

Cancer Jiles cold open

[Cold open on COOL Cancer Jiles. He's standing in the ring. His shades are on, his hair is primped, and he's still wearing the street clothes he's been wearing for the past week.]

[Luckily, they have been washed.]

[Holding a microphone in his one hand, and the top ring rope in his other, Lord COOL patiently waits for his four minute entrance song to conclude.]

[Screaming Jay Hawkins knows how to drown out a crowd. Even in Seattle.]

CCJ:

I've been blinded by Mongoloids, Defiance. This whole time, I should have been rejoicing, and praising myself for another clean, decisive, and non-controversial victory over Jeff Andrews.

Instead, I've been bothered by Kev Cage and Mikey Laberty.

Well, bothered by them... no more.

[Cancer wipes his hands clean of the situation.]

CCJ:

Jeff Andrews, I beat you. I signed a contract before our match that said, if I won, I was a Defiance Wrestler and I could pick whichever pot I wanted to shit in.

Well, I did you a fucking favor, Jeff. I swallowed the pill and said sure, I'll bump your old buddy's ratings through the fucking roof. Said, don't worry, I'll pick up Heritage on my lonely shoulders-- and carry them against Evolution Tee-Vee.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!

CCJ: [pointing out]

YOU shut the fuck up! I'm talking about serious business out here!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!

CCJ: [trying his best to ignore the raucous behavior]

Time for you to be a fucking man, Jeff. You're not a coward. You don't run in the face of adversity. You don't hide behind your more successful wife.

...okay maybe you do that.

But, needless to say, Jeff Andrews, you're a man's man.

Stop being bitter, and give me my hard earned points you crumb-bum. I'll just take the five. I don't need any bonuses, or anything else that comes with beating someones ass around and about the arena.

Just give me the points that a contracted wrestler receives for winning a match. Then, I can get out of this ring, and allow the show to go on.

[Lord COOL's grin goes a gaping.]

CCJ:

But, until you do what I have asked, Queen Surly, I'm going to sit right fucking here-- talking about how I thwarted you

in every big moment we've ever shared together.

BOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

CCJ:

Now-Now you pathetic Mongoloids, better sit down and keep quiet. This WILL take a while.

[A particularly awesome guitar riff hits.]

[It's "Sin's a Good Man's Brother", Monster Magnet's cover.]

[Jeff Andrews' theme]

[The King of the Bittermen, his green and yellow mesh John Deere trucker's cap placed appropriately atop his head, walks out onto the top of the ramp. In his right hand, he holds a microphone, in the left, a clipboard.]

*# This might sound a little bit crazy #
But I don't think that we should be so lazy #
You say you've heard this before #
Well stick around, I'm gonna #
Tell you more! #*

[Andrews raises his hand, and the music fades.]

Andrews:

You know... it seems to me that since you weren't on the actual Defiance roster at the moment you won our match, you aren't eligible for points. But I decided to consult the points sheet and see what it had to say, if there was any sort of official rule about matches for contracts.

[Pause.]

Andrews:

So I've decided that, for once in my career, I'll be a good sport. You won, you figured out how to win, and I suppose I'd be a hypocrite for taking that out on you, since I've used... unconventional means to win matches before.

[Jiles is self righteous as FUCK and swaggers around.]

Andrews:

So therefore, as an honest and responsible baws, I'll award you your points based on the rules.

[Andrews raises the clipboard, clears his throat loudly.]

Andrews:

Please receive with pride your ONE POINT for your disqualification win!

[The fans love this]

[Jiles does not.]

CCJ:

One? Point? ONE POINT! ONE FUCKING POINT!!!! That's blasphemous! That's indignant! That's... that's a crock of horse shit! ANDREWS!!!! Stop fucking with me, and make me POINTS LEADER! NAO!!!

[Cancer's temper tantrum brings the crowd to an uproar. Most of the Defiance faithful laugh and point at King COOL, as if he were stealing money from the poor.]

Andrews:

Don't feel bad, Cancer. All you have to do is do that four more times and we'll be even for that time I hit you with the Ultraglide in the tag title tournament. And five more times after that and we'll be even for the time I PINNED YOU WITH A BACKSLIDE to win the Southern Heritage Title!

CCJ: [disgusted]

Oh now look at you.... you smug motherfucker. Jeff, remind me. Who just retired you? Who just put you on the shelf, and back in the booth?

Actually, don't remind me.

[Jeff had a great one point joke to say. Luckily, Cancer saw it on his face, and that's why he told him not to remind him.]

CCJ:

What type of example are you trying to set? Cheating your worst enemy. Think about the kids, Jeff. THE KIDS! What are they going to say? Oh look, I work my ass off to get a spot, and the reward is one point.

One point?

[Cancer sure is going into the well for these points.]

Andrews:

If you don't like the scoring sheet, take it up with Eric Dane, and if you don't want me to disqualify myself in matches, don't hit me with a tire iron.

[Srsly. Shit hurt, and it left a mark.]

Andrews:

And as you damn well know, I'm supposed to be helping Darren Keebler and Cito Conarri introduce the show. So, I'ma go do that now, and if you ain't out of my ring and off the mic in 15 seconds, you're losing 2 points.

[With very poor grace, Jiles flings his mic to the ground. He "coincidentally" "forgot" to turn it off, and the resulting sonic boom makes every fan in the building wince.]

Commentary opening

“Downtown” Darren Keebler:

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Heritage TV 04! I'm your host and moderator, Darren Keebler, and I'm here with the League Commissioner, Cito Conarri, and Jeff Andrews isn't here at the moment.

[Fade up to DDK, Conarri, and an empty chair.]

Cito Conarri:

We're gearing up for the first interleague show, and so we've only got three matches for you all tonight. The main event of the interleague show is a Tables, Ladders and Chairs match, and each person who wins a match here in Heritage League, will go on to face Dan Ryan, Alceo Dentari and Jack Bryant of Evolution League in the TLC.

DDK:

In our first match of the night, it's going to be a battle of the big men. Christian Light, Adam Waterman, and Jan Gin Xiao.

[Jeff Andrews walks into the commentation station and slumps into his chair.]

Andrews:

God fucking damn.

[Conarri and DDK exchange glances.]

DDK:

In the second match, we've got Kevin Cage, Cancer Jiles, Michel LaLiberte and Fishman Deluxe. And in tonight's main event, we have Eugene Dewey, Mr. Destruction, Kengoro Sugamoto, and league leader Clair St. Sure.

Andrews:

If I have to deal with Cancer Jiles one more time tonight, I swear to God there's gonna be a murder taking place.

Conarri:

...So, while we try to get Jeff cooled down, we've got words from the Faces of Death. And after that, Michel LaLiberte was on the radio today, and we'll be hearing that as well.

Andrews:

displeased mumbling

Christian Light and the Faces of Death

[The Faces of Death stood facing one another. With their faces. Face.]

[Both were in the old Faces of Death mondo logo tee-shirt, with their trunks on underneath. Product placement~!]

Adam Waterman:

Last time was a fluke. One bad night. And we're gonna make sure tonight is gonna be different.

Kengoro Sugamoto:

Light must fall. You must stake a flag in his fallen corpse, and use that to restart your reign of terror.

[Waterman slapped Kengoro on the shoulder, grinning.]

Waterman:

Hell yes. And... I don't need to tell you anything. I'm confident you're gonna avenge my loss, AND make Mr. Mister look like a joke. And slap a fat nerd.

Sugamoto:

I will. An-

[This was the moment that a man came around the corner, wheeled suitcase in one hand. As he saw the two men having their little pow-wow in the hallway, he drew off his sunglasses, folded them calmly, and tucked them into the collar of his Hines Ward Pittsburgh Steelers jersey.]

