

## DEFIANCE Wrestling continues in...

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*#fuck you i won't do what ya tell me*

[The Memorial Coliseum in Portland is stacked to the brim with ravenous DEFIANCE wrestling fans, over 13,000 strong, hooting and hollaring and yelling their little hearts out as the DEFtheme plays on over the P.A.]

*#Fuck You I Won't Do What Ya Tell Me!*

[The DEFIatron roars to life, running through the clip-reel of all things Defiant, including but not limited to Christian Light grabbing the briefcase above the ring at the ESEN Primetime Special, Cancer Jiles in a wheelchair on the same show, Jack Bryant spitting in Mike Sloan's face, Clair St. Sure submitting Heidi Christenson, Elijah Goldman firing Heidi, and Pete Whealdon gyrating inappropriately.]

*#FUCK YOU I WON'T DO WHAT YOU TELL ME!*

[The camera pans the crowd, the signs are there, along with the replica title belts and the crazy wrestling CosPlay guys, I swear to Christ there are four Diamond Shazam's in the front row. Finally the camera swivels around and comes to a rest on the red and black stylized logo in the center of the gunmetal grey ring-mat before it fades into Jeff Andrews and Angus Skaaland live inside the Commentation Station.]

### **Angus Skaaland:**

Fuck you, we won't do what you tell us.

### **Jeff Andrews:**

Motherfuckerrrrrrrrrrrr~

[That thumping sound you heard was the sponsors fleeing in the opposite direction.]

### **Angus:**

Well HELLO boys and girls and defiants worldwide, welcome back to another stacked and jampacked edition of Evolution TV, brought to you by ESEN and DEFIANCE!

### **Jeff:**

Aren't we supposed to be against Evolution?

### **Angus:** [shrugs]

Gotta pay the bills, man.

### **Jeff:**

Fair enough. NEWAYZ! We've got a lot to go over tonight, not the LEAST of which is how I knocked hell out of Dr. Curiosity to move on to Round Two of the vaunted ULTRATITLE tournament!

### **Angus:**

You ain't the only one from the mighty DEFIANCE gracing the ULTRATITLE, either! Do you wanna cover this or should I?

[Jeff tries to hold back a snicker.]

**Jeff:**

Dan Ryan lost to Cobra. Fucking Cobra.

**Angus:**

That same Cobra? The one that used to lead The Hydra?

**Jeff:**

Yep. Basically, Dan Ryan got egotistical and lazy and Cobra flash pinned him. Also, the baws messed up some girl named Go-Go, Pete Whealdon's took advantage of an Asperger's patient named gideon, and Cancer Jiles is in the thing to but I hope he fucking dies and I don't know who he's wrestling.

**Angus:**

Hater.

**Jeff:**

Got every right to be a hater. He's a fagtard.

**Angus:**

What about Eugene and Vagabond?

**Jeff:**

I like Eugene, Vagabond I haven't had the chance to meet yet, but I know he got a hell of a draw in round one with Eli Flair!

**Angus:**

That's the same Eli Flair that Eric Dane has been salivating to get his hands on? The one that won forty-seven World Titles and now kind of sort of owns a blown out hole in the wall in New York?

**Jeff:**

That's the one.

**Angus:**

Vagabond got the bone.

[Cut.]

## Demotion?

[Backstage.]

[Elijah Goldman's office.]

[Kevin "Satan" Alloy is nowhere to be found.]

[Yet.]

[Goldman sits behind his desk, almost perched over his desk. He runs through some paperwork before the inevitable knock comes to the door.]

**E-Gold:**

Who is it?

[The door opens. Alceo Dentari is the first one into the office, followed quickly by Yoshikazu YAZ and Lisa Loeh. Dentari's got that kind of look on his face that says he's happy to see you, even though you can tell that clearly he is not.]

**E-Gold:**

I believe I said "who is it," not "come in."

[Alceo falls into the chair opposite of Goldman. Lisa plants both hands on the desk and leans forward. YAZ steps back, folds his arms and glares. YAZ is dressed as usual, all mask and scary empty eyes and such, while Lisa is dressed in that "Kelly Evans-ized" quipao.]

**Alceo Dentari:**

I thought we had ourselves an agreement.

**E-Gold:**

Did we now?

**Dentari:**

And then you go an' yas disrespec' me like this.

[Goldman's angular features visibly scrunch, as if in displeasure.]

**E-Gold:**

I see. And how is it that I've disrespected you?

**Dentari:**

By takin' my match with Kevin Cage outta the main event and stuffin' it right smack in da middle of da card, that's how.

**Lisa Loeh:**

I believe that also substantially reduces Mr. Dentari's earning potential for the evening.

[Goldman rolls his eyes blatantly.]

**E-Gold:**

And I suppose what, you want compensation? Who are you, Cancer Jiles?

[Alceo smiles, his eyes filled with malicious intent.]

**Dentari:**

Nah, boss, I don't want no compensation. What I want is your word that you're gonna make good on this, and that an

accident like this won't happen again.

[Alceo winks. Lisa smirks. YAZ stares.]

**E-Gold:**

And then what?

**Dentari:**

And then we go on about our merry little lives, and our previous agreement holds in good standing. That, and more importantly, nobody gets hurt.

[Goldman considers this.]

**E-Gold:**

Tell you what I can do. We've got the All-Star Game coming up sooner than later, and with that comes WarGames. It's worth a lot of points on the table, and it's worth a lot of InterLeague points, and unlike the last ESEN show where you didn't win the TLC, I can't have Cito and his Heritage League running off with all of the points.

So.

You win your match tonight, you'll be in a Qualifier next week, this goes for both of you, and if you then win that Qualifier, you'll go on to WarGames and you'll represent Evolution to the fullest of your capacity.

You have my word.

[Alceo smiles again.]

**Dentari:**

WarGames, eh? Lots of heads to kick in a WarGames...

**E-Gold:**

Satisfied?

[Alceo looks to his partners in "crime," they nod.]

**Dentari:**

For now.

[The vertically challenged grappler stands and the trio make to leave.]

**E-Gold:**

Oh, and Alceo...

[Dentari and crew turn back.]

E-Gold:

The next time any of you walk into my office and threaten me, I'll take that as your immediate resignation. Capice?

[Dentari snarls.]

Dentari:

*Fuhgheddabahddit.*

[Fade.]

