

Early Arrival

[Earlier Today]

[A cab pulls up outside the arena. The back door opens and out steps Eugene Dewey. He heads around to the back of the cab, opens the trunk and pulls his bag out. He slams the boot and heads for the door marked 'Performer's Entrance.' Eugene pushes the door and enters the building.]

Voice:

Dewey, Eugene?

[The camera follows Eugene through the door to find him standing facing a man in a lab coat.]

[Wait, a lab coat?]

Scientist Guy:

Mr. Dewey?

Eugene Dewey:

Uhhhh, yeah?

Scientist Guy:

Mr. Dewey, you've been randomly selected for participation in a drugs testing scheme.

Eugene:

Wait, what?

Scientist Guy:

We're going to need you to provide us with a urine sample as early as possible for testing purposes. Failure to provide a specimen will result in a failure of the test. Is that understood?

Eugene:

Well, yeah, but why me?

Scientist Guy:

As I said before, you have been randomly selected for participation. You are not alone in the testing group, however I am not at liberty to disclose the others who have also been selected.

Eugene:

Ok, well, when do you need it by?

Scientist Guy:

Any time during tonight's show will suffice. We have all the equipment here for testing, so results will be available around half an hour after the specimen is tested. I'd like to thank you for your participation tonight.

[Eugene sighs, takes the cup from the guy's hand and heads off to find his locker room. He made sure to get in early today to make sure he found it, and he was glad he did. No way was he going to drop trou and provide a sample in the middle of the hallway.]

HERI 4 LIFE

The fans have only just begun quieting down from the introduction to Defiance television, when the soft melodic sounds of an electric organ echo over the PA system, bringing in the infamous "Shine" by Orange Goblin.

*# Dream on...#
Dream on baby, let it go #
Dream on baby, let it go... #
Fly so high... #
Fly so high baby, let it go #
Fly so high baby, let it go... #
You light my soul... #
You light my soul baby, let it go #
You light my soul baby, let it go... #
I will shine... #
You will shine baby, let it go #
We will shine baby, let it go, oh... #*

"Shine" shifts from soft and melodic to driving guitars, and the fans erupt as Heidi Christenson walks out onto the entrance ramp. She stops there, hands on her hips, looks around the arena, then smiles. Dressed for serious business, she's donned the gi-based outfit, the one with the black pants and burnt orange shirt.

A quick walk down to the ring, and she's rolling in, coming up to her feet and calling for a microphone. Once she has it, she walks around the ring.

*WELCOME BACK!!! WELCOME BACK!!! WELCOME BACK!!!
WELCOME BACK!!! WELCOME BACK!!! WELCOME BACK!!!*

Heidi Christenson:

First, before I go any further - thank you.

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Heidi:

After Elijah Goldman fired me, and I just let him do it and left the Defiance World Title behind, what I've been hearing from everyone, both fans and 'haterz', is why. Why did I let Elijah Goldman fire me? Why didn't I stand up for Defiance or myself either one? And since I did let him fire me, what am I doing here, right now?

Well, that last one's easy to answer. Seems my contract had a clause in it where, should I be removed from the Defiance roster for any reason, it could reactivate on my option should Jeff Andrews step down as the Defiance Vice President. Which he did. And so here I am.

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Heidi:

As for Elijah Goldman and Evolution League. I told everyone at the beginning of the season that I had no interest in working for Elijah Goldman, and I had no interest in anything Evolution League was doing. The very existence of Goldman and EVO is a slap to the face of everyone who's ever gotten into a wrestling ring and taken pride in what they were doing. And if you don't believe me on that, look at what we have here, on HERI, as opposed to what they've got.

[Heidi's smiling again now, and she puts one foot up on the bottom rope.]

Heidi:

Christian Light is one of the best wrestlers that the world of wrestling has *ever seen!* Kai Scott's been assuring the world that Clairra was going to be the next big thing in wrestling, and she's been proving that he undervalued her! Jeff

Andrews has been cleaning house over in Ultratitle, showing the wrestling world exactly how good he is, and now he's wrestling again. If anyone thinks that EVO and Alceo Dentari and Yoshikazu YAZ have even half a prayer of stepping to any of this... man i don't even know.

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Heidi:

I didn't have the slightest interest in proving to the idiots over in EVO that I've earned every accolade I've ever gotten, because I've done nothing for my entire career BUT prove it. And I know - I know there's people out there who think I'm obligated to wrestle for Evolution League, and all I've got to say about that is...

I absolutely do not give a damn!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Heidi:

I'd rather wrestle in the league that's got Light, St. Sure, Jeff, Eugene Dewey and Jack Cassidy in it and fail to make the playoffs than I would wipe the Evolution League mat with its own roster. And that was BEFORE Heritage made its most recent signing...

BBBBBBB0000000000000000!!!!

BBBBBBB0000000000000000!!!!

[Those boos aren't for Heidi.]

Heidi:

Bronson Box, I have not forgotten what you did to the Hydra, or to me. And now that I don't have a title belt and Xavier Langston to worry about, I'm going to do what I should have done months ago, and make you pay for it. Slowly.

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

[Heidi tosses her microphone to the mat as "Shine" begins playing again.]

SportsCenter: Shazam vs JGX

"Downtown" Darren Keebler:

Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome at long last to Heritage TV 07, presented only by DEFIANCE wrestling!

[The fans are still going batshit. It's almost like they've been waiting a couple weeks for this card to happen or something.]

DDK:

I'm here tonight with, as usual, Cito Conarri, the Commissioner of the Heritage League. Now previously we had Jeff Andrews on with the commentary team, but because he's now a wrestler, we have an open spot. Maybe it will rotate between those who can provide interesting insight, or maybe we'll just use the same guy all the time. Tonight, we've decided to use Angus Skaaland.

[Pan out to the entire commentary desk. Yes, it's Angus Skaaland, the Motormouth of Malcontent, normally on Evolution League doing the original Defiance "fuck the fourth wall" commentary style alongside Jeff Andrews, now on Heritage League, in a T-shirt.]

Angus Skaaland:

Yeah, see, I just absolutely had to be here the night Cancer Jiles finally puts that mongoloid Jeff Andrews in his place.

Cito Conarri:

Fans, as Angus just mentioned, Jeff Andrews did step away from the commentary booth to wrestle, and he IS taking on Cancer Jiles in tonight's main event! But we've got several other matches before that. I booked a mini-tournament for the wrestlers who weren't at the top of the running, points wise, to provide Heritage League with a member for War Games. And we've got the first four matches - Jack Cassidy and Lucky Seven, Eugene Dewey and Impala, Michel LaLiberte and Frank Dylan James, and our first match of the night, Jan Gin Xiao vs Diamond Shazam.

Skaaland:

Yeah, ok, I got a question before we get started. I know some of the HERI fans weren't really so into demolishing the fourth wall at all times, but on the other hand, you brought me here. So what d'you want?

Conarri:

Lemme put it this way. Spraypaint it all you want, but no wrecking balls.

Skaaland:

Word.

DDK:

Anyway, gentlemen.

Skaaland:

GENTLEMEN.

Conarri:

No fourchan on my show, Angus.

Skaaland:

Goddammit.

DDK:

Is anyone going to say anything about JGX and Shazam?

Conarri:

We don't really have much to go by for Shazam. He did have that match against Lucky Seven, you know, the one that didn't air. He's got a decent chance at slamming JGX, but brute strength wise I don't know how he compares to, say,

FDJ.

Angus:

I honestly couldn't care less.

Conarri:

What have you been told about burying the roster?

Angus:

I'm sorry, I couldn't hear over the sound of how OLD you are.

Conarri:

fuckmylife.gif

Jan Gin Xiao vs Diamond Shazam

Have you ever seen a sumo wrestler do a backflip?

Probably not, so here's what happened.

Diamond Shazam's one of the strongest guys who's stepped up to the Bodyslam Challenge, and there was some hope that he'd be able to pull it off... then again, Shazam isn't exactly beloved and no one particularly wanted him to be the one to collect the bonus.

But he couldn't do it. He nearly got JGX up, but couldn't finish the slam and dropped him. JGX clubbed him on the back, threw him into the turnbuckle chest first, and then hit some knees to the small of the back. He backed across the ring, and then charged the buckle, trying to flatten Shazam.

But Shazam sidestepped out of instinct.

JGX, stunned, walked backwards, and Shazam fell back to the ropes and then came at JGX with a Diamond Apocalypse lariat.

And that's how a Sumo does a backflip.

Shazam made the pinfall, and was quickly removed from the ring. Fade2commercial on the sight of JGX's unconscious face, complete with a smear of Shazam's greasepaint on it.

Homecoming

[The door to the backstage area opens, and in strides Michel LaLiberte, all smiles, as he anticipates a rousing welcome from his fellow Heritage roster members. What greets him, however, is quite the opposite.]

LaLiberte:

Where is everyone?

[He looks around as he makes his way to his locker room. After a few moments, he finally hears some voices around a corner. Slipping over towards the voices, he stumbles upon Jack Cassidy clearly hitting on intrepid DEFIANCE reporter, Christy Zane.]

Christy:

Jack, that's very sweet and all, however I said I was busy after the show.

Cassidy:

But... you always hang out with the wrestlers after the show. I'm a wrestler!

Christy:

I know, but... well, I had plans already.

Cassidy:

C'mon Christy. 'Plans' are an excuse. We can go get some nachos and some beer.

[LaLiberte has seen enough. He power walks over to them, specifically to step between Cassidy and Zane.]

LaLiberte:

I don't care w'at you believe, monsieur, When t'e lady say she 'as plans, she 'as plans. What would be more important t'an a date wit' you? 'er date wit' me.

[Turning to Christy.]

