on him.



"Encouraging" Words

[Elijah Goldman is wracked with misery.]

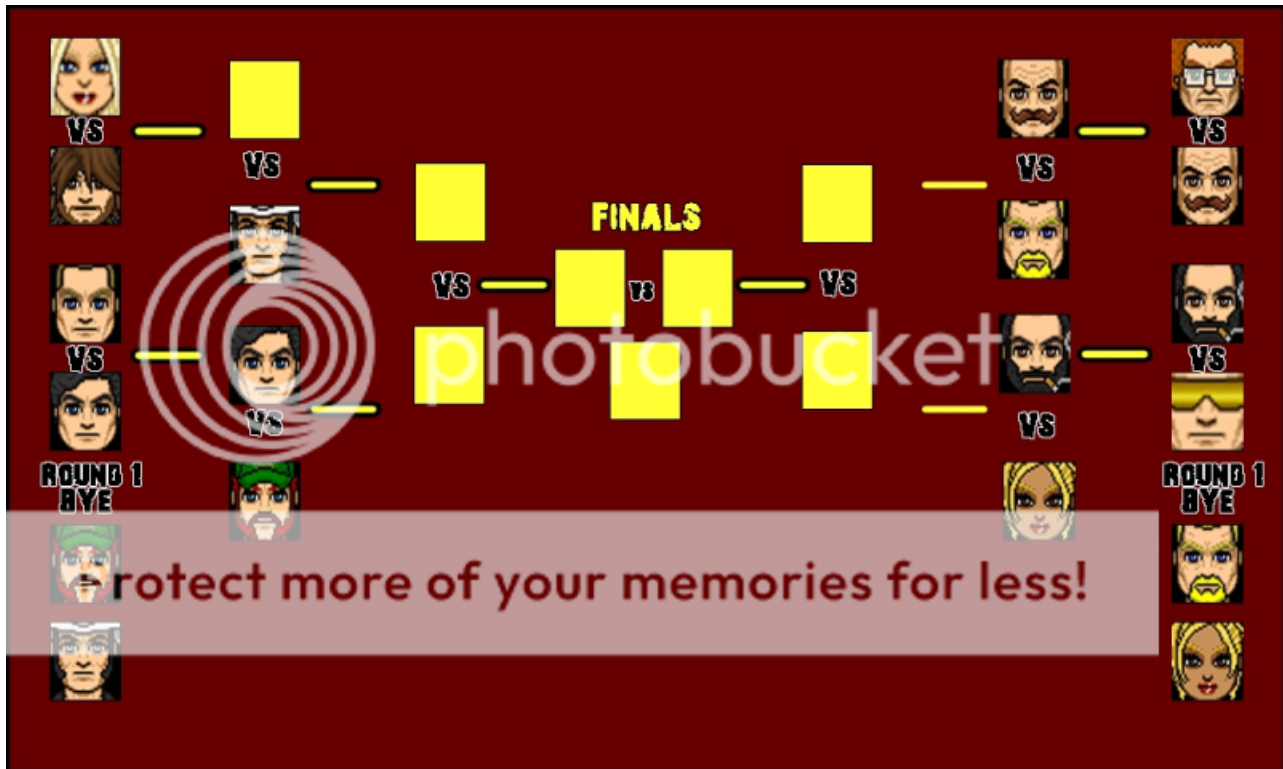
[If you were to ask E-Gold, he'd tell you that he's very good at compensating for unexpected catastrophes. Whether that's true or not, is up for debate. But with the playoffs occurring over only two cards, and his carefully crafted power structure reduced to rubble and his crown jewel wrestler no longer in his corner, and the eventual league winner set to go into a handicap match...] [It's enough to make even an aspiring media mogul consider just hedging his losses and moving on.] [So when there's a gentle rap at the door, either he doesn't hear, or doesn't notice.] [Then the knock is repeated.] [Goldman's eyes look bleary and red behind his thick tortoiseshell glasses.] **E-Gold:** C'min. [The door swings open, and Goldman's eyes suddenly shoot wide open.] **E-Gold:** YOU! **Yoshikazu YAZ:** I would hope so. **E-Gold:** I can't believe you'd have the nerve to show your face anywhere near a Defiance event again! After you cost me War Games! You... wimp! [Goldman stammers, too upset to come up with an adequately burning putdown. Yoshikazu YAZ smiles mildly and rubs the side of his neck.] **YAZ:** I didn't come here to defend myself, boss. I came here because I thought, even though there was no need for or point in me wrestling tonight, that you needed the support. [Goldman frowns irritably.] **E-Gold:** What I need is someone who can win big matches in a clutch, and you, apparently, can't do that. **YAZ:** Not when I'm being forced to team with Jimmy Kort. **E-Gold:** Kort knows his place. **YAZ:** I wouldn't count on Kort making it to the semifinals, boss, and that's actually what I'm here to talk to you about. You've not had good luck hand-picking wrestlers, is that right? [Goldman snarls.] **E-Gold:** Don't you patronize me! **YAZ:** I'm sorry, but Bronson Box didn't work out, because he didn't like being controlled, and then Alceo Dentari didn't work out, because he didn't like being controlled. Now, STJ came into the game late and won big points over entry level opponents, Mike Sloan took too long to get himself into gear and doesn't like cooperating anyway, Jimmy Kort is himself, and Dragon Jones is... right. If you want to get the best possible person in the finals, you've got two choices. Alceo Dentari... and Heidi Christenson. **E-Gold:** ...Are you out of your MIND?! No, the last thing I want is Heidi anywhere near the finale! I'd rather it be Dragon Jones. I'd rather it be Angus Skaaland! **YAZ:** I know you're not a fan of what Heidi's trying to do, but you can't deny that she's motivated. Most everyone knows the real reason she decided to wrestle half assed through the first half of the tournament. And more importantly, both Christian Light and Clair St. Sure will be inclined to go easy on her, rather than the other way around? **E-Gold:** Yeah, because she's wrestling's very own spoiled princess... **YAZ:** No. Because there aren't many bigger Heidi Christenson fanboys than Christian Light and Kai Scott. [Goldman takes a moment to ponder this.] **E-Gold:** You don't think she'll get to the finals and then throw the match to screw me over, do you? **YAZ:** Aside from giving her reputation a stain that even Jeff Andrews couldn't wipe off, it's literally illegal for her to throw a match like that. Tampering with the finish of a competitive event. Wrestling almost never makes an issue of it, but this is more important than a regular old match. No, if she fouls out, it won't be in the finale. [Again, Goldman takes a thinking break. He picks up a pen and taps it against the frame of his glasses.] **E-Gold:** You know what, fine. I'm not lifting my finger a single centimeter to help her, but if she gets past Jones AND Kort, she'll be treated like a happy part of the Evolution Family. But let me ask you something. **YAZ:** Hmm? **E-Gold:** Why do you care about Evolution League after... everything that's happened? **YAZ:** You know I started in Jeff Andrews' Old Line Wrestling, right? **E-Gold:** Right, right, the great fabled OLW. **YAZ:** After a nice start, I spent about a year in OLW, working opening round matches, wrestling the Stone & Steel Syndicate half a dozen times. It helped OLW connect with that precious workrate smark approval that the indy feds all wanted so badly, but all it got me was a winning average below .500 and a whole lot of the credibility I built up in Japan over the years flushed. Then you, a 'sports entertainment' guy, hire me and turn me loose, and it comes right back. Bring on the pyro, slick production values and not worrying about theme song licensing anymore, am I right? [It has been so long since anyone said anything remotely approving to Elijah Goldman that he looks like someone just set a grenade off right in his face.] **E-Gold:** Um... yeah. I agree. Thanks. **YAZ:** I'll show myself out. [E-Gold has already gotten up to help himself to a celebratory shot of Scotch as YAZ departs his office.]

Eugene Dewey (H3) vs Bronson Box (H6)

[Eugene Dewey's Punch-Out Bike Theme hits.]

"The following is a Heritage-League Playoff Match!" [As colored lights flash and shower Eugene with light, the Dreamcast Knight steps out of the curtains, a pink hoodie over his usual attire, a pair of green boxing gloves on his beefy mitts.] **Angus:** Seriously? Dressing up as Mister Punch-Out? **DDK:** Dressing as Little Mack makes an important statement about Eugene's intentions over the monstrous Box! **Angus:** Aren't you too old to have played NES? **DDK:** I'm not prehistoric. [Eugene strides down to the ring, trying to keep his psyche-up in his head, walking smoothly, calmly, with great focus and skill.] **Angus:** Box is gonna eat this kid alive. [The music cut off with a violent needle-off-the-record effect, as a sepia filter settled over the camera's feed. A simple piano song began to tinkle from the speakers, the tone low, spooky, dark. Menacing.] **Angus:** Shazam says... [Siri processes.] **Angus:** Grisly Reminder, by Midnight Syndicate. [One moment, the entryway is empty. The camera footage rips, the celluloid of the filmreel melting under the heat of the bulb. And Bronson Box was there.] [In a simple white robe, Bronson Box lifts his head, eyes burning down the ringramp at Eugene. The whole Little Mac routine was mostly toast by this point, the kid visibly nervous and sweating. He pulls off the hoodie, and removes the gloves.] [Bronson walks to the top of the ramp, that mysterious redheaded woman slipping out from the back to walk alongside Box.] **DDK:** Whoever that woman is, she has re-awakened the killer inside Bronson Box, that much is for sure. [Box and the woman look out over the arranged audience, before Bronson grabs the chest of his robe. A perfectly timed rip as the sepia reel changes to black-and-white, jerky footage. Bronson grins, his eyes out of focus thanks to the impreciseness of the camera.] [And Johnny Cash's "God's Gonna Cut You Down" is now playing.] [With Eugene in the ring, Bronson marches straight to the edge of it, mounts the apron, and swiftly is inside the confines of the squared circle, coming right up to be face to face with Eugene.] [Eugene and Box stare one another in the eye, equal heights but unequal stance. Bronson juts his chin out, staring Eugene down. Eugene has been struck by the entrance... And the aura. Bronson was radiating barely-restrained destruction, every muscle thick with the ability to smash.] [He could sneeze a broken bone.] [Box steps back, feet adopting that boxer's shuffle. Eugene gulps, as Bronson begins to take up the stalk. The ref signals for the bell. Best to just get into it.] [As Bronson Box circles Dewey and Dewey eyes Bronson with nervous attention, Bronson gives a big, confident grin.] **DDK:** Box doesn't even look slightly worried. **Angus:** He's better than he was last time he met Eugene. This time, he's gonna make this ginger PAY. [The jumpy movements of the 8-Bit Avenger betrays his nervousness. And Box just smoothly lopez around the ring, hands coming out wide to the sides. He wiggles his fingers teasingly at Eugene, before lunging in, hands slashing at one of Eugene's ankles!] [Eugene jumps away from Box, the Scottish Strongman's grasp ending up not quite snagging Eugene's leg. But it does the job of rattling the kid, as that grin grows. Something about Box tonight...] [As Bronson comes stomping in, Eugene's eyes go wide and he goes for a rudimentary collar-n'-elbow tieup. He was actually learning, hooray!] [Box and Eugene cinch up, the two men testing one another's strength and ability. And so it was mere moments later that Bronson was marching Eugene into the ring corner, intent on bashing Eugene into the turnbuckles.] [Eugene stops Bronson along the way, the first reflexive movement that comes to mind.] **KER-PIMPSLAP! Angus:** Did Eugene just- **DDK:** Yes. **Angus:** Men don't slap men! **DDK:** Eugene disagrees. [Bronson brings two fingers up to touch the slapmark on his face, eyebrows high and astonished. Eugene would do such a thing...?] [As Box turns to face Eugene, Eugene begins to fire off chops and jabs, hammering home first one, then the other! Each slam sends Box rocking backwards with the impact, his chest, his face, his collarbone, his jaw getting hit again and again and again!] [To Eugene's credit, he does a pretty good job of beating Box back, getting the Wargod on his back heel!] **KER-PIMPSLAP** [Until Eugene slaps Box a second time! **Angus:** Did he- **DDK:** Yes. **Angus:** You don't SLAP a man, Eugene! You punch him! [Box explodes with fury, pouncing atop Eugene and bearing him to the mat! Furious, disrespected overhand smashes come down on Eugene's face again and again and again, beating Eugene into a dazed stupor!] [Box snags Eugene's wrist and pulls Dewey roughly to his feet as he backs up, yanking Eugene into a short-arm clothesline that wipes Eugene out even before he's even fully to his feet!] **Angus:** Eugene's been wiped out! **DDK:** Nice choice of words, Angus! [The Scot grabs Eugene's arm and pulls him fully onto his stomach, before stepping over the kid's body, straddling him. It was an easy setup for Box's trademark.] [Eugene, starting to push up onto his hands and knees, has Box leap into the air and come crashing down onto Eugene's back! The Gaming Gladiator is knocked to his stomach, and Box sits firmly down on Eugene.] **Angus:** I love when people steal one another's finishers! [Box grabs at Eugene's arms, pulling them slowly up and over his knees. Once they're both hooked, Box reaches down Eugene's face, grabbing at his chin...] **DDK:** Eugene's powering through! [With Box on his back, Eugene was forcing his body upward, off the mat! Shakily, his legs got under him, and Eugene's face went red as a beet!] **Angus:** You see the kid's arms? **DDK:** I do indeed. Eugene's holding Box on his back! [Eugene is holding Bronson Box's thighs, and the former World Champion couldn't wriggle free! He was pulling back fruitlessly on

