

Four to One, Baby, One in Four

[Darkness.]

["Dirge" by Death In Vegas begins to play.]

Lay, lay lay...

[As the music begins to swell, a now-trademark voiceover.]

"It is everything that Defiance has been building to for the last two years."

[Grayscale stills of scenes float by. Boston Bancroft faces off against The Hydra. The Foreshadowing and \$\$Cool attached to the side of the Aggro-Crag. Aaron Vasquez hefting the Defiance Heavyweight Title. Vasquez having his face destroyed by Ronnie Long and a shovel.]

"Two men had two different visions."

[Eric Dane and Elijah Goldman look as different as two men can look. The former, an athlete, 20 years ago a pretty-boy. The latter, a man born to be a glad-handing executive. Dane scowls. Goldman smirks.]

"Two men believed in two different directions for Defiance."

[Scenes from DEF 1.0. Jack Amethyst's elbow is destroyed by The Hydra as Eric Dane watches approvingly. A posse of fans knock the guardrail down and mob the ring, while Elijah Goldman cowers in his office.]

"And so, the Grand Champion's League was conceived."

"Many burnt out along the way."

[The Faces of Death (Kengoro Sugamoto and Adam Waterman) alongside Leon Maddox. They won the Preseason. Maddox never made it to the regular season, Sugamoto and Waterman were gone before halfway. Jan Gin Xiao, who once had over 30 points to his name, sprawled helplessly at ringside at the hands of Bronson Box. Jonny Booya, Jack Cassidy, Troy Matthews and Nakita DuBov float past the screen.]

"And now, four are left."

[Christian Light.]

[Claira St. Sure]

[Alceo Dentari.]

[Heidi Christenson.]

"Claira St. Sure won the top seed in Heritage League, with 80 points accrued during the tournament. Despite losing to Christian Light, she battled back to win War Games."

[Claira chokes out Yoshikazu YAZ with a bolt-loaded version of a hold called the spider clutch.]

"The greatest success story of Defiance 2.0, she also stands on the verge of the biggest achievement of her wrestling career."

[St. Sure's trip to the final round comes at the expense of Edward White, a former World Champion, who taps out to the Truly Untouchabreaker.]

“Christian Light.”

[Light deposits St. Sure on the top of her head with the Sledgehammer.]

“The man known as The Last Nighthawk has been undefeated in standard matches since returning from retirement to wrestle for Eric Dane and Heritage League.”

[Christian Light finishes a long, grueling match against Bronson Box the same way - one Sledgehammer, one pinfall.]

“His sense of honor is rivaled only by his loyalty to Eric Dane and his prowess in the ring. A most dangerous combination.”

[In War Games, Light dismantles all four members of Team EVO single-handedly.]

“Alceo Dentari.”

[The pint-sized made man storms around the ring, shouting at the fans.]

“Since coming to Defiance, he’s made it to the top of Evolution League - and become known for his tenuous alliances.”

[Dentari screams at Elijah Goldman. He attacks the prone Yoshikazu YAZ after War Games.]

“But, as of the playoffs he’s chosen to rely on hired help, rather than alliances - and he’s made it clear he’ll stop at nothing to get the big wins.”

[Two big goons squish Sam Turner, Jr. around ringside while Dentari watches from the ring approvingly.]

“Heidi Christenson.”

[On the first show of Def 2.0, Heidi lands one single move in her match - a legsplit submission hold that results in an instant victory.]

“An enemy of Elijah Goldman before the tournament started, her career has been clouded, to the point that she left the promotion for nearly half a season - and came back swearing to sabotage Evolution League from the inside.”

[Heidi lands a literally bone-shattering roundhouse kick to the jaw of Niklas Kiri, ending the Defiance career of a man 3 times her weight. She chokes Jimmy Kort out in a hallway backstage, then slams a door on his knee.]

“The wildcard on the board, Heidi is at her most dangerous.”

[Stop with the images.]

[“Dirge” is still playing.]

“The winner of the Grand Champions League will change Defiance forever. If a Heritage League wrestler wins, Defiance retains its television deal with no editorial oversight from ESEN networks.”

[Classic Defiance. Jeff Andrews and Kazuma Fujita battling it out at the end of a battle royal. Jake Donovan jumping off something high down onto Angel of Death. Xavier Langston hitting Boston Bancroft with the bo-staff he stole from Heidi.]

“If an Evolution League wrestler wins, Eric Dane is barred from associating with Defiance and Elijah Goldman gains control of the league.”

[Flash on Goldman’s “brilliant” decisions. Chris “THE” Cannon. Cobra. Jake Donovan facepainted until he went

through a literal breakdown.]

“Tonight, a Champion is crowned and the fate of a promotion is decided...”

[Fade.]

Lay, lay lay...

Opening Commentary

Angus Skaaland:

Are we on yet?! FOR THE LOVE OF GOD ARE WE ON YET?!

[Yes, yes we are.]

Darren Keebler:

Welcome, fans, to the finale of the Grand Champions League as presented by Defiance wrestling! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler, on play by play, alongside the Motormouth of Malcontent, Angus Skaaland, on color as always, and we're finally going to see a champion!

Angus:

Here's the deal on that! OK, so, Heritage League won more interleague points than Evolution League did, which meant that they get two wrestlers in the final round. So no matter what happens, we'll see Christian Light and Clair St. Sure in the final round.

DDK:

They did, truly, dominate the league. St. Sure got to Defiance two weeks before Light and racked up a final score of 80 points after winning the War Games main event of the second interleague PPV. Light's biggest bonus came after he won a six way ladder match on the first interleague PPV. And they respectively defeated Edward White and Bronson Box to make it to the finals.

Angus:

On the other hand, over in EVO, you got Alceo Dentari and Heidi Christenson. And funny thing is, they're tied in points! I think they both had 32. Anyway, they're going to wrestle in our opening match tonight, and only the winner there moves on to the final round. But hey - forget the matches, let's talk big picture for a bit. Look up.

[DDK does. So does the camera.]

[Suspended above the ring, haloed by flashing multicolor lights, is a standard issue steel cage.]

Angus:

This whole tournamet, it's an extended wager between E-Gold and the BAWS himself, the real one, Eric Dane! If one of the EVO guys ends up winning the tournament - Elijah Goldman owns Defiance. Not as a network consultant or an image consultant or whatever he thinks he's doing now, but for real. But if Eric Dane wins...

[Look at the cage. Look at the cage MOAR.]

Angus:

Then that entire sumbiotch is going to drop from the ceiling, and Dane is going to drag Goldman into it, and Goldman is going to get the shit beat out of him!

DDK:

That's not all we've got on the show, though! In our semi-main event, we've got an anticipated singles match - Tom Sawyer taking on Yoshikazu YAZ!

Angus:

I hope YAZ pukes yellow mist into Tom Sawyer's face until it dissolves.

DDK:

Tom's been telling anyone who'd listen that a storm, a bad thing, is headed towards Defiance, and he's pointing at YAZ as being the cause of it. And YAZ... happily took credit for it. Long story short, YAZ took six Humility Bombs from Dan Ryan and instead of being injured came straight back with a different personality.

Angus:

Tom's finally gone and said it - that the current Yoshikazu YAZ isn't the same one that started the season.

DDK:

We've also got a showdown between longstanding rivals Jimmy Kort and Edward White, and tag team action pitting Bronson Box and Frank Dylan James against Mike Sloan and Curtis Penn, a singles match between Cancer Jiles and Dragon Jones, and one between Christopher Barton and Michel LaLiberte. And, even though it's a PPV, we've got a debut coming in, with Jared Borchard taking on James Sullivan. It's just about time to get started with our first match, though.

Angus:

Heidi Christenson and Alceo Dentari!

Alceo Dentari vs Heidi Christenson



DING! DING! DING!

Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall, with no time limit. It is one of the semifinal matches of the Masters of Wrestling Tournament, and will decide who represents Evolution League in the final round!

CROWD NOISES!

[Cue Dean Martin.]

♪ How lucky can one guy be? ♪
♪ I kissed her and she kissed me ♪
♪ Like a fellow once said ♪
♪ "Ain't that a kick in the head" ♪

Quimbey:

Introducing first! Hailing from Brookland, New York, and weighing in at one hundred...

[brief awkward pause.]

Quimbey:

...ninety-five pounds! He is ALCEO... DENTARI!

[Cue up the...]

BBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

BBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

[Alceo Dentari quickly appears. Flanking him are the two men who first showed up one card ago.]

[One of them's about 6'1", maybe 6'2", and clad all in black - black leather jacket, black T-shirt, black jeans, black pompadour haircut. The other's about 6'5"-6'6", wearing a dark navy blue tracksuit and and probably around 75 lbs of babyfat and a receding hairline.]

DDK:

Fans, as you see Alceo Dentari making his way to the ring, you'll see he's accompanied to the ring by, shall we call them, family members. We don't really know their backgrounds, or even their names, although the bigger one certainly did a number on Sam Turner, Junior last week.

[Dentari has nothing pleasant to say to any fans, and yells his way down to ringside.]

Angus:

Also, those guys showed up after Dentari fell out with Yoshikazu YAZ. I dunno, if they're loyal to Dentari, good for him, but he's sure got a way of burning bridges.

[The vocals of Dean Martin fade, and are replaced by sludgy bass riffs of Kyuss and "Writhe".]

♪ Everyone seems to be singing for Satan ♪

♪ Guess I will too ♪

♪ What a joke! You make me laugh ♪

♪ 'Til I turn blue ♪

Quimbey:

And his opponent! Hailing from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and weighing in at 156 lbs! HEIDI! CHRISTENSONNNN!

[Enter: Heidi Christenson. She's wearing the white one-piece that she customarily saves for big matches.]

DDK:

For fans who need a history recap, Dentari made his reputation at the beginning of the season at Heidi Christenson's expense, and he was on his way to putting her on the injured roster when Jonny Booya intervened.

Angus:

So Heidi drags ass through the first few cards and ends up getting fired by Goldman, meanwhile Dentari just cleans house all over EVO. Then, 'round that time EVO had a battle royal, Heidi came back, earned a shitload of points, and now there's a rematch.

DDK:

Heidi and Dentari respectively placed 3rd and 4th in Evolution League. They were tied at 32 points a piece. Heidi was placed ahead of Dentari because she beat Michel LaLiberte in an interleague match.

Angus:

Dentari hates Heidi. I gotta assume Heidi hates him right back, but she barely had a single word for him all week - called him tiresome and that was it. She's very focused ahead on Christian Light and Clair St. Sure, and I'll admit it, I put her on the same tier as Christian Light - but that don't mean I put her as Light's equal. As for St. Sure I'm... NOT SURE.

♪ Won't you writhe like snakes down on the floor? ♪

♪ Out you go, and he done one hundred and more ♪

[Heidi has stepped up onto the ring apron, and as she's coming through the ropes, Dentari ducks past referee Mark Shields and attacks her as she's coming into the ring!]

DDK:

Dentari jump starting the match! Lefts and rights to Heidi's head and upper torso, elbows to the back, he's dragging her into the ring and she's going for the double leg takedown!

[Dentari's fists hit shoulderblades, but Heidi grits her teeth and ignores it. Dentari is slowly forced backwards, and he falls to the mat.]

DDK:

Heidi getting control out of that predicament and she's looking to - eye rake by Dentari!

[Dentari rakes his hand across Heidi's face, then rolls over on top of her. Grabbing a handful of hair, he begins pounding at her head with his right fist. Heidi, however, is happy to play at Dentari's level...]

Angus:

DING!

DDK:

Heidi low blows her way out of that predicament! Bridging out from underneath Dentari, and...!

THWACK!

DDK:

Buzzsaw kick!

Angus:

More importantly, they've both totally been blatantly cheating right in front of the referee! I mean, OK, so - Heidi's been going on about how she's enjoying the opportunity to do bad things to bad people. Dentari fights dirty. And we've got Mark Shields reffing this.

DDK:

I do expect that the rules will be slackened a little bit, but - actually, Shields is breaking them up.

[Heidi was probably going for a hold, but Shields waistlocks her and drags her to the far corner, insists she stay put, then blocks Dentari from chasing after her. Since Shields is a former wrestler, Dentari's a midget and Heidi's a chick, this match is sort of odd looking in that the ref's close to twice the size of the wrestlers.]

DDK:

Better late than never, Shields getting a clean break and now letting them have at it. Dentari's got his fists up, Heidi's leading with her left leg, and...

[MORTAL KOMBAT!]

[Dentari and Heidi meet mid ring. Dentari again goes straight for a handful of hair and short, savage punches. Heidi, in too close to roundhouse kick and not a proficient striker with her arms, starts driving knee strikes into his kidneys, alternating with a few to the insides of his legs. One lands hard, and Dentari slips - but his grip on Heidi's head pulls her right down with him!]

[Dentari's immediately rolling her over and trying to gain some sort of control so he can punch her without being kicked back, and Heidi's immediately looking for a submission. She gets Dentari's leg hooked but lacks the leverage to bring him down, Dentari lacks the leverage to hit her well, but he executes a very neat spin to break her grip and then dives on top of her with an elbow.]

DDK:

That's the strategy Dentari needs to employ. Keep it close, keep way out of range of those kicks. He's a small guy but he's got incredible conditioning, he can absorb her knees and elbows for longer than she can take those punches.