LaLiberte:

Good to know t'at we're still on for later tonight.

[Christy's expression could be described as 'worried befuddlement'. At no point did she agree to go out with Michel LaLiberte.]

[Cassidy doesn't like what he hears, and he notices how taken aback Zane is, and decides to take advantage of the situation, pushing his face right up into Michel's.]

Cassidy:

Back off, frog boy. I was here first.

[Christy decides that if the wrestlers are going to fight each other, she can quickly leave the scene. LaLiberte, turned away from her, doesn't notice. Jack does.]

Cassidy:

Great going dude, you scared her off.

[That's all LaLiberte needed. A shoving match ensues, which is broken up by event security. Fade to black.]

SportsCenter: Jack Cassidy vs Lucky Seven

DDK:

Up next we've got Jack Cassidy taking on Lucky Seven. How do you gentle... er, guys, see this one going down?

Angus:

I can think of some good going down jokes in conjunction with Lucky Seven. Other than that, I haven't really seen any evidence that Lucky Seven's any good for anything.

Cito:

I have nothing to add to that analysis.

Lucky Seven vs Jack Cassidy

Jack Cassidy, as the commentators probably mentioned, was trained by Heidi Christenson. And so he has a little more than a healthy respect for female competitors - he assumes straight off they're going to be more ruthless and dangerous than a dude.

So he went after Lucky Seven like he was fighting for his life, and it was like a Best Of Jack Cassidy montage in 45 seconds or so. He started with a Rip Kick, and followed it up with a Jack Of Diamonds, and then picked her up and delivered a Facewaster.

Then he stopped, and realized he'd just kicked the shit out of a girl, and looked ashamed of himself.

Then he shrugged, climbed the turnbuckle, and put the match in the bag with the Vertical Bird.

A reluctant interview

[We cut backstage where we find a rather uncomfortable looking Christie Zane talking to one of the Defiance producers standing just slightly off camera.]

Christie Zane:

I'm not doing it Craig, the guy's unstable! You weren't there to see what he did to that poor girl, he's a mon...

[Christie stops mid sentence as a familiar figure saunters in from stage left.]

[Sheered head, tailored brown pinstripe suit, mustache freshly waxed.]

[Bronson Box is back... woman on his arm? The tall fair skinned woman with wild red hair stands silently arm and arm with the Bombastic Brawler. Surprisingly Miss Zane is the first to speak.]

Christie Zane:

Mr. Box I'm sorry, it's just that I... it... they... Mr. Dane said...

[Box smiles as he softly shushes the flustered young lady. The red haired woman lets go of Box's arm and slowly walks around behind Christie getting uncomfortably close to the little interviewer's neck, running her fingers through her hair.]

Bronson Box:

As you all saw on Evolution just a few hours ago I've officially made my return to the company I put on the bloody map! Now claims like that have been made by a whole host of would be pretenders but when it passes twixt the lips of The Son of Man? It's bleedin' gospel...

[Box takes off his coat letting it fall to the wayside.]

Bronson Box:

I competed in the first match on the very first card of this damned company... stepped in for some poor sod that didn't show. My feud with "The Spoiler" Boston Bancroft was the foundation for everything you see here today. I unified the Defiance Heavyweight Crown and the World Wrestling Alliance title to become the first Defiance World Heavyweight champion. My legacy is entwined with Defiance and it me... Eric Dane realizes that. That's why I'm here.

[Rolling up his sleeves Box pops his neck and looks down at poor Christie Zane, the red haired woman making it rather difficult for the young woman to do her job due to her getting a little... hands on with the interviewer.]

Bronson Box:

It is mine to avenge; I will repay. In due time their foot will slip; their day of disaster is near and their doom rushes upon them. Deuteronomy. I'm here for so many reasons, chief among them revenge. I haven't forgotten what you did to me Alceo Dentari. But I've learned to be a very patient man over the years. Do not take revenge, my friends, but leave room for God's wrath, for it is written "It is mine to avenge; I will repay," says the Lord. Romans.

[Miss Zane, finally having had enough, pushes the woman away and shoves the mic into her hands. The woman turns to Box and with a smile they both laugh together.]

Red Haired Woman: [playfully holding up the microphone]

More to say, love?

[Box runs the back of his hand down the woman's cheek.]

Bronson Box:

There will be signs in the sun, moon and stars. On the earth, nations will be in anguish and perplexity at the roaring and tossing of the sea. Men will faint from terror, apprehensive of what is coming on the world, for the heavenly bodies will be shaken. At that time they will see the Son of Man coming in a cloud with power and great glory. When these

things begin to take place, stand up and lift your heads, because your redemption is drawing near. Luke.

[Close up.]

Bronson Box:

I'm not here to destroy anything. Much to the contrary, lads. I've come back to bloody SAVE this company and every soul in it. Now come along dear. We have work to do.

[Bronson Box and his mystery woman each look to the camera then back at one another before walking off camera into the bowls of the arena.]

It goes on...

[The rivalry continues.]

[The following was from the seventh episode in season two of Defiance 1.0.]

Slashing his finger across his throat, Andrews booted Jiles and grabbed his wrists. Sensing an Andrews Driver coming, Jiles sandbagged. Andrews stumbled, Jiles grabbed his leg and hung on as Andrews tried to wrestle him back up for something. Jiles got a foot under him, tried a backdrop, couldn't get him up... and Andrews went rigid? Jiles quickly rolled him up in a small package!

ONE...!

...TWO...!

...THREE??!!!!

The bell rang and Jiles triumphantly had his arm raised by Carla Ferarri as Andrews curled up on the mat clutching his midsection.

On commentary, Cito Conarri was of course the first person to figure out what had happened – Jiles had managed to hit a low blow using the back of his head, and then pinned Andrews while he was briefly incapacitated.

Seeing Andrews recoving, Jiles headed up the ramp at a pace that might've been a little too abrupt to be COOL.

Winner via Small Package: Cancer Jiles

SportsCenter: Dewey vs Impala**DDK:**

So, Dewey vs Impala.

Angus:

Did Impala write his bio yet?

DDK:

No.

Angus:

Then fuck him.

Eugene Dewey vs Impala

The crazy thing here is, Impala doesn't even have a bio yet, and so Eugene Dewey won in 3 seconds for no particular reason.

The scores begins to settle...

[The rivalry continues.]

[The following is taken from the third season of Defiance 1.0.]

[The show was dubbed, Tag Team Superbowl.]

Then Jiles messed up and bitchslapped Andrews, and Andrews surly-slapped him with an open hand strike that knocked him flat, and when White illegally entered the ring to try and prevent the tag, Andrews flapjacked him.

Heidi, on the hot tag, decimated faces with roundhouse kicks, and then nearly put Jiles away with a tornillo into a guillotine choke. When Jiles countered out of that, she countered the counter by hitting a wheelbarrow bulldog on him. Heidi immediately charged across the ring and actually speared White, knocking them both off the ring apron.

In the ring, Andrews spiked the back of Jiles' head into the mat with the Mind Eraser diving reverse DDT, then quickly ascended the top, screamed "Ultraglide", and then came down across Jiles' ribs with the Ultraglide.

A cover, a three count, and Andrews had finally closed the running score against Jiles a bit, and in satisfying fashion at that.

You're Winnar: THE UNTOUCHABLES

A Helping Hand

[Eugene Dewey walked along the hallway carrying... no other way to say this but... a cup of still warm urine. He rounded a corner and jumped at the sight of COOL Cancer Jiles leant against the wall.]

COOL Cancer Jiles:

Gene! How's it going buddy?

[Eugene opens his mouth to respond, but CCJ doesn't give him a chance to let a sound escape.]

CCJ:

Awww, Gene! You're in the cup club too?

[CCJ holds out his specimen, filled to bursting point with florescent yellow liquid.]

CCJ:

No worries here though, I've been expecting today.

Clean as a whistle.

Although I bet there's some guys out there that do have something to fear...

[CCJ winks at Eugene and shoots him a knowing smile.]

CCJ:

Hey, aren't you up next?

[Eugene nods silently.]

CCJ:

Say, how about you go get ready for the match and I'll hand in your sample?

[Jiles holds out his hand and smiles at Eugene.]

Eugene:

Oh, I don't want you to go through all that trouble.

CCJ:

What trouble? I'm headed there anyway.

Eugene:

Ok then... if you're sure.

[Eugene reluctantly hands over his sample to CCJ's outstretched palm.]

CCJ:

Attaboy! Now you run along, don't want to keep Impala waiting, do we?

[Eugene nods. He turns on his heels and heads in the direction for which he came.]

[That happens a lot, doesn't it?]

[CCJ on the other hand laughs to himself and pulls a third container from his pocket. He unscrews the lid of his sample and slowly decants the liquid into the new cup. He shakes out the remaining droplets before setting it on the chest next to him. He then removes the lid from Eugene's jar and pours its contents haphazardly into his original jar. Any guesses

where he then moves the contents of the third cup to?]

[The Ol' Switcheroo.]

[Jiles heads off down the hallway carrying both containers with a spring in his step.]

SportsCenter: LaLiberte vs FDJ

DDK:

Michel LaLiberte got off to a very good start in Defiance 2.0, but he slipped after the regular season started. Now he's back and he's got a chance to get it back under control.

Cito:

He's got Frank Dylan James in the ring, and LaLiberte's actually already wrestled FDJ once - during the preseason, LaLiberte's Team Douchebag met FDJ's Team FAEC. Team FAEC won because Heidi Christenson made Jonny Booya submit to some crazy looking armlock, but in this match, LaLiberte has an idea of what to expect.

DDK:

Can LaLiberte with his inexperience take advantage of that?