Eugene's head, right up until Eugene came fully upright!] [Then...] **WHAMMO** [Eugene drops to his back, slamming Box into the mat, sandwiching Bronson between the 8-Bit Assassin and the DEFring!] **Angus:** BRONSON BOX HAS BEEN CRUSHED BY AN ELEPHANT **DDK:** Eugene, pin him! This is it! [Eugene rolls over, onto Bronson. Lateral press. The ref dives in.] **ONE TWO THR- DDK:** Kickout! **Angus:** With authority! [Bronson shoved Eugene off, popping up to a sitting position, chest flexed, arms shaking, eyes wide and furious. The disrespect... It was burning a hole within his chest, making him burn, rage, seethe, like an angry forge!] **DDK:** Uh... Eugene, you may want to run. [Eugene scrambles backwards into the ring corner. He had really thought that would do it! Right. He had to do something else.] [Eugene frantically came to a crouch, fists clenched. Okay. He'd do it. That which had worked before! One fist was cocked back as he began to summon up the Satsui no Hadou...] **DDK:** Eugene could win with a Dragon Punch, Angus! **Angus:** Eugene will get laid before he beats Bronson Box again! "Shooooooooooooo-" [Eugene goes flying in as Box leapt to his feet! Bronson turns to face Eugene, the kid's fist slashing through the air at the Wargod!] ryuke-" [Bronson Box ducks the Shoryuken, hooks the leg, hooks the neck, and pops the hips! Eugene is slammed into the mat with a VICIOUS Exploder Suplex!] **Angus:** The 'fro did no good for that impact! [Box comes to a crouch, eyes wide, teeth bared! Eugene, in a heap, rolls to end up facedown!] [Box looks around. What to do... How to teach this whelp a lesson.] [Box brings his hands in, digging his fingers viciously into Eugene's shoulderblades. And he drags those fingers down Eugene's back, ripping the cheap cotton/poly blend and the Geekazoid's flesh at the same time!] **Eugene Dewey:** GYAARGH [Eugene tries to roll away in self-defense, but Box is right on top of him, catching the kid as he moves for another vicious clawrake down the back!] **Angus:** COLOR! I SEE SOME COLOR! WE ARE OFFICIALLY PG-13, FOLKS! **DDK:** Oh my Lord... [Box grabs Eugene by the back of the shirt, and drags Eugene back to his feet! After grabbing on a bit tighter, Bronson just flexes his mighty muscles...] **RIIIIIIP Angus:** Eugene being raped will push us into a TVMA rating. **DDK:** ...Yes, yes it would. [Eugene's flabby mantitties and soft, doughy belly is exposed to all, the tatters of his Corporate Uniform fluttering to the mat. Bronson grins, as Eugene turns a deep, embarrassed shade of red, similar to the color he turned when he was lifting Bronson up from the Massacre.] [Eugene turns and Bronson socks him directly in the nose. Eugene howls and collapses to the mat.] [And Bronson grabs Eugene by the back of the head, twists until Eugene turns to face down...] **WHUD Angus:** BRONSON BOX IS SMASHING EUGENE DEWEY'S FACE INTO THE MAT! **DDK:** Nose-first! [If Eugene's nose wasn't busted before, it was busted now. Bronson brings Eugene back, and hammers him into the ground a second time!] **WHUD** [Eugene takes another face-smash, arms going limp and unresisting!] **Angus:** Bronson Box is a force of nature! **DDK:** And liked by about as many people as a forest fire. [Eugene is hammered into the mat another... three or four times.] **WHUDWHUDWHUDWHUD** [And Bronson drops Eugene. The topless gamer lay in a pool of his own blood, twitching weakly. The ref was under strict instruction, make sure there is a winner, and he was pretty sure a ref stoppage would result in a no contest. The show must go on.] [Eugene began to crawl. Slowly. Weakly. To the ring ropes.] [Bronson twists his head right. Left. Working out some kinks with audible cracks. He grabbed onto his wrist, rolling the hand and readying it.] [Eugene stands and walks right into God's Fiery Right Hand.] **Angus:** TAP OUT, HUGE! YOU'RE OUT! [Bronson clenches down on that GFRH, and Eugene drops back to his knees, howling in pain! His skull felt like it would crack in half, his nose, already pureed by the mat, a ball of agony!] **DDK:** EUGENE IS TRYING TO FIGHT THROUGH! [Eugene musters up some might, and lifts one leg up! Stomps it down onto the mat, and is one step closer to rising! Eugene clenches both his fists, and with that one foot pressed to the mat, he sets his shoulders and tries to go to both feet! He would not be denied!] [As Eugene tries to fight through, he lets out a mighty **RRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRR** of determination! Bronson's eyes widened, and Eugene began to try to rise!] [Bronson clamps his other hand onto his wrist, digs those fingertips in, and doubles down! The Scottish Strongman was too mighty to be beaten out here!] **DDK:** DEWEY WON'T GO DOWN EASY! **Angus:** BOX IS GOING TO BREAK HIS FACE! [Eugene strains against Box!] **Eugene:** RRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! [Box grits his teeth and snarls, focusing all of his might on squeezing Eugene Dewey to death!] **Box:** GIVE UP, YE' WEAKLING! [The two struggle and fight against one another until... One of the two began to buckle!] **Angus:** EUGENE'S GOING DOWN! [Eugene's knees weaken!] **DDK:** COME ON, EUGENE! [Eugene crashes to his back, Box clamping that Hand down with vile might, Eugene's blood smearing all over Bronson's hand and wrist!] [The ref watches... And signals! Eugene taps out!] **Angus:** HA HA HA! TAKE THAT YOU FAT, USELESS TURD! **DDK:** Eugene fought like a true warrior tonight. He should be proud of this match! **Angus:** This LOSS! [Bronson is hauled off Eugene's body as Johnny Cash plays. The wild-eyed monster lashes out at Eugene a few times as the ref pulls Bronson into the center of the ring. It was only because the ref raised his hand that Bronson stopped going after Eugene.] [WINNER BY GOD'S FIERY RIGHT HAND - BRONSON BOX]



Recruitment Drive

[Christian Light had been stretching, working the abs to avoid cramping. With all the heavy lifting of his various big moves, and the fact that his opponent would be Bronson Box or Eugene Dewey... He needed to stay limber.]

[The in-house staff used golf carts to get around. It was one of the perks of working for the Lakefront Arena. And so, when Tom Sawyer pulled up in one of the golf carts, wearing a plastic green visor, an empty cigarette holder clamped in his teeth, Christian Light just turned to face him, a blank look on his face.] [At first glance, Christian expected a message from a staff member. But, seeing Tom in the Duke-esque outfit, Christian wordlessly went to step in.] **Raoul Sawyer:** We can't stop here. It's luchador country. Watch the bean dip. [Christian scooped up the bowl of bean dip sitting on the passenger seat before climbing in. As soon as Light's feet were off the ground and he was situated, Tom hit the accelerator. They zoomed away, driving deep into the bowels of the building.] **Christian Light:** So, in your own words, what's all this about? **Tom Sawyer:** These nincompoops and ragamuffins are steering us up a foul river, compadre. We're bound for the rapids, and the only paddle has been sawn in half, thrown overboard and fed to a carp! [How Tom managed to keep the cigarette holder clenched in his teeth, say his piece, keep his jaw out straight and still be understandable is anyone's guess.] **Tom Sawyer:** I intend to do something about it. I intend to grab the wheel of this boat and keep us on a steady course. I won't be the captain. Ooooooh, no. [Tom shook his head, clenching his teeth so tightly they squeaked around the piece of plastic.] [SNAP! The cigarette holder cracked in half!] **Tom Sawyer:** I'll be the DRIVER. [Tom turned, spat, and sent the broken shards of plastic tumbling into a garbage can as they whizzed by. A DEFIANCE Staffer walking down the hallway looked up just in time to dive out of the way, his stack of papers billowing into the air!] **Tom Sawyer:** The driver doesn't get the respect. But he gets the results. But to do such a thing... I need allies. Compatriots. You get me, Mr. Nighthawk? [Tom pried a sidelong look at Christian Light, who had been sitting in silence the entire time, taking it all in. One eye bulging, Tom stomped the brake, spun the wheel, and feathered the throttle in between bouts of brake. After skidding the unwieldy cart around the corner, Light barely breaking his cool long enough to grab onto the dash.] [Somewhere, Cancer Jiles just hocked a loogie over the unauthorized usage of the word.] **Tom Sawyer:** I know what you're thinking, champ! You think I'm panicking over nothing, and that I'm jumping at boogeymen and shadows! Well, I'll have you know- **Christian Light:** How do you know that your eighth swerve-sense wasn't set off by Elijah Goldman's plan to win at Wargames? Or his aims to win the Playoffs and own DEFIANCE? [Tom set his jaw, thoughtful for a moment. They went onward.] **Tom Sawyer:** ESEN understands audiences, even if Goldman doesn't. They'll get someone who can listen to the crowd eventually, even if DEFIANCE has to go through more growing pains. **Christian Light:** I don't want to live through Elijah Goldman's growing pains. In fact, I'd be willing to be the majority of the roster feels the same way. He's bad for morale, bad for all the little things that go along with the running of a wrestling event, and bad for business as the booker. [Pause by Light to take a breath.] **Christian Light:** But the worst part is that he seems to think otherwise. **Tom Sawyer:** But that's not something I can affect, Christian. It's on you. It's on Clair. But there's something... else out there. Something bigger. And worse. That'll need a collaborative force to combat it. I'd say something about Reapers, but I think Eugene's the only person who'd get it. **Christian Light:** Why not go to him first? Or Sam Turner? Someone who might be willing to sign up without question? **Tom Sawyer:** I needed an icon, who could rally every good guy behind him. I needed a Batman, and unless Mike Bell decides to come out of his coma, the only other person I can even think of in wrestling who is a Batman is you. [Light falls quiet for a moment. It's not every day you get called the Dark Knight. Light looks around, suddenly unsure where exactly in the building they are. It was dark, and dank, and there were pipes everywhere. Mold. Ductwork.] **Christian Light:** Boiler room brawl? **Tom Sawyer:** Allusion. Down here, there's nothing but rot and decay. Right over there, a support pillar. [Tom pointed. Christian looked.] **Tom Sawyer:** Rotten with cracked rock and bad cement. DEFIANCE has a similar fatal flaw, but I can't put my finger on it. My Wrestlesense is going wild over it, though. [Tom pointed further back, where a newer pillar had been erected to do the job of the first. The Lakefront Arena had spent its money wisely, as the pillar looked like a piece of Grade-A craftsmanship.] **Tom Sawyer:** If we can pull together and be the new support, we can save this ship before it runs aground. **Christian Light:** We drove this far to see a cracked pillar? There was one by my locker room. **Tom Sawyer:** I wanted to get a chance to drive around with Christian Light in the car with me. [Light nods, understanding the young man's desire.] **Christian Light:** We need Dane on our side for this. I know he'll be concerned over his baby. But if you want this thing to have any impact, you need Dane. [Tom pursed his lips, silently thinking. He hit the gas, and the two sped off, rising back out from the sub-basements on a ramp. Christian glanced down at the bowl of bean dip still sitting in his lap.] **Christian Light:** What's with the bean dip? **Tom Sawyer:** Doin' a birthday thing for a kid in one of the suites. I had my match on the pre-show. **Christian Light:** You getting paid? **Tom Sawyer:** Volunteered. Might as well spend some time making some kid happy, if I can't be wrestling. [Light

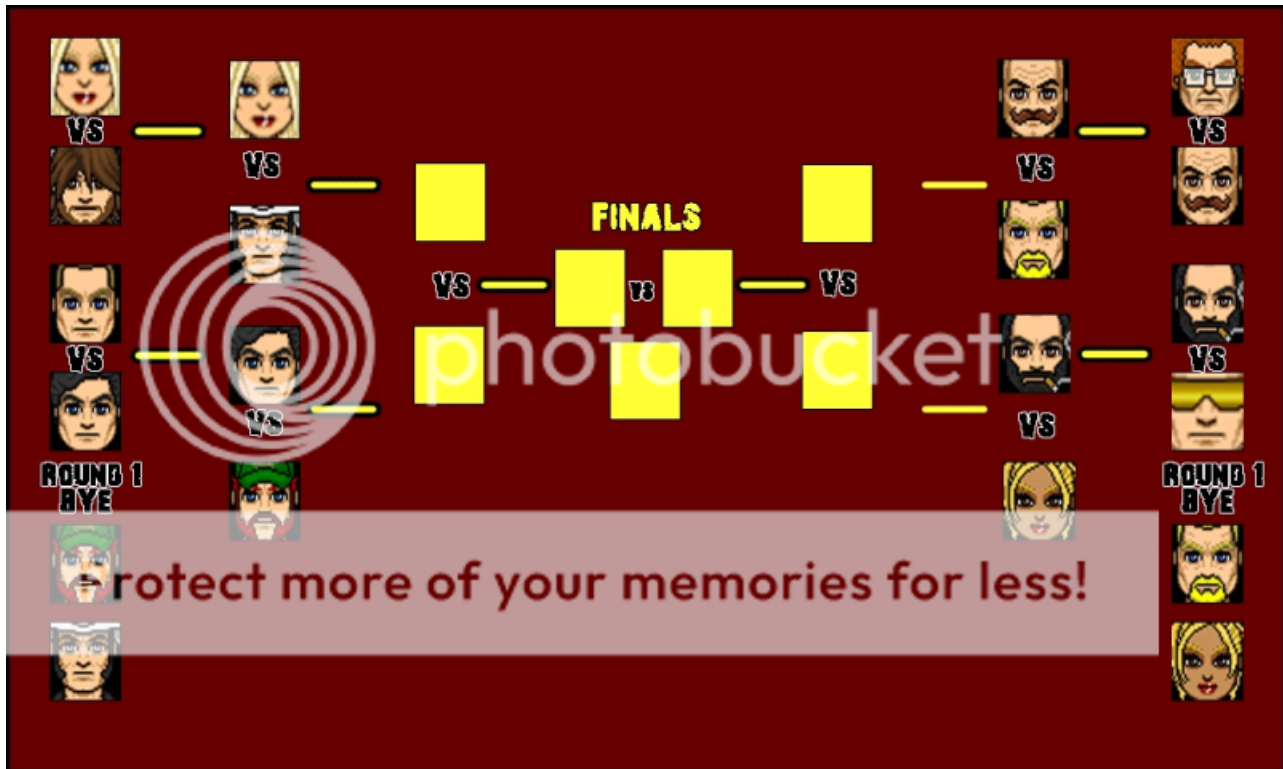
broke into a grin, and patted Tom gently on the shoulder.] **Christian Light:** Get Dane, and we'll work this out. I'm with you. [Cut. Back to Studio, for raging about how much Angus hates Tom.]