==-= **Jeff:** [deadpan] So, DEFIANCE has a mafia. **Angus:** Not if I have anything to say about it! **Jeff:** Well, do you? [Skaaland ponders for a moment.] **Angus:** Not really. **Jeff:** Now, if only we could get some actors to come in and play our wrestlers- **Angus:** [interrupting] WHO ARE ALSO ILLEGAL ARMS DEALERS! **Jeff:** Xander Youngsteen? **Angus:** More like Jack Eastwood. [Jeff shudders.]

## Pete Whealdon vs Yoshikazu YAZ

Things were a little bit mis-timed, and on fade-up Whealdon was already in the ring and YAZ was just taking off his entrance robe and handing it to Lisa Loeh, rocking the hawtness as always in her stripper-modified quipao.

The two men locked up, YAZ quickly hit a spinning back kick to drop Whealdon to one knee, and then turned and raised his arms like he'd accomplished something significant. And this opened up an opportunity for Whealdon to grab YAZ from behind and... hook on a headlock. YAZ tried to back drop his way out of it, but Whealdon's low center of gravity was too much for him from this angle. Then he tried to push Whealdon to the ropes, but Whealdon grabbed a handful of hair and hung onto the headlock. YAZ turned a bit, drove a couple of elbow strikes into Whealdon's ribcage, knocked the headlock loose, and just turned on the fury. Slap, slap, shoot kick, elbow, elbow, spinning elbow, take a step backwards, Whealdon ducked the bicycle kick and grabbed another headlock, this time dragging both men down to the ground with it! YAZ tried countering out with a headscissor. Whealdon grabbed YAZ's hair again to block it, Mark Shields was completely ignoring the match because fuck restholds. YAZ got his body underneath him, powered up, and unleashed some shin kicks from hell to Whealdon's face. Whealdon lost the headlock and reeled backwards, YAZ followed him laying in chops and elbows, backing him into the corner, and then used a boot to the throat choke. Shields glanced, yelled the count at them across the ring. YAZ ignored it. Shields walked across the ring and broke the choke manually, yelling at YAZ, more than likely more pissed about having to do a something than the rule breach. Nonetheless, Whealdon was ready. He caught YAZ by the collar, dropped backwards and slung him headfirst into the buckle, then quickly schoolboyed him. One... two... kickout. But with YAZ trying a little too hard to avoid another headlock and get the match moving faster, Whealdon easily countered YAZ with a scoopslam, and a measured knee drop to the head. Then he got another chinlock, the kind with the knee in the back and both forearms under the chin. Again, YAZ began working to his feet. He broke the chinlock by kicking out a leg, rose to his feet twisting Whealdon's arm in an arm wrench, and Whealdon countered with his own arm wrench. He turned it into an abdominal stretch, cleverly reaching behind him to hold onto the rope. And Lisa got up on the ring apron, put her leg up on the middle rope and did a little shimmy in place. Whealdon, of course, was distracted, and YAZ hip-tossed him over. Lisa slid the hem of her skirt a little further up her leg, and Whealdon noticed. And that second or two he was noticing gave YAZ time to get his arm in position. **THWACK!** SHOTEI!! ONE! TWO! THREE! **Yoshikazu YAZ (+5) def. Pete Whealdon via Shotei**

## Presenting: The Minnesota Mastadon

[Surprisingly, we cut from the mayhem of the previous match directly into a Public Service Announcement. This particular Public Service Announcement is definitely reminiscent of those late night ads with the sad dogs and the Sarah Mclachlan music playing. As a matter of fact, the music you hear is a Sarah Mclachlan song. And no, it doesn't really matter which one...they all make you think of dogs looking sad.]

[But, we don't see sad dogs. We see the rather somber face of Jonas Anger--someone that Defiance fans have only recently become introduced to, as the manager of Niklas Kiri who will be making his Evolution League debut later on this very show.]

### Anger:

I come to you...not as Jonas Anger, the man bringing to Defiance the most ferocious beast ever found in the wild...though he is and I am.

[Jonas, who, if you haven't seen any of the podcasts that have run earlier in the week, looks a little like if the actor who was TV's Gomez Addams, from The Addams Family, got to play Gandalf from the Lord of the Rings movie, stands with his floppy, dusty hat in his hand.]

### Anger:

No, right now...there is someone who needs our help. Someone who grew up without any advantages. Someone who was let down by the system that should have guided him to make better choices. But, instead...this brain damaged poor soul is a victim of the worst sort of cruelty.

[The camera closes in to capture the sparkle in Jonas Anger's eye.]

### Anger:

You see, Alabama Jack is a bear of very little brain.

[We cut to see various pictures of Jack Bryant in positions of in-match distress. When combined with the melancholy warblings of Sarah Mclachlan, the captured images of Jack's twisted face look rather sad indeed.]

### Anger:

The poor fool thinks himself smart. He looked into the heart of the whirlwind and thought it good weather to fly a kite. Most men with a head on their shoulders would have looked at Niklas Kiri and they'd have fouled their Wranglers...but not Alabama Jack.

[We cut from the footage of Jack Bryant back to Jonas Anger. He's trying to look serious but there's a smile trying to creep through.]

### Anger:

Now, that's not true. Most men with a head on their shoulders wouldn't be wearing Wranglers.

[We see a montage of Jack Bryant in still images from his podcats. In each of them, he looks decidedly normal. T-shirt, Wrangler jeans, boots. Just very average and undscript.]

### Anger:

But, I'm not asking you for your help to save Jack Bryant from being too stupid to realize that Niklas Kiri is about to crush that stupid skull of his... I'm not saying that there is a cure for being too stupid to see that his great plan of cutting the legs out from under a monster is both obvious...and impossible to do without a head, even one with as few brains in it as Alabama Jack's.

[Footage rolls. We see the tediously dull images of Jack Bryant talking...endless talking. A sharp eye with a head for production tricks might notice that the footage has been slowed down--not enough for most people to notice, but

enough to make Jack seem slow witted--even though we can't hear the words that he's saying.]

**Anger:**

No. There is something much more insidious at play here, something far more sad than the sheer stupidity it would take to call Niklas Kiri a "no name, no talent, 'roided up retard"...as he has. No, there is something far worse...and far less interesting.

[The image stops. The screen goes black.]

**Anger:**

Alabama Jack suffers from Just Another Guy syndrome.

[A phone number comes on the screen.]

**Anger:**

Please. If you have an extra bit of personality, some reason to be put on television in front of thousands of people or even a spark of anything fresh or worthy of attention...call now. Call 1-800-JAG-OFF1.

[Yep. That's the phone number.]