Angus:

What's FDJ gonna do? Don't get me wrong I'll give him all the credit in the world for being one tough sumbitch, but he can't wrestle. He fights. If LaLiberte can keep it a wrestling match he can win this.

Cito:

To win, LaLiberte would have to keep Frank down on the mat, and turn it into a grappling contest. He'd also have to be smart enough to let go and head for the hills if FDJ starts breaking loose. FDJ will do what he always does and just whale away, but if he exhausts himself playing LaLiberte's game, LaLiberte could take an upset here.

Michel LaLiberte vs Frank Dylan James

Frank waited in the ring as the lights faded, and "Your Man" by Down with Webster hit the air. Michel LaLiberte made his way down to the ring, winking at the more attractive ladies along the way. The greenhorn wasn't quite sure what to make of the grizzled behemoth at first, but as FDJ made his first sloppy grab at him, he began to determine just what the mountain man's MO is. Despite that, FDJ was determined, and caught the rookie off guard, slamming him backwards by grabbing LaLiberte's head and pulling hard. FDJ took the advantage of the kid's slip up, and pounced, pounding incessantly on the French Canadian. James' assault was cut short, regrettably, as a thumb to the eye distracts the mammoth, allowing LaLiberte to escape to the outside. Michel shook off the effects of the pummeling on the outside, as the referee prevented FDJ from following suit. LaLiberte finally got his bearings, and slid back into the ring behind James as he argued with the referee. This distraction was all that was needed, as LaLiberte began working the head and neck of James, finally finishing him off with a Best Face Forward. One! ... Two!! Three!!!

Results

[Once again, Eugene Dewey is walking along a hallway following his victory over Impala.]

Voice:

Mr. Dewey? Mr. Eugene Dewey?

[Eugene looks over his shoulder as Cito Connarri and the Scientist guy from earlier walks up to him.]

Cito Connarri:

Eugene, you stop right there.

[Eugene does as he's told and stops walking instantly. He turns to face the boss and the Scientist Guy.]

Eugene:

Hey Mr. Connarri...

[He notices the serious expression adorning Cito's face.]

Eugene:

Something the matter?

Connarri:

Eugene, Mr. Hawkes has the results from the sample you provided earlier.

Scientist Guy:

I'm sorry to have to inform you, Mr. Dewey, but our results show that you have tested positive for THC, the active ingredient found in Marijuana.

Eugene:

What? No, there must be some kind of mistake.

Scientist Guy:

I'm afraid there's no possibility of that. We ran the test twice. We had the same results back both times.

Connarri:

Eugene, we can't have anyone on the WarGames team that could either put a blotch on Heritage or run the risk of losing us the match. For that reason, I'm removing you from the tournament for the fourth place on the Heritage team.

Eugene:

But... no...

Connarri:

Considering what exactly it is you've tested positive for, however, your points for tonight's victory, nor any others achieved over the season, will not be redacted. Were you to fail a test for performance enhancing substances... well I think this conversation would be going a little differently.

Eugene:

No.. the

[But Cito and the Scientist Guy weren't listening. They simply walked past Eugene and left him contemplating whether the choices he'd made had been the right ones.]

SportsCenter: Contract signing lead-in

DDK:

We're about to go to the ring for the contract signing for the match between Christian Light and Clairra St. Sure.

Angus:

Don't lie, Darren, they don't have the red carpet and shit set up yet and so we have to buy them some time by talking while they do that.

DDK:

sigh

Angus:

So what do we have to talk about? I know we should wait til next week to actually predict on Light St.Sure. So maybe I could talk about how chicks should have tits not abs for a while?

DDK:

Funny thing is Angus, you're basically the only one who's saying that.

Angus:

IT'S MY IMPORTANT OPINION!

Cito:

You're welcome to it.

[Awkward dead air.]

Angus:

You guys suck. Someone needs to install, like, one of those machines with buttons and if you press the buttons it makes a fart noise.

Cito:

I've just been informed that we're ready to get the signing started, so let's go down to the ring!

Contract Signing

[And we're in the ring.]

[The canvas has been covered by a red carpet, and a large wooden table has been set up in the middle. On either side of the table is a chair, and in front of each chair, a gold-trimmed Heritage League pen.]

[And standing above it all, the man known as Lance Warner. His suit freshly cleaned and pressed, he faces the hard camera with a microphone in hand.]

Lance Warner:

Ladies and gentlemen, it is time for the Heritage 08 contract signing!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

Warner:

Introducing first, the man who is currently in second place in the Heritage League points table. The man who realizes his dream nearly every time he steps in that ring. Former WWA, NWA, and CAL World Champion, "The Last Nighthawk" CHRISTIAN LIGHT!

[Darkness.]

RRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!

[Fans roar in anticipation. Lighters come on. Cell phones come out for the nonsmokers. Those by the entrance turn their attention to the ramp way, hoping for an early peak at the entrance. But aside from slight movement, there's nothing.]

[Nothing that is, but air raid sirens.]

[Sirens and the flash of blue spotlights panning around the audience in a quick, nervous motion.]

[Sirens, spotlights, and the sounds of machine guns firing off rounds. It's at this point that the chanting of the crowd is picking up, overtaking the sound of the guns from the speakers.]

Christ-ian Light!

Christ-ian Light!

Christ-ian Light!

[And its at this point that a tall man steps onto the top of the ramp way.]

[A tall man with a flat top haircut.]

[And at that moment, simultaneously with the guitar riff of Disturbed's "Indestructible" blaring from the speakers, all four or five of the small blue spotlights make one sudden motion to the man standing on the ramp way, hands on his hips and a smile adorning his face.]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

[The crowd explodes in a loud cheer as The Last Nighthawk looks over the crowd, taking his left hand off of his hips to shield the light from his eyes. The cheer only gets louder as the screen lights up with the name of Christian Light.]

[Christian starts to make his way down the aisle extending his hands as far out as he could on either side. Dressed in a

short-sleeve black Heritage League T-shirt and blue jeans, Christian doesn't have to worry about shirt pull as most of the fans on the aisle reach out and slap hands with him.]

[As he reaches the ring from the aisle, Christian hops up to the apron of the squared circle and climbs in. Immediately Christian hits the nearest middle turnbuckle and raises both fists in the air.]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[The music dies down. Christian walks to the end of the table facing the rampway and stands "at east" waiting for the other entrant.]

Warner:

And now, introducing the Heritage League and overall Defiance POINTS LEADER! The master of the Truly Untouchabreaker, this woman has become an expert at making men three and four times her size tap out in the middle of the ring. Accompanied by her management team of Kai Scott and Diane Parker, she is CLAIRA ST. SURE!!!

[A grinding, wavering baseline, and that eerie whirring sound that leads into "Death Threat".]

[Wk-ka-whh-whh-wk.]

[Wk-ka-whh-whh-wk.]

[Then the drums burst out, and the lights faded to red and began to flash in time with the music, and Clair St. Sure walked out of the back.]

[Kai Scott and Diane Parker flanked her. They were both in their street clothes. In Kai's case, that's black slacks, red muscle shirt, black trench coat. In Diane's case, that's low-rider jeans and a Truly Untouchables T-shirt, knotted just above the belly.]

[Claira St. Sure is in full ring gear. Red shorts, red sports bra, red and silver kickguards, red hooded robe with silvery-white trim. The exception is her fists, which are left untaped. She raises both of them above her head.]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[The trio heads to the ring. Diane reaches out to tag some fans hands, Scott even slaps fives with a front row fan holding a Truly Untouchables sign. St. Sure is all business, climbing the turnbuckle from the outside, then jumping into the ring.]

[She slides the red robe off. Diane hands her a T-shirt, St. Sure puts it on. It has the Truly Untouchables logo on it.]

[And the cross-table staredown begins. And with it, the dueling crowd chants.]

Christ-ian Light!

C-S-S!

Christ-ian Light!

C-S-S!

Christ-ian Light!

C-S-S!

[Neither competitor moves an inch. Both sets of eyes are locked onto each other. Kai's eyes dart between his protege and her opponent. Warner gives the chanting about ten seconds before speaking.]

Warner:

Christian, Clair, if you both can sit this down we can get underway.

[Both sit down, approximately at the same time. Its at this time we see that each person has a microphone in their hand.]

Warner:

Alright, I understand each of you has something to say to the other. Who'll be first?

[Light picks up his microphone.]

"The Last Nighthawk" Christian Light:

Lance, I will defer to the decision of our league leader.

[Clair's facial expression doesn't change. This is normal for her. Kai Scott watches her intently.]

Warner [nodding]:

All right. Clair, will you sign or pass?

Clair St. Sure:

I will sign.

[This is why she didn't wrap her hands.]

[CSS signs the paper, slowly and carefully. Her signature is not fancy - maybe they don't teach cursive writing in Jamaica - but it is at least very legible.]

[Putting the pen down on the clipboard, Clair pushes the clipboard over to Christian. Christian takes it and spins it around quickly, and, without saying a word, signs his name neatly on the dotted line. Years of practice has practically made this an art form for Christian, and he finishes with a flourish after crossing the last "t".]

Warner:

It's official!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

Warner:

At this point, if either of you have any comments for each other, you may speak. Christian, since you signed last, you may speak first.

Light:

Clair. For the past eight shows, it has been a pleasure and a privilege to watch you take strides here in Defiance. It's been a joy to watch you take that next step and become more than just another pretty face...more than the sum of your training exercises. You have become your own weapon of mass destruction, wiping out anyone who dared step into your path.

[Light pauses, taking a glance at Clair's facial reactions. There were none.]

Light:

But as you well know, your legacy's only as good as your next match. And win, lose, or draw, I am hoping we can give everyone a match for the ages.