[Christian Light gave a casual smile to his opponent and his opponent's compadre.]

Christian Light:

Gentlemen.

Waterman:

Ooooooh. Lookie who strolls into the building. The man being handed a golden goose... Who intends to take his spot back from us young upstarts.

Sugamoto:

A future victim. A walking assault case, soon to be made.

Light:

I'm here to wrestle, and prove myself. Just like every other company I've ever worked for. With the former League Leader and a young lion across the ring from me, my match tonight is anything but easy. Don't sell yourself short, Adam.

[Waterman's eyes narrow, and he clenched his fists, lip twitching.]

Waterman:

You may refer to me as your once and future King, Chrissy. And I'll have you know that I'm gonna start my Ascension to the Crown offa your ass, Former World Champion Christian Li-

Light:

I accept your invitation.

Adam Waterman:

-ght. What?

[Both Faces of Death stop in their tracks, somewhat surprised by what they were hearing.]

Christian Light:

Your open invitation? For anyone to come to the Faces of Death Training Temple and receive the unparalleled training available there? I accept. I will see you in Mechanicville.

[...]

Waterman:

Well... Okay then!

Sugamoto:

We'll see you there!

Waterman:

Can't wait!

[Christian Light nodded knowingly, adjusted his grip on his rolling suitcase, and went by the two. As he headed down the hallway, Adam and Kengoro watched him go, still dumbfounded.]

Sugamoto:

We'll see you soon!

Waterman:

Yeah! Hope you'll be ready!

[F2B.]

LaLiberte on the radio

[Recorded earlier.]

[New Day Northwest, Seattle's premier mid-morning talk show. Host Margaret Lawson sits to the right of Michel LaLiberte, who is smartly dressed in a silver-grey suit jacket, powder blue Brooks Brothers dress shirt, and a pair of Tommy Hilfiger blue jeans. He's wearing powder blue socks, and a simple black pair of loafers. The music and applause indicates we've just returned from commercial.]

Margaret Lawson:

And we're back! Joining me today is Defiance Wrestling's hottest new prospect, wrestler Michael LaLiberty.

[He visibly cringes.]

Lawson:

Ooh, I knew I was going to say that wrong. I'm sorry.

LaLiberte:

It's okay.

Lawson:

Our viewers across Canada on the Bell and Shaw systems are likely clamoring around their televisions, as Michel, did I say that right?

[He nods.]

Lawson:

As Michel is a Canadian wrestler as well. And tonight he's at the KeyCenter with Defiance Wrestling's Heritage brand, for their next television show. How exciting! Tell us about your match tonight, Michel!

LaLiberte: [flashing his trademark smile]

Merci, Margaret. Tonight I face Fishman Deluxe, Kevin Cage and Cancer Jiles dans un match to determine w'o advances to t'e supershow 'nd a chance at fifty t'ousand dollars.

Lawson:

That sounds exciting! And just think, if you win tonight you can say you beat Cancer!

[Ed. note: Please, try not to groan all at once.]

LaLiberte:

I can actually already say t'at. I beat 'im in t'e Preseason t'at was 'eld shortly before t'e actual deal got underway. I was in a match wit' 'im and Evolution star T'e Phoenix Jake Donovan, 'nd I 'it 'im wit' my finish, t'e Best Face Forward, 'nd got t'e t'ree count.

Larson:

Didn't I see somewhere here that you also defeated one of your other competitors, Fishman Deluxe, on the very first Heritage Television show?

LaLiberte:

T'at's right, Margaret. T'he only one I 'aven't faced in t'e ring yet is Kevin Cage, 'nd 'e seems to be focused on Jiles, as well as proving 'es some'ow t'is big badass. 'e talks big, but 'es still got to get past t'e 'ottest rising star in all of wrestling today. I figure Cage and Jiles will be focused wit' each ot'er, but to ensure t'at t'ey stay occupied while I concentrate on Fishman, I'll bring un miroir for Jiles, so 'e can look at 'is 'omely reflection and drool, 'nd a grade t'ree mat' test for Cage, so 'e can drool while 'e tries to determine 'is twelve times tables, non?

[Laugh track, with some smattering of chuckles from the live crowd.]

Larson:

So you don't expect to have a difficult time tonight?

LaLiberte:

Oh, I didn't say t'at. I recognize t'at I'm new, and inexperienced. It'll take everyt'ing I've got to survive. 'ell, I nearly got past Christian Light, 'nd t'at was wit' a 'erculean effort. Non, je suis dans un lutte difficile, er, a difficult fight. I'm just confident in mes chances.

Larson:

Well, we'll find out tonight at the KeyCenter! Defiance Wrestling's Heritage Television! Tune in tonight on ESEN TV!

[Fade.]

SportsCenter: JGX vs Light vs Waterman

DDK:

Fans, we're just about to get started with our first match, the three way dance between Adam Waterman, Christian Light and Jan Gin Xiao.

Conarri:

Adam Waterman was the league leader up until Heritage 03, where he was submitted by Clair St. Sure and the Truly Untouchabreaker. Now contrary to rumor he was NOT docked 5 points for being the league leader and losing a match. That's the trouble when you have two different copies of the scoring sheet floating around. League Leaders do not lose points on a loss. Adam was docked five points for an unrelated incident.

Andrews:

Jan Gin Xiao, that's JGX for short, he made an immediate impact in Defiance when he defeated Eugene Dewey in his first match. Then he dropped one to Clair St. Sure, but went back into the W column over Justin Brooks.

DDK:

Point of discussion, gentlemen. Based on his performance so far, do you think JGX is a top of the line competitor, or did he get lucky against Eugene Dewey in his debut?

Conarri:

Dewey's wrestling style revolves around using his weight to his advantage. JGX does the same thing, but he has a legitimate martial arts discipline in sumo and an extra hundred fifty pounds or so.

Andrews:

Yep. I call that style "Immovable Object". Course CSS moved it, but you can't really hold that loss against him since she's undefeated so far. But you can't really hold the win over JB for him, either. Still, Eugene Dewey doesn't lose often, I'm gonna say he's legit.

DDK:

Also in the match, Christian Light. Former World Champion in the WfWA and CAL interfeds, new to Defiance but not to its larger fanbase and many of the wrestlers here. Guys how do you see this one coming down?

Andrews:

Now I'm not tryin to slam Waterman, don't get me wrong, but I'll call it out - dude lost his mystique with that slow start in the regular season. But he came in as an unknown quantity, and now that people know what he's bringing to the table, they're ready to deal with it. Light, though, can do most of the same thing in the ring that Waterman can. As for JGX, he's gonna be hard for either of them to move, but Light's been around long enough to know how to move guys that size. Don't know about Waterman for sure but I'd be surprised if the Faces of Death camp doesn't have a hoss-sized dude in it.

Conarri:

The thing that's going to give Christian Light a huge advantage in this match is that he can work the mat. Waterman's strong even for his size, but he's not a grappler. JGX can't really use his weight to full effect once he's off his feet. I'll take Light.

Andrews:

I agree that on the paper it looks like Light's got the advantage, but Waterman, he didn't show it much during the preseason cos couldn't no one step to him, but he's a sneaky little bastard. I can totally see him stealing this one out from under Light.

Adam Waterman vs Christian Light vs Jan Gin Xiao

Let's make these "entrances" short and sweet 'cause nobody cares. JGX waddled, big ass n' all, down to the ring. Waterman got spattered with catcalls and acted like an arrogant douche. Light slapped hands, got the crowd all jacked up, and made it over a half-ton (goddamn) standing in the ring together.