**Anger:**

Help Jack Bryant end the scourge of Just Another Guy Syndrome. Anything at all would be helpful. Save this poor deluded creature from himself and his boring average-ness. Help us find a cure.

[We fade back in from black to see Jonas Anger again.]

**Anger:**

Maybe, together...

[Just then, Jonas Anger is pushed aside...and the screen is filled with the massive frame of Niklas Kiri. He is all frothy with rage.]

**Kiri:**

A cure?!?! I'm the cure. I will make certain that you're not Just Another Guy. Tonight...just as I promised, I'm going to make you first.

[Kiri, if possible, gets even closer to the screen--his reddened face now fills that screen.]

**Kiri:**

After that...whatever's left of you...that's your problem.

[The camera zooms back a bit, showing that Jonas Anger is handing something to Niklas Kiri. It is green and red...and Niklas Kiri lifts it up and over his head.]

**Kiri:**

There is no cure for stupid.

[Niklas Kiri pulls what turns out to be a rather frightening looking green and red hockey goalie mask over his head and face. With the mask on, all we can see is the intensity burning in Niklas Kiri's eyes. Meanwhile, Jonas Anger smiles and waves at the camera.]

**Anger:**

We'll see you all later tonight!

[And with the public service announcement over, we return to the rest of EVO 5.]



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**Angus:**

This Kiri is scary big.

**Jeff:**

He's got a jock-strap on his face.

**Angus:**

I'm gonna tell Jonas you said that!

**Jeff:** [shrugging]

I tell him it was you.

**Angus:**

SHENANIGANS!

## Ain't No Party like a...

[It's in between matches and the camera is in the parking lot.]

[Gone are most of the tractor trailers carrying the ring, gone are the lavish cars some Superstars rent for the show, the limos well it goes without saying they're gone too.] [Currently the place is full of workers. They're arranging pallets, bails of hay, and one of them is even working on setting up a large PA System. This all seems very out of place.] [The head guy in charge is checking things off on his clip board, this has to be perfect, so he's been told. Or else. No one likes or else.] **Goldman:** Excuse me, what exactly is going on here? [It's the boss man. The workers come to a complete stop. It's like the record had just skipped in a saloon. He doesn't address anyone directly, he's addressing the group. People's knees are probably ready to buckle.] **Head Worker:** Um Mr. Goldman, it um says on the schedule that this area is to be cleared for a -- [AHEM.] [Loud throat clearing. The type of throat clearing that tells the viewer that they're about to shit themselves. Something big is going to happen. The kind of throat clearing that has everyone on the edge of their seats.] [The camera whips around and that's when we see him.] **Jimmy Kort:** I believe the right word you're a lookin' for there chieftain is "White Trash Party". [Goldman looks at Kort. Looks back at the workers, looks at Kort and then back to the workers.] **Goldman:** You heard Mr. Kort, get to work. I expect this to be done in a few minutes. I don't pay you lot to stand around all day. [The workers scatter off to work. Checking lists, fixing mic stands, bailing hay, whatever is their task. Goldman turns to Kort.] **Goldman:** Is your lovely girlfriend going to be joining us this evening, James? **Jimmy Kort:** You know it. (he yells) SUGAR! [Jimmy whistles and the car door on a Black Ford F150 Pickup opens. Down from the passenger side steps the Southern Belle herself Kate Lynn Johnson. Her blonde hair flowing down to her white tight tanktop and her skintight blue jeans. She wears cowboy boots as well. She walks right up to Goldman and plants a kiss on his cheek.] **Kaite Lynn:** It's great ta' see ya Elijah. **Goldman:** Yes Katie, good to see you as well. [There is a bit of a silence.] **Goldman:** Well I'll leave you to it. [Kort tips his hat.] [He's back.]

## Dan Ryan vs Jonny Booya

No elaborate entrances, kids.

Dan Ryan, all muscled up and grinning like a cheshire cat, strolled down to ringside with "Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins blasting throughout the venue. The crowd showered the big man with boos and, after he ignored them completely, it only got worse! Jonny Booya, along with Kai Scott, Clair St. Sure and Diane Parker (The Truly Untouchables) came down to the ring to a much more positive reaction. After a few last minute words of advice from Kai Scott, Booya was in-ring and set to square up with "The Ego Buster". Booya started the match off by keeping his distance from the larger Dan Ryan, using quick-hitting and tactical strikes to keep Ryan off balance. A jumping calf kick temporarily immobilized the big Texan and allowed Booya to scale the turnbuckles and nail a Flying Shoulder Block for a two-count! Booya continued his assault, but, despite the warnings from Kai Scott, got too confident /in-close to Ryan and a powerslam attempt was met with a flurry of axe-handle smash counters! With Booya down on all fours, Dan Ryan punted Booya in the head and knocked his dark-black sunglasses right off his face! Ryan followed that with an impressive display of power! Irish whip into a Gorilla Press Slam! Huge Running Powerslam! The icing on the cake came via a massive clothesline that nearly beheaded Booya! BUT it only landed him a long two-count! As Kai Scott urged Jonny Booya to fight back, Dan Ryan took the opportunity to send a little smack talk toward the cane-carrying (he really doesn't need it anymore, does he?) Kai Scott. Ryan, not known for making many in-ring mistakes, certainly made one here and Booya capitalized as he drilled an unsuspecting Ryan with a dropkick! Next, Booya fired himself off the far cables and hit a leaping clothesline that dropped "The Ego Buster". Jonny hit a gut-wrench suplex and got a long two-count on the multiple-time World Champion. Booya helped Ryan to his feet and reeled him in for the Booya Bomb, but DR was more than ready for Booya's finisher, stood up, and dumped Booya over his head. Ryan ripped Booya up, slammed him into a standing head scissors, pointed toward Kai Scott, and BURIED Booya with a Humility Bomb! The three-count was elementary and Dan Ryan had five hard fought points. **Dan Ryan (+5) def. Jonny Booya via Humility Bomb** ==-== **Jeff:** This one was actually kinda my fault. **Angus:** Whazzuh... how. **Jeff:** You know. **Angus:** No, I don't!