Heidi Christenson (E3) vs Dragon Jones (E6)

DDK:

Coming up in just a moment we're going to have our final Playoffs Wildcard match, with Lord Dragon Jones the first...

[As if on cue, up goes "Hurricane 2000" by The Scorpions and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.] **Angus:** And Dragon likes to play the full intro of his song so we can just go on talking for a while. **DDK:** Right. At the War Games show, Dragon Jones was lined up to be killed by Bronson Box. I'm supposed to be neutral, but it said it right on the billing - Jones was going to get killed. Only he wasn't. Instead he won the match. **Angus:** Honestly man, I'm still waiting to hear about the seas turning to blood or some shit. [Dragon's intro is still playing.] **Angus:** Anyway, if it weren't for that, I'd be saying that Dragon was just going to get killed by Heidi Christenson. He's wrestling Heidi, I just realized we forgot to say that part. But if'n he beat Bronson Box, well, then beating Heidi's actually within the cards. **DDK:** It is so hard to actually try to put Dragon's wrestling ability down on paper and clinically evaluate it, but he's tenacious, he can hit fairly hard, and he can absorb a tremendous amount of punishment, having gotten a lot of experience over the years. [Dragon's intro is still playing.] **Angus:** Jesus Christ. [FINALLY the sounds of rock n' roll overtake the sounds of orchestra and Lord Dragon Jones the First shows up, Splenda in tow. A couple random goobers come out behind Dragon and wave those sparkly things on sticks around behind him. To his credit though, Dragon looks focused, and now that he's actually making his entrance it's straight to the ring.] [Also, Heidi doesn't bother letting the intro to her song play. The second the electric organ that brings in "Shine" hits, she's tearing down the ramp.] [Dragon tries to be ready to intercept Heidi when she dives into the ring, but she's in too fast, tackling him down to the mat with a double leg takedown and shooting in on the head and arm, looking to hook the Twisted Triangle and put the match in the bag early.] **DDK:** Heidi clearly wants to want to get this match over as quickly as possible, she'll have to wrestle Jimmy Kort after this if she wins, but... help me out on this analogy, Angus. **Angus:** You swing for the fences every time, you might knock it out of the park or might hit yourself in the back of the head with the baseball bat? **DDK:** Thanks. [Dragon rolls over onto his front, stands up, and stomps away at Heidi. Heidi drops the neck, shoots on the leg, Dragon hangs onto the top rope with his arms while still stomping, and Heidi finally drops it and rolls backwards. Dragon's on her immediately, powering back into the corner and throwing forearms. Heidi tries covering up and throwing some counter knees, but Dragon gets the advantage and snap suplexes her out.] **Angus:** I swear to God he's wrestling like he wants it. [Dragon picks Heidi up in a fireman's carry. She slides out of it, single leg rear takedowns him, and locks in an STF! But Dragon's right near the ropes. As soon as Heidi breaks the hold, Dragon's out of the ring running over to Splenda. Heidi jumps to the ring apron and then Asai moonsaults off the top, but Splenda pulls Dragon out of the way!] [Heidi lands on her feet, but stumbles a bit, it's a hard landing.] [And that gives Dragon an opening to charge her and hit a jumping big boot!] **KA-THWACK!** **DDK:** And Dragon Jones just knocked Heidi for a loop with that kick! **Angus:** Seems backwards somehow. But Dragon's in a good spot to win the match! [Dragon pulls Heidi up by the hair and throws her into the ringpost, then climbs into the ring, taking a shot at winning by countout. At the count of 6, Heidi's back on her feet, and rolling into the ring at 8. He picks Heidi up again, puts her in the corner and hits a European uppercut, then some chops.] **DDK:** And it still feels bizarre to say it, but Dragon Jones is well in control of Heidi Christenson as the match moves into the mid period. **Angus:** Well of course he is. She's got submission holds and roundhouse kicks, and all she's managed is 4 seconds worth of STF. [Dragon facebusters Heidi out of the corner and waits on her to get up. He puts his hands on his knees and does the 'get up' jump. Looking for the critical damage he takes a running start at Heidi and runs straight into her foot!] [Heidi's up to her feet as quickly as she can manage, and when Dragon shakes the cobwebs out, she wipes him OUT with a high roundhouse kick to the face!] **Angus:** Tide-turner! [Heidi whips her thumb across her throat and then begins picking Dragon up.] **DDK:** Looks like she's setting up for the Schwein, which I don't think she's gone for since she started doing the different finishing hold every match routine. [As Heidi picks Dragon up and tries to move him over her shoulder, Dragon slips off balance and takes her over with a small package!] **ONE! TWO!** [Heidi kicks out! She furiously roundhouse kicks Dragon in the ribs, gets behind him and applies the full nelson.] **Angus:** Dragon Suplex coming up! It would be kind of fitting to- **SMALL PACKAGE!** [Dragon countered out of it!] **ONE! TWO! KICKOUT!** [This time Dragon gets the first boot to the gut in, and he picks Heidi up onto his shoulders for Boneitis! He tosses her... and Heidi counters with a DDT on the way down!] [No more fun and games, no more playing to the fans or trying to do anything particularly cool looking. Dragon is lifted up onto Heidi's shoulders, dropped on the back of his neck with the Schwein, and promptly tied up in the Twisted Triangle.] [And now it's just a formality as Dragon Jones is counted unconscious. **ONE...** hand falls. **TWO...** hand falls. **THREE...** hand falls.] **DING! DING! DING!** **DDK:** Dragon Jones' Cindarella run comes to an end early, and Heidi picks up a hard fought victory. **Angus:** Much harder than expected, I think. She wanted to be as fresh as possible against Kort and she took some pretty hard shots in there.



More "Encouraging" Words

[Fade up to: Heidi Christenson.]

[She's looking at her face in a mirror.] [An impressive red wheal, compliments of Dragon Jones' jumping big boot, is beginning to show.] [YOU, however, probably are not looking at her face, because she's leaning over the sink in front of the mirror to get a close look at her face, and she's doing all this while wearing shorts.] **V.O. Yoshikazu YAZ:** Impressive. [Heidi jumps and whirls around to face front as YAZ glides into the room.] **Heidi Christenson:** What. [There is an implicit threat in her words, but YAZ doesn't appear alarmed in the slightest.] **YAZ:** Just came to deliver an important message to you, Heidi. [Heidi looks at him from underneath her eyebrows, trying to express contempt and intimidate or embarrass him into silence.] [Needless to say, it doesn't work.] **YAZ:** There's been a bit of a change in the... feel of Defiance. I had a few words with Elijah Goldman about it, actually. ...Long story short, you can try and win the tournament. **Heidi:** I still don't want to win the tournament. My plan, as it has been ever since I decided to come back, is to make it to the Evolution League semi-finals and hurt my opponent badly enough that whoever wins Heritage can beat him effortlessly. [YAZ nods.] **YAZ:** I understand. But Heidi? Listen to me again - and try to hear the words that I'm not saying out loud. **Heidi:** What are you even talking about? [YAZ speaks, slowly, emphasizing the wrong words at the wrong time, staring straight into Heidi's eyes.] **YAZ:** It's alright. You can try to win the tournament. Now. **Heidi:** ...I'm going to go walk to my door and shut it now. If you're within my reach when I do that, I'm going to scramble your brains worse than Dan Ryan did. [YAZ salutes with two fingers, then quickly turns and leaves before Heidi gets anywhere near him.] [Heidi walks over to the door and stops in the doorway. Then, as though she just had an idea, she leaves the room, walking off down the hallway with deliberation and purpose.] [Commentary.] **Angus:** OK. This is getting weird. **DDK:** Why do you suppose YAZ cares about Heidi? **Angus:** We talked about that last time, I don't fucking know. Damn. That masked freak is creepier now than he was when he was spitting mist and trying to stab people with sais, and if he can get Heidi into top form, then man...

Winner of Jiles/White vs Clair St. Sure (H1)

DDK:

Doesn't matter now, though, as it's time to get into our first Quarter-Final matchup with "The Sophisticate" Edward White taking on what could best be summed up as a pissed off Clair St. Sure!

Angus:

I don't even know if pissed off is exactly the right adjective. What I do know is that Edward White is smarter than even he lets on, and if anybody can use Clair's anger against her, it'll be him.

["Chasing Sheep is Best Left to Shepherds" by Michael Nyman hit the PA and that could only mean one thing. It was time for the first quarter final match of the playoffs, and as it was a Heritage match, time to find out who would be the first guaranteed competitor in the Masters Of Wrestling final.]

[Edward White made his way through the curtain and down to the ring, his eyes were still red from having had Cancer Jiles' nails dug into them numerous times earlier in the evening, but other than that he looked ready to go. A good thing too, as out next came his opponent.]

Angus:

White looks ready for war.

["Death Threat" by Death in Vegas hit and Clair St. Sure, along with Diane Parker walked out onto the stage. Clair didn't take her eyes off of White as she stomped down ramp, she accelerated as she neared the ring, breaking into a run just before sliding into the ring under the bottom rope. She didn't wait for the bell and made a beeline for White.]

DDK:

Good, because here comes Operation Clair and she's got a Precision Strike on mind if her mannerisms here tonight is anything to go by!

Angus:

Notice that Kai Scott's still out with the back injury he suffered at the hands of Truly Untouchables turncoat Jonny Booya - who, incidentally, signed his release as soon as the regular season ended.

[The Socialite threw a right hand which was ducked by St. Sure. Clair spun quickly and lifted a right roundhouse kick into White's jaw that stunned the richest man alive. Clair followed up with a stiff kick to White's elbow and then to the side of his knee, which looked like it buckled, before lifted a knee of her own into White's jaw as he began to crumple to the mat.]

Angus:

Jesus!

DDK:

I told you, precision strike.

[Clair looked down at White as the crowd exploded and probably contemplated covering him for half a second. But she decided against it, clearly preferring the option of inflicting more punishment and more suffering on the man that succeeded in sending her to the hospital when he tried to end her career on their last time out.]

[St Sure. took hold of White's arm, the one she'd kicked moments before and rolled him over onto his stomach with it. One quick twist later and she had his arm wrapped around her leg in an Omoplata! Being rolled over must have woken White up, because he howled in pain as Clair cranked on his arm. White's legs flailed wildly and he tried to reach out for the ropes but there were none in sight. Surely this wouldn't be over so quickly?]

DDK:

And now White is in trouble!

Angus:

This is where Clairra gets dangerous, Keebs, when she's on the mat where everyone is the same size! White had better get his ass up and figure out how to use some of the resources available to him or he's gonna be on the outside looking in when it comes Finals time!

DDK:

Well I'll be, Angus, you're starting to sound like an honest to goodness by God match commentator!

[...]

Angus:

Shutup. Fag.

[Well, it wasn't. White managed to gain some measure of composure, just enough to push his knees under himself and alleviate some of the pressure on his arm. White turned slowly and to force Clairra onto her side and slipped his arm free. Sure White may not have much of a ground game, but he's got 90 lbs on the girl, that's got to count for something, right?]

[Clairra wasn't giving up that easily though and scrambled for White's arm again. She managed to grab hold of it, but White had done some scrambling of his own and locked his ankles around the bottom rope. Clairra had no choice but to release her hold on White's wrist when Benny Doyle reached a count of three.]

DDK:

Looks like Ed White was listening to you.

Angus:

Of course he was. I'm a genius.

[White quickly tucked himself into a ball and rolled out of the ring. After dropping to the floor he took a step and almost lost his leg from under him, that kick might have done a little more damage than one may have initially thought.]

[White looked back into the ring, where Clairra was being pushed back from the ropes by Benny Doyle after she'd tried to chase Edward to the outside, and did that familiar, 'to hell with this' gesture. You know the one, where it looks like he's brushing something to side with an exhausted look on his face?]

DDK:

White is walking away from the playoffs?

Angus:

Don't believe the hype.

[White started making his way to the ramp, using the apron for support, but soon stopped as he noticed Diane Parker standing guard at the ring post with a familiar looking metal rod in her hands. White spun on the spot, eager to avoid any confrontation with another member of the Truly Untouchables and made his way back in the other direction.]

[He didn't get far though. As he turned he came face to face with Clairra St. Sure who delivered a push kick to White's gut, which stopped him dead. Clairra grabbed White by the neck and spun around quickly, sending him forwards, shoulder first, into the ring post. White's arm wrapped around the steel and he fell to one knee, coming to rest with his chin on the ring apron. Clairra didn't leave him there for long though, and kicked out again, connecting with White's arm and crushing it between her educated foot and the ring post.]

DDK:

Clairra is getting surgical at this point, she's decimating that arm!

[Clairra grabbed White by the tights and neck and pushed him up under the bottom rope. She didn't push him all the

way into the ring though, purely so that she could raise his arm up a couple of times and bring it down across the apron!]

Angus:

Good LAWRD that had to hurt!

[White rolled away from St, Sure as she grabbed hold of the bottom rope and pulled herself into the ring. Clairra stepped through the ropes and advanced on White who, with his assaulted arm clutched tight to his body, held the other and begged for a breather.]