BIG motherfuckers.
BIGGER stakes.

DING! DING! DING!

In a surprising move, JGX immediately rumbled forward at Christian Light, who easily sidestepped the charge and watched as the giant ex-sumo slammed sternum-first into the buckles. Light ripped him around and then proceeded to tear up his chest with wicked knife-edge chops. Waterman seemed content to lean back into the corner where he started as Light hit a pivoting Belly-to-Belly Suplex. Waterman, seeing both men down (in one form or another), seized the opportunity and planted a double-axe handle between Christian's shoulder blades. Another one slowed the Last Nighthawk, but couldn't stop him from getting back up. Waterman looked for the German, which was blocked, and ate a counter-elbow for his troubles. Light rebounded off the ropes like a house a' fire and SPEARED the snot out of Waterman. Light went for the quick fall, but even a textbook pin only garnered a two count.

Unfortunately for Light and Waterman, forty hundred-twenty three pounds of sumo came crashing down on them (see - pancakes). As both rolled away from each other and gasped for air, JGX got back to his feet, zeroed in on Waterman, and dropped a massive leg across his throat. That's called getting your larynx crushed like an empty soda can. JGX laid his massive frame across Mister H20's chest for the fall. It wasn't to be as Light broke the count at two, whether Waterman needed it or not. Light helped JGX to his feet, but received an open-handed palm thrust to the throat for his kindness.

BOOOO!

So far, Xiao had shown a willingness to go for the jugular, literally. JGX wrapped his arms around the small of Light's back and hoisted the six foot-six inch former World Champion into the air. Straight power, son. Even the near three hundred-pounder Light looked small in the titanic Sumo's grasp. JGX ragdolled Light as Referee Mark Shields kept tabs, albeit lackadaisically, on the action. The fans begged for Light to escape the backbreaking Bear Hug, but it was an Adam Waterman chopblock that halted the festivities. Waterman's index finger tapped his temple; his mile-wide grin was quickly replaced with a snarl as he fury-stomped the hell out of JGX. Mister H20 grabbed JGX by his hair, pulled him up, and bounced off the near ropes!

Running Shoulder Tackle!

JGX rocked and swayed, but wouldn't go down!

Another Running Shoulder Tackle!

Still on his feet!

Flying Shoulder Tackle! Down goes JGX!

Waterman, wasting little time, measured up Xiao, leapt (showing off an impressive vertical), and sniped him with a leaping Knee Drop. Though Mister H20 seemed prime for a cover, Christian Light had brought himself back into play and, with surprise on his side, managed to dump the Kalamazoo native (that's Waterman) over the top rope. With the third wheel disposed of, Light turned his undivided attention to Jan Gin Xiao, whose chest heaved up and down, up and down. Light, crouched patiently, waited as the four hundred-pounder struggled to his feet and then pounced with a Running Bulldog that planted JGX. Xiao was straight tuckered, obviously, and Light hooked a leg looking for his ticket to the TLC Match. Somehow, at the last second, as Shields hand closed in on the canvas for the third time, Jan Gin Xiao managed to shoot a shoulder up.

Cue CROWD GROAN!

They fuckin' love Christian Light.

The Last Nighthawk didn't mope. Instead, he headed straight toward the turnbuckles and, with gazelle-esque grace (gayest shit I've ever said), he slingshot himself onto the top turnbuckle. It's a Long Way Down, folks!

OOOOOO!

Light made the short trip! Courtesy, of none other, than Adam Waterman, who shook the cables enough to crotch Christian Light on the top turnbuckle. Waterman shook the cobwebs loose and climbed onto the ring apron. People got wide-eyed, deer in the headlights-style, when Waterman charged at Light and clean his fuckin' clock with a Clothesline! Light flipped ass over tea kettle and fell to the outside in a heap. Waterman grinned that shit-eating grin and turned toward Light's beloved fans.

"That's your hero! Right fucking there!"

Then he laughed like a dickhead.

Light didn't look all that great on the outside, but Waterman wasn't about to give him a minute to collect himself. Waterman knelt down by the revered Light and tore into him with rapid-fire punches to the dome. Waterman briefly jaw-jacked with the fans before turning back to Christian and standing him up.

THUD!

That's the sound your back makes when Mister H2O whips you into the steel post. Waterman stalked in on the dinged-up multi-time World Champion and repeatedly slammed his back against the unforgiving ring post. Waterman switched into a front facelock and drove Light into the ground with a Snap DDT. With his biggest threat (ability, not size) immobilized, Waterman rolled back into the ring where JGX was recovered and back to his feet. Waterman, not wanting to waste any time, headed straight for him and JGX did the same. With the power and weight advantage, JGX easily pushed Waterman into the corner and fired off a series of open-palm strikes that met their mark. JGX backed up halfway across the ring and charged at Waterman!

Avalanche Splash!

JGX backed away, once again, and Waterman stumbled out toward him!

The Red Wave! Dead center!

One! TWO! THREE! NO! Shoulder up!

JGX slammed his hands into the canvas in frustration. Waterman took a huge gulp of air and Light stirred on the outside. JGX plodded along, pulled Waterman to his feet, and sent him into the ropes. Short-arm Clothesline! The ex-Sumo dragged Waterman over to the corner and started his slow climb to the second turnbuckle. Yeah, we're talking death here. Chest caved in. Eyeballs popped out. Broken tailbone!?

For JGX, maybe, 'cause Waterman skipped town! JGX came up empty!

Waterman pulled himself up with the ropes and JGX slowly worked up, too. Waterman had his back turned to JGX as he approached the arrogant Waterman, who spun around at the last second to see a Running Forearm Strike coming at his skull. Ducked! Waterman hooked him up for The Waterfall! Desperation elbows from JGX! Waterman still trying! JGX hits his mark and knocks Waterman clear!

Right hand to JGX! That's Christian Light, boys and girls!

Right hand to Waterman!
Back and forth! Back and forth!
Light's lighting up both men!

The Last Nighthawk hit a Running High Knee to Jan Gin Xiao! Waterman charges in for Light and gets sent into orbit with a Back Body Drop for the effort! JGX back up, charges in for Light! Spinebuster! The ring rattled as the four hundred-pounder was driven into the canvas. Light popped up immediately and got a hold of JGX's leg!

Light Leg-Lock! JGX trying to crawl toward the ropes! Light rears back!

JGX is beat! Waterman claws his way into the ring!

TAP! TAP! TAP!

Winner: Christian Light (Light Leg Lock)

Commentary interlude

DDK:

So Christian Light picks up the win, and he's moving on to the TLC match at the interleague show. Thoughts?

Conarri:

Honestly, the most predictable outcome is usually going to be the correct one. Sorry Jeff.

Andrews:

Just as well. I think Waterman's scared of heights, and no idea how JGX was going to climb a ladder.

DDK:

Anyway. We're going to go backstage for a bit and catch up with Christian Light.

Pickup lines and suplexes

[Christy Zane catches up with us backstage. There's some murmuring just to the side of the craft services table, and she wants to know what's going on. Rounding the corner, she sees Michel LaLiberte and Christian Light standing off to the side. Light seems to be teaching the rookie something as his hands are making motions and Michel appears to be listening intently.]

Michel LaLiberte:

So I 'ook it in, take a deep breat' an' 'eave 'im over?

"The Last Nighthawk" Christian Light:

Yeah, that's basically it. Make sure to lift with your knees, not with your back, otherwise you're going to end up in an orthopedic's office sooner rather than later.

[Christian presses lightly into the front of his hips with his fingers.]