## All Hail Lord Dargno!

[Cut to backstage, Dragon Jones is sitting in profile. Talking to someone off camera, the room is almost pitch black save for the amber glow of DeeJ's clove cigarette and low ambient lighting. Almost like something out of a film noir, save for the fact that Dragon is wearing black jorts and an amber t-shirt with the arms cut off that says 'DRAGON JONES THE FIRST']

**Dragon Jones:** Now listen, kid. You and I don't get along at all. We've had our lovers quarrels in the past, but I think we can put all that behind us. Work as a team, y'know? You and I together would be unstoppable, think about it. Dragon Jones the First side by side with you. It would be incredible. Our mutual enemies would **QUAKE** in their boots any time they saw us together. We would rule this town. [A long drag off that horrible clove cigarette, he blows a smoke heart and then a smoke arrow through it.] **Dragon Jones:** So what do you say? [The camera pans over to Folding Chair, staring daggers back at Dragon Jones. The two look like they are going to have it out before Dragon beams and hugs Chair.] **Dragon Jones:** I just knew us old girls could work this out at the salon, c'mon ol' buddy. We've got a escaped retirement home resident to pummel. [Dragon and Chair leave the scene hand in hand. There is not a dry eye in the arena.]

## Meeting of the Minds pt. I

[Elijah Goldman is sitting behind his desk; he is rubbing his temples. It hasn't been an easy few weeks. His new assistant is regularly bungling up very basic things. Such as it rained yesterday, but his assistant was fairly sure it was sunny and bright outside in this portion of the world. He even suggested going down to the beach.] [There was no beach.] [Elijah pressed the two way speaker box control.] **E-Gold:** Constance, what's on the agenda today? [His actual, overworked, and now unpaid assistant was a pleasant young woman of good physical bearing.. wink wink.] **Constance:** Mr. Goldman, you have someone who wishes to see you. [You can see his eye twitch.] **E-Gold:** Send him in. [Kevin/Satan(Now with more Evil!) bursts through the door. Not Frank Dylan James style, but pretty close, if Frank opened doors.] **Kevin/Satan:** Mmmmmhehehehahahahahah... [Goldman's temple is throbbing.] **Kevin/Satan:** Satan remembered that since he is your new partner, he should keep up the focus groups.... for EVIL! [Goldman shakes his head. Looking at Satan.] **E-Gold:** Wait. Say that again. **Kevin/Satan:** Satan demands FOCUS GROUPS! [Kevin shakes his fist around voluminously.] **E-Gold:** I'm.. speechless. [Goldman looks as though he about to cry tears of joy... Then he looks at the man before him again.] **Kevin/Satan:** Satan has found demographics his partner had not considered but Satan has on good evidence are more important to Defiance than you may know.. mmmmmhehehehehe [Eyebrows up. Stranger things have happened.] **Kevin/Satan:** Satan will lead, he has set up the focus group with sandwiches. [Kevin/Satan leads Goldman out of the room, as they pass by his assistant, he mouths "lock the door." Going down a familiar hallway, they arrive at the door to the focus group. Goldman sniffs the air.] **E-Gold:** What in god's name is that odor? [Kevin/Satan opens the door and a wave of stench consisting of stale urine and feces left to rot makes him visibly wince, Kevin/Satan is seemingly unperturbed at this turn of events.] [Kevin/Satan enthusiastically shoves Goldman into the room with them and shuts the door.] [A scene from the worst B-rated movie ever opens up to E-Gold's horror, about twenty homeless men, none of whom look entirely cognizant, and under the age of 70 are milling about attacking sandwiches. One is notably taking a \*\*\*\* in the corner. Every man has matted filthy hair, and disgusting ravaged clothing. In layers. Faded favorites from several decades combine into a mess of colors that wouldn't look out of place after a hard night of binge drinking varnish.] [Goldman, aside from being disgusted, is unamused. The monitor is on, so they did see the match.] **Kevin/Satan:** MmmmmheheheheheHAHAHAHAHAHA. Satan lured them in with promises of warmth and food! [Goldman retches as he tries to speak.] **Old Vietnam Bum:** Hey Faggot, when do we get paid for this shit? [Goldman turns several colors.] **Chorus of Bums:** Where's our \*\*\*\*in money at.... Hey Gimme money you \*\*\*\*.... Yer Mamma ain't no Jesus Christ... I ain't doing no \*\*\*\*\*ed time for some dead.. I got picked up on an eight year old ticket, and I said I ain't going to no court.... [Goldman turns sharply.] **E-Gold:** ... [And storms out of the room as Satan beams as DEF on ESEN Commercials run in the background. =-=-= **Jeff:** Never thought I'd say this, but Kevin Alloy is the greatest thing to ever happen to wrestling. **Angus:** I have to admit, assigning him to Goldman was pure genius on Dane's part. **Jeff:** Yeah, hell, we might even get lucky and ol' Goldbaum decides that enough is enough and takes his ball and goes home. Maybe he can work in NFW, I hear they're having some kind of power struggle too. **Angus:** It's all the rage, you know. **Jeff:** Oh, but I do...

## Alceo Dentari vs Kevin Cage

Gangsta Gangsta by NWA sounded out around the arena as Kevin Cage made his way down to the ring, only for it to be replaced by... 'Ain't That A Kick In The Head'? Wait, that's not right. But no, Alceo Dentari came out from the back and sauntered down to the ring, mouthing along to the words of his !~NEW~! entrance music. Alceo stepped up the stairs and in through the ropes. The bell sounded, but Alceo didn't go on the attack, instead he held out his hand for Cage to shake it and said something quietly to his opponent. Luckily the camera microphones picked it up, turns out he said "Offer's there, just lay down." Cage reached out and grabbed Dentari's hand, but instead of shaking it, used it to pull Alceo in and land a kick right into his gut. Alceo doubled over and Cage scooped him up for a powerbomb. Alceo fought free though by landing a few right hands into Cage's forehead and dropped down onto his feet in front of the big man. Dentari hit the ropes and came back with a running kick to the knee of Cage, which didn't seem to affect him, instead Cage pushed his hand into Dentari's face, and shoved him down to the mat with one hand. Alceo quickly rolled over onto all fours and looked up at Cage, his eyes blazing with rage. Kevin threw a right hand, which was ducked by Dentari. Alceo spun around and landed a hard right hand up into the ribs of Cage. A quick combination of rights and lefts knocked the wind out of Cage and allowed Alceo to grab him by the neck and try to take him over with a snapmare. Cage couldn't be taken over though, and lifted Alceo before casting him aside like a ragdoll. Dentari hit the canvas hard and rolled to the apron Cage followed him in, but referee Carla Ferrari stepped between them and forced Cage to back up and allow Dentari back into the ring. Before Carla could turn around to make sure Cage had retreated a safe distance, Alceo grabbed his thigh, as well as Carla's shirt, and howled in pain. He kept pointing to his leg and shouted 'CRAMP' at the top of his voice, all the while making sure Carla's attention was on him. As Alceo dealt with his cramp, Yohsikazu YAZ sprinted down to the ring and jumped up on the apron. Cage charged in in order to knock him down, but took some green mist to the face for his troubles! Cage turned and stumbled blindly into the middle of the ring, where Dentari, who's leg had miraculously healed, ran in with a dropkick to the front of both of Cage's knees. Kevin Cage dropped to all fours, and Dentari hit the ropes before coming back with almost a running stomp to the back of Cage's head. The modified 'Whacked' sent Cage spawling to the floor and Dentari rolled him over, making sure to obscure his face from Carla's view as he covered him! ONE! TWO! THREE! Winner: Alceo Dentari (+5pts) Dentari rolled out of the ring, his white shirt sleeves now stained with the green mist spat into Cage's eyes and celebrated up the ramp with YAZ. Slowly Cage came to in the ring, and watched angrily as the pair taunted him before disappearing into the back. ==-== **Angus:** I thought Dentari and YAZ were recruiting Cage? **Jeff:** Don't look at me. **Angus:** I see. Well, in other news, we've got another exciting (re)debut for you coming up next! **Jeff:** Can I just say, despite the fact that the last time he was here he couldn't go eight seconds without hitting on Heidi, I can't help but like this guy. **Angus:** The man is entertaining, that's for sure... [Cut.]