[Dentari pulls Heidi up, then knocks her into the corner with a knife edge chop, charges in with an elbow. He grips the top rope and continues with the elbows, then plants one hand right into her face and chops her on the neck.]

Angus:

Just like I expected, we're seeing a dirty, nasty fight here. Nothing technical. Dentari wants to beat Heidi up, Heidi wants to fight fire with fire.

[Heidi hooks her arms over the top rope, jumps, and grabs Dentari with a bodyscissor. Dentari instinctively reaches down and Heidi lets go of the ropes, grabs his hair with both hands, and headbutts him right in the nose!]

Angus:

GOOD LAWRD! Last thing I expected out of Heidi...

[Dentari stumbles back. Heidi quickly locks the head up and lands on top of Dentari in a necklock pin.]

ONE...!

...TWO....

[At about 2.001, Dentari kicks out. Heidi rolls to her back and hooks the guillotine choke in. Dentari is not worn down enough for this to work well. He stands up with Heidi hanging off him, charges the corner and squashes her into the turnbuckle. Heidi lets go the bodyscissor part, Dentari lifts her as if he's going for a northern lights suplex, then drapes her across the top rope! Heidi bounces and lands on the apron, but Dentari quickly dropkicks her down to the floor!]

DDK:

This is exactly where Heidi doesn't want to be - outside the ring with those two gorillas, the one in black and the large one.

Angus:

Fuck that noise. I'ma call the one in black Murdoc and the fat one Russell.

DDK:

...you listen to the Gorillaz?

Angus:

Pop cultural osmosis, faggot.

[At any rate, "Murdoc" scoops Heidi up onto his shoulders, presses her overhead, and drops her face first on the ring apron. Heidi goes reeling back towards the ringpost, "Russel" takes a running start and...]

Angus:

...ooh.

DDK:

Heidi, just crushed between 350 pounds or so of flesh and the steel ringpost! And now he's backing off, and Dentari's heading out of the ring.

[Dentari grabs Heidi in a quarter nelson, then snaps her backwards across his knee, and then forward with an over-the-shoulder DDT.]

Angus:

That's the move he put her out with back in Week 3, and now he's heading back into the ring! Murdoc and Russell are playing innocent, and Heidi's lying on the floor and hey I think Dentari's trying to win by countout!

DDK:

It's a sensible strategy. Dentari would love another emphatic win over Heidi, but it's more important he get to the main event in as sound condition as he can manage.

[Shields starts the count.]

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

[Heidi's up to her knees.]

FIVE! SIX!

[Hanging onto the ring apron.]

SEVEN! EIGHT!

[Pulling herself up on it.]

NINE!

[Rolling into the ring to break the count!]

[Dentari immediately grabs Heidi by the head, shoves it backwards over the bottom rope and starts with the choking. Not satisfied with that, he grabs the ropes, places his boot against her throat and pushes.]

[Thing is, Heidi figures if he's not going to fight clean then she won't either, and her legs are several inches longer.]

DING!

Angus:

BWAAHAHA! SHE KICKED HIM RIGHT IN THE DICK!

[Mark Shields shrugs all this off. If he ends a tournament match on a DQ he gets shit from the fans and management. Besides, if he allows the cheating unilaterally, then... whatever. Refing is hard, he needs a smoke break.]

[Taking advantage of Dentari's temporary inability to do anything besides clutch his manbits, Heidi lies down across his shoulders, scissors one arm, and wraps his head up in a dragon sleeper.]

DDK:

Heidi going to work on the head there in what almost looks like an upside down crippler crossface. She's got both torque and compression on the neck, and that's got to be a tough one to get out of from that position.

[Dentari does his best, but he's no match for Heidi's mat wizardry. And if she'd been patient she might've gotten a tap from that one, but she dropped the hooked arm so she could get more pressure on the neck. So he reached back and fishhooked her. Heidi drops the hold quickly, but grabs the offending hand and attached arm, twists it and drops a knee on the elbow joint.]

DDK:

And this is where Heidi wants to be. Dentari can't hit as hard from his back and he hasn't got the mat grappling chops to exchange holds with her.

[Heidi applies a stranglehold gamma. If you don't know what that is, look it up. To add pressure, she does a back bridge.]

DDK:

Incidentally, note that she's working the neck. All her classic moves - the schwein, dragon suplex, Twisted Triangle and Beautiful Dreamer - target the neck and head.

[Dentari manages to wriggle loose. With a good grip on Heidi, he lofts her up onto his shoulders in torture rack position and bolts towards the corner, driving her into the pads with a reverse DVD! Heidi's head doesn't take the impact, luckily - it's her sternum that takes the brunt of the move as Dentari drives it into the top turnbuckle.]

Angus:

Well, Dentari just hung her out to dry.

[Clutching his aching neck with one hand, Dentari stomps away at Heidi as she hangs upside down in the tree of woe. He then slides to the outside of the ring, grabs her head from behind and starts throttling her.]

Angus:

And at the rate Shields has been calling this, I wonder if he'll say that's a legitimate submission hold itself rather than

illegal.

[Dentari doesn't think to ask Shields if he'll do that. He climbs onto the apron, dumps Heidi out of the turnbuckle, climbs to the middle rope himself and double stomps her.]

[Then, grabbing her neck with both hands, he shakes her around on the mat, yelling shit at the top of his lungs.]

Alceo:

YOU THINK YOUS SO HIGH AN MIGHTY NOW?! YOUS STILL GONNA THINK THAT ONCE I BREAK EVERY LAST BONE IN YOUR BODY?!

[So concerned with yelling was he, that he let Heidi get her hands up. Heidi rakes her right hand down his face, then sunset flips him off her!]

ONE...!

...TWO...Kickout!

[But Dentari quickly regains the advantage with a forward elbow.]

[Pulling Heidi to her feet, Dentari executes a snap suplex with extra snap, then rolls over and, clutching her by the back of her head, begins driving short, measured punches into her orbital bone. Heidi kicks her legs around, but Dentari's done an excellent job of getting himself into a position where she can't reach him that way and can't gain leverage to submissionhold her way out of it.]

DDK:

Alceo Dentari's just getting more vicious by the second, and I think like I predicted earlier, Heidi's beginning to feel the brawling more than he is.

[Dentari drops an elbow on Heidi's head, and this stops the kicking. He pulls her up, and starts in with short, stinging jabs. Left, left, left, right, and Heidi wobbles, the lights flickering on and off, and Dentari snapmares her over...]

[...and Heidi rolls all the way through, traps Dentari's leg from behind, and pulls him down into a kneebar!]

DDK:

Heidi counters!

Angus:

Darren, I've seen her tap guys out with this one!

[Dentari scrabbles at the mat and screams. Gritting his teeth, he pushes himself up and army crawls to the ropes, grabbing them like a lifeline.]

[Heidi doesn't waste time hanging onto the hold. As Dentari winces and limps to his feet, she steps outside the ring, setting up a springboard.]

[And as she leaps, "Murdoc" yanks the top rope! The tension messed with, Heidi's feet slip. She lands belly first across the top rope, then flips painfully back into the ring.]

[Oh, and Dentari was using Shields as a ladder to get back to his feet and so Shields didn't see a thing.]

[Dentari snapmares Heidi, runs the ropes, and plows into her, leading with the sole of his boot into the back of her head!]

DDK:

Whacked! He needed two men to help him do it, but Dentari's going to steal this one from Heidi!

[Dentari covers.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....PULLS HER UP!

Angus:

What the hell?

BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

[If Heidi and Dentari are going to fight dirty that's fine by the fans, but a lack of sportsmanship is the surest way outside insulting the local sports team to get the fans to turn on you.]

DDK:

Dentari, just pulled Heidi up out of what was most likely a sure fall, and I think that's because he wants to finish the match a little more emphatically than usual.

[Dentari pulls Heidi up to her feet and chickenwings her arms behind her.]

DDK:

He calls this one An Offer You Can't Refuse... Angus, what're you laughing at?

Angus:

Cos another guy had a different name for this same move. He called it the Terror Lock.

[Dentari twists Heidi face first to the mat.]

DDK:

And that's funny why?

Angus:

Weren't you paying attention when she won the Defiance World Title off Xavier Langston?

[Dentari flips over Heidi's shoulders to bridge.]

[And as he does, Heidi twists her neck to the side and rolls forward. Her arms slip harmlessly out of the hold, and...]

Angus:

Twisted Triangle!

[Alceo Dentari of course wasn't around when Billy Deserati first made Heidi tap out to the Terror Lock. He missed Heidi's ragefreak over having been made to tap out. He missed it when Xavier Langston took it upon himself to teach everyone who fought Heidi how to use the Terror Lock after Billy left. And he missed how, after losing a half dozen big matches to the Terror Lock, Heidi finally found a way to counter it straight into her own finisher...]

[Luckily for Dentari he's fairly near the ropes, and a frantic kick leaves his ankle hanging over the bottom rope. Heidi

doesn't release the hold. Mark Shields actually has to think about what a normal good ref does during things like that, then starts a count on Heidi. She releases at 4. Dentari chokes and splutters as Heidi lies on the mat trying to regain her breath.]

DDK:

They're back to even footing now. The Twisted Triangle is a knockout hold, it's not painful as holds go but it saps stamina quickly.

[Dentari throws a punch.]

[Heidi blocks it!]

[Dentari throws another punch.]

[Heidi blocks it!]

[Dentari lurches to his feet, throws a punch, Heidi blocks it and...]

THWACK!

[Roundhouse kick to the chest!]

[Dentari throws a punch!]

[Heidi ducks and responds with another roundhouse kick!]

[Not the lethal roundhouse, but a high kick to the side of the head. Dentari staggers around, the lights in his head flickering a bit. Heidi scoops him up, dumps him behind her shoulder... and the upside downness brings Dentari back a bit, just enough of a bit that he recognizes the Schwein. Kicking, he slips out of Heidi's grasp and rolls her up with a sunset flip!]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....KICKOUT!

[Heidi's kickout sends her back to her feet. Dentari gets one knee under him, and Heidi quickly steps up to the other knee and lays an enzuigiri deep into his head! She's quickly moving in behind him, applying a full nelson... and delivering the dragon suplex!]

DDK:

She's got it!

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE...

.....EEEKICKOUT!!!

Angus:

Was that enough? NO! Shields says no!

[Shields holds up two fingers to the disbelieving Heidi.]

[Heidi takes a deep breath.]

[Then, placing both thumbs against her neck, she performs a two-handed throat cut taunt.]

[That means Beautiful Dreamer, folks.]

[Dentari may not be familiar with the hold that, as a man named Lawrence Cheung once said, is 'guaranteed to put you out in 12 seconds or your pizza's free'. But he's smart enough to know letting a world class submissionist get your back is a bad thing. As Heidi bends one of his arms cutthroat style around his own neck Dentari backs, not into the corner, but towards his gorillas.]

[This is when it goes to hell.]

[Murdoc obediently grabs Heidi's leg.]

[Heidi grabs Dentari's face. Dentari grabs Heidi's hair. It's hard to say who started this one, and it doesn't really matter.]

[Heidi tries to shake Murdoc's hands off her ankle.]

[Mark Shields tries to break Dentari and Heidi apart and yell at Murdoc all at the same time. Dentari tries to reach around Shields to get at Heidi. And Heidi, giving up on getting her foot out of Murdoc's grasp, plants it and throws a kick with the other.]

[The Lethal Roundhouse connects square with Dentari's head and he drops.]

[Heidi makes the cover.]

ONE!

...TWO!

[Murdoc puts Dentari's foot on the bottom rope!]

.....THREE!!!!

[Mark Shields stands up, looks at Dentari's leg on the rope - and calls for the bell anyway!]

DING! DING! DING!

Quimbey::

Your winner of the bout, via pinfall - HEIDI! CHRISTENSON!

[Dentari doesn't explode.]

[It'd almost be easier to watch if he did.]

[Quivering in fury, he leaves the ring - only to retrieve a microphone and come back.]

Dentari:

I donno what gives, ref... you saw my foot on them ropes.

Shields:

Yeah, I don't think you got it on in time.

Dentari: [eerily quietly]

Watch the replay. Make them do an instant replay.

[Mark Shields shakes his head.]

Dentari:

I swear to God Shields, don't fuck with me on this one.

[Mark Shields shrugs.]

[Murdoc and Russell hit the ring. Russell looms over Shields menacingly. Murdoc, on the other hand, goes right after Heidi, sending her running off the ropes and catching her with a tilt-a-whirl powerslam on the rebound!]

Dentari:

Run the replay. NOW!

[Mark Shields sizes up the situation. His size is quite a bit smaller than Russell's.]

Shields:

Run the replay!

[In slow motion. As Shields' second count hits, Murdoc is reaching into the ring. By about 2.8, Dentari's ankle is over the ropes.]

[The commentators, of course, can't call Murdoc's continuing attack on Heidi while Dentari and the ref argue.]

[That's when Ultra Raptor appears at the top of the ramp. He runs down to ringside as Yoshikazu YAZ follows at a lope.]

[Before Murdoc gets a chance to do any more damage to Heidi, Raptor clotheslines him head over heels!]

[Dentari forgets about his argument with the ref and turns to stare. Russell and Raptor go face to face, and things are about to break down as YAZ steps up onto the apron.]