Clairra was in no mood to agree to the proposed break and kicked out at White's arm once again. Edward fell back to his ass and tried to slide away from Clairra, but she lashed out with a kick to White's chest and knocked him down to his back. Seamlessly, Clairra dropped down to her backside and grabbed hold of White's arm again, this time looking to lock him in a cross armbar. White locked his hands as soon as Clairra grabbed at his arm though and refused to let go.

DDK:

White trying to counter!

Angus:

He'd better, or she's gonna rip his arm off!

[Clairra hit out at White's elbow, but Edward dug deep and fought through the pain. Clairra then lifted her leg and brought it down with a heel kick to White's neck and jaw, still Edward wouldn't unclench his hands. They two struggled for a few moments, Clairra continually raining strikes from every which way to the elbow of White and Edward in turn weathering them like his life depended on it.]

DDK:

White's making a go of it!

[Clairra could have been accused of suffering from tunnel vision though as she refused to give up on locking in the armbar fully, and that worked against her as White mustered the strength to roll over and work Clairra's shoulder to the mat for a pin!]

ONE!

TWO!!

[Clairra released the hold and rolled out from under White!]

Angus:

White almost got away with one there!

DDK:

The Sophisticate needs to string together some offense here!

[She quickly spun on one knee to face White, who ceased whatever it was he had planned and stepped back a couple of paces. Clairra didn't take her eyes off of Edward as she got to her feet, and White backed up as far as he could until he found himself literally backed into a corner. Whether or not St. Sure smiled, the flicker of whatever it was disappeared in a millisecond before she charged in with a running step up knee!]

[White ducked as Clairra left the ground though, and narrowly avoided another knee to his jaw. Before Clairra could turn around this time though, White spun, grabbed her by the shorts and pulled her off the second rope with as much strength as he could manage. Clairra crashed down to the mat hard and the back of her head bounced off of the canvas.]

DDK:

And Edward White using his sense of ring awareness to his advantage. There's no love lost but he's not fighting for blood like Clairia is.

[White clutched at his bad arm again as he collapsed back against the ropes, he sat on the middle rope as he tried to regain his breath, but he didn't have long until Clairia was stirring. She rolled over onto all fours and felt the back of her head, probably checking for blood. There wasn't anyway, but how was she to know? Clairia groggily shook her head as White stood up from the ropes and stomped down onto her hand. Clairia balled up her fingers in pain as White stomped down on the other hand. Edward stalked around Clairia, still clutching his arm and stomped down onto each of her legs.]

Angus:

That's the best way to stop a quicker, faster wrestler. Get those limbs sore and numb.

[Satisfied that the threats from Clairia's limbs were neutralized for the time being, White used his good arm to grab her by the shorts and pulled her to her feet. He lifted a hard knee into her midsection before locking in a side headlock. He wrenched on the neck a couple of times, but with the pain in his arm he couldn't hold her for long. Before St. Sure could break free White took a step forward and dropped her face first to the mat with a bulldog]

[Edwards got back to his feet and stalked around Clairia, who tried to push herself to her knees. She got a little way there before White soccer kicked her right in the abdomen. Clairia rolled onto her side and clutched at her gut, only for White to kick out again, one again right into the midsection. Clairia tried to roll away, but White followed her just as quickly and kicked her again.]

DDK:

Oh come on now!

Angus:

Hey, I actually kinda like CSS, but what White's doing in there ain't illegal.

[Clairia knew she had to change tactics and tried to catch White's foot on the last kick, but he used the sole of his other foot to scrape across her face and forced her to release her grip. White knew better than to get too close to St. Sure, but he didn't have much of a choice right now and dropped to his knees so as he could use his good arm to land hammerfist blows wherever he could on the downed Jamaican.]

DDK:

White, doing the best he can with only one wing.

[Clairia covered herself up as best she could and avoided too many shots to the head, but White's hammerfists managed to connect plenty of times with Clairia's body and arms. Not wanting to spend too long on the ground with a fighter as competent as Clairia though, White grabbed her by the hair and pulled her to her feet. He pushed her to the corner of the ring and Clairia stumbled forwards chest first into the turnbuckle.]

[White followed her in with a knee to the spine, then another and another. White again grabbed Clairia by the hair, pounded her head into the turnbuckle a few times and delivered a headbutt to the back of her head. He pulled her out of the corner and delivered a side russian leg sweep, which clearly hurt his own arm as he fell. Again, Clairia's head bounced off the canvas, only this time White covered.]

[He couldn't hook the leg, but he did put his own feet on the bottom rope!]

ONE!

TWO!!

Claira kicked out!

DDK:

White trying to steal one there and Claira still had the wherewithal to kick out of it.

Angus:

Hey, can you imagine how mad she'd be if White actually got away with stealing this from her? Y'know, after backstabbing her at War Games and everything.

[White looked at Benny Doyle, frustrated with the speed of the count, but he was having none of it and so White continued the trend of controlling Claira by her dreadlocks by grabbing a handful of hair again. He pulled St. Sure to her feet and pushed her into the corner once again. This time Claira turned before she got there, so her chest wasn't taking the impact of the turnbuckle again.]

[White followed her in and ducked a right hand as she lashed out at him. He raised a knee into Claira's abdomen and grabbed her by the hair again, pulling it back so that her head was over the ropes. Claira kicked at White's other arm, the injured one, and broke his grip. St. Sure rallied with kicks to White's legs and rights and lefts to his jaw. She looked about ready to land another kick to his arm when White stuck out his hand and jammed a thumb deep into her eye socket.]

DDK:

Ed White, desperate not to get back on the receiving end of the punishment.

[Claira, blinded by the thumb, swung wildly in an attempt fend off White, but he wasn't there to be fended off. He'd dropped to his back and rolled to the outside of the ring, grabbing Claira's ankle as he went. One tug later and Claira fell to the mat, her chin bounced off the canvas and White dragged her to the ringpost, making sure her legs were placed either side of the steel. White swung St. Sure's leg out to the side and brought it back, wrapping it around the post. Claira pulled herself away from the corner and rolled over onto her back. White reached into the ring and grabbed Claira's ankle again, he dragged her back to the post and tried to wrap her leg around the steel again, but Claira pulled Edward in before he could, forcing his shoulder to collide with the post once more.]

Angus:

No give in that steel. None at all.

[White slumped to one knee again and grabbed hold of his arm, Claira meanwhile dragged herself back into the ring and tried to stretch the pain out of her knee. White had already been in this situation though, and knew he had to move away from the post as quickly as possible, he was hurting, but he still knew Claira wouldn't be down for long. White slid his way along the apron and tried to catch his breath. He didn't get much of a chance though as his fears came true in the form of Claira St. Sure reaching through the ropes and grabbing him by the hair.]

[White turned and climbed up onto the apron in an attempt to stop his hair from being pulled out at the roots and tried to pry Claira's fingers apart. Once she had him on the apron thought Claira released her grip and threw a kick through the ropes that connected with the ribs of Eddy White. With White winded Claira grabbed his arm, the injured one, and wrapped it around the top rope. Claira wrenched on the arm as Doyle counted to four and broke the hold just before the five.]

DDK:

That's not a legal hold, but as Claira, Diane and Kai Scott alike have said, just because the Truly Untouchables are fighting on the side of good, does not mean that they're not willing to bend the rules a bit.

Angus:

She's been on that elbow like flies on a dog turd in July all match too, it's got to be having an effect.

[White tried to drop back to the outside, but barely managed to get his arm untangled from the ropes before Claira grabbed him by the wrist again and dragged him into the ring. She controlled White by the arm and tried to force him

down to the mat with it, but White dug deep and fought back. He stomped on Clair's toes, the only thing he could do in the situation, and threw a right hand.]

[[It's intended location was probably more out of habit than anything else, as it caught Clairra right in the crotch. Yeah, that's right, White tried the cockpunch, only there was no cock to hit.]]

[Claire still felt it though, and released her hold on White's arm. Edward didn't hang around to check on her though and hoisted her up on his shoulders, much the same way as he did to Cancer Jiles earlier in the evening.]

[Whether it was because the cockpunch didn't have the impact it did on Jiles or because of White's weakened arm, he couldn't hold Clairra up, and she slipped down behind him. Once again St. Sure grabbed White's arm and this time succeeded in dragging him down to the mat.]

Claira wasted no time in locking in the Truly Untouchabreaker and White wasted no time in tapping out.

Winner: Clair St. Sure

[Claire probably left the hold on a little longer than was necessary, and wrenched on it a couple of times after the bell, but who could blame her after what happened in the WarGames match? She finally released it as Diane Parker joined her in the ring and her arm was raised by Benny Doyle.]

[We have our first finalist.]



Heidi Runs an Errand...

[When we last saw Heidi Christenson, she had just stormed out of her dressing room and off down a hallway.]

[As she approaches a backstage crossroads, she leans back against a wall and waits.] [But not for too long.] [“The Sheriff” Jimmy Kort makes his way down the other hallway. He’s not looking for trouble, and his guard isn’t up. Then Heidi steps out in front of him.] [Only so he couldn’t claim she jumped him from behind, you see.] [A high roundhouse flies up at Kort’s face and sends him careening off the wall and down to the floor, his cowboy hat falling to the ground. Heidi stomps on it, then kicks it down the hallway and off screen, before turning back on Kort.] [She jumps on his back, wrapping her arms around his neck in a sleeper, and falls over backwards, wrapping her legs around his lower torso.] [Taken totally unawares, Kort doesn’t put up much of a fight, and passes out in the sleeper instead. Heidi rolls his body off of hers, then grabs him by both ankles. It’s a lot of weight for her to drag, but she does drag Jimmy Kort down the hallway, open a random backstage door and sticks his leg inside it.] [Then she walks around to the other side of the door and kicks it, as hard as she can.] [The door slams shut, right on Jimmy Kort’s knee.] [Kort, awakened with a start, howls in agony and grabs his knee.] [“Buffalo” Brian Slater and two random DEFsec Brutes come running up.] **Heidi:** I’m finished! [BBS looks at her in shocked confusion, but Heidi’s done here, and she turns back down the hallway, leaving BBS to shake his head and one of the other guards to put in a call for the medics.] [Cut back to the commentation station.] **Angus:** WOW. **DDK:** Fans, I cannot believe what I’ve just seen out of Heidi. **Angus:** Hey look. Neither Heidi nor Jimmy are my favorites, but they’re not my least favorites either. I honestly don’t know if Heidi’s a bad girl who puts on an act or a good girl who loses her shit sometimes, but I don’t really care either. Lotta wrestlers here don’t seem to realize, or care, what’s at stake in this thing. She does. If she wants to try and make things happen a certain way, good on her, she gets it. **DDK:** What about Kort’s knee? **Angus:** Hurt. Sprained, maybe. Not injured. He would’ve screamed a lot louder than that if she did any real damage. Nah, he’ll limp out and they’ll have themselves a match. **DDK:** Heidi’s the last person I’d want to wrestle on a bad leg, though. Food for thought, Angus - do you think this was just, like Kort said, that he ‘knocked Heidi out of her comfort zone’, or did that weird conversation she had with YAZ have anything to do with it? **Angus:** Man I can’t even start to consider knowing anything about that. It almost makes me think Tom Sawyer has a point. And then that makes me want to find something and burn it.

Winner of Dentari/Sloan vs Sam Turner, Jr. (E1)

[The acoustic strains of "A Country Boy Can Survive" blare over the speakers, and out from the back strides Sam Turner Junior, looking like a lighthouse with muttonchops.]

Angus:

Sam Turner Junior should be a lot more nervous than he actually is. The man turned his back on Evolution!

DDK:

The man did what was right.

[And the man running out from the backstage area has a serious bone to pick. The bell hadn't rung yet, nobody was in the ring. So the steel pipe gleaming in his hand is totally legal. In the mean hallways of DEFIANCE, he who was strongest was in charge. That's why the bosses had Security.]

[So Dentari rushes up behind Turner, target that knee for an extra to-hit bonus, and goes all Harding on it.]

WHACK WHACK KER-WHACKEN

DDK:

Turner is down!

[Dentari grabs Turner's ankle, lifting the leg up for an extra two shots-

WHACK WHACK

-to the back of the knee!]

Angus:

Dentari has just won himself this match.

[The Mafioso grabs Turner's ankle under one arm, and drags the bulky body down the ring ramp, regularly throwing kicks to the back of it as he hauled. Nasty twists and shakes, too. Just to make sure Dentari was holding onto the advantage.]

[Dentari tosses the steel pipe down, and drops Turner's leg to the mat. A hand roughly slaps the John Deere baseball cap off Turner's head, then the other grabbed a fistful of hair.]

Angus:

Dentari's looking focused. Maybe the killer instinct I've been waiting for him to really embrace is finally here!

DDK:

You're a Dentari fan?

Angus:

I'm a violence fan.

[Turner is rolled into the ring, and Dentari follows. The ref frantically signals for the bell, marking the official start of the match. No more steel pipes...]

[Dentari beckons Turner up, the big lunk trying to push up onto only one leg with great difficulty. A bit of weight ends up on the bad knee, and Turner buckles, dropping down to one knee.]

[Dentari just grins, and shoots a testing kick into Turner's side, smacking the big man in the bicep. Turner glares balefully up at Alceo, before boiling up to his full height, towering over Dentari. The one thing guaranteed to set Dentari

off.]

[Turner goes for a grab. Dentari drops to his ass... And slams both feet into the big man's already-damaged leg! Turner collapses, and Dentari grabs that foot's ankle, quickly turning and wrapping it around one of his own for a spinning toehold!]

DDK:

I'm honestly surprised that Dentari would know such an old hold!

Angus:

Dentari probably had some old I-tai jobber teach him a few hot new moves from 1978.

[Turner manages to get a leg up, and shoves Dentari off, to the ropes! As Dentari hits them and comes back, still off-balance, Turner boils to his feet and CLAPS a hand around Dentari's throat!]

Angus:

CHOKESLAM! CHOKESLAM, YES!

DDK:

You're on Turner's side?