## Shit just got serious...

[Hide the wives and daughters!]

[All. Of. Them.] [Do it NOW.] [Don't say I didn't warn you...] [Backstage, in the loading docks of all places, a few 2x4's have been cobbled together in the loose approximation of an office, or a room, or... something. It's like that Cheetos commercial where they're "partying" and the one guy can see them, you know, a frame. The only thing solid is the door. Behind the door, sitting with his legs crossed and his package bulging beyond the limits of his lycra is none other than THE LADIES MAN himself, that's right, it's Mr. Morning After Pill himself...] [RICH MAHOGANY~!] [That sound you just heard, that was the collective squishing of thighs as every woman in the arena and in the viewing public at him have just produced what is called a Squirt orgasm. Look it up, it's something of a thing to see.] **Rich Mahogany:** First thing's first, brother, I'd like to welcome back all of The Ladies of DEFIANCE to the pure majesty that is Rich Mahogany. [He takes a look around.] **Rich Mahogany:** But apparently, the only Lady left is Clair St. Sure, and she's in the Heritage League. Well. NORMALLY speaking this might be an annoyance, but the Rich-man happens to know that there's not just Lady wrestlers to be had, but there are PLENTY of Ladies out in the stands who show up just to catch a glimpse of the boulders I call shoulders, nah-mean? [Rich winks.] **Rich Mahogany:** Now. You may be asking yourselves: "BUT RICH I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN EPW?" Well, quite simply speaking, I am in EPW, and I'm in DEFIANCE, a talent the likes of Rich Mahogany can't be bothered with little things such as realism and contract exclusivity! I've got a seed, and it must be sewn. Dig it? [Without warning he stands, package jiggling.] **Rich Mahogany:** Now you might also be asking yourself, "WHY ARE YOU SITTING ALONE IN A ROOM WITHOUT WALLS?" Well walls tend to get in the way. Especially with guys like Damien DeSett and Niklas Kiri around! BUT NONE OF THAT MATTERS! What does matter is that in homage to the "Singles Competition" nature of this Grand Champions League that has the Defiant Nation all up in arms, The Ladies Man is on the prowl not just for the hottest poon this side of the Mississippi River, BUT ALSO for the hottest Tag Team Partner this side of NOBODY LIKES TAG TEAM MATCHES anymore! If you know my steez you can completely understand where I'm coming from. Giggidy! And what's this, another possible future partner on his way to the screening room? [Unbeknownst to anyone, Dragon Jones has meandered his way to behind the door. He looked around, saw Rich standing there talking, and waited for a convenient time to make his presence known by knocking.] **Rich Mahogany:** Who is it? [Jones pokes his head around the door.] **Lord Dargno:** It's me! **Rich Mahogany:** USE THE DOOR! [He does, walking through holding his nearest and dearest friend, Folding Chair.] **Lord Dargno:** I'm looking for Two Adjacent Lockers. [...] **Lord Dargno:** HA HA HA JK~! Is this the place where we sign up to be heel? [Facepalm.jpg] **Rich Mahogany:** This is the place where I find my new Tag Team Partner. Get out. **Lord Dargno:** [pointing at the chair] But I already have a partn- **Rich Mahogany:** [interrupting] NEXT! [Deejno does his best stinkface before taking his chair and, um, going home, I guess. Or back to his locker room, or wherever else one such as Lord Dragon Jones THE FIRST might return to. Inexplicably, he is replaced by Dan Ryan.] **Dan Ryan:** How the hell did I get here? [Rich clears his throat, The Ego Buster spins around on him.] **Dan Ryan:** Don't you work for me? **Rich Mahogany:** I do. Did you come here to be my new partner? **Dan Ryan:** I did not. [An awkward silence ensues.] **Rich Mahogany:** So I'll see you at work then. **Dan Ryan:** Pfft, if you bother to "show up" this time. **Rich Mahogany:** Hey! I resemble that remark! [Ryan rolls his eyes and leaves. Listless, Rich hangs his head. His shoulders slump, and he falls back into his director's chair, head in hand.] **Rich Mahogany:** Maybe it's all for naught... Maybe DEFIANCE just isn't for Rich Mahogany... [The Machismo Mariachi sits there miserably for another moment before another knock comes to his door. He eyeballs the door, contemplating.] **Rich Mahogany:** Go away, auditions are closed! **OSV:** "Groovy! Then I'm JUST in TIME!" [Mahogany's eyebrow rises in curiosity.] **Rich Mahogany:** Come in? [The door opens into the office, behind it stands the only man in wrestling who can match Rich's impeccable tan, "Corporate Suite Dolphin" Pete Whealdon. He swaggers across the threshold all sunglasses and flip-flops and million dollar grins.] **Pete Whealdon:** What's up, bromandude? [Rich's eyes turn to slits. He looks Whealdon up and down. Suite Pete strokes his mustache thoughtfully. The Ladies Man rubs his chin.] [The two men circle each other, each sizing the other man up.] **Pete Whealdon:** Nice tan. What's your secret? **Rich Mahogany:** Crisco. Excellent flip-flops. Where'd you get them? **Pete Whealdon:** Cosco. Who does your feathering? **Rich Mahogany:** Fantastic Sams. Favorite color? **Pete Whealdon:** Periwinkle. Yours? **Rich Mahogany:** Cornflower. [Two sets of eyelids narrow.] **Rich Mahogany:** Partner? [...] **Pete Whealdon:** Brother! **Rich Mahogany:** Homie! **Pete Whealdon:** Dude! [And just like that, a bromance has begun. The two Jesus Christ Gigolos embrace in what could only be described as the giddiest (nohomo) example of public affection that has ever been witnessed on broadcast television. After they're done feeling each other out, they stop to contemplate.] **Rich Mahogany:** So, what do we call ourselves? [Pete twirls his mustache in deep thought.] **Pete Whealdon:** The Worlds Longest Tag Team. [They nod.] **Rich Mahogany:** And we're gonna hump this league into SUBMISSION! [The camera sticks for a moment, then awkwardly fades.]