YAZ:

If the match were to be restarted, Heidi would win regardless.

Dentari:

YOU STAY OUTTA MY BUSINESS, YOU...

YAZ: [ignoring Dentari]

She'd merely win by disqualification instead of pinfall.

[Mark Shields throws up his hands.]

Shields:

All of you, get outta my ring! Original call stands!

Dentari:

WHAT?!

Shields:

ORIGINAL! CALL! STANDS!

[Heidi rolls out of the ring and quietly heads up the ramp.]

[Dentari balls his fist up and throws a punch that YAZ ducks. The masked superstar rolls backwards out of the ring, landing on his feet, and beckons Ultra Raptor to follow him. Raptor also rolls out of the ring and the two walk backstage, Raptor walking backwards and keeping his eyes on the mafiosos.]

[Mark Shields has also made himself scarce.]

DDK:

Heidi wins!

Angus:

I don't know if I'd call that a win.

DDK:

Well, it was messy, but Heidi got an official call - she's moving on.

Angus:

Yeah. Look, it's just weird, alright - I've seen the whole 'I got my leg on the ropes' thing before. Only usually it's a 'good guy' getting his legs on the ropes and the ref not seeing it. Or the bad guy doesn't get the ropes on time but gets the call in his favor anyway. Dentari... well, he kinda got screwed over.

DDK:

This. Well, this was one hell of a way to kick off the card, and I don't think we've heard the last of the situation yet!

Dossier: Good ol' Boy

[Tom Sawyer stands in the open doorway, one hand on his hip, the other holding his peace offering. He's wearing a yellow racing suit... Flat yellow, with a black stripe down each side. The Rider was still alive, even if the gimmick had simply been a ruse. But standing there sans helmet, Tom didn't look so much the Stig as... trying for a very Game of Death, Bruce Lee motif.]

[He takes a breath, walks across the hall. To his right, and his left... Emptiness. Long corridor, with lots of doors in it. A private hallway, closed off to the general public. Somebody had to be either staff or a ninja assassin to get up here. And Tom didn't see any South Korean pop idols.]

[Tom raps on a door after checking the number, and heads in.]

[Sitting on a doublewide custom padded seat is one Sam Turner Jr. In his finest Levi overalls and free DEFIANCE tee-shirt, Turner was hangin', big arms resting on the two tables placed to either side of his chair.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

I ain't ord'r nary peetza.

[Tom bobs head before walking into the room and around to stand before Sam Turner. The hand holding the paper bag extends it, and Sam takes the paper bag hesitantly. He opens the top, peeks inside...]

Sam Turner Jr.:

Beer?

[The good ol' boy reaches into the bag, pulling out a six-pack. Half of them were Pabst Blue Ribbon. Half of them were Labatt Blue. Turner glances at the tainted six-pack, glances up at Tom, and squints his eyes.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

Whatcha tryin ta do here? I don gots me a girlfri'nd.

Tom Sawyer:

It's a peace offering. Showing Canada and the United States coexisting. Working together, even. Like I want us to work together. Tom Sawyer and Sam Turner Jr., fighting The Good Fight!

[Turner blinks, tilting his head like a dog being asked where the sun went when it set.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

So ya wons ta fight me? Welp, ok.

[Turner balls up a fist, but Tom waves his hands, shaking his head.]

Tom Sawyer:

I need help to fight The Good Fight. There's bad stuff gonna go down, man. I need good people willing to stand up to the evil and the dark. Hellfire's comin' at us, demons riding the rails, man! I need glorious soldiers of light to combat sin and vice and the demons that plague all mankind!

Sam Turner Jr.:

Whah?

[Tom turned, walking on over to those windows and jabbing a finger into the center one, pointing down to the ring.]

Tom Sawyer:

Something's gonna happen. I can smell it. Tonight, it will happen.

Sam Turner Jr:

Whah ya thanks gon'ta happ'n?

Tom Sawyer:

The Reckoning. I have no idea who, what, where or why, but I can feel it coming as surely as if an air raid siren were going off. Something bad is gonna happen, and I need all hands on deck.

[Tom spins to face Sam.]

Tom Sawyer:

So. Sam. Can I count on you to be on the side of the righteous and valiant? Or will your inaction lead to the tyranny of the wicked and evil men?

[Sam Turner Jr. just blinks at Tom dully, staring uncomprehendingly. The situation was way over his head.]

Sam Turner Jr:

Uh, I gots no clue whatcha jus said. I thank ya said ya wants me ta help ya fight tha bad, but, uh, I ain't sure. If'n ya does needs some help ta fight bad peoples, I'll help ya.

[Tom... takes a moment, and nods.]

Tom Sawyer:

I appreciate that, Sam. Thank you.

[Sam nods, pulling one of the Labatt Blues from the six-pack. Tom has many other stops to make this evening, and heads for the door. Sam pops the can open, and takes a noisy swig of the brewski. Just as Tom is about to open the door...]

Sam Turner Jr.:

This ain't ta bad, but ole PBR is tha great'st ev'r brew'd.

[Not amazing, but hey, Sam was convincing himself he could taste Maple. That was the Canadian national flavor, right? It was otherwise an acceptable beer.]

[Tom chuckles softly, before opening the door.]

Tom Sawyer:

Enjoy the show, Sam.

[And the door closes behind Tom.]

[Back on commentary.]

Angus:

When was the last time I discussed my abject hatred of Tom Sawyer?

DDK:

The last time he did, said, or was something? Angus, in all seriousness...

Angus:

I hate being serious. Look. If Tom Sawyer wants help from people, he'd get further not asking for it in such a lametarded douchetastic way. As far as getting people on his side, though, he could do a lot worse than STJ. That kid may not be real bright, but his heart's in the right place.

Jared Borchard vs James Sullivan



[James Sullivan stands in the ring as his entrance music, Regular People (Conceit) by Pantera, fades out and he awaits the arrival of his opponent.]

Angus:

Ooooh, untelevised entrance, that can't bode well for Sullivan.

[On the DefiaTRON, a lone yellow combination lock with black numbers, spinning rapidly. Alternating left, spinning right. Three repetitions, until a series of clicks.]

[Megadeth's 'Peace Sells' squeals out, as Jared Borchard slowly appears, browned out in his ring gear. His yellow combination lock contacts staring around as he pauses. The big man peers a hole into the ring, deeply breathing.]

DDK:

Sullivan is no cruiserweight, but next to this guy he looks positively tiny.

Angus:

Yep.

DDK:

Is that all you have to contribute?

Angus:

Well what do you want me to say? Sullivan is going to be a stain on the mat when this is over? YOU WANT ME TO RUIN THE FINISH!? IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT!?

[A big mitt goes up, and he heavy-steps down the aisle. When he reaches ringside he uses the top rope to pull himself on the apron and steps over it effortlessly.]

[Once inside the ring he takes up his position in the corner, slaps his face a couple of times and shouts out, psyching himself up for the match to come.]

DING DING DING

[The two men circle each other before locking together in a collar and elbow tie up. Borchard uses his size, strength and weight advantage to push Sullivan back into the corner. Carla Ferrari asks for a clean break and she gets one with Borchard raising his hands and backing off slowly. Sullivan walks out of the corner and wipes his nose Bruce Lee style before coming back in for another collar and elbow tie up. This time Borchard pushes Sullivan away hard, sending him sprawling to the canvas.]

DDK:

Sullivan is giving up almost 70lbs in weight and a foot in height. Even with all the technical know how he posses I'm not sure he'll get the chance to utilize those abilities effectively.

[Sullivan rolls back to his shoulders before rolling forwards and up to his feet. He circles Borchard, who maintains his place in the middle of the ring, but turns slowly to make sure he's always facing his opponent. They lock up again, only this time Sullivan transitions into a side headlock before Jared can do anything to take over.]

DDK:

Sullivan almost had to jump to grab hold of Borchard's head there.

[James wrenches on the neck a couple of times before going for a takedown, but Borchard puts on the brakes and blocks the attempt. He straightens up, lifting Sullivan with him and throws him off. Sullivan flails in mid air for a moment before landing on his feet, although he has to put his hands down onto the ground as well just to make sure he doesn't faceplant. James turns back to Borchard to be met with an elbow strike to the side of the neck.]

[Borchard wraps his arm around Sullivan's head and locks him in a front face lock. He pulls Sullivan back into the middle of the ring and lifts a knee up into his chest. Sullivan bounces up into the air, but Jared keeps hold of the front facelock nice and tight before lifting another knee into James' chest. One more knee and Borchard releases the front face lock and Sullivan bounces high before coming down to the canvas on his side.]

Angus:

Can I spoil it yet?

DDK:

How do you know what's going to happen?

Angus:

It's like the curse of the commentator... only it's more like a gift.

[Jared reaches down and wraps his hands around Sullivan's waist. He pulls him up to his feet almost effortlessly where he sets him for a nanosecond before tossing him away with a gutwrench throw.]

DDK:

Borchard is manhandling Sullivan, tossing him around like a rag doll.

Angus:

You know, 'tossing' has a different meaning in England.

DDK:

I don't think I want to know.

Angus:

It means jerki-

DDK:

OK!

[Borchard wastes no time in closing down Sullivan and wraps his arms around his waist once more. In one swift, smooth motion he lifts Sullivan up into an over the shoulder backbreaker! Carla checks on James, but she indicates that he says 'no'. Borchard pulls Sullivan down into his shoulder a couple of times, each time James lets out a cry of pain.]

DDK:

Surely Sullivan can't take much more of this.

[Borchard doesn't seem interested in finishing this by submission though and takes a step forward before dropping him into a shoulderbreaker! James tries to roll to the outside of the ring, but Jared grabs him by the ankle, stopping

that before it even got started.]

[James pushes himself up though and gets to one foot, he hops a little as he turns around. James jumps and looks to hit an Enzuigiri, but Jared ducks it. James lands facing away from Borchard and in the perfect position for Jared to grab him for a pump handle slam!]

Angus:

Pin him, JB! Just finish him!

[Borchard doesn't though, and grabs Sullivan by the neck, lifting him back to his feet. He keeps hold of his throat and lifts Sullivan up into a military press. He does a few reps with James, which might not have been the best thing to do as Sullivan lands a right hand to the side of his head and slips down behind Borchard.]

[Once his feet hit the floor Sullivan grabs Jared's arm and tries to force him down to the mat, obviously looking for that Crossface that he likes to use to finish his matches!]

DDK:

Sullivan looking to end this one, but Borchard's having none of it!

Angus:

This one's been all Borchard, this is obviously a desperation thing from Sullivan here.

[James tries and tries to force Borchard down and manages, but Jared shrugs him off and pushes him across the ring. James recovers quickly and runs in hitting a knee strike to the side of the still kneeling Jared Borchard's head. Sullivan tries to rally and lands a couple of knife edge chops to Borchard's chest in quick succession. Jared fights through them and gets back to his feet, only to get a swift kick to the gut. James hooks Borchard's arms and pops his hips, looking for a double underhook suplex, but he can't get the big man up.]

DDK:

Borchard is just too much for James to lift right now.

[Borchard reverses, he breaks his arms free and kicks Sullivan in the gut. James doubles over, but not for long as Borchard hooks his arm up and lifts him into a stalling vertical suplex! Jared holds him there for a few seconds before simply dropping him down onto his back.]

[Jared reaches down and grabs James by the throat again. He lifts him up to his feet (again) but this time he stands to his side. With both hands he lifts Sullivan into the air. James knows all too well what's coming, and tries to kick his way out of it, but it's all to no avail, Borchard brings Sullivan down in the 50/50!]

[I guess the only saving grace for James Sullivan is that he lands on his back, and not his face.]

[From now on it's all but set in stone.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THREE!!!]

Winner via pinfall: Jared Borchard!

DDK:

And the man they call The Failsafe picks up a nice win in his Defiance debut!

Angus:

snort

DDK:

What?

Angus:

Eh, I was just remembering when Jeff Andrews called Cobra "Failsnake".

DDK:

And that has what to do with?

Angus:

Failsafe sounds like Failsnake. Der.

DDK:

sigh Let's go backstage, where I understand we've got a camera with Tom Sawyer.

Angus:

God DAMMIT!

Dossier: Gamer

[Tom Sawyer opens a hallway door, a plastic tray in his hands. The contents: A small pile of individually-wrapped marshmallow-in-graham-cracker-in-chocolate treats. Ah, the Moon Pie. Glancing furtively up and down the hallway before proceeding, Tom walks across the hallway. He had emerged into the private Skybox hallway once more, still in his yellow-and-black.]

[Only VIPs and other patrons were allowed up here. Tom comes to a door, knocks once, tries the handle.]

[Eugene Dewey looks up from his seat in the middle of the empty row. To his right, a shoulderbag lolling open, exposing the laptop and iPad case he carried into the show. To his left, some opened FedEx packages and envelopes, his iPad sitting atop one envelope. Even on a night he wasn't "working", DEFIANCE had business for the young wrestler.]

Tom Sawyer:

Eugene Dewey. It's nice to get a chance to meet you.

[Eugene Dewey adjusts his glasses, blinking in confusion. Why... Why was Tom Sawyer in his private Skybox? A million thoughts whirled through Eugene's mind in a millisecond. Anger at himself for losing to Bronson Box. Despair at his future in the pro wrestling business. Fear over what would happen next in the ring. Determination, over his loss, and his intent to never be there again. Resolve, over the half-dozen brochures from wrestling schools that he had gotten thanks to a friend in the DEFIANCE office.]