Light:

When you're doing it right, you'll feel a "popping" sensation in your hips...right about here...that you may not be used to. You'll get accustomed to it after a while, but that feeling's what you're looking for when you execute it.

[LaLiberte notices Zane's approach, and slaps on that famous smile.]

LaLiberte: [looking at Zane the entire time]

Oh, I know what t'at popping sensation is.

[Light looks at LaLiberte, somewhat surprised at the response. He turns and follows his gaze to Christy Zane, then smiles, and shakes his head.]

LaLiberte:

'ere to get some more one on one time wit' me, Mademoiselle Zane?

Zane:

Not, er, quite. I heard the two of you talking, and figured I'd get the scoop. This looks like you're getting some last second tips on the Exploder Suplex before your match tonight. You're learning from one of the best, so good on you.

LaLiberte:

Yes, well, I ran into 'im 'ere at t'e coffee machine, asked a couple of questions, et voila! Speaking of which, I forgot to tell you t'at you did good out t'ere tonight.

[He claps Light on the back, and Light smiles.]

Light:

Thanks, Michel. But, now that I have my coffee...

[Christian turns around and grabs a foam cup from the nearby table.]

Light:

...it's about time I leave you to your pre-match interview. Good luck out there tonight, Michel. Christy, he's all yours.

[Christian walks away out of shot. The camera focuses on Christy, who is watching Christian go, and Michel, who is trying to get a peak at Christy's *ahem* covered places.]

LaLiberte: [clearing his throat and looking away quickly as she turns her attention back to him.]

Ahem. I, ah, je m'excuse.

[He leaves her looking bewildered as he scurries off. Fade.]

Cancer Jiles almost dies

[The shot switches to the backstage area.]

[Walking down a long hallway like he owns the joint, is the Lord of COOL, Cancer Jiles. He's wearing full ring gear, and playfully lofting an egg in the air to himself as he moseys along.]

[Guess nobody wanted to play catch the egg with Cancer the Cool. I wonder why?]

[Then, the shot quickly switches to that of Kevin Cage, the destroyer of men. He's also walking down a long hallway, and also wearing his ring gear; but instead of playing catch the egg, he's holding a steel folding chair.]

[The shot of Cage stomping down the yard slowly begins to pull back, revealing a crossroad if you will. See, Cancer's hallway, and Kevin's hallway... well they intersect.]

[The two men, as if in cue, turn the corner and walk directly into each other! The egg talented warrior of COOL is able to catch his oval fixation before hastily shuffling a few steps back. Kevin holds his ground, grinning wide with feverish anticipation of the kill.]

CCJ: [reeling]

Uh... lets talk about this.

[The former WWA Champion sadistically nods his head no, signaling the time for talk is over.]

CCJ: [trying to think at the speed of light]

I see. Well...

[Cancer, being Cancer, throws the egg at Cage. Kevin, being athletic, knocks it out of the park with the steel folding chair. The forceful impact shatters the egg, and sends particles of yolk and shell in Cancer's direction.]

[I say direction, because Jiles bolted as soon the steel folding chair with his face written on it got raised.]

Kevin Cage: [bass heavy]

YOU CAN RUN CANCER JILES!!! BUT YOU CAN NOT HIDE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

[Kevin was right. The two are set to square off in the ring.]

[Next.]

SportsCenter: Cage/Fishman/Jiles/LaLiberte

DDK:

So, Kevin Cage and Cancer Jiles finally end up in the ring together. Of course, it's a four way dance also including Fishman Deluxe and Michel LaLiberte.

Andrews:

Can I speak for all of us and agree that we'll leave Fishman out of the discussion? He's unlikely to not be a non-entity in the match.

DDK:

Sure.

Conarri:

Guys like Kevin Cage, and Cancer Jiles. They've one thing in common and that's that neither of them likes the thought that there's anyone out there who the fans dislike more than themselves. Between them, it's as much ego stroking as anything else.

Andrews:

I can testify from first hand experience that Conarri's right on.

DDK:

So Jiles and Cage are gunning for each other, and Fishman's a non-entity, but how does Michel LaLiberte fit into this?

Andrews:

Ups to the rookie for having the sense to listen to Christian Light. Problem is, Kevin Cage is gonna be just like Christian Light. Only, instead of stuffing him off with power moves, he's gonna cheat and make sure Laliberty can't get anything going. Also, Cancer Jiles is faggort and must die.

Conarri:

I'll... have to go with Cancer Jiles in this one. If it were a straight up fight, I'd take Kevin Cage easily. But, as we've seen, Jiles excels in getting other people angry and then capitalizing on their mistakes.

Andrews:

displeased mumbling

Cancer Jiles vs Fishman Deluxe vs Kevin Cage vs Michel LaLiberte

Michel Laliberte came down to the ring first, followed by Fishman Deluxe. Cancer Jiles was third out and finally Kevin Cage headed down.

As Cage climbed into the ring Fishman Deluxe and Cancer Jiles stood their ground, but Michel Laliberte dove to the outside and seemed to wave off the match. He headed round the ring and looked to head to the back. Fishman Deluze was having none of those shenanigans though and headed out of the ring after him.

Fishman grabbed LaLiberte by his tights' waistline and, after sneaking a quick peak, dragged him back to the ringside area. Laliberte turned and landed a right hand into the masked face of Mr. Deluxe before turning to see Cancer Jiles soar over the top rope in a plancha down onto both he and Fishman.

Kevin Cage meanwhile stood in the ring shaking his head at everything that transpired on the outside. As Jiles got back to his feet Cage grabbed hold of the top rope and looked as though he were about to dive over himself. Just as the crowd erupted Cage laughed and waved them off. Instead he headed back into the middle of the ring and taunted Jiles to come get him.

Jiles obliged and slid into the ring. Cage threw a right hand, but Jiles ducked it and went behind, Cage turned quickly though and blocked a right hand attempt from Jiles, he lifted Jiles up and drove him hard down to the canvas with a spinebuster, Cage went for an early cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Fishman Deluxe just managed to dive into the ring between the ropes dove into the mix and landed with an axe-handle to the back of Cage's head.

Fishman's legs however were still dangling outside the ring, enough of an invitation for LaLiberte to drag him back to the outside. Fishman bellyflopped down onto the arena floor before his chin connected hard with the ground as well.

Jiles by this time had managed to pull himself together and drag himself to his feet. Cage came at him, bro, and fast. Jiles still had the wherewithall though and planted a well placed thumb right into Cage's eye. Jiles went behind and rolled Cage up in a schoolboy!

ONE!

TWO!

Cage kicked out, but if he hadn't, LaLiberte would have been there to break up the pin.

Jiles got back to his feet but got rolled up for his troubles by the froggy, froggy French Canadian,

ONE!

Jiles kicked out.

LaLiberte got to his feet and turned right into a spinebuster from Cage. Cage stood up and posed for the crowd

absolutely nobody.

Jiles got back to his feet and charged at Cage. Cage reacted quickly though and delivered a stiff clothesline.. Jiles hit the mat and almost bounced back up to his feet, only gets taken down with another. Jiles Bounced up one more time into a scoop slam from Cage. Cage Then dropped an elbow directly into Jiles' heart.

Fishman tried to crawl his way into the ring but took a boot to the face from Cage. Cage leaned over the top rope and pointed down to Fishman, telling him to stay down. While leaning out of the ring though, LaLiberte came from nowhere, Jumped over the top rope and dropped Cage's neck down across the top rope with a hot shot.