[Christian puts his mic down, and makes a motion for Clair to speak.]

St. Sure:

I have not been watching wrestling for very long. What I know about you, Christian, is what my coach, Kai Scott, has told me about you, and what I have seen since you've come to Defiance. But, that is enough for me to know that this match against you is going to be by far my greatest test since I became a professional wrestler 4 years ago. If you are the one to end my winning streak in Defiance, I can handle that, because you have already proven yourself one of the best, and you have been proving that for years.

But I remind you. I defeated the man who outweighed me by 300 pounds. I defeated the man with back to back victories over Bronson Box. And, I defeated the man who won the preseason trios tag tournament.

OH MY GOD THAT'S THE FUNKY SHIT!

[All eyes and heads spin to face the entrance ramp as Prodigy's "Funky Shit" begins pulsing through the speakers. Without much delay, Jonny Booya comes sliding out from behind the curtains on one knee, flexes, and jumps to his feet. With far more swag than is appropriate, he struts down to the ring, jumps the top rope, and stomps his feet to the mat instead of just landing.]

[The contract falls off the table onto the mat.]

Jonny Booya:

So what, I'm not invited? I thought the Truly Untouchables were a family!

[A faint trickle of boos makes its way down from the stands.]

St. Sure:

Jon, you have not talked to any of us for weeks, I did not think you were interested.

[Jonny grins, then takes his shades off and hooks them into his tank top. He's dressed in the usual all black.]

Booya:

Well, Claire, truth is I'm not all that interested. 'Least, not like that. Seems to me...

BBBBOOOOOOOOO!

Booya:

AS I WAS SAYING, seems to me... you got this whole setup here. A desk and a carpet and all this stuff, you got the royal treatment going on. And for what? A singles match? A singles match where the person who wins is gonna be rewarded with a target on his back once War Games happens? Yeah, the part that interests me is WHO THINKS THIS SHIT IS A GOOD IDEA?!

BBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

BBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Jonny delights in the negative reaction he's just gotten. Outside the ring, a clearly startled and upset Diane Parker is speaking to Kai Scott, who in turn is watching the ring, not really answering much.]

[Claira stands up.]

[But Christian Light is up faster, and he has his microphone ready.]

Light:

Excuse me, dude, but show some respect.

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Light:

If you think all this isn't necessary, that's fine. Seeing as you've already been eliminated from War Games, though, I don't really see how this is your business. So why don't you go backstage, tell your boss what's bothering you instead of messing things up here, and let Clairra and myself get this finished properly?

Kai Scott:

He's got the right idea, Jon.

[Cameras didn't catch how Kai managed to get his hands on a microphone, but he's stepping into the ring.]

Booya:

No. NO! No he doesn't! And speaking of War Games, how is it fair that Clairra gets the fucking red carpet treatment and I get bad information from my manager about whether Dan Ryan's going to be in the building or not?! EVERYTHING about this is BULLSHIT!

[And then Jonny kicks the contract signing table over.]

[Light, St. Sure, and Scott all turn to him, and that was the cue.]

[Two fans, one very short and one wearing, of all things, a Blue Collar PA mask, jump the guardrail. The masked fan jumps on Light's back, and the short fan stops to grab something from underneath the ring before sliding in.]

[The fan on Light's back has wrapped some sort of cord around his neck, and Light falls to one knee. The short fan has picked up a length of pipe, and he cross-checks St. Sure with it from behind. His blond hair - actually a wig - falls off, and he rips off his track pants to show an indicative pair of pinstripe dress pants.]

[Alceo Dentari!]

[The other wrestler releases the chokehold from Light, grabs the Blue Collar PA mask by the base and rips it off, revealing a much different mask under it.]

[Yoshikazu YAZ!]

[And with all this happening all around him, even someone like Kai Scott isn't quite able to react fast enough.]

[Jonny Booya runs him over from behind with an axe bomber!]

BBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

BBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

BBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

BBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Booya:

This is a message from Mr. Elijah Goldman to the entire Heritage League! If Cito Conarri wants ta stick his nose inta Evolution League's business, then it's Game On! An' if he wants ta try an' make Evolution look bad by hirin' scum like Bronson Box an' washouts like Jeff Andrews, then ain't no reason we cain't do some housecleanin' for Heritage for him!

[YAZ puts the signing table rightside up as Booya picks Scott up off the mat. Booya crosses Scott's arms under his chest, lifts him up, and throws him down on the table with a Booya Bomb!]

[This isn't one of those breakaway long tables. Scott's body hits the table with a sickening thump and twitches as it bounces off to land on the mat. St. Sure tries to go to her coach, but Dentari cuts her off with a pipe shot to the back. YAZ, meanwhile, has reached out of the ring to grab Diane by her hair and drag her into it.]

[About 1.5 seconds later, Jack Cassidy goes flying down the ramp full speed.]

[He's just one man though, and he didn't even stop to pick up a weapon, and before he can do anything, he's receiving a 3 on 1 stompdowndown from Booya, Dentari and YAZ.]

[And then.]

*RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!
RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!*

[Jeff Andrews!]

[Frank Dylan James!]

[The cavalry so to speak runs down to ringside, ready to defend Heritage League against the intruders. But with Jack downed and a relatively unhurt but seemingly petrified Diane kneeling next to him, it's still 3 on 2, and Dentari's still got that pipe. Booya and Andrews lock up while YAZ grabs one of FDJ's arms and Dentari goes to work with the pipe, jamming it into FDJ's ribs and then his head, knocking FDJ into the turnbuckle where he sags.]

[Things are looking real, real bad, but there's a saying.]

[When heroes fail, pray for villains.]

[From the opposite side of the ring, through the crowd, comes Bronson Box.]

[Box spins Booya around and whallops him with an uppercut! Booya drops to the mat. YAZ turns around, and receives a headbutt that drops him. With a snarl, Box lunges at Alceo Dentari, the man who put him on the injured list for several months, but Dentari is quick enough to duck him and roll out of the ring, still hanging onto the pipe. The Evolution League intruders back up the ramp, talking trash all the way.]

[All eyes turn to Bronson Box, but he rolls out of the ring without a word to any of them.]

[Attention then turns to the injured. St. Sure and Light are collecting themselves, so is Cassidy, Andrews wasn't hurt much and is already fine.]

[But Kai Scott is still down, half curled into a ball and clutching his ribs, and a trickle of blood is running down from the corner of his mouth.]

SportsCenter: Cancer Jiles vs Jeff Andrews

DDK:

Well, here we go. Main event, Jeff Andrews, Cancer Jiles.

Cito:

I'll let Angus get the requisite Cancer Jiles fanboying out of the way.

Angus:

There are insufficient words to describe all the myriad ways in which Cancer Jiles is COOL and Jeff Andrews is an epic mongoloid and how Cancer Jiles is going to win the match so hard that professional wrestling is over and everyone goes home.

DDK:

Nice. Can you be serious for a bit now?

Angus:

I can't promise I'll try, but I'll try to try.

Cito:

The big question here is, is this match going to be one of the times when Cancer Jiles keeps one step ahead of Jeff Andrews, or will it be one of those occasions when Andrews manages to catch up long enough to hurt him? Andrews is not good at dealing with Cancer Jiles, but he's bigger, stronger, possibly faster, and... better equipped to express his meanness. Jiles can win wrestling matches against Andrews, but he can't even compete in a straight up brawl.

Angus:

Yes, I actually agree with all of that. Jeff Andrews is actually a wrestler I hate less than I hate many other wrestlers, and I do like watching him unload a surly bomb on stupid motherfuckers. However, he isn't wrestling a stupid motherfucker, he's wrestling COOL CANCER GODDAMN JILES, and Jiles is smart enough to fill the surlybomb with shit and rewire it so it explodes in Andrews face while Andrews is derping after a lighter or something. And then Andrews will be even more furious than ever and chase Jiles while covered in shit, and it will be hilarious.

[It wasn't *literally* shit, but Jeff Andrews did spend a great portion of HERI03 chasing Jiles while covered in assorted backstage filth, most of which got on him at the hands of Jiles.]

[In Andrews' defense, Jiles was bleeding severely at the time.]

Angus:

Anyway, it's probably going to end in some sort of morally ambiguous clusterfuck, because it ALWAYS DOES.

When the stakes were high....

[The rivalry continues.]

[The following is taken season three, episode six of Defiance 1.0]

Grabbing White by both feet, Andrews catapulted him up, into a roundhouse from Heidi, he fell down across Andrews' bent knees and Heidi doublestomped teh faec! Leaving White incapacitated, Andrews dragged Jiles up, and Jiles was there with a thumb to the eye! Heidi took a swing at Jiles, Jiles ducked, Heidi spun and bumped into Andrews - who, blind, rolled her up in a schoolboy!

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....At the last second, Jiles realized that if Andrews pinned Heidi, he'd still have a title belt, and so he broke it up.

Heidi didn't even look at Jiles, she just screamed at Andrews. Andrews, for his part, tried to beg off - then shouted duck!

Heidi did, and White's dropkick hit Jiles and knocked him clear of the ring! White also landed on Heidi's back and rolled awkwardly to the mat. Andrews set him up, he and Heidi ran off both ropes... sandwich soccer kick!

Heidi made a quick pin attempt and Andrews, rather than lay hands forcibly on her in public, grabbed White by the ankle and yanked him out of the pinning predicament, then went for his own.

Annoyed, Heidi grabbed White by the arm and dragged his arm to the ropes.

Jiles took this opportunity to pull Heidi out of the ring backwards. She landed perfectly set up for a Russian legsweep on the floor. Jiles rolled back in. He and White didn't have much double team offense worked out yet, but they did hit a nice double vertical suplex, then a nice backdrop from Jiles crossed with a Stock Exchange neckbreaker from White. But again, the issue of who to pin... and Andrews made it to his feet in a surly flailing rage!