Eugene Dewey:

Uhhh... Hey, Tom. Likewise. Erh... How's it going?

[Tom troops into the skybox, and walks right around to stand in front of Eugene, the plastic tray an offering. Eugene takes it from Tom's hands, a momentary flash of delight over the sticky treats in the future.]

Eugene:

Thanks, Tom.

[Tom shakes his head, blonde locks jittering for a moment.]

Tom Sawyer:

It's a bribe. Y'see, Eugene... I've been watching wrestling ever since I was a little kid. As much of it as I could get my hands on, from the age of four until I strapped on the boots. I've got rooms full of tapes and DVDs, from every company I could find that has someone camcording it.

[Eugene watches Tom for a moment. The... obsession struck him as familiar. A memory floated into Eugene's memory, of the very first time the three year old version of him was handed a controller and plonked in front of the television set to wile away the hours playing Super Mario Bros.]

Tom Sawyer:

After you've been so immersed in a media type, you get to know it inside and out. I bet there's not a game that's come out in the past decade that really surprises you-

Eugene Dewey: [Mumbling to himself]

Pokemon Snap was surprisingly good.

[Tom doesn't pause to hear Eugene's mutterings though, and continues to make his point.]

Tom Sawyer:

You figure out the growth rate, knowing how quick there'll be big jumps in graphics or AI or the mechanics... You figure out where the entire industry is going, because you consume every piece of media you can find. Right?

[Eugene gives Tom a quick nod of the head.]

Tom Sawyer:

Wrestling.

[He points to his own chest. Then, turns the hand around to point it at Eugene.]

Tom Sawyer:

Video games. Get me?

Eugene Dewey:

Where are you going with this?

Tom Sawyer:

I can tell that something big is about to happen here. Maybe tonight. Very, very soon. And it's gonna be bad for everyone.

Eugene Dewey:

I don't know if you saw my match with Bronson Box.

[Eugene looks down, hands picking at one of those Moon Pies in nervous desire.]

Eugene Dewey:

But I'm not really in any condition or position to be doing anything other than watch what's going on in that ring tonight. And I'd be surprised if anything big is going to be coming from me any time soon.

[Tom reaches out, putting a hand on Eugene's shoulder, in a most comforting motion. The young blonde man, 5 years Eugene's minor, gave Eugene the man-look.]

Tom Sawyer:

You're a talented guy, and with a little more training and a little more exercise to take advantage of your size and innate ability, you'll be a force to be reckoned with. I bet you could be at the top of the rankings by Christmas if you put your mind to it. That is... if there's a DEFIANCE left standing by then.

[Eugene looks up at Tom's face, eyes getting a bit of a glimmer. Manful pride. Hope. Determination. All kinds of thoughts ran through Eugene.]

Eugene Dewey:

Look, Tom... I'm not gonna claim to know wrestling like you do, but I do know that tonight's gonna be the end of the tournament. There's going to be a winner and three losers, and chances are that winner will be somebody that's earned the right to call themselves the Master of Wrestling. I don't see what's so cataclysmic about that.

[Tom sighs, turning to look towards the ring.]

Eugene Dewey:

But... If something does happen?

[Tom glances back to Eugene.]

Eugene Dewey:

If Deathwing returns and tears our Azeroth is asunder... If the reapers do emerge from dark space... if Sauron does find the ring... You'll have my axe.

[Tom watches Eugene for a long moment, before nodding.]

Tom Sawyer:

Good enough. And... If you ever need someone to give you some help with the wrestling stuff...

[Eugene nods with respect filled gratitude.]

Eugene Dewey:

Thanks, Tom.

[Tom turns, and walks out of frame to camera right. Thereby vanishing, and despawning. Or exiting the room off-camera, as you're supposed to assume.]

[Eugene looks back to the glass between his Skybox and the ring. Did... Tom really want Eugene on his side?]

Angus:

So now Tom wants Eugene Dewey on his side? What's he doing, building a stable with an Island of Misfit Toys gimmick?

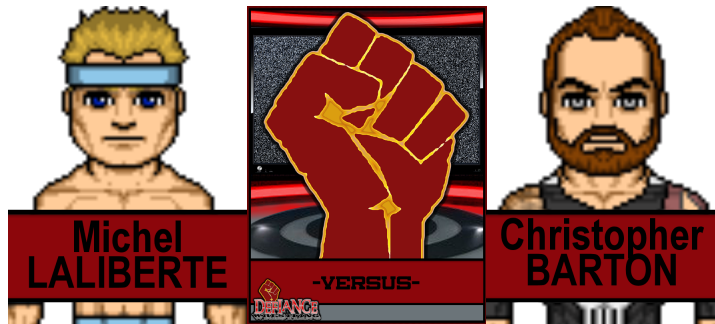
DDK:

Don't write Eugene Dewey off. He's got back to back victories over Bronson Box, and the only reason he's not in the playoffs is because Cito Conarri was asleep at the switch for once in his career and let Jiles get away with kicking him out of War Games contendership.

Angus:

Hey now! He might've... um... well ok, you're probably right. Anyway, up next we've got Christopher Barton vs Michel LaLiberte.

Christopher Barton vs Michel Laliberte

**DDK:**

Next up, relative newcomer Christopher Barton gets another opportunity to establish himself as one of the rising stars of Defiance Wrestling against the injured French Canadian grappler Michel LaLiberte.

Angus:

Awww, poor powder blue ninny still have a hurt wing? Gets his shit snapped by a GIRL.

DDK:

You're referring to Heidi Christenson separating the elbow of LaLiberte in their match a...

Angus:

YEAH. That's what I'm referring to professor. Green little fart nearly got his arm ripped off by that limb snapping fem.

[As Angus chuckles into his headset the thumping rhythm of Barton Hollow by The Civil Wars sets all eyes on the entrance curtain. Christopher Barton makes his entrance to a decent reaction from the Defiance faithful.]

DDK:

Impressive, physical Christopher Barton. The humbled French Canadian, LaLiberte will have his work cut out for him tonight.

Angus:

Yeah, maybe Barton'll tear his other stupid arm off... dude has to have some pent up aggression after Sawyer took he and the powder blue ninny the fuck OUT during that dark match the other week.

[As Barton settles into a far corner and begins preparing for the match "Your Man" by Down With Webster hits and out comes Michael LaLiberte, arm still taped heavily.]

Angus:

Speak of the gayest looking devil ever.

DDK:

The fact this young man has still been putting his body on the line night after night since his unintentional injury at the hands of Heidi Christenson in their match several weeks ago is commendable, Angus.

Angus:

Well, I think he's a jagoff. Agree to disagree.

[LaLiberte takes his time climbing the ring steps, eyeballing the intense figure eagerly awaiting his presence in the ring. Barton beckons the French Canadian born grappler to 'man up' and step in the ring.]

Angus:

Barton's on that arm like a fat kid on cake. Watch.

DDK:

It's a tempting target; LaLiberte's offence is hard to pull off with a mangled limb.

[The two fighters meet center ring as the referee calls for the bell.]

DDK:

And we're off.

[Barton wastes no time, grabbing LaLiberte and snapping over a vicious overhead belly that takes the Frenchman completely unaware.]

DDK:

Barton wasting NO time getting right in there!

Angus:

Tossed him the fuck out of his pretty powder blue booties...

[Before Michael can get to his feet, Barton lands some violent stomps on both LaLiberte's upper extremities.]

DDK:

Some sick shots to both LaLiberte's arms.

Angus:

Barton either doesn't remember which arm is injured or he just doesn't give a FUCK.

DDK:

Either way, LaLiberte is already in a precarious position here tonight.

[Barton is quick to capitalize, pulling LaLiberte to his feet pushing him back into the corner.]

DDK:

Irish whip across the damn ring!

[Barton puts all of his weight into it, whipping LaLiberte into the opposite turnbuckle with a sickening thud. Barton charges in only to be caught with a boot from LaLiberte. The Frenchman not one to waste an opportunity, shakes off the cobwebs and pops Barton with a dropkick.]

DDK:

A come back from the...

[The kick must have just grazed Barton because he comes screaming back with a back elbow that simply levels LaLiberte.]

Angus:

Sick. Barton's a goddamn BEAST.

[Barton steps back and stalks his prey, allowing LaLiberte to groggily get to his feet.]

DDK:

CLOTHESLINE FROM BAR.. NO! LALIBERTE DUCKS!

Angus:

God will he just fucking stand still...

[LaLiberte gets in a few good shots capping off his most successful run at the big bad Chris Barton, actually getting the big man off his feet following a crowd popping Exploder Suplex.]

DDK:

What a comeback, and with a broken wing!

Angus:

This sucks dick.

[It looks like LaLiberte might run away with this one.]

Angus:

SNAP!

DDK:

HUGE MOVE FROM BARTON!

[A boot to the guts and a crushing T-Bone Suplex leaves LaLiberte floored. Barton gets back to his feet and roars and he stalks the weary French Canadian. Pulling him to his feet Barton grabs hold of LaLiberte's hair and plays to the crowd.]

Angus:

HEADBUTTS, A WHOLE SHIT LOAD!

[Barton unleashes a sickening series of head to head contact. With a tiny trail of blood starting to trickle down his forehead Barton runs his thumb across his throat.]

DDK:

Barton going for the double underhook! He's looking to put LaLiberte a way here!

[With one quick jerk Barton hoists LaLiberte up, holding him there for a moment before...]

Angus:

BARTON DRIVER! Holy shit, did you see his neck fold up like a fucking accordion?

DDK:

LaLiberte is hurt here, Angus.

[Barton drops down, at this point it's academic.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE!!!

Winner: Christopher Barton

DDK:

Convincing win from Bar... wait, what's Barton doing?

[Barton again grabs hold of the golden locks of Michael LaLiberte. We here the beat, Barton, screaming something about 'pussy pretty boys' before leveling LaLiberte with boot to the guts.]

DDK:

What's Barton doing?! He won, what's the point of all this?

Angus:

He's making this snoozefest ten times more awesome, that's the fuck what.

[Before we can even blink Barton grabs his defeated opponent around the waist and flings him overhead directly into the turnbuckle.]

DDK:

RELEASE GERMAN RIGHT INTO THE TURNBUCKLE!

Angus:

DAMN.

[Referees and Def Security haul Barton off the obviously injured Michael LaLiberte. Christopher Barton looks more than a little pleased with himself. Halfway up the ramp, as EMT's tend to LaLiberte in the ring, Barton grabs the nearest camera for a moment.]

Barton:

Like that?

[All smiles, Barton is lead from the arena to the backstage area.]

Angus:

That guys going places.

DDK:

A despicable post match attack from Christpher Barton.

Angus:

Didn't even TOUCH that little pricks arm, dude just straight up CRUSHES THE GUYS SPINE. Respect.

DDK:

While medics attend to Michel LaLiberte, let's take it backstage, where I understand we're going to hear from the Moral Majority!

Introducing the Red Queen

[We cut backstage to the woman we've known for weeks now as the "mysterious red haired woman" and Bronson Box's "good friend" and now know as Virginia Quell. Dressed in a low cut green plaid top and tight brown leather pants the stocky redhead is a true knockout, a feast for the eyes for any red blooded American man. She looks off camera with a look of desire.]

Virginia Quell:

Your public awaits, Hollis dear.

[Or a Scot. Stage left, the "Bombastic" Bronson Box steps in and runs his massive arm around the waist of his "good friend" running the back of his other hand down her pale cheek. A silence fills the air between the couple and the camera for a few beats before Bronson begins.]

Bronson Box:

No.

[Bronson takes a step back, crossing his arms behind Virginia.]

Bronson Box:

Yours does, love. I think it's about time The Red Queen meets her subjects. Tell these people how The Moral Majority is about to turn this bloody promotion on its blasted head. Tell these peasants just who YOU are, Gin.

[The busty redhead gives Bronson a playful devilish look before returning her deep green eyes to the camera.]

Virginia Quell:

My name is Virginia Quell... and I just might prove to be the most dangerous woman in Defiance Wrestling once we're done, my dear lovelies. Defiance is known for strong woman. Heidi Christenson, Clair St. Sure. Fine women indeed; strong powerful female role models for all the little pig tailed girls out there.

[It's then the "Mastodon" Frank Dylan James silently walks into the scene from stage right and joins Bronson behind Virginia.]

Virginia Quell:

Tell me... do we collectively look like role models to you? We don't play fair, love. We don't do handshakes and show remorse when some poor sot gets himself injured at our hands. No. We're a different lot. We're the moment makers that make this profession so... [deep romantic sigh] special. Do sow chaos? Indeed, dearies. Do we play fair? Not always, love. Not always... but we take what we do very very seriously.

Frank Dylan James:

Real dang serious.

[Frank cracks his knuckles and cracks a wide grin.]

Virginia Quell:

In the coming months Hollis, Frank and myself are going to make this promotion squeal... Tom Sawyer is running around this bloody place screaming at the top of his lungs about an oncoming storm? That storm is standing right in front of you looking you right in the eyes, dearies! You lot should be quivering in abject bloody TERROR at the thought of this coalition of the clear minded and totally willing running roughshod over each and every Defiance superstar that DARES challenge our noble cause...