Cage bounced back into the ring and turned right into a superkick from Jiles. That's right, Terminal Cancer! Cage didn't drop to the canvas though as he took the majority of the shot to the chest, instead Cage stumbled backwards and tumbled through the ropes to join Fishman and Laliberte..

Laliberte landed a couple of forearms into Cage's shoulders while Jiles slowly made his way to the outside. Cage started to fight back with a left to Michel's midsection but Jiles quickly jumped in and hit a couple of forearms of his own.

Laliberte and Jiles rolled Cage back into the ring and Jiles seemed to suggest they work together, pointing to Cage in the middle of the ring. LaLiberte nodded in agreement and slid into the ring, expecting to be joined by his new partner. Jiles however had other plans and hung back on the outside of the ring. Cage had started to stir, so LaLiberte had no choice but to try and take on the big man by himself. He grabbed Cage by the head and started to pull Cage to his feet, meanwhile Jiles just waved to Michel from the outside.

Michel brought Cage back to his feet, only for Kevin to burst to life and break Michel's grip on his ears. He wrapped both hands around LaLiberte's throat before lifting him and dropping him down with a two handed chokeslam.

Jiles smiled on the outside over his deception as Fishman came out of nowhere and pushed him into the ring post. Jiles collided with a sickening thud, shoulder first, with the steel. Fishman slid back into the ring ready to put a hurtin' to somebody. Cage turned and received a dropkick from Fishman, instead of being taken down though, he simply shrugged it off and stalked Fishman back to the corner. Fishman threw a right hand into Cage's bread basket and hit the ropes. He came back with an attempted spear, but ran into nothing but a wall of concrete abs. Cage grabbed Fishman by the head and laid him out with a headbutt.

Laliberte got back to his feet, rans at Cage and hit him with a chopblock, dropping Cage to one knee. Laliberte stomped away at the same knee before pushing Cage over and dropping an elbow down onto the same joint. Laliberte locked in a heel hook and cranked on it in the middle of the ring.

Fishman dove into the mix once again and broke the hold with a right hand to LaLiberte's temple. He grabbed Laliberte and pulled him up to his feet. Fishman ran Michel over towards the ropes and cast him over, But LaLiberte hooked onto the top rope and landed on the apron. Cage has managed to get to his feet in this time and charged at Deluxe, but the fishman delivered a dropkick to the same knee LaLiberte had just been working over. Cage stumbled into Laliberte, spearing him off the apron.

Laliberte crashed chest first into the guardrail to the soundtrack of a pop from the crowd. Fishman drove a couple of

forearms into Cage's back as Jiles slid back into the ring and snuck up from behind. One belly to back side-suplex later and Jiles was going for a cover on the Fishman!

ONE!

TWO!

Cage stomped down onto the back of Jiles' head to break the pinfall.

Kevin Cage pulled Cancer up to his feet and sent him into the ropes with an Irish whip. Jiles ducked a clothesline attempt and hit the other side, He came back and dropped Cage with a DDTs after Cage had ducked down for an attempted back body drop.

Jiles covered Cage this time!

ONE!

TWO!

Fishman dove on top to break the fall!

Fishman and Jiles both got to their feet. Fishman blews a kiss to Jiles which enraged da COOLI guy. Jiles jumped over Cage but ate an elbow to the chin from Fishman for his troubles. Jiles stumbled backwards and tripped over Cage who had turned over and pushed his way up to all fours. Jiles landed on his back as Fishman used Cage as a platform to leap off, and came crashing down onto Jiles with a senton.

Laliberte finally gets back into the ring and charged straight for Cage. He rolled over Cage, who was still on all fours and hooked in an oklahoma roll on the big guy!

ONE!

TWO!

Fishman Deluxe broke up the pin.

Laliberte got to his feet and pushed Fishman in the chest, ranting about how he had that won. Fishman, overcome with remorse for the pretty youngster, offered a consolation hug. Laliberte went along with it at first, but then used it an an opportunity to hit the Exploder Suplex.

ONE!

TWO!

Laliberte got a two count but the pin was broken up by Jiles diving in.

So many pins being broken up!

Jiles pulled Laliberte up to his feet and whiped him into the corner. He charged in delivering an elbow to Laliberte's face who then stumbled out of the corner into a reverse atomic drop. Before Jiles can capitalize Cage came in and lifted Jiles up for a belly to back suplex. Jiles rolled through though and landed on his feet behind Cage.

Jiles pushed Cage towards the ropes, The big man bounced off right into a forearm to the small of the back delivered by Jiles. Once again Cancer pushed Cage into the ropes and drove home a forearm deep into the spine. Rinse and repeat a couple more times, each time driving his forearm deep into Cage's back.

Cage hooked the ropes the next time and turned, but got clotheslined by Jiles. Both men spilt to the outside where Jiles mounted Cage a started to lay hard rights and lefts in. Cage managed to block a couple of successive shots. He reacher up and grabbed Jiles' head and headbutted him from the bottom. Jiles fell off of Cage giving the big guy a chance to recover and get back to his feet..

Cage went to get back into the ring but ate a baseball slide from Fishman right into the jaw. Cage fell down to the arena floor, landing next to Jiles as as Fishman stood up on the apron. Jiles scrambled to hiss feet and swept Fishman's legs from under him. Fishman hit the apron, spine first, hard.

Jiles looked to get back into the ring but Cage stopped him and bounced his head off of the ring apron. A stunned Jiles was then lifted and looked like he's going to be driven spine first into the ring post, Jiles however had other plans and pushed a thumb into the eye of Cage causing him to drop the coolest of the cool. Jiles then delivered an obvious, and crushing, kick to the genitals of the big man.

While all that was going on on the outside, Michel LaLiberte had recovered from the reverse atomic drop and dragged Fishman back into the ring. He covered Mr Deluxe and hooked the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

Fishman kicked out!

Laliberte hooked both legs and tried for another pin!

ONE!

TWO!

Fishman pushed his shoulder up!

Frustrated, Laliberte pulled Fishman to his feet and hooked him up for the Best Face Forward, Jiles slid into the ring before LaLiberte could hit the move and told Michel to wait a second, but hold him in place.

Jiles nailed Fishman square in the Jaw with a Terminal Cancer superkick, as if the Fishman's lights weren't already shut out, Laliberte proceeded to drive him down with the Best Face Forward. Laliberte and Jilles exchanged a smile, but it was shortlived as Jiles took a step back and blast LaLiberte in the jaw with another Terminal Cancer, the third of the match! LaLiberte dropped like a sack of crap to the mat and rolled backwards, under the ropes to the outside.

Jiles shrugged his shoulders at LaLiberte and started to turn to pin Fishman, but Cage burst onto the scene and nailed Cancer in the side of the head with a polish hammer. Jiles fell into the corner of the ring, gripping the back of his neck as Cage dropped to the mat as well.

Slowly, Cage struggled to his feet and, while wincing in pain, peeled Fishman Deluxe off of the canvas, turned him around, not like that, and drove him right back down with the Lights Out DDT!

Cage didn't go for the cover though, he was distracted by a shout from the corner of the ring. Cage turned around just in time to see Cancer Jiles leap from a perched position on the top rop and nail him with a missile dropkick right to the chest.

Cage stumbled backwards into the ropes. He stuck his arms out to the side to prevent himself falling to the outside, but he slipped and ended up with his arms tied up between the middle and top ropes! Jiles looked up and laughed at Cage's predicament as he placed one knee on the chest of Fishman and flexed, all while facing Cage, who was still tied up in the ropes.

ONE!

TWO!

No LaLiberte in sight.

THREE!

Cancer Jiles' hand was raised in victory before he stepped out of the ring, mere feet from Cage. Jiles patted him on the shoulder before hopping off of the apron and making his way to the back.