Open hand to White! Open hand to Jiles! Shoot kick to White! Knife edge chop to Jiles!

Heidi was getting to her feet on the outside when...

HELLFIRE LARIAT!

Appearing out of nowhere, Stephen Greer ran down ringside, extended his arm, and just knocked Heidi for a literal loop. Stepping into the ring, Greer instructed White to hold Andrews for a lariat.

White did.

And Andrews ducked at the last second!

Jiles tried to Mongo Chop him, save it - Andrews caught the arm, spun, GENKI STYLE BACKUSLIDE~!!

ONE...

...TWO...!

.....THREE!!!!

DING! DING! DING!

Stephen Greer looked horrified.

Darren DQ Quimby:

Here is your winner, and NEW Southern Heritage Champion... JEFF! ANDREWS!

Hope

In the dark, and the night, there was no hope. The ruination of all things was final, and total. The destruction of everything held dear was ultimate.

Muse's "Apocalypse Please" began, the clanging piano keys and crashing drumbeats echoing across the dry, dusty desert.

The monsters ran through the streets of the ruined cities, tearing all the good little boys and girls from their beds, dragging them screaming into the streets and the shadows, hauling corpses into the gutters and leaving promise-notes nailed to the doors of the survivors with the same daggerlike claws that had already been stained with the lives blood of the victims.

Out in the middle of the desert, there was a cracked, nearly useless parking lot. In this parking lot was one car, the only person at the gas station. And he was the only person to come by for most of his shift. He was watching ESEN, and a commercial for DEFIANCE TV came on.

"On EVO 6, Niklas Kiri made his mark!"

The sound of a body crashing to the ground. That body being Mike Sloan, to be specific.

"And Alceo Dentari kept his run of dominance over the rest!"

The sound of a crashing blow from a big right hand.

"And on HERI 6, Cancer Jiles caused hell!"

The sound of a Mongo Chop striking home. Poor Jack Cassidy.

"And what about this mysterious darkness settling everywhere? It seems like the sun is turning to darkness, and the moon into blood! Who can stop this dark march? Jeff Andrews steps up to be the first man at the plate, on HERI 7! Whealdon and Mahogany set themselves squarely into Dentari's Famiglia's way on EVO 7! ONLY on ESEN TV!"

"Pfeh.", spoke the dude working at the gas station. "Everyone's an asshole, nowadays."

Outside in his parking lot, that single car was so painfully alone.

And then, the sky began to darken. Rather than an evil, loathsome darkness, thick with slime and scales and blood and bone, it was... clean. Simple. Like the dark at three A.M., when perfectly alone.

And in this calm, quiet dark, underneath these thick clouds, a single light shined down onto a naked, flesh-colored action figure. Some superhero or pro wrestler, some plastic hunk stamped and molded and injected in a factory in Hong Kong. Some long-since gone child's toy, tossed out a window or left on the back bumper of the car.

In a flash of brilliance, a single bolt of lightning cut through the gloom.

The rider stepped away from his manifestation-point. He adjusted his gloves, ensuring the velcro strap was tight, and he walked to his waiting motorcycle. Throwing a leg over the seat, the rider slid the key into the cylinder.

A single light shined in the night, along ways down a lonesome, dusty highway. Without any hope of refueling and any hope of rescue, the lone rider had to make his way from where he began to where he was going without stopping.

No hope. No rescue. No heroes.

Not until he got where he was going, at least.

The rider gunned the motor, his headlight shining ahead of him as the piano keys continued to crash, the song continued to pound down on the senses. He kicked off, and rolled out of the parking lot, picking up speed as he did. The TV watcher inside looked up, startled by the howl of the engine as it accelerated.

The cycle, a vintage Honda VF1000 F-II, screamed in fury as the throttle unleashed the monster, sending the thing flying down the highway. Pebbles and road grit were thrown in its wake as it flew, wailing out a horrible siren's song of promised mayhem from those twin tailpipes.

The rider hunched down low, for he had a long way to go. And he was the only person capable of making the journey.

A whispered voice became just barely audible as the motorcycle whipped past the stationary camera, the song quieting to a full fade-out, just as the camera went into darkness.

"In the desert, prepare the way for the WORD. Make straight in the wilderness a highway for our Hope."

Jeff Andrews vs Cancer Jiles

It was main event time, folks.

Out first to the ring was "COOL" Cancer Jiles.

*# I'm the one your mama warned you about #
When you see me, I will leave you no doubt #
I'm the coolest man that ever walked this earth #
I've been the coolest since the day of my birth #
I am the **COOL** #*

If Cancer Jiles wasn't actually determined and focused, he was doing a damn fine impression of it. Eggs were thrown rather than tossed idly overhead, one was sent straight at a sign extolling the awesomeness of Jeff Andrews and another at the fan holding said offending sign. And in the ring, he even submitted to a foreign object search without any shenanigans.

Then, Screamin' Jay's vocals faded out, to be replaced with that unmistakable introductory riff of "Sin's a Good Man's Brother".

The King of the Bittermen wasted not a second appearing at the top of the ramp, finger extended down towards his opponent in the ring. And as he reached the top of the ramp, he broke into a full run straight towards the ring!

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

Andrews was into the ring before his music even stopped, Jiles was there waiting for him, and it was AWN!

Right hands from Jiles, trying to keep Andrews from making it to his feet.

Andrews lunging forward with a shoulder to the ribs, doubling Jiles over, clearing himself the room to stand, and knocking Jiles head over heels with a haymaker with all Hell behind it!

Stunned, Jiles was up, right into a knife edge chop across the chest that dropped him to the mat again. Up he got, raising his fists, and...

THWAAACK!

Right back down to the mat!

Jiles crabwalked to the corner with Andrews following him - but it was a ruse. As Andrews got within reach, Jiles grabbed the waist of his tights and slung him into the turnbuckle. Andrews toppled over the middle rope and Jiles kicked him off the apron. Andrews landed on the floor, Jiles jumped off the apron with an axehandle to the back of the head. Pulling Andrews to his feet, he whipped him towards the guardrail...

Reversed!

Jiles hit chest first, flipped over the guardrail, and landed in the stands. He slowly got to his feet, only to see Andrews swan dive over the barricade and flatten him with a cannonball splash! Andrews was up first, and he got behind Jiles, getting in position to deliver a Mind Eraser on the concrete. Jiles spun and, desperate not to have his brains splattered on the concrete floor, managed to get Andrews up high enough to atomic drop him across the guardrail!

With Andrews now perched rigidly on the guardrail, Jiles fired off a Terminal Cancer superkick, taking him off the

guardrail and down on the ringside mats.

Thinking things were in hand, Jiles crossed the guardrail himself, fed Andrews back into the ring, rolled in himself, and made the cover... but it'd been too long since the superkick, and Andrews' shoulder went up at 2 and a half.

So Jiles pulled Andrews to his knees and lined up the Mongo Chop.

Andrews caught the chop as it was incoming, pulled Jiles into a reverse tiger suplex!

Instead of releasing it, he floated over, and then, did what everyone had been waiting all match to see.

Jeff Andrews punched Cancer Jiles right in his fucking face. Over... and over...

...and over

and

OVER

again.

Benny Doyle tried to pull Andrews back. Andrews wasn't having a bit of it. He picked Benny Doyle up, hung him in the Tree of Woe, and went right back to punching Jiles in the face.

Jiles was now bleeding.

Tiring of the punching, Andrews stood, pulled Jiles up by his hair, and spiked him into the mat with the Mind Eraser, then went for the cover - but Benny Doyle was upside down in the Tree and couldn't count. Andrews unhooked him. But, Benny being a referee, the drop out of it knocked him unconscious.

That's when things went completely to hell.

A sudden downpouring of noise usually associated with money. Bags of coins clinking, cash machines clanging, and then that guitar. The most stereotypical hippy stoner song to listen to about how much *The Man* sucks, *maaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaan*. "Money", by Pink Floyd.

Used with every bit of insincerity and sarcasm.

Out from the back rolled a glittering golden Segway, Edward White's hands clasped calmly behind his back. He smiled simply, controlling the thing only with his hips and feet. Andrews watched White rolling down to the ring with a disgusted expression on his face, even walking over to the side of the ring to sit on the middle rope.

C'mon in, Eddie. The water's fine.

Mark Shields came running out from backstage after White, and as Edward stepped off of the Segway, Shields slid into the ring, already ready to have a coughing fit and drop a lung into a spit-bucket.

As White walked up to the side of the ring, he smiled patronizingly to Jeff... Then tossed the contents of both his hands into Jeff's eyes! Platinum dust, a thick cloud of the brilliant more-silver-than-silver, more-mercury-than-mercury stuff getting into Jeff's eyes and nose and mouth and mucus membranes!

That had to be bad for you.

Jeff turned, staggering helplessly as shaking hands went to his eyes, the stuff burning in a whole new and exciting way!

Right into a mofuckin' Mongo Chawp. **WHUMP** went Jeff, straight down like a puppet with no strings.

Cancer dropped to his knees, on Andrews' chest. Shields slid in.

Onetwothree. Someone was getting a big, fat check.

Post-match shenanigans

White rolled into the ring as Jiles stood, gesturing down to Andrews with a shouted, unheard-by-the-camera joke.

White chuckled, and the Socialite sauntered on over to join Jiles in looming over Jeff.

As they loomed, they began to stomp and kick. Jiles with a kick to the ribs, White with a stomp to one hand. This was going to resemble a mugging in just a short moment.