Bronson Box:

And what cause is that Gin?

[Virginia sneers at the camera.]

Virginia Quell:

The same cause you've been championing since the day you left home waded waist deep into the muck, love. To cleans this wretched promotion of the chaff. To prove our dominance.

[The Red Queen flashes a flawless grin and bites her lip playfully.]

Virginia Quell:

To make you all better, my darlings.

[Box proudly steps forward, Virginia taking his arm while Frank nods in agreement.]

Bronson Box:

The Red Queen, The Mastodon and The Wargod. The Moral Majority of Defiance Wrestling.

[Bronson proudly puffs out his chest as he turns to the camera.]

Bronson Box:

We'll make you all... BETTER. I like that. What perfect prose, dear. We'll make you better or we'll [long pause, a smile] break you. Like I've broken so many of the men and women that this promotion and its various authority figures have deemed "the best" and the "main event"... everyone knows who THE main event of this promotion is and always has been.

[Box gives that last bit a moment to sink in then turns to face his cohorts.]

Bronson Box:

Tonight Mike Sloan's gunna' cart out that pretenders World title of his and claim to be some sort of CHAMPION. Mike Sloan is a bloody liar, friends. We need to take this lair and make HIM... better.

[Bronson steps up to Frank Dylan James.]

Bronson Box:

Do you want to help that poor lying bastard, Frank?

Frank Dylan James:

We'll make'at poor baysterd see the lawt somfin' fierce, Boxer.

[Frank guffaws like a beast as Box turns back to the camera.]

Bronson Box:

It begins tonight, lads. With Sloan and his pretenders World title.

[The Red Queen steps up and takes his hand. Her haunting green eyes looking right through the lens into our collective living rooms.]

Virginia Quell:

You end usually these things with a bible verse don't you Hollis? Oh do let me try!

[Puppy dog eyes and pouty lips urge Box reluctantly acquiesce.]

Virginia Quell:

"If I wanted to kill somebody, I'd take this book and beat you to death with it, and I wouldn't feel a thing. Believe me, if I started murdering people, there'd be none of you left.

Because my children are coming.”

[Virginia turns and grins back at Bronson.]

Virginia Quell:

Charles Manson.

[The Red Queen skips off camera leaving Box and Frank Dylan James alone.]

[Another deep guffaw from the massive West Virginian Mastodon.]

Frank Dylan James:

At girl's crazier'an a sack'a wet cats... this here shyit's gunna' be fun as hell, boss. See ya'out there.

[Frank heavy handedly pats Box on the shoulder as he walks off camera.]

Bronson Box:

Indeed...

[Fade back to ringside on a closeup of Box's pensive face.]

Angus:

Ok, so, damn, that chick's batshit.

DDK:

Virginia Quell, irreverant and unbalanced, she seems an unlikely match for Bronson Box.

Angus:

I'd hit it.

DDK:

Of course you would. At any rate, the Moral Majority takes on the team of Mike Sloan and Curtis Penn next, and - fans I've just been told that something is going down in Elijah Goldman's office!

[Quick cut.]

Final Plea from E-Gold to Evolution

[Backstage, in Elijah Goldman's office.]

[The room is packed.]

[Everybody who works for Evolution League is in there.]

[Everyone who's associated with Evolution League is in there.]

[Elijah Goldman is behind his desk.]

[Heidi Christenson is standing next to it.]

[Everyone else is facing them.]

Goldman:

I've called you all in here for a reason.

[Goldman's eyes are watery behind his thick tortoiseshell glasses.]

Goldman:

Because you're all wrestlers, I'll make no assumptions that you know anything, and I'll make this absolutely clear. No matter our personal differences, we have to put them aside for the rest of the night. It is absolutely imperative that Heidi Christenson win the main event, and to do that she has to win a virtual handicap match.

[Eyes slowly drift towards Alceo Dentari. Either because of status or to make sure he'd be able to see what's going on, he's front and center of the pack of wrestlers.]

Goldman:

I haven't always been... particularly respectful to Heidi, and I'm well aware that it's too late to apologize. But she needs our respect, and our support, right now. Any vendettas can wait until after I control Defiance.

[Deep breath.]

Goldman:

You know what Dane in charge means, right? Smaller arenas. Smaller paychecks. Men like Cancer Jiles getting the promotion in trouble because they can't refrain from belting out racial slurs while on a microphone. Men like Bronson Box who haven't the grace or sense to attack the innocent staff who help this promotion run in a way they can't even understand.

Dane winning means poverty.

Dane winning means filth.

Dane winning means the end of respectability, and all the benefits that come with it.

[E-Gold looks around the room. All the wrestlers are watching him.]

Goldman:

Heidi needs to be given a fair chance. I can't say the actual words, but I would hope all of you can understand what needs to happen for her to get one.

[A low rumble of acknowledgement from the onlooking wrestlers.]

Goldman:

Alright. Everyone dismissed. Except you, Dentari, and you, YAZ.

[Dentari and YAZ remain in the room. Dentari shoots YAZ a glare of intense loathing. YAZ smirks and ignores it.]

[Heidi didn't leave with the other wrestlers, and she's still standing next to Goldman's desk.]

Goldman:

Heidi, you can go.

Heidi:

Elijah, anything you have to say to anyone about this, I expect to be allowed to listen to.

[Goldman sighs, realizing he's not in bargaining position.]

Goldman:

Fine. OK, listen Alceo. I know you're angry, and I know how you feel about the match.

Dentari:

So if you know, then why d'you think I'd wanna help her?

Goldman:

Look. Just help and I'll make it up to you. An IOU.

Dentari:

This skank - robbed me.

[He points at Heidi, who deathglares back at him.]

Dentari:

And I ain't liftin' a finger to help her without a promise - that once this is over and done with, I get myself a pound of her flesh.

Goldman:

First show, Alceo, first show, I promise.

[Dentari snorts, and departs the room. Goldman watches him leave, then leans over to whisper in YAZ's ear.]

[Because he's Goldman, he can't whisper right, and his words come through clearly.]

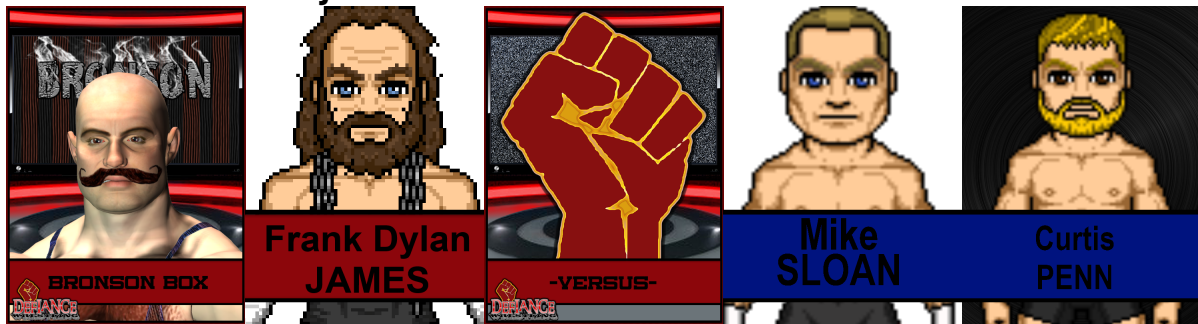
Goldman:

YAZ, make sure he doesn't fuck this up.

[YAZ nods his head.]

[Heidi closes her eyes and breathes deeply.]

Bronson Box/Frank Dylan James vs Mike Sloan/Curtis Penn



[Cue "Symphony of Destruction" by Megadeth.]

Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match, and it is set for one fall! Introducing first, accompanied to the ring by Tyson Burke! Weighing in at 215 lbs, from Pensacola, Florida, CURTIS PENN! His tag partner, weighing in at FINISH YOU FUCKING BIO and hailing from the same... MIKE SLOAN!

♪ You take a mortal man ♪
 ♪ You put him in control ♪
 ♪ Watch him become a God ♪
 ♪ Watch people's heads a'roll ♪

DDK:

And this is an interesting tag team here. Curtis Penn of course is a tag specialist, having held the WfWA Tag Titles alongside Pete Whealdon. Mike Sloan, although he's not truly antisocial, is a habitual loner in wrestling and not known for tag teaming.

Angus:

I'm surprised he didn't learn a little bit about tag teaming while trying not to fall off Eric Dane's coattails.

[Sloan and Penn make their entrances. There's really not much spectacular about them, they slap hands and get cheered and all that stuff as they enter the ring.]

[Megadeth cuts.]

Quimbey:

And their opponents!

♪ 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 ♪

Quimbey:

Accompanied to the ring by "The Red Queen" Virginia Quell! First, hailing from the darkest reaches of West Virginia, weighing in at over 300 lbs... FRANK! DYLAN! JAMES! And his tag team partner. Hailing from the Scottish Highlands, and weighing in at 234 lbs! BRONSON! BOX! They are the MORAL! MAJORITY!

[The formerly-unknown red haired woman leads them out. First Bronson Box, and following in his footsteps FDJ.]

Boos abound, but a word from Box keeps FDJ from lashing out at the fans and focused on the ring.]

Angus:

I like Box. Don't get me wrong. He's bad, he's scary, and he embodies Defiance more than anyone save the boss himself. But sometimes, I just wonder how the world looks through his eyes, you know?

DDK:

As his biography says, he's probably suffering from multiple undiagnosed psychoses. But it has yet to even slow down his success in the ring.

[Mark Shields doesn't bother warning the wrestlers about cheating or anything he just calls for the bell.]

[Bronson Box and Mike Sloan lock up. At first it looks like Box is winning, he forces Sloan back a step and then another, but Sloan braces himself and shoves. Box stumbles backwards, locks up again, and this time Sloan wrenches the arm. Box counters the arm wrench and slips into a side headlock, Sloan sends him off the ropes, Box runs back and Sloan meets him with a shoulder block!]

[Both men snarl. Box points the ropes and Sloan runs them, ramming his shoulder into Box on the rebound, but Box refuses to fall, roaring in his face again. Sloan turns and runs the ropes again, plowing into Box with his full strength! Box is rocked back to the ropes but he bounces back ropeadope style and tackles Sloan to the mat with a double leg before going straight into an armbar!]

DDK:

Sloan is a power wrestler. Box may be very strong himself, he's at a disadvantage, but he's got a more versatile game.

[Sloan rolls through the armbar, Box is up to his feet but Sloan belts him right in the face! Box fires straight back!]

Angus:

And this is what we wanted to see out of Box and Sloan! Fuck all that mat wrestling and strong style, give 'em the fist!

[It's Sloan's heavy haymakers versus Box's precise jabs, and despite his training Box isn't winning this fight straight up. He delivers a bodyslot to Sloan, go-behind and a high waistlock takedown! Box scrambles up Sloan's back to hook a rear naked choke, but Sloan anticipates and rolls Box over his shoulders before he can sink it in.]

Angus:

And in case anyone here's forgot, which they probably all have, Sloan was selected by Eric Dane himself to fight Bronson Box, and I think it's because for Box it's a stylistically bad matchup.

[Irish whip from Sloan to Box into his own corner. Sloan follows up with a charging clothesline and tags out to Curtis Penn. Penn puts Box's arms over the ropes and throws some hard roundhouse kicks into the chest!]

DDK:

Curtis Penn, a former WFWA Tag Team Champion alongside Pete Whealdon, delivering some crushing kicks to the former Defiance World Champ! Penn as you can see has a background in MMA, he's quite adept at jujitsu.

[Penn sends Box overhead with a belly to belly.]

DDK:

And he augmented his MMA with a nice array of suplexes.

[Box stands up. Penn clenches with him, and lands some knees into the ribs. Box braces himself and lifts Penn up on his shoulders, high up for a northern lights... Penn kicks his legs trying to counter... but Box powers through! He rolls over, blocks Penn's arms off with one hand and lays in some shots to the face!]

Angus:

Can't match Box's power, though. Can't match his mean streak, either.

[Box picks Penn up on his shoulders and spears him into the corner where he tags out to FDJ.]

[FDJ steps in over the top rope, grabs Penn by the neck and starts headbutting him in the corner.]

DDK:

Frank Dylan James is and always has been capable of a lot of sheer destruction in the ring. Getting him focused is always the trick. If Box has succeeded, and FDJ's wrestling like he has, it's going to mean trouble for Defiance.

[FDJ switches over to knife edge chops. Each one sends Penn's feet up in the air, and after the third chop he lands on the mat. FDJ grabs him by the head, pulls him up and flips him over in the world's sloppiest snapmare ever, then sinks in a trapezius claw.]

DDK:

Now FDJ's using his weight to try and slow Penn down, and I've got to guess that's Box's influence at work, FDJ's never been one for slowing it down. In fact one of his weaknesses was that he'd gas if a wrestler could weather his initial offensive flurry.

[Outside the ring, Tyson Burke runs around ringside clapping his hands, trying to get the fans to rally behind Penn. As the stomping picks up, Sloan stomps along with it on the ring apron. Penn grabs FDJ's wrist in both arms, pulls - and twists loose from the hold!]

DDK:

Escape by Penn, he spins around and he's got that arm twisted up behind FDJ's back in a kimura!