Nigga stole my PSVita

Wayne Dewey:

Hey, come on dude, let's go, you're up next!

[Eugene Dewey waddles out of his locker room to join his brother, together they start to head towards the arena. Side by side the brothers walk until Wayne suddenly realises something.]

Wayne Dewey:

Crap, I forgot something. You carry on, I'll catch up.

[Wayne turns and heads back the way they came. Eugene carries on alone, but pulls his brand new PSVita out of his pocket and switches it on.]

[Soon enough and Eugene's playing Uncharted: Golden Abyss. Running, jumping and shooting his way to the ring.]

[Eugene turns a corner and walks into a wall, made of a mixture of concrete and flesh. Eugene looked upwards and found himself staring directly into mug of Kevin Cage.]

[Cage looks Eugene up and down before fixing onto the shiny new console in Eugene's hands. Without saying a word Cage reaches out, grabs the PSVita from Eugene and walks off, leaving Eugene with nothing to do but watch.]

Wayne Dewey:

Ok, got it!

[Wayne Dewey comes round the corner and stands next to his brother waving his iPhone 4S in Eugene's face.]

Wayne Dewey:

I dunno why I keep leaving this lying around.

[Wayne notices Eugene is on the verge of tears.]

Wayne Dewey:

Hey man, what's up?

[Eugene doesn't say a word, instead he just stands there with his bottom lip quivering, trying his hardest not to let the tears flow.]

Wayne Dewey:

Dude, seriously, what's happened?

[Eugene fights past the tears and manages to utter a few words.]

Eugene Dewey:

Nothing... Come on, we got a match...

Claira St. Sure vs Eugene Dewey vs Kengoro Sugamoto vs Mr. Destruction

“Coming first to the ring... Mister Destruction!”

Red lights, “Symphony of Destruction” by Megadeth, and a low camera angle. The grim-masked tower of meat began his slow stomp down to the ring, followed by the wildly waving arms of Murray Monroe. Destruction spared no time even looking to the fans, but just pounded his way to the ring, and grabbed onto the ropes.

Up and over the top, and Destruction finally began to look around, eyes narrowed to angry slits behind his mask.

“Coming second to the ring... Claira Saint Sure!”

“Death Threat”, by Death in Vegas. With Kai Scott by her side, Claira St. Sure simply looks focused, eyes locked squarely on Mr. Destruction as she headed on down to the ring. Murray Monroe cackled and rubbed his hands together in delight as he continued to wave to and gesture to his massive charge.

Claira wouldn't be intimidated. Right down to the ring she walked, and right under the ropes she slid. Then, she stood up, and looked Mr. Destruction right in the eye.

Oooooohhhhh...

Mister Destruction's eyes widened behind his mask, and the big machine began to lumber forward, but Murray Monroe, knowing his charge better than Mister knew himself, had already thrown himself between Claira and Mister, shouting “WAIT FOR THE BELL! WAIT FOR THE BELL!”

“Coming third to the ring... Eugene Dewey!”

“Jogging Theme”, by Yukio Kaneoka. And the crowd erupts, a reedy, nasal chant of “EWWWWW-GENE! EWWWWW-GENE!” coming from the MMO-addicted portion of the audience.

Wayne Dewey came rushing out from the back, waving a new Eugene Dewey t-shirt through the air. On the front: “DEWEY FANTASY”, with the Final Fantasy Foursome: Thief, Fighter, Black Mage, White Mage, all edited to look like the Dewfender himself. Now available at DEFShopzone.com.

Eugene himself slowly shuffled from the back, face downcast, hands hanging limply by his sides. He swallowed heavily, and looked up into the crowd...

Banners and signs for Eugene waved in the distance. And that chant continued. Eugene smiled sheepishly, and tried to suck in a breath, puffing out his chest... But the Dewfender was obviously off his game.

Eugene headed down to the ring, rolled in under the bottom rope, and came to both knees, eyes nervously flicking between Claira St. Sure and Mister Destruction. Caught between a girl and someone who should have had his own slasher movie franchise. Hell...

“COMING LAST TO THE RING...”

Fucking drums goin' kah-ray-zaaaaaaay. “KING OF PAIN” by Loudness. And out from the back, full head of steam, running wide-eyed... Kengoro Sugamoto.

Eugene and Claira shared a look, both looking to Mister Destruction. The referee dove for cover. Eugene and Claira both slid out of the ring. Don't stand in the way of a cannonball.

Kengoro dove under the bottom rope as the bell rang, and as soon as he was on his feet, Mister Destruction was in his face!

BAM went the Japanese fist! Mister Destruction fires back with a huge forearm! WHAM!

Eugene and Wayne snickered to one another as Kengoro fired off another huge right hand. BAM!

Mister Destruction roared as he brought a fist back, and goes to bring it crashing down on Kengoro... But Sugamoto blocked! Right hand! Destruction with another punch! Block! Right hand!

Kengoro turned, rushing across the ring with all the speed that those hamhocks could carry him, before he came flying back...

LEAP! ING! SHOULDERBLOCK!

Mister Destruction goes crashing down!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Kengoro wasn't done. Hitting the ropes again, Kengoro turned as he came off the ropes, going all diagonal-style to hit the ropes by Clair St. Sure...

Eugene and Wayne realized Kengoro's aim just a little too late. Both step back, going to run... But Sugamoto came flying across the ring, diving between the middle and top rope with that bullet-style suicide dive! And he wiped Eugene AND Wayne out!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!

With Kengoro occupied by mounting and facepunching Eugene, Clair St. Sure was quick to take advantage. She slid into the ring, came up to the slowly-rising Destruction, and snapped off an absolutely BRUTAL kick to the chest!

KRACK~!

WHOO!

Mister Destruction didn't go down.

So, Clair wound up again.

KRACK~!

WHOO!

And again.

KRACK~!

WHOO!

Clair turned, and hit the ropes. A leap... SNAP! KICK!

KRACK~!

WHOO!

Mister went down. Clair grabbed his beefy arm, hooked it between both legs, rolled, twisted, and yanked back! Cross Twisty Arm Breaky Thing!

DEFIANCE: We do technical movenames.

Fuckers.

Kengoro hauled Eugene to his fatty feet, and irish whipped the ginger off, facefirst into the steel ringpost. KERSPLAT goes the nerd!

Sugamoto whirls on his heel, and there stands a terrified Wayne Dewey, steel chair in his hands, inches from chairshotting Kengoro!

Sugamoto beckoned Wayne on, and Dewey(the lesser) looked to the fans. They roared approval, fists in the air.

Wayne hauled off and smacked Kengoro in the face with the chair.

As the chair lowered, Kengoro sniffed, and looked around. A thin trickle of blood began to worm its way from his nose, and he looked out into the audience.

Oooooohhhh...

Kengoro grabbed Wayne by the throat, turned, and tossed Wayne into the ring, then immediately followed. Scooping the hapless Dewey Brother up, Kengoro lifted Eugene onto his shoulders, grabbing Wayne by the back of the thighs...

ALABAMA SLAM ONTO CLAIRA AND MISTER DESTRUCTION!

Kengoro put both hands on his hips, glaring out into the audience. As he did, a contingent of the smarkheavy audience began to chant.]

LAR-I-AT! LAR-I-AT!

Kengoro grinned. He liked the thought of that. Claira would be up first, Wayne was rolling out of the ring, back arched in agony, Mister clenching his arm in pain.

Kengoro stepped back, crouching next to the ropes, and began to work out that lariat'n arm. Claira slowly pushed herself up, as Kengoro measured her, stalked her..