Angus:

I wanna see a chokeslam!

[Dentari fights and thrashes, kicks and wiggles, trying to get free. But even on one leg, Dentari manages to haul Alceo AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAALL the way up...]

Pause for effect, and for photography. Flashes go off from a thousand cameras and cell phones.]

WHUMPF!

DDK:

Turner covers!

Angus:

Chokeslams rule!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Dentari kicks out with authority at two!

[Winded or not, Dentari's pride wouldn't let him go down like that. Instead, as Turner sits back on his heels, Dentari forces himself to leap at Sam, smashing a forearm into Turner's face! Dentari lays atop Dentari for a good few moments, grinding that forearm into the redneck's head.]

Angus:

Jeez, listen to Turner scream! Dentari's gotta have a razor or something!

[Indeed, when Dentari rolls away, Turner's face is a bloody mess, and Dentari rolls straight out of the ring. For a "breather". Or to hide the blade.]

DDK:

Carla Ferrari is NOT willing to let that one go!

Angus:

Do ya think she could take Dentari?

[Ferrari follows Dentari out of the ring, and the Mafioso immediately pleads innocence.]

Alceo Dentari:

I got no idea why he's bleedin'! Maybe he's on them blood thinners, to keep from dyin' like that Duncan 'yam!

[Ferrari has a finger in Dentari's face, warning him, and so Alceo doesn't even notice Sam Turner, looming to his full height in the ring.]

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Dentari:

So why don'tcha get yer finger outta my face, and go back to th' kitchen, ya split!

[Turner grabs ahold of Dentari's hair, and pulls Dentari off the ground with both hands.]

Angus:

Listen to Dentari scream!

[Turner lifts Dentari up, turns him around, and pulls him onto the apron, a hand clapping around Dentari's neck once more.]

Turner:

YOU THINK YOU KIN CUT ME AN' GET 'WAY WIDDIT?!

[Turner goes to lift Dentari into the ring, but Dentari just lets go of the apron and drops, grabbing Turner's head as he falls! Turner lands neckfirst across the ring ropes, and Dentari lands on the mat at ringside!]

Dentari:

AS A MATTER O' FACT, I DO!

[Dentari reaches into the ring, grabbing one of the bulky man's knees and dragging him over to the ring corner. Dentari hauls mightily, and Turner slams, junk-first, into the steel post!]

DDK:

The nutcracker!

Angus:

That's gotta tickle!

[Dentari wraps one leg around the ringpost, steps up to interlace his leg, then climbs fully up onto the post, hanging from Turner's beefy legs!]

Angus:

FIGURE FOUR! THAT'S A FIGURE FOUR AROUND THE RINGPOST! Dentari knows how to do all the most fun spots, I'll say that for him!

DDK:

A highly illegal move, of course!

[Ferrari was already out of the ring, so came over to begin to count Dentari.]

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

Ferrari:

Break the hold, Dentari!

Dentari:

DIS IS OUTSIDE DA RING! THERE'S NO ROPE BREAKS ON TH' FLOOR!

Ferrari:

Turner's holding the ropes, Alceo! Break the hold!

Dentari:

Or what?!

Ferrari:

I'll disqualify you! Break the hold! NOW!

[Begrudgingly, Alceo let go... A full five-or-ten-count longer than he previously had. Turner's face is an ashen mask of pain, and as Dentari let go of his leg, Turner rolls away from the ring corner.]

[Dentari climbs up onto the apron, then points to the turnbuckles, grinning. He looked out to the crowd, then reaches down, slapping one leg.]

Dentari:

SUPER WHACKED!

[And Dentari begins to climb up the turnbuckles.]

Angus:

Does Dentari ever go to the top?

DDK:

No, not really.

Angus:

This'll be good!

[After squaring himself on the top rope, Dentari crouches, aiming up at Turner. The hillbilly slowly rises to his feet, basically unable to put weight on one leg. As he turns, Dentari gets set...]

[And Dentari leaps from the top rope, trying for a Super Mafia Kick!. Leaving the ground was always going to end up badly for the inexperienced, as Sam Turner Jr. catches him, and hauls Dentari's stomach in to meet Turner's shoulder! The arms cinch in tight, and Turner is squeezing Dentari like a tube of glue!]

DDK:

Bear hug! Turner could crush the air right out of Dentari's lungs!

[Sam cinches in tight, crushing at Dentari's ribs, and Dentari just HOWLS...]

Angus:

I heard if you do a bear hug hard enough, people make a sound like a rubber duckie!

[Ferrari comes up, checking to see if Dentari submits... But in his flailing, Dentari cracks Carla right in the jaw, then smashes an elbow into Turner's forehead!]

Angus:

REF BUUUUUUUUUUUUUUMP!

[The impact of the blow to Ferrari's face sends her tumbling to the outside. Dentari manages to get a kick off into Turner's weak knee, and Turner drops, letting go of Alceo!]

[Turner hobbles to the ring ropes before collapsing to his knees, chest leaning against the middle rope. A hand reaches for the fallen Ferrari, but Dentari wasn't gonna let Turner rest! First, Dentari socks Turner right in the kidney!]

Angus:

More people should embrace the kidney punch!

[Sam arches his back in pain and Dentari jumps up, wrapping his arms around STJ's neck in a choke! Turner grabs at the ropes, but Dentari leans back, pulling Turner off balance, stumbling back to the center of the ring!]

[Alceo wraps his legs around Sam's waist, jerking at Turner's neck as he strangled and Sleeper'd, trying to pull him down to the mat, but Turner is just too strong to go down!]

[As it turns out, taking his legs off of the ground is the worst thing Dentari could do. Sam could now move where he pleased!]

Angus:

Watch the ring corner, Darren!

DDK:

Why?

Angus:

REVERSE AVALANCHE INTO IT!

WHUMPF!

DDK:

The whole ring moved!

[Turner charges backwards to squash Alceo between himself and the turnbuckle! Alceo bonelessly lets go, sliding downwards in the ring corner! The Wise Guy was limp, and Turner stumble-hobbled forward, fists clenching!]

Angus:

Turner's channeling the South! He's gonna Rise Again! Dick joke!

DDK:

What?

Angus:

I get paid by the second of speaking. Watermelon.

[Dentari doesn't have any time to catch his breath, 'cuz Sam spins around, clocking Alceo with a haymaker! Left hook! Right cross! Stomach punch! AAAAAAAND... HEADBUTT!]

DDK:

Dentari's out on his feet!

[Turner turns, bending Dentari off as he moves, and shoves Dentari's head between his legs!]

Angus:

If he's not out yet, he's about to be!

[DENTARI UP!]

WHOOMP!

[DENTARI DOWN!]

[Sam drops over Dentari for the cover!]

DDK:

Where's Carla?

[But there's no referee to make the call!]

[Sam looks around for Carla, who is still on the floor at ringside clutching her head. Turner didn't have the right angle, couldn't see her. Another thing he can't see is a foot coming down and connecting with the back of his head.]

[Two men had just jumped the barricade and slid into the ring. The first, the man who was kicking the shit out of Turner, stands just over six foot or there about. He wears a leather jacket over a black tee-shirt a pair of black jeans, and a pissed-off expression. His black hair was slicked back, much like Dentari's, but not as close to his head.]

[The second guy followed in slightly behind the first, and that was understandable, judging by the size of him. Although he was wearing a dark colored, either black or navy blue, tracksuit, he didn't look like he ever spent much time on a treadmill. He stands at well over six and a half feet tall, and had to be over 350 pounds. The fatsy has a receding hairline, and what little hair he did have on the top of his head was very, very thin.]

Angus:

Fat Shit's out of breath already!

DDK:

REFEREE! GET SHIELDS OUT HERE!

[The first man grabs Turner, and bodily hauls him to his feet! Ignoring Turner's damaged leg, the big guy shoves Turner at the fat guy!]

Angus:

FAT HOLE SLAM!

DDK:

NEVER SAY THAT AGAIN

[The two don't give Turner a moment's respite, and haul Turner back up! The first guy locks in a full nelson, and drops forward into the facebuster!]

DDK:

Breakdown!

Angus:

Nobody calls it that!

[With Dentari beginning to move, the big guy keeps Turner down, punching the hillbilly in the back of the head, over and over and over! The fat guy heads to his boss, helping him up.]

Angus:

Hey, know what was a good movie? Goodfellas. GO GET YOUR FUCKIN' SHINE BOX, TURNER!

DDK:

Turner's about to be the victim of a mob hit!

[Dentari, once recomposed, shakes off the cobwebs and shouts something. The big guy shoves Turner at the Boss, who rushes in and LEAPS...]

KERRACK!

Angus:

Whacked!

DDK:

Turner's done!

[Sam Turner Jr. goes limp as two goons climb out of the ring. With Dentari directing traffic, the men pick Carla up, and toss her gently back into the ring.]

[Dentari slowly, exhaustedly rolls Turner over, hamming it up as Ferrari comes to.]

[Dentari pounds the mat, Carla realizes the pin, and begins to count.]

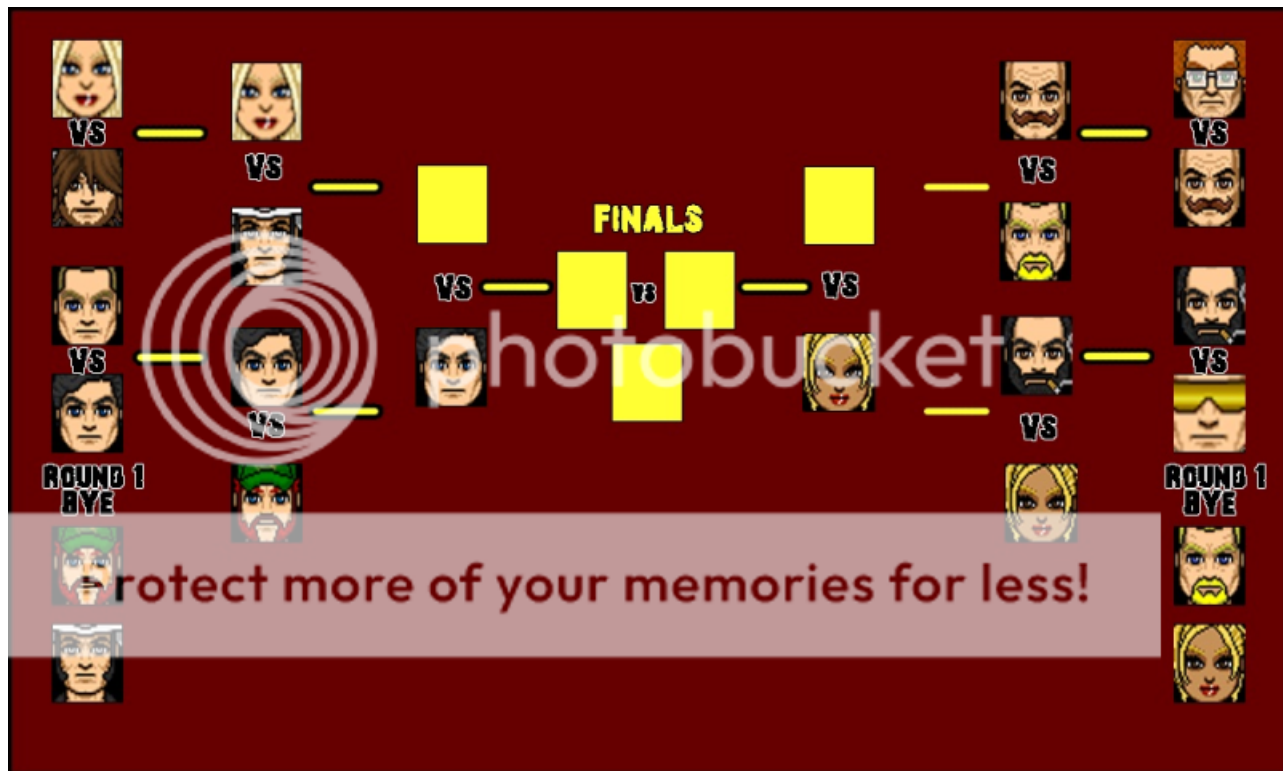
ONE!

[The two guys at ringside shout at Carla to count faster!]

TWO!!

[Dentari pounds the mat again!]

THREE!!!



What Happens Next...

[No sooner had the bell rung than the two big men were jumping back into the ring and laying boots into Sam Turner Jr. once again. Dentari omitted celebrating his victory to land a few select stomps of his own.]

DDK: This is ridiculous! Somebody get security down here! **Angus:** Jesus, looks like Dentari is upping the ante... **DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!** [All three men ignore the bell ringing and continue to stomp away at STJ. Dentari starts directing traffic as he tells the guys to grab an arm each and lift Sam by the arms.] **DDK:** I MEAN IT! WHERE IS DEFSEC? **DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!** [Just as they prop Sam up the crowd erupts! Dentari spins around to see Mike Sloan, Curtis Penn, and Tyson Burke sprinting down the ramp. Quickly Dentari decides he doesn't much fancy a piece of Sloan and friends right now and bails from the ring just as the trio slides in. The two big men drop Sam and hightail it as well, the slightly bigger man falls through the ropes just in time to avoid a right hand from Penn.] **Angus:** Holy Crap! Mike Sloan to the rescue! **DDK:** FINALLY! **Angus:** Cut him some slack, dude's got like four kinds of arthritis! [The three regroup at the foot of the ramp, the slightly smaller of the two unknown men snarls at Sloan and Penn and Burke and tries to rush the ring again, but Dentari grabs him by the jacket and pulls him back. He places a hand on either side of the man's face and slaps him lightly on the cheek before rocking his head to the side as though to say 'we're going this way.']. **DDK:** Something tells me this isn't the last we're going to see of these two, I guess you'd call them henchmen, of Alceo Dentari here in DEFIANCE. **Angus:** It's about time the dude started coming correct. Who thought that thing with YAZ was really gonna work anyhow? [And with that Alceo Dentari and the two unknown men back up the ramp, not taking their eyes off of Sloan, Penn, Burke, or Sam Turner Jr., who the three aforementioned stars are now attending to.] **DDK:** Go on! Get outta here! You've done enough for one night! [Once they reach the top of the ramp Dentari motions for the unknowns to head to the back and leave him on his own. They oblige and leave Alceo to bow to an apocalyptic jeering from the crowd before disappearing through the curtain.]