[FDJ howls as Penn hangs onto the kimura for dear life and Box yells instructions from the apron. Outside the ring Virginia Quell is also yelling, although what little of it can be picked up sounds more focused on Penn being a pathetic person.]

Angus:

Whether this ends the match depends on whether FDJ remembers that he can escape by grabbing the ropes.

[Box enters the ring to stomp on Penn's head. Sloan's had enough and he also enters, clotheslining Box down, and suddenly the match is out of control! Box and Sloan roll across the ring and into the corner throwing punches! Penn's kicking FDJ in the ribs and ducking the wild swings!]

DDK:

It's broken down here and Box's woman is rolling into the ring!

[Virginia Quell brings her forearm up between Penn's legs. Penn turns around and she... hooks one arm, spins around, and drops him face first into the mat with an inverted double underhook DDT!]

[Record scratch.]

Angus:

S-She can wrestle?! Shit, she just about killed Penn with a Killswitch!

[Tyson Burke's seen enough. And he springboards in!]

[Now if he'd just aimed for Ms. Quell, his team might have walked away with a DQ win. But instead, he aimed for Box. A missile dropkick lands right on Box's shoulderblades, and Sloan scoops him up and rams him into the corner with a DVD!]

[Mark Shields says something to ring announcer Darren Quimbey.]

Quimbey:

Rather than a disqualification, the following contest has been expanded to a trios tag team match, with Tyson Burke joining the team of Sloan and Penn, and Virginia Quell joining the team of Box and FDJ!



Angus:

UNEXPECTED!

[Virginia unfastens her skirt. She's dressed to wrestle under it, in a pretty basic dark tan women's wrestling outfit. She focuses on the already downed Penn, getting him in a headlock and hitting some knees. She then clotheslines Penn out of the ring, aims, and hits a senton off the apron to the floor!]

[Burke, on the other hand, takes Box down with a dropkick, and then a second that knocks him out of the ring, and follows it up with a cross body block!]

[This leave Sloan and FDJ in the ring and FDJ's taking over on Sloan with punches - but Sloan ducks! Haymaker, haymaker, standing clothesline drops FDJ to the mat! He drags FDJ in position, knee drops him off the middle rope, and covers, but FDJ kicks out! Sloan sets up the pumphandle on FDJ, but can't quite get him up. FDJ counters, pulls Sloan in for a short arm clothesline, Sloan ducks and takes FDJ over with a T-bone suplex.]

DDK:

Great show of strength from Sloan, can he follow up and put the Mastodon of the Mountains away?

[Outside the ring, Box breaks away from Burke by flap jacking him onto the guardrail and he enters. He knocks Sloan for a stagger with a European uppercut, and just keeps on going. Euro, euro, euro, Sloan's out on his feet, Box steps aside and FDJ kicks Sloan over the ropes with a barefoot big boot!]

[Box sends FDJ out of the ring after Sloan and he moves in on Burke. With Burke on the apron Box hooks him for the vertical suplex, lifts him up, walks backwards, lets go with one arm to signal to the crowd, and then drops him.]

Angus:

We haven't seen Tyson Burke in a Defiance ring before, and at this rate we aren't gonna again either.

[Box applies a standing headscissor looking for the finish, but Burke back drops him! Trying not to lose his advantage Box fights through the pain and moves in, only to eat a reverse STO! Collapsing, Burke begins crawling towards his corner. Box grabs his ankle. Hopping on one foot, Burke hits an enzuigiri on Box and makes the tag out to Penn!]

[Penn lights up Box with alternating roundhouse kicks and then a spinning back kick to the jaw. With Box out on his feet Penn calls for the Busaiku Knee. He runs, leaps, Box ducks! Penn overshoots, hits the ropes and rolls to his feet but FDJ runs down the ring apron and clotheslines him inside out!]

[Sloan runs into the ring and clotheslines FDJ over the ropes, but follows him out over the top!]

[And taking advantage of the lucha rules of trios matches, Virginia Quell enters the ring as the legal person for the first time, turns on the downed Penn and takes him up and over with a bridging fisherman's suplex!]

ONE! TWO! THREE!

Angus:

She got him!

DDK:

An opportunistic suplex by Virginia Quell and the match goes to the Moral Majority!

[Sloan collects Penn and Burke and heads backstage. The Majority raise their arms in the ring and collect boos.]

The Only Star...?

[The Rider appears onscreen, zipping down a DEFIANCE corridor on his hot little superbike, the '84 Honda Interceptor's engine caterwauling like the monstrously powerful machine that it was.]

[Of course, now that the secret had been revealed, Tom had the visor up. Still had the helmet on, though. Yellow, with a black stripe.]

Angus:

I hate Tom Sawyer so much.

[Just after the motorcycle shot past the cameraman, the hallway opened out enormously. It dumped into the parking garage, in fact! Tom zoomed into the parking garage's bottom floor, heading for where a long, sleek black limousine was pulling up.]

DDKr:

The Boss is here! Eric Dane is in the building!

[The driver, one "Whore Next Door" Kelly Evans, slinks out of the driver's side, arms stretching out to both sides for a languid, luxurious stretch. She had been driving for a long while. And besides, there was a cameraman coming, to pose in front of. In her yoga pants-black long sleeve driving shirt ensemble, Kelly looks for all the world like the world's hottest ninja. She hadn't expected a camera to be here yet.]

[Or a yellow-and-black motorcycle slowly rolling to a stop ten feet from her. She gives the young blonde man the strangest look, before undulating to the rear door of the limo.]

[Kelly quickly opens the passenger door. First, the cane slams into the cement. Then a foot in a exquisite leather Italian shoe. The other. Eric Dane rises out of the limo, towering over the door.]

[Tom walks up to Eric Dane, and draws the glare of the Only Star. Da Baws of DEFIANCE. Dane's eyes flick up and down Tom, sizing the kid up. Three-time World Tag Team championship means little to Dane's six World Champion reigns.]

Eric Dane:

Tom Sawyer.

[A moment's stern pause.]

Eric Dane:

Nice to have you back in DEFIANCE, kid. Got any new t-shirt ideas? I'm still trying to fill backorders for the Foreshadowing hockey jerseys and the DEF Row jerky.

[Jerky doesn't go bad. With Foreshadowing maple, Bancroft smoked flavor, Langston spicy, and Jimmy Kort's hickory barbecue flavors, the DEF Row jerky would be good for decades. Dane had bought a shitload and sold it. A lot.]

Tom Sawyer:

Yes. And I'd love to discuss them with you somewhere private.

[The kid jerks his head to his left. The cameraman was to his left. Sure, Kelly Evans was too, and her eyes widened in sudden vengeful fury, but she glanced to the cameraman, clamped her lips shut, and let her eyebrows tell the vengeful tale of how Tom Sawyer would suffer by her hand.]

[Eric purses his lips for a moment, thinking. His eyes go to the right as he considers it. Why not go and talk things over with Tom?]

Tom Sawyer:

I also need to speak with you about... Well, there's this thing. You've been in wrestling long enough that I know you can sense when something's about to go down. Stable formation, power switch, invasion... Something. The whole locker room gets more angry, more skittish.

[Eric arches one eyebrow in steady consideration. Tom... really bought this stuff, huh?]

Tom Sawyer:

And I can feel like something's gonna go down. I think that-

Eric Dane:

Christian Light!

[Christian Light.]

[About twenty feet away. Just having walked out of a side door into the arena. He broke into a grin and straightened up a bit. The stress of the Last Nighthawk's run for glory seemed to melt away in a heartbeat. He had found his old friend.]

[In a split second, the two men crossed the distance between one another. Team Danger handshake. Of course there was movement to it. The cameraman was wise enough to keep their hands out of frame, for fear Da Baws would have his thumbs broken.]

[Tom just stayed his ground, blinking with the speed at which he had been blown off.]

Eric Dane:

Just the man I wanted to see. C'mon, we've got a lot to talk about. I'm not gonna guarantee you the win or anything, but I've got five large in Atlantic City on you to bring it home. I think you're gonna outclass Clair and Heidi. If that's the case, then we've got merchandising, promotion, and royalty rights to talk about.

[Light claps Eric on one shoulder, beaming.]

Christian Light:

Sure. We had to talk about that soccer tournament for Joey. But... I DID want to talk to you about this thing with Tom over there.

[Light leans to the side, around Eric, and points. Tom, ignored, watches Dane with his best manful, grit-faced expression. Of course, since he had been so completely blown off, Tom was doing his best puppy dog face involuntarily. It looked for all the world like that friggin' Sarah McLaughlin commercial for the abused pets.]

Christian Light:

I know it sounds like a buncha gibberish at first, but he's been right about this kind of thing before. And he's awfully sure of himself.

[Dane looks back to Tom, carefully weighing things out in his head.]

Eric Dane:

You sure something's going on?

[Tom nods like a freakin' bobblehead doll.]

Eric Dane:

Then you get my complete, uninterrupted attention.

[Tom's grin lights up. Whether you had any inclination towards the kid being handsome or a goofy looking spaz, his smile was beatific.]

Eric Dane:

First thing once the show is over. I have a tournament to oversee and contracts to negotiate over, while this thing is still on the air. You can't stop the wheels of a television show.

[Tom's face falls, instantly.]

[Dane turns to Christian.]

Eric Dane:

Good enough?

[Light spares a moment's glance to Tom. He knew when Eric's mind was made up. Tom would have to wait.]

Christian Light:

Good enough.

[Team Danger strides off, already discussing Defiance's sponsorship of a baseball tournament. Joey Light's team was gonna be in it, and-]

[Well, they walked out of earshot. The cameraman pans back to Tom's face.]

[Tom visibly flinches at the heavy click of the door. In a quiet, creaky, nearly-broken voice, he whispers to nobody in particular.]

Tom Sawyer:

Once the show is over... Will be too late, Eric...

[Tom shakes his head, putting his hands on his hips. A slow, steady inhale, his chest expanding in a most manly way.]

[Tom reaches up in front of his chest, and clenches both fists.]

Tom Sawyer:

I can feel it coming in the air tonight. And if there's gonna be ANYBODY standing in the way... It's gonna have to be me.

[Tom... swallows. Heavily.]

Tom Sawyer:

And I don't know if Eugene and Sam are gonna be alongside me. I don't know...

[A heavy swallow, and Tom took a deep breath, puffing his chest out.]

Tom Sawyer:

So be it.

[Tom strides on over to his Honda. The Interceptor, still gleaming like a steel yellowjacket, roars back to life after Tom throws a leg over it. He slips his helmet on, lifts the kickstand, and revs the motor.]

[The tire screeches for a moment, before Tom zips off, back into the building.]

Christian Light vs Clair St. Sure

DDK:

Fans, we just saw Eric Dane finally return to Defiance!

Angus:

Yeah. See that thing up there?

[He points overhead.]

Angus:

That's a cage. And after Christian Light beats two women - or barring that, once Clair St. Sure puts Heidi out with hopefully the most compromising les-rotic hold ever - that cage is going to lower and Eric Dane is going to beat the shit out of Elijah Goldman. You really think he'd miss that?

DDK:

No, I don't. Eric Dane's been focusing on his wrestling career in New Frontier Wrestling lately, and hasn't been seen in Defiance for several shows in a row. Anyway, we've got Christian Light and Clair St. Sure up next, and since there seems to be some sort of delay with the entrances, Angus, why don't you fill us in?

Angus:

I'm the color guy. YOU fill us in. I call everything gay.

DDK:

Very well. The reward for winning this match is a five minute delayed entrance into the main event - that means that whomever wins gets to watch his opponents fight for 5 minutes before she or he has to go out and wrestle. Yes, both Light and St. Sure will be in the finals regardless of who wins this match, but as E-Gold noted and subsequently complained about, expecting the Evolution League winner to wrestle a handicap match against two fresh opponents is completely unfair, and there had to be a stipulation to actually make them wrestle.

Angus:

Light would've done it anyway. He's a sportsman. As for Clair, I dunno. She does what Kai Scott says, and Kai's still out injured. Now she's got that Diane Parker chick managing her, and you know, Diane's got a dark streak.

DDK:

Light and St. Sure wrestled on Heritage TV 08. They went at it for almost 25 minutes, and Light won with the Sledgehammer. It's worth noting that during that match, Diane slipped Clair a pair of knucks to hit Light with, and Clair decided not to use them.

Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall, with no time limit. The winner of this match will receive a five minute delayed entrance into the main event of the evening, the interleague final!

Angus:

Fucking finally. I hope someone in tech gets fired.

[Cue the blue spotlights. Sirens wail, and machine guns rattle.]

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!

Quimbey:

Introducing first! Hailing from Garden City, New York, and weighing in at 271 lbs! He is The Last Nighthawk... CHRISTIAN! LIIIIIGHT!

[All at the same time, the blue spotlights illuminate a man standing atop the ramp and the sounds of war are replaced by Disturbed and "Indestructable".]

Another mission the powers have called me away #
Another time to carry the colors again #
My motivation an oath I've sworn to defend #
To win the honor of coming back home again

[Extending his arms to the sides, Light tags fans hands all the way down the ramp.]

DDK:

Light making his entrance first. He's about to have a rematch against Clair St. Sure. Of course Light won their first encounter, although it took him 24 minutes and the Sledgehammer to put her away.