==--== **Angus:** Did we just watch a gay porno? **Jeff:** You keep whatever's on your monitor to yourself! **Angus:** I hate you. **Jeff:** So you keep saying.



## Meeting of the Minds pt. II

[Elijah Goldman had not been in his office, he had to go and do things that pertained to the show. Kevin/Satan however is.]

[Goldman was not expecting this.] [Goldman is not amused.] **E-Gold:** I am not amused. [Kevin/Satan appears to be on his bluetooth, he waves off Goldman.] **E-Gold:** This happens to be \_MY\_ Office. [Kevin/Satan has finished.] **Kevin/Satan:** Satan thought the last focus group yielded some good results. Satan is pleased with his new horde of Minions! [Goldman for all of him is turning several shades of purple.] **Kevin/Satan:** This is why Satan believed it was most important to get the next focus group underway. Satan can assure you Mr. Goldbaum, that it will not be like the last focus group. Satan believes this is a key demographic to target according to previous research! [Goldman clearly needs a few... hundred... Advil.] **E-Gold:** Just so we're clear, I'm not walking to something that smells like the death of a fishing industry in the hot sun right? [Kevin/Satan is confused.] **E-Gold:** You didn't just pick up the fifty \*\*\*\*\*ed bum women who line up with the men. RIGHT?! [Kevin/Satan clearly thinks this is a good idea. Washes of Red, then Purple, then Red, then Purple.] **Kevin/Satan:** Satan is certain that is a far better idea! **E-Gold:** Oh thank god. [Kevin/Satan gets up from the desk, E-Gold is clearly not interested. Until Damien DeSett Kool-Aid's the wall next to E-Gold and lifts him over his shoulder, despite loud protest from Goldman.] **Kevin/Satan:** Satan thought you might prove difficult to coral mmmmmhehehehahahahahaha! [They wander back to the previous focus room.] [A notably low guttural "mrrrrroowwww" issues from the room. followed by loud hissing and scratching against the door.] **Kevin/Satan:** Satan paid his minions with part of our pay check to wrangle up the next focus group. Satan has been assured by the good minions that none of them are Jesus. [Flex~! WITH E-GOLD!] **E-Gold:** No, I don't think I need to go in there. Now if you would just put me... [In a move that is both alarmingly fast, but unsurprising, In one fell motion, E-Gold has been shoved through the open door as only a single tabby cat leaves, hissing and screaming as it bolted down the hallway.] [Kevin/Satan seems pleased with himself.] [Flex~!] ==-== **Angus:** Do you think he knows we're just trolling him for trolling's sake? **Jeff:** Who, Goldman? Christ no. **Angus:** Think he'll re-watch this and try to fire me? **Jeff:** I doubt it. **Angus:** If he does, you got my back, right? **Jeff:** Absolutely not. **Angus:** GODDAMMIT!

## Dragon Jones vs Mike Sloan

Everyone's, and by everyone's I mean my, favourite former fuck around, Dragon Jones, emerged from the back and headed down to the ring. Dragon, didn't slap hands with any of the fans that held their arms out to him, nor did he flip them off. He just... ignored them.

Not too sure if I like this Deej.

Also, not too sure if he can be called Dargno Enojs anymore.

It makes me sad.

Next out, to the tune of Megadeth's Syphony of Destruction, came Mike Sloan. Mike walked down the ramp with a determined look upon his face as he locked onto Dragon in the middle of the ring, but he still found time to slap hands with one guy sat in the corner he rounded to reach the stairs before climbing into the ring.

The bell sounded and we were under way.

The two circled each other for a few seconds. Sloan looked hesitant to tie up with the strangely concentrated Jones. He did so, however, and his fears were confirmed as Jones went behind and locked in a waistlock. Sloan pushed down on the hands of Jones to force a break and grabbed one arm, locking in a standing armbar. Dragon grabbed at the back of Sloan's head with his free hand but couldn't get a grip of anything. He resulted to pinching the back of Sloan's neck to get him to break the hold and retreated to his corner of the ring to regroup.

Referee, Denny Boyle, warned Jones about the pinching and ordered the two to initiate once again.

Sloan closed in on Jones, but ate a European uppercut for his troubles, and a second one knocked him back a step. Sloan gathered him bearing quickly though and responded with a right hand to the cheek of Jones that knocked him right back into the corner and opened him up for a barrage of rights and lefts that knocked him down to the ground. Sloan pushed his boot into the face of Jones and only removed it on the ref's count of four.

Sloan stepped back to allow Dragon up, but didn't let him out of the corner as he came in with a kick to the gut that stunned Jones. Sloan whipped his opponent across the ring with such force that Dragon bounced out of the corner and right into a running Lariat from Sloan, who had just come off the ropes himself. Dragon instinctively rolled to his front, and Sloan opted to pull him back to his feet rather than attempt a pin on a man who was nowhere near ready to stay down.

Sloan hooked Dragon's head in a front face lock and hammered down a couple of forearms to the back of the first Dragon Jones, before hooking his arm and taking him up and over with a vertical suplex. Sloan kept hold of the head of Dragon though and pulled him up to his feet for a second suplex. Up and over Jones went before being pulled up for a third. Sloan lifted him, but Dragon twisted and landed on his feet behind Sloan.

Jones lifted Sloan and took him down with a belly to back suplex before rolling over and mounting Sloan. Jones rained down elbows and fists to the chin, temple and chest of Sloan before getting back up, backing off and waiting for Sloan to sit up. Dragon charged in and nailed the shining wizard! Dragon didn't go for a cover though. Instead he opted to head to the top rope and launch himself off with the Deej'sault! Dragon crashed down onto the chest of Sloan, knees

first. Meanwhile his own chest smacked into the canvas knocking the wind right out of the Dragon of the Jones.