Winner of Heidi/Dargno vs Jimmy Kort (E2)

[The sludgy bass and droning vocals of Kyuss and “Writhe” begin to play, and Heidi Christenson quickly appears at the top of the ramp. She raises one fist as she walks, and tags the outstretched hands of the guardrail leaning fans.]

DDK:

Heidi’s making her entrance to her Hydra-era theme song, and on the heels of her attack on Jimmy Kort I have to think that’s of significance. On the other hand, she’s still playing to the fans, and still, for the most part, getting cheered.

Angus:

In Heidi’s book, she’s doing bad things to people who deserve it, and Jimmy Kort deserves it for selling out to Elijah Goldman.

♪ Won’t you writhe ♪
 ♪ Like snakes down on the floor ♪
 ♪ Out you go ♪
 ♪ And he done one hundred and more ♪

[Writhe cuts.]

[And “Hillbilly Deluxe” cuts on.]

[But there is no Jimmy Kort.]

DDK:

Do you think maybe Jimmy’s knee is too badly hurt for him to even make it out? Fans, if you didn’t see earlier, Heidi Christenson slammed a door on Kort’s knee before the match.

Angus:

I think he’ll make it out, but I dunno. Maybe his tough guy thing is as much of an act as Heidi says it is.

♪ Hillbilly deluxe, slick pickup trucks ♪
 ♪ Big timin’ in a small town ♪
 ♪ Stirrin’ it up, right about sundown ♪
 ♪ Black denim and chrome to the bone ♪
 ♪ With a little home grown ♪
 ♪ And a country girl cuddled up ♪
 ♪ Hillbilly Deluxe ♪

[Just as the fans are starting to get restless and irritated, Jimmy Kort limps out.]

[Katie Lynn Johnson is right next to him, begging him not to risk it, but Kort’s not listening. He’s got a death gaze locked on the ring and the woman in it.]

DDK:

Fans, Jimmy Kort IS out here to wrestle, but the question is, is he capable of wrestling the likes of Heidi Christenson in this condition? We’re going to find out in...

[Heidi doesn’t waste a split second. The minute Kort’s in range, she darts forward, front flips over the top rope and wipes out Kort AND Katie Lynn with a no hands tope con hilo!]

Angus:

Oh, SNAP!

[Heidi doesn’t waste any time doing things like playing to the fans. She doesn’t even bother taking further notice of

Katie Lynn. She pulled Kort up to his feet, slipped the full nelson on, and dragon suplexed him on the ringside mats!]

DDK:

Good Lord. She's won matches with that dragon suplex, and Kort just took it on the ringside pads.

[Now Kort is fed back into the ring, and Heidi gives him a full on close range roundhouse kick to the chin. Kort flopped over onto his back and Heidi synched in the tightest cradle she could manage.]

ONE!

...TWO...!

.....KICKOUT!

Angus:

Well. I honestly didn't think that was going to happen.

[Heidi grabs Kort by the ankle, but in a desperation move, Kort pushes himself off the mat and push-kicks Heidi off and back into the turnbuckle! Her back hits hard and as she stumbles out Kort takes her over in an inside cradle! Heidi's out in 1, and she gets up, but Kort from his knees knocks her back with a knife edge chop! Heidi stumbles but shakes it off and moves back in, but Kort this time hits a headbutt to the midsection, uses Heidi's shoulders to climb to his feet and takes her over in a teardrop suplex!]

DDK:

There's a lot of anger behind this match. Heidi has won three World Titles. Jimmy Kort has two victories over Heidi, but no World Titles. According to Kort, this proves that Heidi was never anything 'special' and according to Heidi it proves that she failed to take Kort seriously and that his wins mean nothing. Heidi already wrestled once against Dragon Jones, the match was much tougher than most would have anticipated, and possibly inspired by that she attacked Kort backstage.

Angus:

Jesus christ, Heidi's mad that Kort is belittling her! MATCH IS IN FRONT OF US

[Kort pulls Heidi up to her feet and looks for the Russian legsweep, but Heidi hits a side thrust kick to the bad knee and Kort immediately drops to the mat. Heidi picks the leg up, hooks the ankle and snaps herself to the mat, jamming Kort's leg. After a few of these she twists his leg around her own.]

DDK:

Heidi's just stretching and tearing at the right knee of Jimmy Kort with that submission hold.

Angus:

Yep, and knowing Heidi there's probably four hundred and forty-seven more where that came from.

[Jimmy Kort cannot hide the fact that he's in tremendous pain right now, but damned if he's done yet. He drags himself inch by inch towards the ropes and grabs them with his left hand. Heidi calmly hangs onto the hold, Mark Shields walks over and we get this.]

Shields:

He's got the ropes, break the hold Heidi.

Heidi:

I have til five!

Shields:

Fuck that shit you break the hold when I say break the hold or you get DQd! Only warning!

[Rather than risk a DQ here and now, Heidi drops it.]

Heidi:

This is just because you don't feel like counting, isn't it?!

[And since she can't kick Mark Shields she kicks Jimmy Kort instead. Kort, who was pulling himself up the ropes, collapses. Heidi drags him backwards into the middle of the ring by his ankles, then puts her leg across the back of his knee, folds his lower leg up and sits down on it, applying a calf crank.]

[Kort covers his head with his arms and screams into the mat, then pushes himself up.]

[And Heidi shoots in on the other leg, rolls the hold over and has some kind of double kneebar applied!]

Angus:

Lord almighty it hurts to even watch her do that.

[Kort collapses back to the mat, and Mark Shields is in making a pinfall count! ONE! TWO! And Kort levers himself up on his elbow to break the count.]

DDK:

As we just saw, not only is that a submission hold, but if Kort passes out while trapped in it, he can be counted down for a pinfall. Heidi obviously would prefer the tapout, but a win's a win here and she can't afford another loss to Jimmy Kort.

[The fans can't decide whether to chant "KORT! KORT! KORT!" or "TAP! TAP! TAP!" and consequently neither chant really gets started.]

Angus:

Well, the longer he stays caught in that, the more likely he is to pass out.

[Kort begins scooting himself backwards with his hands. Inch by painstaking inch he gets to the ropes. Heidi drops the hold immediately, but not out of either sportsmanship or mercy. She sets Kort's ankle on the bottom rope, slingshots off the middle rope and comes down right on the knee with a double stomp!]

[Jimmy Kort screams.]

[Heidi quickly slashes her thumb across her throat, picks Kort up and hooks him by the neck and leg, then somehow powers him up and over for a fisherman's suplex! Instead of holding the pin, she rolls over and double-hooks his leg with hers, as though going for the Pittsburgh Plunge.]

Angus:

I don't like where this is going for Jimmy Kort...

[Now this is a little hard to describe so bear with me. Instead of hanging on to the pin, Heidi rolls off and to the side, shifting her legs into a triangle grip around one of Kort's. Then she grabs Kort's foot and pulls it to the side, bending his knee sideways against the joint!]

[And Jimmy Kort taps.]

[Fucking INSTANTLY.]

DING! DING! DING!

Angus:

...What the HELL was that!?

DDK:

Well, it would appear to be a leglock from an indefensible position applied to the previously injured knee of Jimmy Kort.

Angus:

No shit. I mean, what the hell was... you know what, forget it.

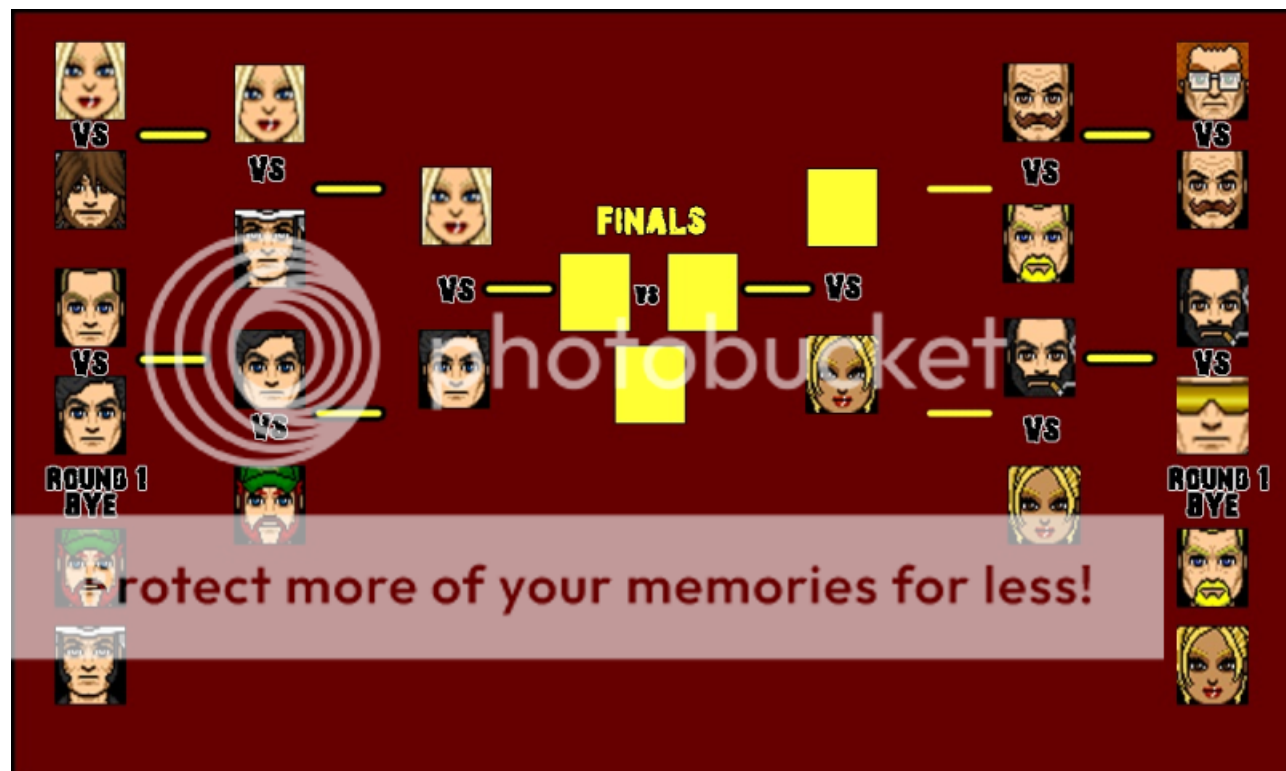
DDK:

Jimmy Kort did indeed come to fight and he deserves all the credit in the world for that, but once Heidi zeroed in on that leg, it was a foregone conclusion.

[Heidi lets go of the leglock slowly, as though she'd really rather keep torturing Kort with it.]

DDK:

Heidi advances in the playoffs, and next week she'll meet Alceo Dentari in the semi-finals.



Introduction to Destruction

[The knowing wail of an air raid siren blasts through the DEFIANCE Hi-Def Sound System as the lights dropped on the arena.]

Angus: You know what that means! [The siren is accompanied by the sounds of war, tanks crushing obstacles, .50 caliber machine-guns disintegrating enemies, Surface-to-Air missiles firing on encroaching aircraft... Explosions, oh the explosions...] **DDK:** And you can better believe the "Last Nighthawk" is ready to go to war with "The Wargod" here tonight! [The thunderous opening riff of "Indestructible" by Disturbed shreds the eardrums of everyone in the building, the crowd goes absolutely apeshit, and a series of Christian Light highlights begin blazing past on both the DEFIATron and your television screen at home.] ♪ Another mission, the powers have called me Away ♪ ♪ Another time, to carry the colors Again ♪ ♪ My motivation, an oath I've sworn to Defend ♪ ♪ To win the honor of coming back home Again ♪ [In time with the word "again" Christian Light bursts through the curtain and into a blinding array of blue and white spotlights on the stage.] RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!! **DDK:** And there he is! And he looks INTENSE! ♪ No explanation will matter after we begin ♪ ♪ Unlock the dark destroyer that's buried within ♪ ♪ My true vocation and now my unfortunate friend ♪ ♪ You will discover a war you're unable to win ♪ [The Last Nighthawk is dressed in a #2 red Heritage League football jersey and his brand spankin' new red tights, his hair, as flat topped as ever, even has some attitude to it tonight.] **Angus:** I just hope he's ready, we already know what kind of mood Bronson Box is in... ♪ I'll have you know ♪ ♪ That I've become... ♪ ♪ **Indestructible** ♪ [Light begins to stride down the ramp, enthusiastically slapping hands with fans along the way as he makes his way toward the ring with purpose.] **DDK:** I dunno, Light's the fresh man and he's already made his own declaration of war! ♪ Determination that is incorruptible ♪ ♪ From the other side a terror to behold ♪ ♪ Annihilation will be unavoidable ♪ [Once at ringside Light powerslides into the ring underneath the bottom rope and is quick to his feet, he takes it all in, even stops to watch himself Realize the Dream on some poor sap on the DEFIATron before making toward the corner.] **Angus:** Look, I know Chris, I know he's the man, but he's also coming off of a concussion and I'm concerned that Bronson Box not only knows that, but has built a plan around it. ♪ Every broken enemy will know ♪ ♪ That their opponent had to be invincible ♪ ♪ Take a last look around while you're alive ♪ ♪ I'm an indestructible ♪ ♪ **Master of War** ♪ [Light climbs the turnbuckles, peels the jersey off and tosses it out into a sea of DEFIANCE Faithful. He raises both hands before hopping back down to the mat and turning his attention back up the ramp.] **DDK:** Here we go... [The arena grows dim as the music fades. Once again the DEFIATron flickers to life.] "He's a strongman from yesteryear." [Cut in on a sepia-toned film reel 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 camera reel 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's the first ever DEFIANCE World Heavyweight Champion." [The camera slowly goes black, then wipes horizontally in on a maniacally 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 his former tag team partner Evan Hurley by the waist, and flips him up... charges forward, and powerbombs Hurley directly 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... ♪ [Finally the collage comes to a shot from earlier tonight of a maniacally laughing Bronson Box, mashing Eugene Dewey's crimson-covered face into the mat. Over, and over, and over again.] ♪ #Sooner or later, God'll **cut you down**. ♪ [As the house lights come up the camera refocuses on the stage area where we find the "Bombastic" Bronson Box already standing with microphone in hand. His brown ring robe trimmed in white with the words "Loose Cannon" emblazoned on the back. He looks out over the crowd, soaking in the decidedly mixed reaction from the DEFIANCE Faithful.] **DDK:** There he is Angus, the man himself. **Angus:** GOD do we have to sit this fuckin' close to the ring? [As the crowd dies down Bronson finally brings the microphone to his lips. It's not the crowd however Bronson is concerned with... it's the living legend standing inside the ring that has the Wargod's attention.] **Bronson Box:** I helped build this bloody company. From day one it's been my face, my actions, my matches that laid the foundation for this little media empire. Through Dane, Goldman, Conarri, through riots and takeovers, through tournaments and titles there's always been the driving force of BRONSON blasted BOX fueling the fire. [Slight pop from the old school black t-shirt