Angus:

To get it out of the way, yes, Team Danger represent, and I'm totally rooting for Christian Light here, BUT. This is gonna be a fundamentally different match from the last one. Heidi Christenson's alright, but she took a real beating against Dentari. Last time, they knew they had to work together for War Games one card later, and now, no matter which one wins this, they're still each other's biggest rivals to the Grand Championship.

[In the ring, Light peels off his T-shirt and throws it into the audience.]

Quimbey:

And his opponent!

[The arena is bathed in red, and the entrance ramp is framed by silvery-white, and the eerie little electronic noise that brings in "Death Threat" starts.]

whk-ka-whh-whh-whk

whk-ka-whh-whh-whk

Quimbey:

Accompanied to the ring by Diane Parker! Hailing from Kingston, Jamaica, and weighing in at 141 lbs! She is CLAIRA! SAINT! SUUUUUUUUREEEEE!

[Claira St. Sure appears at the top of the ramp, and lowers the hood of her robe, then raises both fists overhead.]

DDK:

So far in Defiance, the only match Clair has lost was the singles match against Christian Light. She came back from that to win War Games, outlasting him in the process.

Angus:

Yeah. Also, she's been messing people's arms up with that Truly Untouchabreaker, and she wasn't using armlocks against Light cos of Wargames.

[At ringside, Clair stands still and lets Diane remove the robe. She then jumps to the ring apron and over the ropes.]

[Light offers a handshake. Clair accepts, but she doesn't hold it very long, or give any sort of facial expression acknowledging anything other than 'game on'.]

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

And we're off, and Clair's already zeroing in on Light's right arm!

[Claira throws a kick at Light's elbow joint. He pulls his arm out of the way, and with that, Clairra's behind him, scoring a single leg takedown and immediately diving in on the arm, twisting the wrist and then the elbow up behind Light's back.]

[Light powers to his feet, but CSS releases the hold before he has a chance to counter, and she throws another kick at the arm. Another single leg, down goes Light, and this time she drops a knee on the elbow!]

DDK:

If there were any questions about Clairra's strategy in this match, they're out the window. Granted, Light could overpower her and Heidi both with no arms at all, but the more damage she does now the easier she makes it for herself in the finals.

[Light, though, may not be known for mat wrestling but he's been around long enough to know his way around. He forward rolls to escape the armlock and sends Clairra off the ropes with an Irish whip and catches her on the rebound with a half belly to belly. Moving fast, Light whips CSS into the corner and follows her in with a corner back splash, runs the far ropes, and knocks CSS for a spin with a running clothesline!]

Angus:

But hey, Light's proving the point I hadn't got around to making yet. You know, Light's a sportsman, he doesn't wrestle bully heel style ever, even if it'd work for him. If he's gonna try and win fast though, how long can Clairra survive that?

[Light underhooks the arms and takes Clairra up and down with a Texas suplex, rolls her over onto her front and then comes down across her back with a back splash!]

Angus:

And also, we talked about Clairra messing up his arm, but looks like Light's going after her back!

DDK:

It's a bit ruthless for Christian Light, though considering the situation, understandable.

[Light rolls Clairra over onto her front again and then hooks the legs in Texas Cloverleaf position.]

DDK:

Early attempt at the Light Leg Lock, and yes, he's got it!

[Light cranks back on the elevated texas cloverleaf. Underneath his knee, Clairra screams, but bites it off midway. She tries pushing with her arms, but between the leverage and his 100+ lbs weight advantage, Light isn't even wobbling.]

Angus:

So, if you were Clairra, would you consider tapping now? I mean, win or lose she'll get another shot in the finals, and she might be able to get Heidi to go easy on her.

[Claira twists her neck to the side. Light doesn't notice.]

[Right up until she literally twists out from under him!]

[As Angus splutters in disbelief on commentary, Clairra hooks her leg around Light's arm and pulls down, bending his elbow against her leg. She grabs his head and pulls it down across her shin.]

Angus:

Just looks like a botched gogoplata, but Light's feeling it!

[Light grips Clairra by the waist with his free arm and brings her up overhead. Clairra slips off his shoulders. Instead of just dropping, she hangs onto his head, and brings Light down in a modified neckbreaker-across-the-knee!]

DDK:

Incredible counter there by St. Sure, and she's looking for the Truly Untouchabreaker already!

[Clairra's quickly on the one arm, twisting it up around her leg and behind his back. Light straightens his legs and clamps his other arm into his chest.]

DDK:

And Light going defensive. Better to suffer the omoplata by itself while you find a counter than thrash around trying to get loose and get caught in something worse.

Angus:

Yeah, but that's a painful move there.

[Light forces himself into a quick forward roll. Clairra rolls with him, then hits him in the face with a knee strike. Switching holds, she sinks in an arm triangle, ducking under Light's right arm and out of his reach.]

DDK:

Smart wrestling by Clairra, not only going after Light's arm but also his wind.

[Clairra spins her boy as Light tries to counter, keeping him from getting the leverage needed to stand up. He gives up on moving from defense to offense and easily gets a foot on the ropes. Clairra holds on for 2 of the count of 5, then backs off - only to come back in with a seated dropkick to the head that knocks Light out of the ring. Then, grabbing the top rope, she jumps over the middle and dropkicks Light through the ropes, hanging on and skinning the cat back into the ring - and finishing off the trio of moves with a front flip over the ropes and a crash landing across Light's ribcage on the outside!]

DDK:

Clairra's also learned from some of the mistakes she made in her last match against Light. Last time she kind of burned on a suicide dive.

[With Light down, St. Sure drives a kick into the side of his head, and then a few more. But, like many a person, she's underestimated the resilience of The Last Nighthawk.]

[Light catches a kick, gets to his knees, pulls St. Sure in for a standing cradle, then from there stands and takes her over with a high arching leg capture suplex on the ringside mats!]

[St. Sure curls her legs up, her wind knocked out. Light stays down for a few seconds, nursing his head, then rolls in and out of the ring to break the count, which had reached 8.]

Angus:

There's Light for you. Never willing to take the dishonorable win, even though there's no way Clairra could've peeled herself off the mats and beaten the count on her own.

[Light rolls Clairra into the ring and follows her. Irish whip sends her off the ropes, and a BIG spinebuster follows! He's immediately on her legs, trying for the Light Leg Lock again - and in desperation, St. Sure goes to the eyes!]

[A few scant boos trickle down from the stands as St. Sure rolls away from Light.]

DDK:

Clairra takes a cheap shot to escape the Light Leg Lock there, but it's the only escape she had - no chance of overpowering him and Light would be more careful applying it this time since she twisted out the last one.

Angus:

Also worth noting, he didn't even try for RTD. She escaped that move 3 times last match. And it looks like he's picked the Light Leg Lock as the most practical way to put her down. Because seriously, what's she gonna do? Refuse to tap and pass out from the pain? She still loses and she's in worse shape for the finale!

DDK:

Hypothetically speaking, what if either Light or St. Sure manages to injure the other in the process of winning, then goes on to fight Heidi in the finals, and she submits them before the other one even gets to the ring?

[Pause.]

Angus:

Keeps, I fucking hate you.

[Claira dropkicks Light on the knee, and he drops to one knee. Shaking his head, he grabs the ropes to try and get to his feet.]

[St. Sure sees her window, and dives straight through it.]

DDK:

Axe kick to Light's elbow!

[Light is down, clutching his arm and writhing in pain. He doesn't think to roll over and protect it - and so St. Sure double stomps it.]

Angus:

Oh dear God.

[There's a ruction in the stands. Claira applies a straight armbar to Light's right arm, Light tries to fight it by clutching his wrist. Claira gets her feet against his good arm and pushes. It's a stalemate, and cameras cut away.]

[It's Jimmy Kort coming down to ringside through the stands. He hops the guardrail behind Diane Parker, creeps up behind her and bashes her head into the ring apron. She falls, and then he crouches beside the ring.]

[Then the fans start booing as, of all people, Dragon Jones comes jogging down the ramp, a kendo stick in his hands.]

Angus:

Hey wait. What the fuck are these guys doing out here?

[Claira wraps Light up in a crossface chickenwing and sinks in a bodyscissor to anchor it. Light gets to his knees, then stands up, and runs backwards at the turnbuckle - but St. Sure drops the hold and Light only hits the turnbuckle himself! Light stumbles back out of the buckle and St. Sure again jumps on his back with the chickenwing!]

DDK:

St. Sure trying to put Light away with a chickenwing hold, and we've got two members of Evolution League out here! Dragon Jones has a kendo stick, Jimmy Kort just picked up a chair...

[Jones and Kort both climb into the ring at the same time and Kort yells "Hey!" to get the ref's attention.]

[Then they both swing at the same time.]

[Light can't defend himself and St. Sure doesn't have time to let go of the hold.]

[Dragon's kendo stick shatters over Light's head and Kort's chair connects with St. Sure's back with a metallic...]

Light/St. Sure postmatch

THONK!!!

BBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

BBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

[Appearing at the top of the ramp are Alceo Dentari and his two gorillas, and they also run down to ringside. Dentari begins stomping Light as fast and hard as he can, "Russell" joins in with him, while "Murdoc" helps Kort pick CSS up.]

DDK:

This - this is an all out assault on Light and St. Sure! Goldman's trying to injure them before the finale to make Heidi's job easier!

Angus:

No shit! This went to a double DQ or a no-contest or something, that means no one gets a five minute break! And - shit, they're putting Light's arm inside that chair Kort brought in!

[That is, in fact, what's happening. The classic Pillmanizer setup, Light laid out prone and immobilized by the stomps of Russell and Dentari. Murdoc sets the arm up for a solid forearm break, and Alceo gives a biiiiiiiiiiiiig shit-eating grin...]

Angus:

SOMEONE SAVE CHRISTIAN LIGHT!

[So, someone appears through the curtains, flying down the ramp. Tom Sawyer is sprinting to the ring!]

DDK:

Count on that kid to fight the good fight wherever he may have to!

Angus:

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHE'D BETTER HELP!!!

[Tom Sawyer springboards into the ring and missile dropkicks Dentari right in the mush, knocking him clear of the chair and sparing Light's arm any more immediate damage! The first Gorilla was rocked with Sawyer's furious rights and lefts, while the other lumbered over...]

[With a Team Danger wrestler (Light) on the same side as Tom Sawyer, Angus is reduced to spluttering futilely. For the first time in his life, Angus Skaaland is absolutely torn.]

Angus:

I hate myself. LOOK OUT, TOM!

[Christian Light's forearm has been saved from imminent destruction, but now Tom Sawyer is outnumbered badly.]

[Murdoc clubs Sawyer from behind, dropping him, and the EVO league men move in like a pack of wolves, stomping Tom, stomping every inch of his body they can reach.]

[Diane Parker has recovered. She pulls Clairra out of the ring.]

DDK:

Tom Sawyer and Christian Light are in trouble! Diane's trying to get Clairra to high ground, and - The Socialite's on his way to the ring!

[Edward White and Nicky Corozzo are next on their way out to the ring.]

DDK:

Where's Heritage League? Where's security? We need some help out here!

[Christian Light roars forward and double spears both Gorillas! Dentari and Kort both immediately pounce on him, stomping away. And there's a stand-off on the ramp as Clairra and White yell at each other and Diane tries to keep the peace.]

[This ends when Clairra suddenly breaks away from her manager and rushes back into the ring!]

[Dragon Jones gets just about decapitated with a backfist.]

[Diane ducks away from Corozzo's outstretched hand and follows Clairra back to the ring, ascending the turnbuckle and coming off the top rope with a flipping cutter that catches Dentari completely unaware! (The two or three of you who followed The Wrestling Inferno might recognize this move as the Miranette, her finisher).]

[Clairra, Diane, Light and Sawyer stand in the ring, back to back, as the Evolution League wrestlers close in on them. Jones, Kort, Dentari, The Gorillas and White all surround the four.]

Angus:

We got a stalemate. Where's BBS? He could get this stopped now if he's quick about it.

[But Dentari barks an order, and Russell lowers his shoulder and plows into the group in a self-sacrificing spear leaping headbutt shoulder tackle kind of thing. Corozzo and White focus on Light, Murdoc goes after Diane, Jones and Kort attack Clairra and Dentari attacks Sawyer.]

[The boos only louden as Yoshikazu YAZ and Ultra Raptor appear at the top of the ramp.]

DDK:

What on earth is... nevermind, we need security!

Angus:

Fuck that, we need the po-po!

[YAZ is enjoying himself. He argues with fans on the way to ringside. Raptor, however, heads straight for the ring, pushes Corozzo aside and knocks Light flat to the mat with a single headbutt!]

Angus:

JESUS CHRIST!

[Corozzo picks Light up. White snarls something at him, then pulls something out of his tights, securing it in the palm of his hand. Light woozily looks up... RIGHT INTO THE LOADED RIGHT HAND! Light collapses bonelessly, as Light opens his fingers, letting silver dollar coins rain from his grip, all over Light's body.]

[Ed White throws his head back and laughs, a deep belly laugh.]

[YAZ stands on the top rope and points at Tom Sawyer, then hops down into the ring.]

[Bonelessly, running on justice and nothing else, Tom crawls forward and grabs two hands full of YAZ's baggy pants, trying to pull himself up.]

[And then the Moral Majority sprints to the ring!]