Jones rolled over to catch his breath and pulled himself up with use of the ropes. Mike Sloan on the other hand rolled his way to the other side of the ring and out onto the apron. Once out there he did his best to recover from the massive devastation he'd just been on the receiving end of.

Jones stumbled over to Sloan and reached through the ropes to pull Sloan up. Mike thrust a shoulder through the top and middle ropes deep into Jones' gut, causing Dragon to double over. Sloan grabbed Dragon by the hair and pulled his head out to the outside, took a step back and charged in with a knee to the side of Dragon's head. Jones spun and collapsed in the middle of the ring, allowing Sloan enough time to step in and peel Dragon off of the mat and set him up for the burning hammer!

Sloan may have taken a second too long though, and Jones was able to rake his fingers across Mike's eyes. Sloan lost his grip on Jones and allowed him to drop behind him. DeeJ reached up and grabbed Sloan's tights and pulled him to the ground with a school boy!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

**Winner: Dragon Jones (+5pts)**

Mike Sloan kicked out, probably at three and one one thousandth, but it was too late, the bell sounded and Dragon Jones' hand was raised in victory. All around the ring, the fans, the crew, the referee and even both competitors jaws dropped as it sank in that Jones had managed to pull out the win.

## An Explanation

[Flanked by Yoshikazu YAZ and Lisa Loeh, Alceo Dentari saunters down the hallway with a self satisfied grin on his face. From behind Lance Warner comes running.]

**Warner:** Alceo, a quick word? [Quimbey thrusts the microphone in front of Alceo's face, who responds without breaking his gate.] **Dentari:** You can have two, fu- [Quimbey pulls the microphone away from Alceo.] **Warner:** Preferably about what happened earlier against Kevin Cage. It seemed like you wanted him to lay down for you, was that the case? [Dentari stops walking and YAZ advances on DQ. Alceo puts out a hand and halts his progress, however.] **Dentari:** That was a test. An' Cage passed with flyin' colors. **Warner:** A test? **Dentari:** Yeah, see, we ain't after some schmuck who's gonna lay down for nobody. We want a guy who ain't afraid to stand up to nobody. Kevin Cage showed balls out there, an' for that reason his invitation to join us is still as wide open as Heidi Christenson's legs. **Warner:** But if you want Kevin Cage to join you, was stealing the victory in the manner you did the wisest move? [Dentari pushes DQ up against the wall and gets right up in his face. YAZ steps in and places his head over Dentari's shoulder to add to the overall intimidation.] **Dentari:** I didn't steal nothin'! **Warner:** [choking] Huckuh! **Dentari:** Cage ain't gonna have it as easy over here as he did on Heritage. An' seein' as he ain't made his choice yet, we figured he needed a little push. This offer ain't gonna be on the table forever, so best to make it an offer he can't refuse, capiche? [With that Alceo releases his grip from around Quimbey's neck, slaps him on the cheek and carries on on his merry way. YAZ hangs back to glare at DQ for a few more seconds before walking away briskly to catch up with Dentari] ==--== **Jeff:** It was a test? **Angus:** Testes. Testes. One, two... three? **Jeff:** Have you been watching your Beavis and Butthead dvds again? **Angus:** Did I ever really stop? [Jeff rolls his eyes.]

## The EgoBuster Speaks!

[BACKSTAGE: Dan Ryan is standing in front of an Evolution backdrop, looking down at the little man who's standing there with a microphone, too unimportant to be named, annoyed.] **Interviewer:** Dan Ryan, last week you struggled in the five way matchup which, in the end, Christian Light was able to win and you were pinned by Eugene Dewey. Your thoughts? **Dan Ryan:** I was pinned by Eugene Dewey. **Interviewer:** You were pinned by Eugene Dewey. [Ryan looks up, then appears to crack his neck once to the left and once to the right, then looks back down.] **Dan Ryan:** Isn't that all that needs to be said? It was pathetic. What's been going on lately is unacceptable. It's completely unacceptable. **Interviewer:** Perhaps when you say 'what's been going on lately' you're also referring to the ULTRATITLE and your first round loss to Co--- **Dan Ryan:** Finish that sentence and I'll throw you through a fucking window. **Interviewer:** But I - **Dan Ryan:** Seriously. **Interviewer:** Just because you had a rough couple weeks doesn't mean - **Dan Ryan:** So.... what, you like glass slicing you up as you go flying through it? Is that your thing, kid? **Interviewer:** No, it's just - **Dan Ryan:** No more talking from you. Okay? That's your new thing. You don't talk. You listen. Yeah. It's been a rough couple weeks. It's not something I'm real happy with and it's not something that I'm gonna allow to continue. **Interviewer:** So you just plan on - **Dan Ryan:** [pointing off-screen] Before you say anything else, I want to point out that there is a window.... right..... THERE. **Interviewer:** Well, I - **Dan Ryan:** RIGHT THERE. **Interviewer:** [after a pause] Thanks for your time. [Ryan looks at him for just a moment, then turns and walks away without a word.] ==== **Angus:** Where the hell was Christie Zane or Lance Warner? **Jeff:** Smart enough not to be bothering the likes of Dan Ryan. **Angus:** I see your point. **Jeff:** It deserves to be said, though, the Ego Buster lost to the Failsnake at ULTRATITLE. He's going to have to go a loooooong way in living that down here in DEFIANCE. **Angus:** What about those other places? **Jeff:** They've probably already forgotten. **Angus:** I see.

## Jack Bryant vs Niklas Kiri

The entryway filled with smoke. Quiet Riot assaulted the speakers.