Defiance fans in attendance.] **Angus:** All the CRAP this joker has put this company through and these obese black t-shirted neckbearded basement dwelling freaks CHEER HIM?! Un-fuckin-believable. [Box paces the stage. It's at this point we notice his entourage is noticeably absent.] **Bronson Box:** And what thanks do I get? None. Do I go to far? Do I push the limits of good taste and civility? Absolutely I bloody do! But it's ME who brought the eyes of ESEN to this company, it's ME who exemplifies the heart of what it is to be truly DEFIANT! In the eyes of ownership, in the eyes of authority, in the eyes of my peers, in the eyes of GOD HIMSELF... [red faced and fuming] [Inside the ring Light paces, begging Box to come on down.] **DDK:** Can't disagree with him there Angus, the place IS called Defiance... and honestly who's been more DEFIANT during the entirety of this company than Bronson Box? **Angus:** I'll disagree if I damn well please, the guys a fucking MENACE... **DDK:** Care to say that to his face? **Angus:** Eat me, Keebler. [Box starts slowly down the ramp.] **Bronson Box:** The day I repent for my sins will be the day I stand before the maker himself and accept his holy judgment... men like myself don't apologize to bloody ANYONE, we just keep ripping and tearing at the world until we find a worthy adversary capable enough to take them down for good. I knew at a very young age that I'd go out with my fists up in a frenzy of broken bones and buckets of blood. Me like us, Christian, we don't go quietly in our beds as old men... we go fighting. [Boxer reaches the foot of the ramp and stops.] **Angus:** God I hope Light's that guy. Take that nutcase down a peg or two. **DDK:** It's going to be one hell of a war between these two individuals, that's for sure. **Bronson Box:** I've made no bones about my goals here. From day one I've had one singular goal... to be regarded as the greatest fighter on earth. How did you put it, Christian? Spinning my web of violent rage? I like that. Well stated, sir. Indeed. From my war on the Bancroft family, to my decimation of men like Edward White, Chris Cannon, Cancer Jiles, Stephen Greer... even harlot pretenders like Heidi Christenson. I've spun my web of violence, I've crossed line after line after line in search of greatness, Christian. [Box slowly walks towards the ring steps, taking them one by one. Light allows him some room to enter the the ring, but not much.] **Bronson Box:** After all I've done I've had but one maybe two opponents I've felt truly tested my skills. Tested my ability as a fighter. Earlier tonight you witnessed what happens to pretenders, to the weak who dare test their mettle against Bronson Box. You saw at War Games what happens to the insolent chaf who see the mustache, the clothing, the manner with which I carry myself and think... gimmick. [Box slowly steps between the ropes, standing across the ring from The Last Nighthawk.] **Angus:** Will you listen to these people? Holy shit... [Witnessing these two giants in the ring together has made this crowd come simply unglued.] **DDK:** No arguments there! **Bronson Box:** I'm no gimmick, lad. I'm as real as it gets. From the top of my sheared head to the soles of my spats I'm as authentic and genuine a man you'll find! Especially in that rogues gallery Dane calls a locker room. All the vile venom I've seethed during my path of destruction, all the chaos and mayhem I've wrought during my short tenure in Defiance... through it all I've achieved a level of respect most of the wretched lot sitting in the back could only dream of! I almost CLOSED this blasted company and in time it welcomed me back with open arms. These people just can't get enough of me, lad! [Box gets almost nose to nose with Light.] [The crowd is in a frenzy at this point, Box getting a surprising amount of cheers.] **DDK:** We're officially in bizzarro land, Angus! [A scant 'Let's Go Bronson' chant is heard from one of the upper sections of the arena.] **Angus:** These stupid cajuns... QUIT ENCOURAGING HIM! HE'S FUCKING CRAZY! **Bronson Box:** Because I'm that bloody good. But so are you, lad. And that's why I'm so blasted excited. Can you feel it, Christian? This is one of those moments, fella'... one of those career defining moments you can't produce, you can't manufacture with writers and directors. You'll notice my friends aren't here at ringside. My beloved and Mr. James are both back at the hotel at my behest. This match between you and I is far too important to my legacy to add any level of doubt. [Bronson lets his ring robe slip from his shoulders, handing it to the referee.] **Angus:** Well damn... **DDK:** As much as you may hate the guy, and I know you do, you gotta' respect that. The fact we might actually see this confrontation between these two greats go to a finish is damn exciting, Angus. **Angus:** Just keep it the hell in the ring and away from the damn announce table and my person and they can do whatever the hell they want, Keebler. **Bronson Box:** I could give two rancid rat droppings about the victory or defeat of Evolution or Heritage, whether the old fire breathing head-dropper or that ridiculous Jew take over the company. Either way is fine and dandy with me. I'll be here spinning that web of violence either bloody way, boy'o. **Angus:** I've been wondering what side of the conflict Boxer landed on. **DDK:** The former World champion jumped back into competition here in Defiance just as the branded format was getting started, Angus. Bronson was picked up for Heritage by Cito almost out of spite for Evolution league owner Elijah Goldman. **Angus:** Obviously a real team player that Boxer, SUCH a pity he wasn't on Team Heritage at War Games. **Bronson Box:** Whatever you're fighting for, Christian? Keep it right there in your sights, fella'... for Heritage, for Cito, for Dane, for these bloody people. Keep it right there [poking at Lights chest] and don't let it go. You back up all those pretty words from the past week with the action I've seen you take for YEARS... with fire and passion and grit. When that bell rings you bring every ounce of whatever it is you've always tapped into when building this hall of fame worthy career of yours... because if you don't? If you bring anything less than your absolute BEST? [Gritting his teeth, getting uncomfortably close to Light's face] **Bronson Box:** I'll bloody BREAK

ye', lad. [Box drops the microphone with a loud clear thud and immediately backs up into his corner, eyes laser focused on his opponent as the crowd roars. Cheers, boos, doesn't matter. The sound is absolutely deafening for the Scottish Strongman.]

Winner of Dewey/Box vs Christian Light (H2)

DING! DING! DING!

[Neither man moves an inch. They lock eyes from fifteen foot apart and exchange the last bit of psych-outs that either man can muster before this goes physical, and boy will it ever go physical.] **Angus:** Can you feel it, Keebs? It's electric in New Orleans tonight! **DDK:** You can cut the tension in here with a spoon it's so thick! **Angus:** A spoon? Really? [Both men charge, you'd need slow-motion instant replay to tell which if either of them jumped first, but before that much thought could be manufactured the two monoliths of DEFIANCE met in the center of the ring, one-on-one, for the first time ever.] **DDK:** Look at that! Light just pushes Box halfway across the ring! **Angus:** Nevermind that! Look at the look on Box's face! [Box pushes back, equally as hard, if not harder.] [And when Light comes rushing back up, to get right in Box's face, Bronson hauls off and gives Light a brutal slap, right across the face! Box juts his jaw forward, sneering at Light, and watches Christian with those steely, squinting eyes.] **DDK:** Box using the exact same tactic that so infuriated him when Eugene Dewey used it! [And Christian Light hammers a BRUTAL forearm! into Box's face! The fight was fully AWWN!] [Neck chop from Light!] YAY! [Right jab from Box!] BOO! [Right elbow-smash from Light!] YAY! [Right jab from Box!] BOO! [Knife-edged chop from Light!] WHOO! [Light rears back, going for another, but Box balls up both his fists into a wrecking ball, and smashes Christian's hand with a baseball swing! That chop is going, going, gooooooone...!] **Angus:** Was that a Double-Axehandle Backfist Chop? **DDK:** I think that it was. **Angus:** Bronson Box, ladies and gentlemen, inventor and purveyor of new ways to beat the shit out of people since Nineteen-Wheneverthefuck he was born! [The hand that Box smashed was shaking, too stunned to form a fist. That was okay, since Bronson puts his head down and charges! Light is too off-balance to block, and Box's bald, shiny skull smashes Light's chin, hammering his jaw shut with an audible **CLICK**] **DDK:** That's an easy way to lose a tongue! [Bronson, knocked back from the impact, snarls and rushes in, tackling Light low with a football-style tackle! Light crashes to the mat with Bronson quickly moving into the ground mount!] **Angus:** This is the reason that Bronson Box is a perennial contender, folks, he fights like a pissed off meth-addicted wolverine! [Box has no compunctions against punching. With Light trying to shake the cobwebs off, Bronson puts one hand on the ground and hammers the other one down again and again and again!]

BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! **DDK:** And these fans here at ringside may just be remembering why they hated the Scottish Strongman in the first place! **Angus:** Yeah, well, I'm revoking the DEFIANCE Faithful Memberships of every last one of those neckbearded homos that cheered him on his way out here... [Light takes the facepunches like a champ, covering up and trying to return Box's strikes! But Bronson has the severe advantage of being the guy on top...] **DDK:** You know the DEFIAfans, Angus. They likes what they likes. **Angus:** That is to say, they like violent bald sociopaths with handlebar mustaches. **DDK:** Well, they did like Boston Bancroft too... [Light gets knocked loopy by the rapid-fire punches of the Bombastic One, but Box isn't done there! Hammering punches turn into tantrum-like hammerfists, and after three or four or five or six of those, Box balls both fists up and brings them down into Light's mush!] **DDK:** And now Boxer is just pounding on Light! It's like he's got some kind of vendetta against The Last Nighthawk's continued consciousness! **Angus:** Or. He's. Fucking. Crazy. [Boxer stands up over the prone, defenseless Light. He grins, steps on Light's chest, and waits for the referee to dive in.] ONE! TWO! THR- **Angus:** Nope. [Pow'rful Light kickout.] [Christian quickly begins to force himself up, as the Scot took a few bouncing steps back, bringing his fists up in careful guard. It was the Sweet Science.] **DDK:** It looks like Box is in a sparring mood now, is this really the time to give up an advantage on someone the likes of Christian Light? **Angus:** Is it ever the time? [Boxy waited for Christian to come up, allowing Light that one piece of kindness.] **DDK:** Here he goes! [It would allow Bronson to do exactly what he did: Pepper Light's jaw and nose with rapid-fire jabs! Pop, pop, pop pop pop!] **Angus:** Box has him all off his game here, he's toying with a three time former World Champion! [Light staggers backwards, arms windmilling, and Box rushes in to fire a windmill elbow into Light's face! **KRONK**] **DDK:** Okay, maybe it's not the sweet science so much as a little dirty boxing. Either way Bronson Box is **beating up** Christian Light and I can't believe that I'm even saying that! [And then a leaping dropping elbow! **WHUNK**] **Angus:** FUCK! [And Bronson shoots his head back... AND HAMMERS CHRISTIAN RIGHT IN THE FACE WITH A BRUTAL HEADBUTT!] **BOKK!** **Angus:** FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU- He's gonna KILL HIM! [Light weebles. And wobbles. And nearly falls backwards. But then, he catches himself, both fists clenching. He wouldn't go down to Bronson. Not while he had grit to fight through with.] **DDK:** Wait a minute, I know that look! [Christian Light forces one eye open, then shoots in. For a headbutt of his own.] **BOKK!** **Angus:** DWAAAAAAM! Light's not done yet! [Bronson's eyes shoot wide, both hands clapping to his forehead. The blood'eh Last Nighthawk-!] **DDK:** To cop a line from an Okie from Muskogee, I think Business is About to Pick Up! **Angus:** Really? You're stealing from a fat barbecue sauce slinger now? [Christian Light lunges forward, but Bronson Box sidesteps on his way across the ring! Box hits the ropes, and comes flying back at Li-] [Light had doubled back, getting a