And as Kengoro went to take off, a hand around his ankle sent him off-balance, slamming to the mat!

Eugene Dewey had tripped Kengoro Sugamoto!

Eugene, eyes wide, rolled into the ring and came to his feet, hands pressing to the sides of his face. Kengoro Sugamoto was pushing himself up, nose bleeding some more after the other Dewey's impact, a look of absolute hateful fury on his face.

Eugene swallowed heavily, and backed up, almost backing right into Claira. St. Sure stepped to the side, looking to Eugene, and in her heavily affected patois, muttered something, pointing to Kengoro.

Eugene nodded dumbly. As Kengoro came to his feet, Eugene and Claira came to flank him, readying stances...

Kengoro came fully up, and looked into Claira's eyes. And she kicked him in the face. And the chest. And the stomach! Repeated snap-thrust-kicky-things to Kengoro! Eugene would recognise this as Chun Li's Lightning Kick!

Kengoro grimly accepted the kicks to the everything as the toll he must pay, and stumbled back, staggering, wobbling... As he turned, Eugene had clenched both hands to his side, hunching around 'em...

Kengoro turned fully to face Eugene! Eugene hauled off, rushed forward, and double-palm-thrusted Kengoro in the sternum! HADOOKEN~!

Sugamoto went DOWN!

Claira leapt over Kengoro, leapt into the air while directly in front of Eugene, hooked him across the chest, and her sheer weight brought Eugene down face-first! FLATLINER! Eugene crumpled, and Claira floated over, on top of Kengoro, for a pin!

ONE!

...TWOOOOOOOOO!

THR-

No. Kengoro kicked out, but Claira floated over AGAIN, landing atop Eugene and trying for a pin!

ONE!

TWOOOOOOO!

THRE-

Still no. Eugene kicked out as well. Claira floated over onto her knees, and glanced over to where Mister Destru-

Clap.

Destruction had the goozle on Claira! Giving a roar, he tossed her arm over his, then lifted Claira into the air, sooooo high off the ground... and...

BOOOOOOOOM!

Choke-freakin'-slam. Claira was laid flat out, and Destruction dropped to a knee, hand slamming onto her chest. The ref slid in...

ONE!

TW-

Eugene AND Kengoro came crashing down on Mister with strikes, knocking him loose. With the monstrous Mister on his knees, Eugene was quick to act, grabbing Mister by the arm and whipping him across the ring. An almost untrained movement followed, as Eugene chased Mister across the ring...

And after Mister hit the ropes, Eugene hit Mister with a running headbutt to the stomach!

However, good job, Eugene. You got him to just the right freakin' height for the charging Sugamoto, who followed Eugene in, even leapt a little, and...

LARIATOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO~

Kengoro landed on his knees shortly after Eugene did. Mister was flat out.

The two slowly looked to one another. Eugene and Kengoro were the only dudes on their feet. Wayne was still laying at ringside, shrieking about his back.

CLAIRA ST. SURE WAS ON THE TOP ROPE! KENGORO DIDN'T SEE IT!

EUGENE DEWEY WAS ON THE TOP ROPE! KENGORO REALLY DIDN'T SEE IT!

Claira leapt off the top, both feet coming together for a scintillating Missile Dropkick to Kengoro's mush! Kengoro's hold was broken, and Eugene...

Well, Eugene was facing away from the ring. He shakily stood, arms out to both sides for the ol' Swandive...

And Eugene hopped off the top rope!

AND CRASHED DOWN ON ERR'BODY! THEY'RE SENTONING MEN, WOMEN, MOVIE MONSTERS UP IN HERE!

Eugene just kinda lay there, on top of the pile. SOMEONE'S shoulders were down.

ONE!

TWOOOOOOOOOOOO!

THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE~!

...

NO! KENGORO... Well, Kengoro did nothing. He had taken the brunt of Eugene's "Teh Avalanche".

NO! CLAIRA... Well, Claira didn't do much. She had also been smushed.

NO! MISTER! MISTER WAS THE SAVIOR! In the big gay manpile, Mister Destruction wasn't really "pinned" so much as "laid on", and he had shifted enough to break the pin! The referee shook his head, waving two fingers through the air!

Kengoro and Eugene rolled off the group, Kengoro clutching his stomach. Eugene ended up on his knees, looking around the ring, one fist clenched...

Eugene put one foot flat on the ground, bringing that fist forward, before him. He might have gotten abused by Kevin Cage, thrown around by Kengoro Sugamoto, and nearly touched a vagina...

But he was still an angry, raging nerdazoid.

"THIS HAND OF MINE IS BURNING RED!"

what

"IT'S LOUD ROAR TELLS ME TO GRASP VICTORY!"

Kengoro was forcing himself to his feet. He turned, arms both wrapped around his stomach, eyes nearly shut, teeth gritted in pain...

"ERUPTING!"

Kengoro turned to face Eugene.

"BURNING!"

Kengoro stumbled, as Eugene twirled forward, exploding from his crouch (Not crotch, that would be an NC-17 DEFIANCE show) as he did!

“SHORYUKEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-”

Kengoro heard Eugene’s friggin’ buildup speech. C’mon, son. He turned just enough to take the blow on the side of the head, not the chin, and Sugamoto was thrown clear over the top rope! The Japanese dude hit the floor on the side of the ring, as Eugene landed on his feet, shaking with energy, wide-eyed and frantic.

His Shoryuken had taken the guy right out of the match! That meant he’d either have to pin Mister Destruction, or...

Eugene turned to see where Clairra was sta-FACEKICK

Eugene stumbled, as Clairra pressed her advantage! FACEKICK!

Clairra grabbed Eugene by the hand, and twisted his arm up, holding it out straight for... BACK HEEL FACEKICK! Eugene hit the deck, and Clairra immediately followed him down, twisting up an arm into the first part of the Truly Untouchabreaker!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Clairra went to grab the arm, but as she did, something grabbed her wrist!

And Mister yanked her over Eugene’s body, pulling her back to her feet, where a hand...

Well, you know the rest.

CLAP!

As Clairra was caught for the chokeslam, Wayne Dewey was dancing around Kengoro Sugamoto, who was clinging to the steel barricade separating the fans from the wrestlers. Blows peppered the back of Kengoro’s head, jabby punches that really did... nothing. Wayne giggled and cackled, enjoying the chance to actually hit a bully back. This was grea-

Kengoro grabbed Wayne’s arm, and sharply twisted it, forcing Wayne immediately to his knees. A squeal of “EUGEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEENE!” came from Wayne’s lips, shortly before Kengoro hauled off and punched Wayne as hard as he possibly friggin’ could, right in the mouth!

Revitalized with a burst of heroic energy, Eugene rushed onto the ring apron! Kengoro looked out into the crowd, to motion that he was gonna break the boy’s arm...

And he locked eyes with the dude standing on the other side of the guardrail from him. Kengoro immediately let go of Wayne’s arm, and pulled his hand back for a punch to the fuckin’ face of Dragon God Damned Jones!

And Eugene leapt out of the ring, coming down with a double axehandle to the back of Kengoro’s head! Sugamoto stumbled right into Dragon, almost laying across the smaller Canadian!

Kengoro forced himself to straighten, spinning back to look at Eugene, but Dragon hauled off and popped Kengoro in the back of the head! And immediately grabbed his own hand, screeching in pain!

Kengoro stumbled forward, and Eugene grabbed Kengoro by the head, tossing him right under the bottom rope, back into the ring. Eugene followed, and barely managed to get out of the way of a running Mister, fresh off an irish whip!

KRACK! went the kick to the mask, sending Mister Destruction down!