*# The revelation comes #
Beyond the frozen sun #
Then we must hide inside each other's moonlight, baby #
And when it's time to shine #
It's written in your eyes #
And we can live inside each other's daydreams, maybe #*

"Shine" by Orange Goblin hit the speaks, and not even about to watch her man get two on one, Heidi Christenson was tearing down the ramp, rolling into the ring, and receiving a Gangstas-style heraldry. Awesome.

Jiles was still kneeling over Jeff, raining punches down on a head held immobile by a fistful of hair. White beckoned Heidi on, a big grin on his lips. He knew not for what he was asking.

Flurry of blows! Elbow strike, chop to the throat, kick to the stomach, leaping double axehandle smash to the back of the neck, bringing White's head down... Heidi set up for the Lethal Roundhouse, cocking that leg back...

White ducked the forward sweep of the leg! But not the backlash heel-to-jaw!

Thank god for that fantastic beard.

With White down, Cancer Jiles was left alone at the hands of the Untouchab-

Wham went the knee to the head! SLAM went the stamp to Jiles' foot, and a leaping back heel kick to the side of the head went *WHACK!* Orange Goblin continued to hammer at the auditory nerves as COOL Cancer Jiles hit the mat, leaving Heidi the only one standing tall!

The Queen of DEFIANCE was back. Both of her fists clenched, arms shaking out to either side. A very... power metal look. But Cash Cool was down, and Heidi bent, offering Jeffro a hand. He took it, and stood up.

Jeff Andrews grabbed Jiles by both ankles, and Heidi stood behind him. Andrews fell backwards, catapulting Jiles up - face first into a roundhouse kick from Heidi. Jiles fell back, painfully across Andrews bended knees, and Heidi jumped and double stomped Jiles on the face!

Jiles was kicked to the side, and Heidi turned on White, picking him up and applying a full nelson. Andrews stepped back, fired off a superkick under the jaw that added a spike to a dragon suplex from Heidi!

Barely a few moments after Heidi's mad dash to the ring and flurry of offense, that blaring stoner-metal by Orange Goblin got cut off. And then, it got replaced. Rhythmic stomps, and an acoustic guitar, plunking out the notes.

*# You can run on for a long time #
Run on for a long time #
Run on for a long time#
Sooner or later God'll cut you down #
Sooner or later God'll cut you down #*

Orange spotlights shone on the entryway. A bald man with a moustache swaggered out, dressed in a simple pair of black trunks and matching boots.

*# Go tell that long tongue liar #
Go and tell that midnight rider #
Tell the rambler, the gambler, the back biter #
Tell 'em that God's gonna cut 'em down #
Tell 'em that God's gonna cut 'em down #*

Just when Heidi was ready to restake her claim, take out the top competition, and rebrand HERITAGE as the domain of the Untouchables, someone's gotta step up to ruin the fun, eh?

Bronson grinned, and headed on down to the ring, fists clenching and unclenching as he glared burning holes into the parchment of her being. Heidi stood up a little straighter, focused her gaze a little more. A *real* challenge. Not like... the rest.

Heidi wouldn't back down. In fact, this was the perfect place for Heidi to prove her dominance. Jeff glanced back, just in time to see White and Jiles kneeling together, huddling in a quick team-chat. That... was not good. As he rushed over to interrupt the pow-wow, Heidi missed the signal.

Box climbed nimbly up and onto the apron, ducking the top rope and sliding into the ring. He was going straight at Heidi.

Heidi had been in the stance for a good long while, having dropped to it while the attention was off her. But the kick seemingly came out of nowhere, flying through the air in the blink of an eye.

And Bronson caught the leg.

Heidi was pulled real, real close, Box popping the hips and shooting the y-axis, tossing Heidi over with the Exploder! However someone with that friggin' accent would say Exploder!

Heidi went down, hard. Jeff had run right into the middle of two men, and although he held his own for a good long while, Jiles hit a chop to the balls, White a double poke to the eyes, and Andrews was taken down. Hard.

The stomps began to rain down. Again.

Heidi and Box both came back up, anger and surliness(Ha! See what I did there?) etched into their faces. Heidi shot in, her hackles raised at her wrestling chops being questioned. Although Box moved to compensate, he didn't do well enough and was soon the victim of a pugnacious, inflexible ankle-pick!

Box swang, growling and snarling like a cornered beast. If Heidi let go, he'd get a free shot in on her face, but if she held on, she-...

Well, duh. DRAGONSCREW LEGWHIP!

Box realized, a second too la- There went the Scotsman, knee thrashed and yankin' him down to the mat! Heidi went for a leglock, but with Andrews down, White could waver his attention from Jeffy Andrews. The Socialite dashed across the ring, booted foot swinging through the air in a picture-perfect football kick!

BOKK went the foot against the face! Heidi dropped flat backwards, and White immediately backed off, not wanting to get near the wounded Boxer.

Heidi wasn't out, she was slowly turning onto her side, arms coming up to cover the face. And Bronson was crawling free.

Someone needed to even the odds.

So, a warning siren blared. And not the happy-go-lucky kind. You hear this, it's your ass. That kind. Zombie

apocalypse kind. Russian Nuclear Mutant invasion kind. Canada's gone crazy and is shooting razored hockey pucks kind.

"Indestructible" by Dist-Christian Light is running too fast to have his ring music be introduced!

There was no Nighthawks (Team Dangar~!) loyalty to the Untouchables. But out of professional courtesy (And a chance to kick Bronson Box's teeth in...), Christian Light dove into the ring, scrambled to his feet, ran, leapt, and even brought his knee up in enough time to try and drive Bronson Box's moustache out through the back of his head!

One fan would later claim he saw a twin squirt of blood out of each of Box's ears during that knee. No such video proof exists.

Box stumbled away from Light, bringing both fists up in a boxer's clench, reflexively. Light grinned, hands coming up into a ready pose as well.

Instead of Jiles' plan going according to plan and \$\$Cool proving their DEF-Dominance, Heidi and Jeff's turnabout proving their dominance, or Box's comeback proving HIS dominance... It was all about Christian Light realizing that got-dang dream.

Light beckoned Box on, as Jiles and White stood up in the background, trying to decide how to keep Jeff Andrews down. As Heidi crawled to the ropes, grinding her teeth, Box's gaze flicked between Heidi and Light and Heidi and Light an-

"Death Threat" by Death in Vegas. With no other members of any Touchable contingent, Un-, Truly Un-, or any other variants in tow, Clair St. Sure's presence seemed a little... Odd, to say the least. A flat look traded between Heidi and Clair as the Jamaican came flying down the ramp, dove into the ring, blew past Light, Box, Heidi and White, to hit Jiles with a flying dropkick!

The Guru of Cool took a dive from the ring, a howl escaping his lips of "THIS IS RIDICULOUS" as he fell. Edward White slid after Cancer, and Clair turned to survey the domain of the League Leader, with like Eleventy Bajillion Points.

(Clair is the League Leader. And this is her fucking yard. That's the insinuation.)

Poor Bronson Box, returned to be left right in the middle of the crosshairs of Christian Light, Jeff Andrews, Heidi Christenson and Clair St. Sure.

Box curled his lip, clenching his fists angrily. All these blood'eh pretenders to his rightful throne. He had intended to take each of these wankers out anyway. And now, they were lining up to get at him. How... convenient.

Bronson Box was intimidated by no man, not even Christian Light. And although it wasn't personal, he certainly objected to Clair St. Sure's status as the league leader, being that she was as much of a girl as Heidi. But speaking of Heidi, he hadn't gotten a chance to do much damage to her, and she was already up, and Andrews was pulling himself up alongside, hands climbing up the ropes. He knew that the odds were against him, that White and Jiles were totally unreliable, and he was wavering on whether to back off or attack...

Then the lights went out.

"HERITAGE!"

A booming voice echoed out from somewhere.

"YOU WERE GIVEN FAIR NOTICE."

One spotlight appears, shining down on the middle of the stage.

“YOUR SAVIOR IS NIGH!”

A figure landed in the middle of the spotlight. He stayed bowed on one knee, one hand on the stage beneath him. The figure, at least, was not monster sized. But whatever it was, it was wearing a cape of some sort, and something - an elaborate mask? - on its head.

It walked down the ramp and stepped up onto the ring apron, over the middle rope, and into the ring.

Then the lights went up.

This new guy, he was wearing a bodysuit style outfit designed to resemble armor. His mask looked more like a helmet than a mask, heaven only knows if it was regulation. He shrugged his cape off, kicked it behind him out of the ring.

And he grabbed Light around the throat.

Light removed the hand, kept hold of the arm, and pulled the new guy straight into a release T-bone suplex!

And a massive “Okay :(” went through the audience as the new guy and his ominous, foreboding, doom-y entrance got dropped right the hell on its head.

Oh well.

This brief break in the action, however, gave time for whoever was making the call, to make the call. It was SUPER IMPROMPTU MAIN EVENT TIME, with a four vs four tag team match!

Andrews/Christenson/Light/St. Sure vs Jiles/White/Box/Obsidian

Box attacked Light. Punching. Kicking. The works.

Light fought back, of course. But now it was a "thing". The two male stags had stepped into one another's territory, and neither would show any back-down. CLUNK went their heads. Figuratively. And then literally, Box grabbing Light's shoulder and hitting his forehead to Light's face, with a brutal *BOKK* sound!

Talk about your Excedrin headache number Nine.

Jeff Andrews tackled Cancer Jiles. If he wasn't completely revived, he was more than ready to get shit back underway. And Jiles responded with equal fury, blasting away with his metal reinforced hand.

Heidi was more interested in letting Andrews beat up Jiles than specifically attacking Edward White, but when someone's in the way...