*#Cum on Feel the Noise #Girls Rock your Boys #We'll get wild, wild, wild #Wild, wild, wild* On cue Niklas Kiri erupted through the curtain to a chorus of boos. On his way to the ring, Niklas Kiri wore a Minnesota Wild Jersey with his last name and the number 86 on the back. He also had on a hockey goalie mask over his head. Joining him, wearing dusty brown robes and a floppy brown hat was his manager, Jonas Anger. Once in the ring, Kiri removed the jersey...and then the goalie mask--leaving the leather straps that act as a mask around his head. As Quiet Riot faded, Anger took the time to give his charge a few last minute instructions before his DEFIANCE debut. "Rollin' and Tumblin'" by The Stone Foxes replaced the hair metal on the P.A., and Jack Bryant wasted zero time making his way through curtain and ringward. The Birmingham Stallion had zero qualms with throwing a big ugly monkey wrench into Kiri's big debut. Bryant strode to the ring, oblivious to the jeering crowd as he had only one purpose on his mind, and that was shutting the mouth of Jonas Anger by putting down the monster known as Niklas Kiri. The referee, Mark Shields, had smoked his way through three packs just today, nervously awaiting this assignment. If he had any sense at all he'd let the two big bulls go at it and stay clear except for counting pinfalls. He made it clear as Bryant hit the ring that he wanted no part of keeping the two apart as they stood face to face in the center of the ring, jawing at one another. Instead of trying to separate the two, he rung the bell and got out of the damned way! **DING! DING! DING!** If Jack Bryant wasn't used to being at both a height and weight disadvantage, he wasn't showing it one little bit. Just like before, Jack did the most disrespectful thing he could think of and spat in Kiri's face. The bigger man's eyes went red for a moment before he bell-clapped Bryant's head and then double-legged him down to the ground where he started raining down massive hammers at the Birmingham Stallion. Bryant was no slouch when it came to fisticuffs, though, and he wriggled and rocked his way out of the Minnesota Mastadon's massive grip and managed to scramble his way out of the ring to try and catch a breath. He didn't get a chance though, at the urging of Jonas Anger and his floppy brown hat Kiri was outside of the ring behind JB and the chase was on! Bryant rounded the ring post, dove back into the ring and rose to his feet quickly. Kiri, hot on his heels, couldn't manage to get past his hands and knees before the Birmingham Stallion dropped a double axehandle across his spine. Bryant stayed on his knees and rained down forearm shots to Kiri's shoulders, but the big man simply shrugged them off and rose to his knees. A knife edge chop lit up Bryant's chest and placated his onslaught long enough for Kiri to get to his feet. Niklas grabbed Bryant by the hair and pulled him up, only for Jack to throw a right hand into Kiri's breadbasket. He followed with another, and then another to break the grip of Niklas before hitting the ropes and coming back with a chop block, taking the tree trunk like leg out from beneath the man from Minnesota. Bryant grabbed the leg of his opponent and stomped the back of his knee down into the mat. With a massive heave Bryant rolled Kiri over and dropped an elbow down across the same knee. Bryant cranked on the knee a couple of times, but Kiri reached forward with his bear like paw and raked the eyes of the Birmingham Stallion. Bryant released his grip on Kiri's knee and felt his way blindly to the corner of the ring where he tried to clear his vision. Kiri got back to his feet and shook out his leg before charging in on Bryant and crushing him against the turnbuckles with a splash. Bryant slumped forwards into Kiri's arms before being taken over with a belly to belly suplex. Kiri stuck the landing and hooked the leg! ONE! TWO! Bryant kicked out! Kiri wasted no time in getting back to his feet while pulling Bryant back to his and landed a stiff, hard strike to the side of JB's head. Bryant tried to cover up, but ate a couple more rights and lefts which pushed him back to the ropes. Kiri whipped Jack across the ring and threw a clothesline as Bryant rebounded, which JB ducked. Niklas spun as quickly as he could, but had his leg taken out once again by a dropkick aimed directly at the front of his knee. Kiri dropped to one knee before falling to his back as Bryant knocked him down with a harsh knife edge chop. Bryant grabbed Kiri's ankle and stepped over with a spinning toe hold. JB tweaked on Kiri's leg a couple of times before taking a boot from below as Niklas kicked up and connected with Bryant's jaw. Another kick forced Bryant to release the hold, but couldn't break his spirit as he came back with a stomp to Kiri's chest. Kiri caught Bryant's boot though and twisted it, turning Jack over and sending him sprawling to the mat. Kiri heaved himself up to meet JB, who had risen to his own feet. The two traded chops in the middle of the ring before Bryant threw a kick into the side of Kiri's knee. Jack hit the ropes and came back, but got stopped in his tracks by a headbutt from Kiri. Niklas hit the ropes and came back with a splash and splatted Bryant against the canvas. Niklas didn't try to go for the cover, and instead opted to scoop Bryant off of the floor and body slam him right back down. Niklas dropped an elbow across Bryant's chest, rolled him over onto his front, pulled Bryant up using his tights and hooked in for a german suplex. Kiri lifted Bryant, who pretty much became a dead weight, making Kiri's lift that little bit harder. Bryant managed to roll forwards and reversed the suplex into a victory roll of sorts. ONE! TWO! Kiri kicked out! Both men scrambled back to their feet, only for Kiri to throw a wild lariat that almost took Bryant's head off. Niklas peeled Bryant's limp body up off the mat and placed his head between his legs. He lifted Bryant up and drove him down into the mat with a thunderous powerbomb! Again, Kiri

didn't go for the cover, instead he climbed the turnbuckles until he reached the middle rope, bounced a couple of times and threw himself back, dropping down with a slingshot splash! KIRI CRUSH! Mercifully he stuck the landing for the cover! ONE! TWO! THREE! **Niklas Kiri (+5) def. Jack Bryant via Kiri Crush** Niklas Kiri's hand was raised in the middle of the ring as Jonas Anger stepped through the ropes to join him. Jack Bryant, still slightly stunned from the Kiri-ton Bomb/Kiri Crush combo, slid his way back to the corner of the ring and held the back of his head. Kiri spotted Jack in the corner of the ring and honed in on his, driving a boot deep into his gut. Kiri rained down right hands to Bryant's temple as the bell rang over and over again. **DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!** Mark Shields finally made his presence known as he tried to calm Kiri, only to get shoved back and tumbled to the outside of the ring, proving his theory about staying out of this one correct. **DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!** The locker room emptied as security and Defiants alike filled the ring, each one trying to restrain the rampaging Mastodon from Minnesota, but Kiri shrugged them off one at a time and continued his assault of JB. Kiri threw wild elbows behind him, connecting with the jaws and temples of the nameless security guards. **DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!** From seemingly nowhere though, Kiri dropped to one knee as the leg Bryant had been focusing on was taken out from under him. And who took it out? None other than Mike Sloan! Sloan grabbed Kiri by the mask and spun him around, tossing him away from Bryant's now bleeding, limp body. Kiri squared up to Sloan, who refused to back down, but the stare down was halted quickly by Jonas stepping between the two warriors. Jonas grabbed Kiri's blood soaked hand and raised it in victory once more to close the show.