With Eugene trying to come back into the ring, Clairra was quick to snap a kick into his face, then turned her attention to the rising Kengoro. He had one knee down, one up... So, Clairra rushed in, stepped off one of his knees, and cracked the tip of her knee into his temple! KENGORO WENT DOWN!

And Clairra went in, grabbing that arm and hooking it between her legs. She wanted that Truly Untouchabreaker! She wanted it bad! Twisting that arm up, Clairra went for the other arm...

KENGORO WASN'T OUT YET! He wouldn't let Clairra fully lock the arm in!

With Kengoro and Clairra trying to assert dominance, Eugene tiptoed past them to Mister Destruction. Mister wanted to get to his feet and chokeslam a fool... He wanted it bad.

But as he came up to his feet, still dizzy and loopy, Eugene was fast to press his advanta-

"SHORYUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUKEN!"

CRACK!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Eugene exploded into the air, uppercutting Mister Destruction right in the face, sending the dude's mask sliding up his face some as he fell like a cut-down tree!

Mister ended up flat on his back as Clairra desperately tried to either get free of the attempted Untouchabreaker, but Kengoro, with his beet-red face, blowing and puffing and huffing, still trying to break free, probably unaware of the impending pinfall...

Eugene dropped on top of Mister Destruction, hooking a leg!

Clairra lurched towards him. Her legs were still tied up around Sugamoto's arms, and she flipped him over, but fell short of Dewey and Mr. D... referee Benny Doyle turned to look, then dropped to his belly and made the count with both hands!

ONE!

TWOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE...

...

...?

DING DING DING!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Eugene immediately got the hell out of Dodge, rolling from the ring before the Ref could even lift his hand. He wanted to leave. And get a new Vita. Or 3DS. Or VitaDS.

...N-Gage.

Kengoro, however, ROARED in abject fury, hauling Clairra up, and into the air! A toss, and Clairra was free from his arm... And Kengoro grabbed her around the waist! Kengoro rushed for the ropes...

AND TOSSED CLAIRA RIGHT OVER THEM! BAH GAWD, GUTWRENCH THROWIN' POWERBOMB!

Kai Scott dropped his crutch and ran. And rather than landing back first against the metal ramp, Clairia crashed into him. The two took a tumble to the ground, but Clairia St. Sure was spared what would likely have been a debilitating injury, and stayed down!

Kengoro exploded from the ring, as Eugene and Wayne got the hell out of the ringside area! Rather than go after Eugene OR Wayne OR Clairia, Kengoro went straight after...

DRAGON JONES! BOTH HANDS WENT AROUND DRAGON JONES' THROAT, AND KENGORO BEGAN TO CHOKE THE POOR SUCKA!

"You cost me the match, you idiot!", Kengoro howled. And as Murray Monroe shuffled away, Eugene Dewey and Wayne Dewey celebrated on the DEFIANCE stage, Kengoro choked Dragon Jones' throat!

Never one to travel alone, Dragon feebly reached for Splenda, the omnipresent manager. Splenda sighed, dug into his pocket, and brought out a bag of white powder.

No, not to give Dragon strength. He grabbed a handful of powder, and WHOOMF, threw it in Kengoro's face! FUJI POWDER!

Dragon and Splenda got the hell out of Dodge. Kai helped Clairia to her feet and they headed up the ramp. Kengoro roared in impotent fury. Mister Destruction ceased to be relevant. And the fans continued to buzz.

Good times.

Winner: Eugene Dewey (Shoryuken)

Winner: Clairia St. Sure (Crucifix pin)

The Golden Slot

Andrews:

So what the hell just happened?

Conarri:

Looks like St. Sure managed to roll Sugamoto up and Benny Doyle counted a double fall.

Andrews:

So that means... what? If there's two winners, do they both go on to the TLC match?

Conarri:

I would imagine so. However, since Eric Dane's in charge of the interleague show, he may have different ideas.

Andrews:

I... see.

DDK:

Well, there you have it. Christian Light, Cancer Jiles, Eugene Dewey, and possibly Clair St. Sure will be joining Dan Ryan, Alceo Dentari, and Jack Bryant of Evolution League in the TLC match on the interleague card. Anyway folks, for Cito Conarri, and Jeff Andrews, I'm Downtown Darren Keebler, and this was...

V.O. COOL Cancer Jiles:

An absolute travesty!

[Cancer Jiles storms, I mean, strides with all due COOLness, into the commentation station. Darren Keebler shifts in his chair nervously and Cito lowers his head and rubs his temples. Andrews, of course, surly-scowls.]

Andrews:

You have six points, Jiles. Five for tonight and one for last card. Now go away.

Jiles: [moving closer]

Six? That's all? I think maybe you meant to say it starts with six, and ends with teen, huh Jeffy? I mean, YOU_SHOULD_KNOW. You drunk hillbilly.

[A moment passes to prove that this is actually happening.]

Jiles: [pointing at Conarri]

I can't believe you've got the balls to sit here and allow this shit to happen-- let these parlor tricks continue to persist...

...I'M THE COOL GAWDAMMET!!!

[Caught off guard, Ceets sharply raises his head and shoots Cancer an informing look. The look reads something like, I'm not involved in this. AT. ALL.]

[Keebler, avoiding any and all eye contact, counts on his fingers to try and justify Cancer's ridiculous demands. He performs this act repeatedly, each time ending on six.]

[Andrews, now sitting with clenched fists and gritted teeth, has had enough of Cancer the COOL and his boastful tomfoolery.]

Andrews:

Jiles, take your SIX points and get the FUCK out of the commentation station, because you're not even allowed in here, and stay OUT of my face. Or ELSE.

[Jiles does not leave.]

[Instead, he walks around to the front of the commentary desk, and then steps up on it.]

Jiles:

Cancer Jiles will occupy this broadcast until...

[And that's when Andrews snaps.]

[Grabbing an ankle in one hand, Andrews yanks Jiles' legs out from under him, sending Jiles crashing down on the table. The table, which is not intended to be abused by wrestlers and is not breakaway, shakes as Jiles lands hard, and Andrews vaults the table in a single bound, grabs one hand full of COOL hair, makes a fist with the other, and GOES. TO. TOWN.]

[Too pissed off to even swear, Jeff Andrews is seeing nothing but his knuckles bouncing satisfyingly off Jiles' forehead.]

DDK:

Should we be breaking this up?

[Cito shrugs.]

DDK:

I'm calling security.

[He takes off his microphone, dials a number, and a few seconds later a bunch of security guards file into the room. There's just one problem here.]

Andrews:

If any of you get within five feet of me, you're fired on the spot.

[Andrews is the Vice President. Remember?]

[A particularly hard punch, and Jiles' legs fly up in the air as his head goes down, and he tumbles off the commentary desk to the floor. Andrews decides to use his feet for a while, and stomps Jiles, and Cito finally stands up.]

Cito:

That's enough, Jeffman.

Andrews:

I can fire you too. Coach.

Cito:

It's over, Jeff. It's over. You punched him a lot of times. It's done, man. Let it go. It's done.

[Just as an angry young gangster may be lead away from a murder scene by his older, wiser friend, Jeff Andrews allows Cito Conarri to lead him away from Cancer Jiles and off screen. Which leaves Darren Keebler, a pile of pointless security guards, and one of Jiles' legs sticking up and leaning against the desk. The rest of what was formerly his body is off camera below the screen.]

DDK:

I'm um... Darren Keebler.

[Awkward pause.]

DDK:

And that was. Er. This is. Defiance Heritage TV.

[Cancer's leg falls down.]

[End.]