The barrel-chested Millionaire was the recipient of a brutal snapkick to the chest. White wheezed, his eyes gone wide with surprise. Heidi shuffled her feet, and brought a knee to her chest. STAMPING KICK TO WHITE'S STERNUM! The Moneymaker dropped to his knees, and begged off weakly with one hand, other hand pressed to his aching, possibly bruised clavicle.

And that left Clair St. Sure with no one watching her, and Obsidian down on the mat, still feeling the effects of a Christian Light suplex, and she was immediately on the arm, bending it back and around her leg, then hooking the far arm with her ankles, bending the elbow joint up in a direction elbows aren't supposed to bend.

Box dove to break up the hold. So did White. So did Jiles. Light and Heidi both tried to prevent the hold being broken, and then Jeff Andrews, who could never EVER resist jumping on top of a pile of wrestlers, yelled BLARGHLE and then butt-stomped the whole pile, causing it to collapse.

This was Benny Doyle's chance to restore some order. His first order of business was to get Andrews out of the ring, then send Box over to his corner. Light listened to referees, Jiles and White didn't necessarily need a reason to fight if they could get away with letting someone else do it, and so this left St. Sure in the ring with Obsidian. The new guy's name was Obsidian, the commentators announced it. Obsidian got a poke to the eyes in before St. Sure could get her offense started again, and then knocked her into the corner with a textbook dropkick. He ran in, middle rope step-up and soccer kick to the face, then he rolled back and monkey flipped her to the mat. Raising his arms and roaring, he sat down on her lower back, pulled back in a camel clutch.

St. Sure got her knees under herself, then powered to her feet. Obsidian shook his head, yelled NOOOOO, but St. Sure elbowed her way out of the chinlock, spun behind him and applied a much more effective choke sleeper! Jumping on his back, she dragged Obsidian down to the mat, instead of trying to anchor it with a bodyscissor, tried driving short range heel kicks into his kidney.

There's no time to try for a chokeout under normal Atomicos circumstances, so she released the hold, wrenched the arm, and tagged out to Jeff Andrews. And Andrews surly-chopped Obsidian, sending him sprawling across the ring! Tag out to Bronson Box.

Oh boy. Bad blood from their days in the Hydra, bad blood over Heidi's general existence and Box's treatment of her... Andrews and Box tore into each other with the same fury that Andrews and Jiles did.

Hook punch from Box!

Head slap from Andrews!

Snap jab from Box!

Thigh kick from Andrews!

Making no headway in the strike exchange, Box jujitsu-tackled Andrews to the mat, began working on the arm, not for an arm submission but to take away Andrews' ability to defend himself from punches. He underestimated the King of the Bittermen's tenacity, as Andrews simply bucked out of the predicament! Box shifted to a triangle choke, trying to keep Andrews' fists away from his head, Andrews decided to try and powerbomb Box, Box shifted to a guillotine choke, Andrews punched away at the ribs with his free arm and then speared Box across the ring...

But it was into the heel corner that he speared him.

Jiles kicked Andrews through the ropes. White got in Benny Doyle's business, and Obsidian jumped over the rope and stomped Andrews on the shoulders. Box dropped the guillotine, then knocked Andrews flat to the mat with an uppercut. He gestured at Heidi, which, predictably, caused her to try to get into the ring. Benny cut her off. Jiles, White and Obsidian all jumped into the ring and four on one stomped the absolute hell out of Andrews.

White grabbed Andrews' arm and twisted the wrist up, behind Jeff's back. As White grabbed ahold, his free hand waving the crew off, Jiles lashed out with a double finger jab! Jeff was blinded, and the burly yacht-owner had him good! The Guru of COOL and the newcomer backed up, but Bronson Box had one last thing in mind...

White was frantically gesturing for Box to exit before Doyle noticed and called for a DQ, but Bronson balled up a fist... Adjusted Jeff's chin with his free hand... And plowed Jeff straight in the face with the kind of arm only a boxer could summon!

GOOSH went blood as BLADOW went cartilage, Jeff Andrews' nose smashing under the onslaught of the Scottish Strongman. Satisfied, Box sauntered to his corner, and climbed nimbly through the ropes, leaving White alone with Andrews.

White wasn't gonna miss his chance, so he waistlocked Jeff with his free arm, lifted, turned, and smashed Jeff facedown into the mat. The dizzy King of the Bittermen was held down by White cruelly twisting on that arm, coming up soooooo...

Forearm to the back of the head! And another! And a third!

This was enough of a submission for Benny Doyle to come over to check. But... As White hammered on Andrews, that gave enough of an opening for Heidi to fly from the ring corner, snap the point of her knee into the side of White's temple, sending the Socialite crashing into a neutral ring corner.

Heidi grabbed Jeff by one outstretched arm, and backpedaled quickly, dragging Jeff into the face ring corner. That way, she could hop out onto the apron, reach in, tag Jeff's hand, and hop over the ringropes, ready to go!

Ed White had wrestled Heidi in tag matches before, but there's not too much way to defend against her lightning fast kicks. Alternating left and right roundhouses landed with cracks to the ribcage area of White. Heidi wrenched the arm, laid in a trio of kicks to the chest, then jumped, spun, and took White to the mat with a twisting heel kick. Rolling to her feet, she - flew at the heel corner, and dropkicked Box on the knee, sending him tumbling off the ring apron! Irate as only Bronson Box could be, he was immediately rolling in, where Benny Doyle was ready to intercept him...

And Heidi waved, and Light, St. Sure and Andrews all jumped into the ring and stomped White into a flesh-colored paste on the mat!

Jiles and Obsidian were horrorstricken watching it, Box only became even irater, and so Heidi threw up the Untouchables hand sign, and the fans went nuts, and White tried to beg off. But St. Sure stepped into the ring, and she grabbed one of White's ankles, and Andrews grabbed the other, and they stood him on his head and spread his legs open in a Y, and Heidi struck a NINJA pose...

AXE KICK!

(To the balls. In case it wasn't obvious why Andrews and St. Sure turned White upside down.)

Ed White screamed high pitched-ly and writhed around on the mat, and Heidi tagged out to Christian Light. White was not ready to get up, but Light "helped" him to his feet and tossed him overhead with a backdrop suplex. White rolled into a neutral corner and begged for mercy, but he instead received a belly to belly suplex. Light made the cover. And give Obsidian credit, although Andrews tried to cut him off, he slid through Andrews' legs with a basement dropkick to the side of Light's head, breaking the pin.

There was some chaos as Doyle tried to get Andrews out of the ring, and White used the opportunity to bring his arm up between Light's legs, and then DDT him on the mat. He belly flopped into his own corner, tagging Bronson Box on his way down.

Bronson Box oozed into the ring, a bloody brilliant grin on his lips. Ooh, get a chance to get his hands on Christian Light, that halfbaked hero... Box grabbed Light's wrist, quickly and savagely twisting it around Box's knee.

"I could break it, here an' now, ya faker." hissed Box, free hand casually slapping Light back and forth across the back of the head. He let go of that wrist, hauling off for a punch...

And Light picked the ankle, rolling through and dropping Box onto his face!

And if Christian Light had a leg... Quickly, a hand grabbed Box's other leg, quickly trying to twist 'em into that favored form for the Light Leg Lock! The Scottish Strongman realized what was going on just a moment before the Danger Zone, brought his knees to his chest, and thrust 'em out, sending Light tumbling to the mat!

Light back-rolled to his feet once more, hands instantly coming out to his sides, a grin on his lips. Ooh. A challenge. Light would have to answer it in kind.

Bronson came roaring across the ring like a howling steam engine, and Light went low, hammering a shoulder into Box's stomach. The bruiser stumbled back, and Light took advantage of his doubled over posture to take him up and over in a biiig gutwrench suplex! Showing his oft-overlooked and underrated mat skills, Light maintained the waistlock, spun around Box's body and placed both his shoulders against the mat!

ONE...!

...TWO...!

Broken up by Cancer Jiles!

Benny Doyle was forcing Box out of the ring as Jiles took over, trying to Irish whip Light... well wherever he was aiming, Light didn't get there! High overhead belly to belly! Cancer Jiles landed, hard and flat, right on his back. The entire ring had felt like it jumped. Like a cockroach, Cancer Jiles scuttled over to the rudo corner, still somehow flat on his back. Jesus Christ, it felt like Jiles' fillings (Made of pure COOLtanium, natch) had jolted loose.

Bronson Box took the tag again, and burst back into the ring, flying at Light with a shoulder juttet out. The impact shook the first three rows, an audible sound heard from when Box's shoulder hit Light's shoulder.

Christian backed up, and gestured to the ring ropes. Would Bronson like a running start, and a rebound to add some power?

Noted physicist Robert Hooke was spinning in a small cemetery in London.

Bronson turned, rushing across the ring. He hit them ropes, he hit them hard. Bronson came flying back, leaping(To

add a little more wrestling physics to it), and totally missed shoulder contact.

Foreheads cracked together, KERWHACKO! Box fell. Light fell.

But it was only a momentary concussion-induced coma.

Box came back up, just as Light did the same. They glared at one another, and then Box decided he'd had enough of this particular matchup. He pointed at Heidi. Christian Light pointed at Heidi too, asking Box if he was sure that was what he wanted.

Yes, it was. Box snarled, his mustache bristling, he wanted Heidi in the ring right now.

Light made the tag, and the fans went. Fucking. Nuts.

Box charged, Heidi went airborne, and instead of catching Heidi with his fists, Box caught the side of his foot right to the 'stache, sending him for a spin. Lunging to his feet, Box ran in again, and Heidi wrist tossed him to the mat. Box landed rolling, was right back on his feet, and Heidi planted her own feet, ducked Box's swing at her head, and scoop slammed him.