running start to hit the ring ropes opposite where ol' Boxer had go-] **DDK:** SPEAR! LIGHT WITH A SPEAR! [Box hit the mat in a heap, Light absolutely OBLITERATING Bronson with that Spear! Box was down, and Light explodes back to his feet, a battle cry strong on his lips!] **Christian Light:**
YEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! [Box wasn't gonna stay down, though. He was already fighting up. And so, Christian Light reaches out, grabbing Bronson's head and hauling the Strongman in for a standing front headlock!] **Angus:** Here comes Light, stepping in to take control! **DDK:** It's Suplex City in here, Angus, population: Bronson Box! [Light tosses the arm over his head.] [Grabs Bronson by his trunks' waistband.] [LIIIIIIIFTS] **WHOOMPF** [After the entire ring is finished jumping a foot into the air from the impact of Light's "Marissa Buster", Light rolls Box over onto his back, the ref diving in.] **Angus:** CHRISTIAN LIGHT WITH THE LATERAL PRESS! HE'S GOT THE LEG! ONE TWO THREE- NO! [Boxer manages to throw a shoulder out at the last moment, Light slamming a fist into the mat in anger at the false fall.] **Angus:** No way it was gonna be that easy... **DDK:** He's not done! [Christian, full of adrenaline from that flurry, pops back to his feet, beckoning Bronson up with both hands, fingers splaying and clenching.] **Angus:** Come on Chris! Don't play his game! GET ON HIM! [Box pounds one fist's knuckles into the mat, then the other. Fully rolling onto his front, Box begins to fall back onto his haunches.] [LIGHT FLIES IN, AND CRACKS HIS SHIN ACROSS BRONSON'S CHEST WITH AN AUDIBLE WHACK! Box's eyes shoot wide and he pops to his feet, fists clenched. A red stripe was appearing across Bronson's pec.] **DDK:** HERE WE GO AGAIN! [Box hauls off, and hits Light across the chest with a knife-edged chop!] WHOO! [Light turns to the side, and fires off a chop of his own!] WHOO! [Box didn't want a repeat of the last time they had had a standoff. He lunges in and hammers a foot down across the tip of Light's boot, smashing his toes! As Light's eyes bulge, Bronson shoots that knee up, slamming it into Light's stomach!] **Angus:** That shit was just DIRTY! [Light doubles over, and Bronson grabs the back of Light's head, leaping and slamming both knees square into Light's face!] **DDK:** Dirty, but EFFECTIVE! [Bronson grabs ahold of Light's left hand, twisting it around with a graceful pirouette, exposing the chest to...] **WHOONK Angus:** HEART PUNCH~! **DDK:** Sacred Heart! **Angus:** Same thing! [Box grins in satisfaction, shaking off the sting of the impact. He didn't get to use that one very often. Light was down, eyes bulging as he gasped for breath. Bronson's legendary ability to strike was not overblown.] **DDK:** Box needs to go for a cover here! **Angus:** Ten bucks he doesn't. **DDK:** How do you- [Bronson grabs Light's arm, hauling Light over, onto his stomach. Standing astride the fallen Light, Bronson wipes his hands clean, grinning.] **DDK:** Nevermind. **Angus:** You owe me ten bucks. [And then leaps into the air, coming down ass-first across Light's spine! He grabs Christian's arms, hooking them over his legs, then reaches out to hook the head, pulling back on the Last Nighthawk's throat!] [Both hands locked together in a picture-perfect cravate, Bronson leans back as far as he can! The side-view of the shot shows Christian Light, creaking and groaning and slowly giving, bending backwards into a reverse capital C!] **DDK:** That's a mighty big man to be bending in that particular direction! **Angus:** There's jokes in there somewhere, believe it. [How do you know it's a capital? He's a former world champion. That's how.] [Bronson shakes his head and roars, gleefully celebrating his soon-to-be victory as Light's body is folded, spindled, and mutilated!] **DDK:** Listen to that, Angus, the crowd is SERIOUSLY into this one! LET'S GO CHRISTIAN [Stomp, stomp, stomp stomp stomp.] LET'S GO CHRISTIAN [Stomp, stomp, stomp stomp stomp.] [More and more of the crowd picked up the chant, trying to rally the fading Nighthawk, Dangerite, whatever'.] [But at the same time... A brutal, simple chant was picking up.] BOX! BOX! BOX! BOX! LET'S GO CHRISTIAN BOX! BOX! BOX! BOX! **Angus:** Ah, fer Christ's sake... [The Box chant had some definite Cheeto-smelling qualities to it, but it was a legitimate chant. The presence of such a thing seems to catch Light by surprise, allowing Bronson to let go of the cravate, dig his fingers into Light's throat, and continue hauling backwards! His other hand comes up to Christian's forehead, jabbing fingers into his faceflesh and tearing at it!] **Bronson Box:** GIVE UP, YEH BLOOD'EH SINNER! [Christian Light, teeth clenched, eyes squinting, manages to croak out "NOT... TODAY", but the camera is just too far away to hear it.] [Light suddenly twists, ending up on his back! Box watches on in shocked confusion. Light plants both hands on the mat above his head, shoves off and slides under Bronson's stance! As he does, he picks the ankle!] **DDK:** ROLL-THROUGH! [Light's trip slams Bronson facefirst into the mat! Light hauls up on that single leg, hooking under it with one arm! The other grabs at Bronson's tights, and Light pulls on Bronson until the Strongman had his face pressed into the mat, his legs quickly twisted into a pretzel!] **DDK:** LIGHT LEG-LOCK! [Christian brought a knee in, planting it squarely between Bronson's shoulderblades, and knelt down, forcing this new point of articulation to bend dramatically!] **Angus:** RIP HIM IN HALF CHRIS! [The ref slid in to check Bronson's willingness to give up!] **Benny Doyle:** DO YOU SUBMIT, BRONSON!? **Bronson Box:** CHOKE ON YER QUESTION YE BLOODY SOT! [Box lashes out, grabbing the ref by the shirt and YANKING him into his and Christian's tender embrace! The impact of the ref's body into Christian's side allows Bronson a moment to twist, kicking the tip of one boot between Christian's eyes!] **DDK:** Box with a little bit of mat-wizardry of his own! [Light howls in pain, stumbling backwards! Bronson nimbly lands on his feet, and blasts off, charging Christian and hitting him in the midsection with a shoulder!] [No

spear this time, Bronson keeps running, even to the ropes-] [AND RIGHT THROUGH!] [LIGHT AND BOX CRASH TO THE FLOOR!] [With both men's bodies strewn about, the referee comes rushing out of the ring to check on both men.] **Angus:** If he comes anywhere near here I'm gone. [First, Light. Then, Box. Both were alive, that was a plus. The Sports Legacy Institute might disagree on the definition of "unhurt", so suffice to say, they're able to keep going, according to Senior Ref Benny Doyle.] **DDK:** You ain't the only one! [And so, he begins his countout.] "ONE!" [Box is the first to stir. But not the first to begin truly moving. A weak wave of the arms. It seems that Bronson took a harsh fall. And as for Christian Light...] [Light's got the ring apron, and is hauling himself up!] **Angus:** Don't rip that, it's expensive! "TWO!" [Light is to one knee!] [Bronson is still waving his arms about like a baby that just discovered hands.] "THREE!" [Light is to two knees!] [Bronson puts his hands to his face.] "FOUR!" [Light is to one foot!] [Bronson rolls! Weakly! Slowly! Onto his side!] "FIVE!" [Light is to both feet! His fists clench, and he turns, rushing to Bronson and slamming a stomp into his chest!] "SIX!" [Light grabs Bronson, and bodily HAULS him to his feet! A grab of the back of Bronson's head, and Light turns, THROWING Box at the ring!] "SEVEN!" [Box manages to stomp a heel into the mat, twist, and send Light stumbling at the steel ringpost! Without a true Irish whip for magic momentum, Light doesn't go fully into the metal pillar...] "EIGHT!" [But Box's shoulderblock sends Light facefirst into the metal! WHAMMO!] "NINE!" [The Last Nighthawk slumped against the ringpost, and Bronson grins devilishly, quickly hopping up onto the apron... And rolls right under the ringrope. Then back out, to land on the floor!] **DDK:** The count is reset! **Angus:** YAY WRESTLING! [Bronson slips to the other side of the ringpost, grabbing the one of Light's arms that Christian had on the apron. A harsh yank, and the vaguely loopy Light was leaning against the apron chestfirst. Bronson reaches down to the other side...] [Grabs both of Light's wrists firmly in hand...] [AND BRONSON HAULS BACKWARDS, YANKING CHRISTIAN IN TO SMASH THE RINGPOST FACEFIRST!] BROOOOOONSOOOOOOON **Angus:** SHUTUP! [Box looks up, moustache twitching. Light slumps bonelessly to the floor, hands pressing weakly to his face.] BROOOOOONSOOOOOOON **Angus:** ASSHOLES! [Box doesn't know what to make of that. And Benny has decided to start that count up again.] "ONE!" [Bronson grabs a handful of Light's hair as best as he can, hauling Light up. And Light had some COLUH!] BROOOOOONSOOOOOOON [Bronson shoves the bleeding Light under the bottom rope, and rolls into the ring himself. No more countout follies.] BROOOOOONSOOOOOOON **Angus:** I think I'm going into cardiac arrest. **DDK:** Don't even joke about that! [Box grabs Light's arm, hauling Light up and off the ground. Light has been knocked insensate by the double impacts to the skull, and offers paltry resistance.] BROOOOOONSOOOOOOON! [Bronson manages to get Light's arm over his shoulders, grabs Light by the waist, and finishes the scooping-up motion... Bronson has Light in the fireman's carry!] BROOOOOONSOOOOOOON! [Bronson Box begins to spin! AIRPLANE spin!] BROOOOOONSOOOOOOON! [With the concussed and bleeding Light on his shoulders, Bronson whirls and spins, holding Light firmly in place! The Last Nighthawk has little choice but to enjoy the ride!] BROOOOOONSOOOOOOON!! [With the mysteriously loud Bronson chant getting to a fever pitch, Bronson suddenly allows the momentum to shift, throwing the whole damn rotation out of whack... And Box leaps into the air, twisting Light over!] [DEATH! VALLEY! DRIVER! LIGHT HITS WITH A KERWHAMMO, and Bronson floats over!] **DDK:** THEY'RE GOING BANANAS IN NEW ORLEANS! **Angus:** IT'S GODDAMNED BIZZARO-WORLD IN HERE! **BRON! SON! BRON! SON! ONE! BRON! SON! BRON! SON! TWO! BRON! SON! BRON! SON! THR-** [No, Light kicks out! And the portion of the crowd holding their breath and sitting on the edge of their feet explode!] RRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! LIGHT! LIGHT! LIGHT! LIGHT! **Angus:** That's more like it! [Bronson falls onto his knees, eyes wide. What, exactly, was it gonna take to put this guy away?!] [He comes to his feet, gritting his teeth, one hand clawed. Okay. If that was how it was gonna be.] **DDK:** I think we can safely say that Box has gotten mad. [Bronson grabs onto that clawed hand's wrist, eyes bulging. He wasn't gonna let Light slip through his fingers. He was gonna hold on tight. Bronson licks his lips, waiting, antsy.] **Angus:** I can't watch this. [Light stirs, hand clutched to his head. Blood trickles through his fingers, and Bronson grins, chuckling softly.] [Light manages to roll to his side, and began to crawl on his belly toward the ring ropes.] **BRON! SON! BRON! SON! LIGHT! LIGHT! LIGHT!** [Light gets to the ropes, grabbing the bottom one with both hands. He swallows, hard. And pulls. Christian Light comes to a knee.] [As Bronson stalks Light, and Light begins pulling himself up, kids in the front row are desperately, desperately pointing behind Christian Light.] [The Last Nighthawk has been knocked woozy, and may be concussed. But he's a seasoned vet. And when the marks are marking...] [Light pulls himself to his feet. Bronson brings that hand back, waiting for the perfect moment. Light turns...] [GOD'S FIERY RIGHT HA-BLOCK] **DDK:** NO! **Angus:** WHAT'D I MISS? [Light grabs onto Bronson's incoming wrist with both hands, shoulders set!] [Bronson strains and pushes, trying to get that hand in, onto Christian's face! Light mightily pushes against the oncoming tide!] **DDK:** It's a war of attrition now! **Angus:** Now? It's just NOW a war? [Bronson snarls angrily, and fires off a vicious stomping kick to Light's stomach! Then another,

and a third! And a stamp to Light's toes once more!] [Bronson brings the hand back, and shoots it off once more for the Iron Claw, but Bronson didn't count on one thing! Light knew exactly what was coming!] [Light sidesteps ever-so-slightly, and rushes in himself! Both hands reach out, clapping against Box's skin!] [LIGHT SHOVS BOX INTO THE AIR WITH THE GORILLA PRESS! LETS GO! GRAVITY GRABS AHOLD OF THE STRONGMAN!]

WHOOMP [Box falls into the DDT!] **DDK:** REALIZING THE DREAM! [Christian and Box fall, both flat-out. Light ends up flat on his back, Box facedown. Both stay down.] [For a long. Long time.] **Angus:** THEY'RE BOTH DEAD! [Christian manages to struggle back up to a seated position, blood trickling down his face. He either blew the scab or scraped his face up on the RTD, 'cuz he was bleedin' fresh.] [Box was weakly crawling to the ropes himself.] [Christian, weary but confident, hauls himself to his feet, only staggering once! Bronson grabs onto the turnbuckle ropes, pulling himself up one hand at a time.] **DDK:** No, they're up! And they're gonna meet in the middle of the ring again! [Christian beckons Box on, a simple, flat grin on his lips.] [Bronson, fingers still clawed on that hand, pulls himself up. Christian is watching. And waiting.] [Once back up, Bronson spins around, lets out a HELLACIOUS scream of "YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!", and charges Christian with that clawed hand!]

Angus: Big mistake. [Light ducks Box's lunging hand, scooping him up, onto the Fireman's carry! No, scratch that... Torture Rack pickup!] [And just as smooth as Light got Box up there, he twists and drops Bronson out of it!]

[illegible]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! **Angus:** LIGHT WINS!

LIGHT WINS! LIGHT WIIIIIIINS!!! **DDK:** And Benny Doyle grabs Light's hand and signals that he has indeed won the match! **Angus:** That's it! We're outta time! **DDK:** But first, here's the updated graphic with the FINAL FOUR of the Grand Champions League!