And then spinal tapped him.

WHOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

She reached over his head, held him still by his mustache, and drove another half dozen kicks into his back. She ran the ropes, looking to finish it up with the usual chest kick...

... and Jiles reached out, got a handful of hair and yanked her to the mat!

Benny Doyle knew instinctively that his primary main objective was to keep Andrews from destroying the match trying to get at Jiles, and so he immediately turned to intercept Andrews as he raged into the ring. Jiles ran down the apron to the turnbuckle, climbed it quickly, and then hit Heidi with a missile dropkick.

Jiles ran the face corner, rammed Andrews with his shoulder, then, as Andrews predictably raged and tried to get into the ring, took Heidi back down with another hair whip, and followed up with a knee drop to the head. And a second one. And a third one. Jiles hooked Heidi up and took her up into a stalling vertical suplex... walked her over to his corner and let Obsidian tag himself in by slapping him on the chest. Obsidian went up the turnbuckle and came off with a cross body on the upside down Heidi.

Obsidian brought Heidi to her feet. A slap to the head with each hand wobbled her, Obsidian shot off the ropes and came back with some kind of weird... well, it started out like a Hart Attack clothesline, but he spun around and hooked Heidi with the far arm to spike her to the mat with it. A cover, and Heidi had her shoulder up in 2. Obsidian went to the apron, waited on Heidi to stand, and springboarded in with a leg lariat. Cover. Another two count. Obsidian pulled her up, and as he turned so she faced her corner, Heidi dug in and pushed him back into it - just as Jiles started making a spectacle of himself, distracting Benny. So when Andrews came roaring into the ring and pasted Obsidian, Benny threw him back out of the ring while Obsidian tagged out to Jiles.

And that was when Clair St. Sure decided she'd seen enough of this shit. Letting the fans cheer was all well and good, but Kai Scott had told the fans that the Truly Untouchables were most emphatically NOT nice, NOT 'good'... so when Jiles came rebounding to the ropes, Clair stepped right in front of Andrews, grabbed Jiles by the hair and threw him to the mat!

Clair pushed Heidi to the apron, then turned back on Jiles. Spinning backfist! Spinning backfist in the other direction! Head clutch enzuigiri! Whatever brain cells Andrews had beaten out of Jiles earlier were knocked loose again, and Jiles, deciding that discretion was the better part of valor, fled the ring.

Obsidian had already had some of CSS, White wasn't all that interested, but Box... yeah. Box wanted a piece of this uppity bitch who'd somehow amassed herself 50+ points or something ridiculous like that.

And CSS stopped him in his tracks with a precisely timed sole butt to the solar plexus. It was like Bronson Box was Bald Bull, CSS was Little Mac, and she'd interrupted the Bull Charge. Box didn't go down, but he stopped in place.

CSS grabbed the arm, snapped it around behind his back in a keylock, rolled him over to the mat, threaded her leg around the arm... she was looking for the Truly Untouchabreaker! Andrews recognized it, intercepted White with a front facelock as he tried to break it up. Light clotheslined Obsidian over the ropes and stood guarding him. Heidi flipped Jiles to the mat, applied a lotus lock and grabbed the bottom rope, holding him away from breaking it up.

And CSS got the Truly Untouchabreaker locked on!

Bronson Box howled. Shock that this had happened, fury that he'd even allowed this shit to happen, and... well, pain, because this shit hurt. Most men would have tapped out. But even with both arms and legs tied up, Box roared at the heavens, beat his own head against the mat, and howled his denial at Benny Doyle when Doyle asked if he gave up.

CSS was focused. She put more into the hold, leaning forward, and every fan watching at home cringed as Box's shoulder was twisted even further, his elbow joint forced even further upwards towards his neck.

It was Edward White who saved it for his team. Rather than try to fight away from Andrews, he ignored Andrews and kicked Heidi until she let go of Jiles. And Jiles jumped into the air and landed a Worm-style chop across St. Sure's head, stunning her. Box's legs popped free of the hold, and he stood up with CSS on his shoulders. He took off at a run, and drove her into the corner with a modified DVD.

Even Bronson Box knew when it was time to step back a bit, and so he rolled out of the ring, gently testing his shoulder. Lord only knows what it felt like - again, let me stress that any sane man, woman, or beast alike would have tapped.

White grabbed Clairra by a handful of hair, pulling the Jamaican to her feet. A harsh back elbow sent Clairra stumbling into the ring corner, before he followed her in with a leaping avalanche splash. Not done, White hooked an arm around Clairra's head, rushing out of the corner and leaping, bringing the T-UT's face down and into the mat!

A roll-over, and White went for a quick pin attempt... But even as Doyle moved into position, White broke the pin and pointed, correctly identifying Heidi Christenson as trying to enter the ring!

Doyle got up to begin cautioning the Face Corner, and White dragged CSS into the Heel Corner, punches and kicks and knees raining down from all sides on her! Jiles even grabbed his hands around her throat, then stepped off the ring apron, dangling his feet and hanging directly from St. Sure's throat!

White grinned, and Jiles dropped off, turning and spreading his arms to the fans at ringside, waiting for their adulation. And he immediately blew them off, already more than confident in himself.

White pulled Clairra out of the ring corner, ducking and hoisting Clairra onto his shoulders. White was all set for the Stock Market Drop, but Clairra bonelessly slid off White's shoulders...

And cracked an elbow into his eyebrows as she fell! Landing on wobbly knees, still woozy from the choke and the repeated cranial trauma, Clairra fell towards the Face Corner, arm out to tag anyone.

Edward White clasped both hands to his forehead, a loud "AAAACOOOOOWW!" peeling from his lips. He spread his hands, finally able to see...

And in came Jeff Andrews with a flying double axehandle off the top rope! White took it to the face, and was sent stumbling and bumbling across the ring, into the ropes! Rebounding off, White came walking right into a running high kick that sent him head over heels. Andrews yanked White to his feet, threw him into a neutral corner.... CHOP!

CHOP! Chop chop chopchopchopchop KICK! Cross ring whip, corner backsplash, SUPERKICK!

Ducked!

After seeing Andrews absolutely KTFO some guy named Sean Stevens at Ultratitle, White wasn't looking to get superkicked.

He didn't duck the high roundhouse to the head.

Remember, Andrews may not be Heidi when it comes to the roundhouse kick department, but he is a martial artist of no insignificant caliber. Plus she probably taught him how to.

Anyway, White weebled and wobbled on his feet and Andrews hooked him for the ride, brought him up overhead and down with the Legacyplex, and instead of just letting go kept the samoan drop part of it hooked for the pin!

After White managed to throw the shoulder up, Box stepping back out of the ring (Oddly following Benny Doyle's request!), Andrews sat back on his heels and glowered. He pulled White up to a sitting position, and turned, backing himself up to the ringropes to get a rebound bonus.

Physics works like that.

Coming rushing in, Andrews went for a leaping knee-thrust to the face! White did the only thing that a man in that state can do, and fell straight back, pseudo-ducking the knee! Jeff landed awkwardly, momentum carrying him into the heel corner, where Jiles was waiting with an outta nowhe-**MONGO CHAWP!**

TO DA NOSE!

Andrews dropped, and White scrambled into the Rudo Corner, where Box took the tag right handily. He stepped into the ring, smiling above Andrews' clutching-his-broken-nose form. Bending forward, Box assisted Andrews to his feet, picked him up into a fireman's carry and rushed across the ring, launching Andrews in a modified press slam directly into his own corner - no, directly at Heidi Christenson!

The Face Corner all went down off the apron like so many duckpins, and Box, no longer concerned with Andrews, went after Heidi. Edward White followed, he went after Christian Light, dragging him towards the guardrail and taking a pair of handcuffs out of his kneepad! ...And Light did not see it coming, but Clair did, and she stumbled to her feet and clocked White in the back of the head with a high kick! White and Light tumbled over the guardrail in an awkward pile. St. Sure turned around in time to MONGO CHOP!

Jiles had jumped off the apron, and St. Sure had turned around at the worst possible time, receiving the Mongo Chop right between the eyes. She went down in a heap, and Jiles looked at her, but decided she was not the one he hated - Jeff Andrews was. Andrews, bloody, smashed nose and all, was fed back into the ring, and insult was added to injury as Obsidian jumped off the middle rope and hit Andrews with a flying bulldog!

With Andrews fallen, Jiles could take his time readying for the perfect Superkick. He even tested the air, licking a finger and checking the wind direction.

Andrews came up...

Turned toward the suddenly fired kick...

And Jeff Andrews dropped to both knees, that foot flying overhead!

And Obsidian was there to cut him down with a chop block before he could capitalize!

Now, Obsidian grabbed Andrews' arms from behind, preparing him for that Terminal Cancer superkick.

He threw it.

Andrews ducked, and the kick plowed into Obsidian's face! ...er, helmet.

At least Jiles didn't go off balance, and he landed right and ready to throw a second one right into Jeff Andrews' hands.

Wait, hands?

The Cross-wired Time Bomb had just exploded, and it had caught a superkick with its bare hands.

Jiles, hopping on one leg, begged for mercy, but that didn't happen. Andrews pulled him straight in to a superkick.

One aimed much lower than usual.

Kendo Sidekick to the 'nads!

Security was piling up between Box and Heidi! CSS had just pulled the downed Obsidian out of the ring! White and Light were fighting at ringside!

Andrews rolled Jiles up, hooking the leg good and tight! Doyle slid in to make the count!

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE!!!!

As soon as the bell rung, the ringside area was flooded with security guards.

Later, Cito Conarri would announce that because of the impromptu nature of this match, it did not influence win or loss streaks in any way, but the Jiles/Andrews singles match would credit Jiles with a win.