DDK:

Bronson Box is out!

[YAZ sidesteps Box. Raptor isn't so fast, and Box backs him across the ring with bombing right hands! A second later FDJ rolls in and lays into Corozzo with his fists! Virginia Quell clotheslines Kort over the ropes! CSS punching Dentari on the head! Russell choking Light with his boot! Murdoc saving Dentari by hitting Clair from behind! Corozzo throttling FDJ!]

DING! DING! DING!

Angus:

Ringin' the bell. Like that's gonna work.

DDK:

We've got more wrestlers fighting than the security can handle, and I understand a riot squad has just been called in!

[Sawyer dropkicks White! FDJ big boots Raptor! Kort clotheslines Diane! Box wallops Russell! Light scoop slams Corozzo! Dragon swings wildly at anything that moves!]

[And out comes Heidi!]

DDK:

And now we've got the Evolution League winner out here and -

THWAAAACK!

DDK:

Lethal Roundhouse to Jimmy Kort!

[Down goes Kort. Heidi whirls around to face one of the Gorillas.]

THWAAAACK!

Angus:

Down goes Murdoc! Heidi's attacking EVO! Why's Heidi attacking EVO? Wait, I know why! Because she hates EVO! Anyone who doesn't understand why Heidi is attacking EVO must be a complete fucktard because what has Heidi been saying ever since she came back? That she hates EVO!

[And that's when the riot squad surrounds the ring.]

[Quick cut.]

Cancer Jiles vs Dragon Jones

[The opening riff to I Am The Cool by the ever industrious and crazy-eyed Screamin' Jay Hawkins begins to play out through the Mobile Civic Center, and the fans, well aware of their part in this scene shower down the boos. Jealousy makes you ugly, and these Alabamans didn't need any help in that area to begin with.]

"Downtown" Darren Keebler:

Yes ladies and gentlemen, it's the man your mother warned you about all those years in grammar school. I'm speaking of course of--

Angus Skaaland:

No no, I'll be the one to have the pleasure of introducing this fine wrestling specimen. Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you The COOL, The Mongoloid Slayer, the man who stole your girlfriend without even trying: Cancer Jiles.

DDK:

Nice work there, Angus.

[Sarcasm is totally awesome.]

I'm the one your mama warned you about #
When you see me, I will leave you no doubt

[The booing intensifies as COOL Cancer Jiles makes his way out from the back, a smirk flashing briefly across his face. Cancer struts down the ramp, the boos flung at him only adding to his ego. He can't help it folks, he was born this damn cool, as Screaming Jay Hawkins will tell you.]

I'm the coolest man that ever walked this earth #
I am the coolest since the day of my birth

Angus:

This one could steal the show folks--no, Defiance may not be on the line--no, there are no championships on the line, but you can never have a bad match with Cancer Jiles. He's just too fucking cool for anything less.

I am the **COOL**

DDK:

These two have never faced one another ladies and gentlemen. I hear Dragon Jones has been training for this match by abusing the youthful peons over at Jeff Jones' wrestling school.

Angus:

Aint nothing wrong with that. He was just trying to show them boys the finer points of wrestling!

DDK:

And burden the local hospital with a few new inductees. . .

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen. . . introducing first, from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. . . . CANNNCERR JIIIIIIIIIIIESSS!

[The fans boo the announcement, their disgust a mere practice in futility as Cancer continues his way down the ramp. He denies the fans the right to touch him by refusing to slap hands with any of them, reaches the ring, and steps up onto the apron before stepping through the ropes.]

Angus:

That's right ladies and gentlemen, straight out of the eye of a bong and up your daughter's leg--Cancer fuckin' Jiles!

[The entire audience in Mobile, Alabama lets out a collective groan as the first full minute orchestral intro of Hurricane 2000 is played while boastful clips of Dragon Jones wrecking people are shown to the crowd.]

Angus:

Cancer, cover thine ears! This music is UNCOOL!

DDK:

And watch here as the fans take advantage of this rather long and drawn out entrance, with a piss or a trip to the nearest concession stand. . .

[The sole celebrators of DJ's grad entrance are two lackeys, who set off small fireworks said to be hardly legal to light inside of a building, and watching them go off, it's easy to see why. They trail out through the air and explode not so much in a dazzling display of color but in balls of flame, trickled through with sparks that rain down over the heads of the fans.]

DDK:

And with that, here he is folks, Dragon Jones.

Angus:

You know, I'm surprised every time those things don't burn down the place. Sometimes. . . just sometimes I wish they would.

[Dragon Jones comes out from the back and unceremoniously walks his way down to the ring, ignoring any fan who may have a desire for the Jones of old. He stares down Cancer Jiles along the way, and Cancer can be seen mouthing the word COOL and pointing to himself in response.]

Darren Quimbley:

And his opponent. . .

[Dragon Jones reaches the ring and climbs up the steel steps before making his way to the center of the apron and climbing through the ropes. Cancer Jiles removes his sun glasses and hands them off to a ring hand, as Dragon Jones removes his patented orange tee. Mark Shields goes over the rules briefly, as Cancer Jiles and Dragon Jones have themselves a little stare down. Mark Shields then raises up an arm and strikes the air.]

DING DING DING**DDK:**

And here we go!

Angus:

Sit back and enjoy this one folks. Set that shit to record in fact, for constant enjoyment throughout the year.

[Dragon Jones and Cancer Jiles circle around one another in the ring, extending hands for a brief handshake (with a nod of acknowledgement from Cancer) before the two lock up in the center of the ring.]

DDK:

Front lock up here applied after the show of respect from both men. Is this a new Cancer Jiles we are seeing?

[Cancer Jiles quickly reaches up and drags a thumb across the eye of Dragon Jones, breaking the lock up and causing Dragon to stumble backwards.]

DDK:

Nope. Same old same old here from Cancer Jiles with that eye gouge.

Angus:

Don't hate. The eye gouge is a simple move that is just so effective.

DDK:

Because it's dirty.

[Cancer Jiles shortens the gap between himself and Dragon Jones after the eye gouge, and upon reaching him pushes him up against the ropes before grabbing his wrist and pulling him toward the ropes at the other side of the ring.]

DDK:

Irish whip here by Cancer, there goes Dragon Jones.

[Dragon Jones hits the ropes on the other side of the ring, turning so that his back hits the ropes and sends him back from whence he came. Dragon Jones reaches Cancer Jiles, who's waiting for him in the center of the ring and Cancer extends out a right arm.]

DDK:

Clothesline--no, Dragon ducks!

[Dragon Jones hits the ropes on the other side of the ring, and Cancer Jiles turns around to face him, and again extends out an arm for the clothesline as Dragon Jones reaches him. Dragon ducks the clothesline and hits the ropes on the other side of the ring for a third time, returns back to the center of the ring where Cancer awaits him and as he reaches Cancer, Dragon brings up a hard right to the chin of Cancer Jiles.]

DDK:

Those tough European uppercuts from Dragon Jones--we've seen a lot of those from DJ.

Angus:

And with a lesser man in there, they might actually mean something. But as it is, he's got Cancer Jiles in there, not just any wrestler, but Cancer Jiles. **CANCER JILES!**

DDK:

We get it Angus, you've got a hard on for Cancer. . .

[Cancer falls back to the mat with a thunderous bump, and Dragon Jones charges off toward the ropes to the side of Cancer Jiles and hits the ropes, returning back to Cancer. Cancer rolls over onto his belly, forcing Dragon Jones to hop over him. Dragon Jones hits the ropes on the other side of the ring as Cancer Jiles jumps up to his feet. Dragon returns and Cancer spins from his spot in the ring and brings up an arm, bent at the elbow. He hits Dragon clean in the face, the force of the blow causing Dragon to fall back to the mat.]

DDK:

Spinning Elbow by Cancer Jiles, right to the noggin of Dragon Jones.

Angus:

Now that's no lame European uppercut Darren. Spinning Elbow, courtesy of The COOL One.

[Cancer taunts Dragon, motioning for him to join him as a smile spreads across his face. Cancer runs his hands through his hair like a real cool kid and Dragon looks up at him, reaching up to his face to check for blood. Dragon shakes his head as if to get the cobwebs out before getting up to his feet.]

DDK:

Dragon Jones slow to get to his feet here, Cancer really got him with that last shot.

Angus:

Dragon Jones doesn't think ahead. We all know that, and he's certainly paying for it here.

[Cancer and Dragon circle one another around the ring, each man sizing up his opponent.]

DDK:

Both men unfamiliar with one another here, just testing things out.

Angus:

Cancer will prevail. I'm calling it now.

DDK:

This match just started you ass kisser!

[Cancer Jiles and Dragon Jones collide in the center of the ring once again with a front lock up. They each struggle to gain the upper hand before Dragon Jackson gains the upper hand, grabbing Cancer Jiles by the wrist and pulling it up over his head before wrenching the arm, twisting the arm in the process.]

DDK:

Wrist lock applied here by Dragon Jones. . .

[Cancer Jiles winces in pain as Dragon Jones continues to wrench the arm. Cancer staggers with the pain and then reaches up with his free arm and grabs Dragon Jones by the wrist and pulls his arm up over his own head and twists the arm of Dragon Jones.]

DDK:

And a wrist lock applied by Cancer Jiles now!

Angus:

Now that's how you do a wrist lock, ladies and gentlemen.

[Dragon Jones sells the wrist lock, and in one motion Cancer Jiles uses his other arm to force Dragon Jones to the mat, where Cancer extends the arm out on the mat and then gets to his feet, stomping the back of the elbow once.]

DDK:

And what a stomp by Cancer Jiles right to the arm of Dragon Jones!

Angus:

Cancer ought to incapacitate that arm--work with what he's got going already.

[Dragon sells the stomp, grabbing his arm and rolling on the mat as Cancer Jiles extends his arms out for the crowd, and they return his taunt with a chorus of boos. Cancer Jiles makes his way over to Dragon Jones, who continues to sell the stomp to his elbow on the mat, extending the arm in question and bending it back as if to test the elbow joint. Cancer Jiles reaches Dragon Jones and grabs an abundance of hair, pulling upward and forcing Dragon Jones to his feet. Once there Cancer grabs Dragon by the head and turns him around, so that they are back to back before falling to the mat, Dragon's head coming down against the shoulder of Cancer Jiles.]

DDK:

Neck breaker by Cancer Jiles on Dragon Jones!

[Cancer then scrambles over to Dragon Jones and covers him, hooking the leg and pulling upward, pinning Dragon Jones shoulders to the mat. The crowd buzzes in anticipation of the potential pin fall as Mark Shields slides to the mat to make the official count.]

ONE!

TWO--

DDK:

Kick out by Dragon Jones, not enough there.

[The crowd quiets down after the pin fall, as Mark Shields rises up to his feet and extends two fingers, signaling the two count. Cancer Jiles gets to his feet after the near pin fall and grabs Dragon Jones by the hair, pulling upward and bringing him to his feet. Dragon Jones however, rises up with a few blows to the gut, the second blow causing Cancer Jiles to bend at the waist. Dragon Jones then grabs Cancer Jiles and throws a hard right in an upward motion, connecting with the jaw of Cancer Jiles.]

DDK:

European uppercut by Dragon Jones.

[Cancer Jiles staggers back from the European uppercut, and Dragon Jones repeats the process, once, twice, three times before Cancer Jiles is up against the ropes. Dragon Jones pushes up against Cancer Jiles and then grabs the wrist, pulling him toward the ropes at the other side of the ring.]

DDK:

Irish whip.

[Cancer hits the ropes and returns to the center of the ring, where Dragon Jones waits for him. Cancer reaches Dragon Jones and Dragon Jones spins and hits Cancer Jiles in the gut with a fist, the blow causing Cancer Jiles to bend at the waist.]

DDK:

Back fist to the gut of Cancer Jiles!

[Dragon Jones then throws a hard right uppercut to the head of Cancer Jiles, rocking him backward and up against the ropes. Cancer rebounds off of the ropes and Dragon Jones catches him around the torso with both arms.]

DDK:

Belly to belly Su--no!

[Dragon Jones goes for the suplex, but Cancer Jiles quickly reaches up and brings both hands up, clapping them on both sides of Dragon's head, boxing the ears.]

DDK:

Cancer boxes the ears!

Angus:

That'll throw off your equilibrium, you know?

[Dragon Jones sells the blow, staggering backwards and grimacing in pain. Dragon shakes his head and then charges Cancer Jiles, but Cancer is ready for him, and grabs him around the waist and lifts him up before bringing him straight down across his bent knee. Dragon Jones falls to the mat, reaching down at his crotch.]

DDK:

I think he Cancer Jiles got more berries than anything else with that inverted atomic drop.

Angus:

It sure looks like it. Jesus Christ!

[Dragon Jones continues to sell the atomic drop on the mat, and Cancer Jiles stalks over him, a smirk streaking across his face. The fans in the Mobile Center boo Cancer, but he ignores them and bends at the waist so that he may smack Dragon Jones about the face with the back of his hand.]

DDK:

Cancer Jiles just toying with Dragon Jones here.

Angus:

Getting into his head, Duncan. Just getting into his head.

[Cancer Jiles taunts Dragon Jones, asking if he would like to continue being slapped around like a bitch and then grabs Dragon by the hair, pulling upward and bringing him to his feet. Once there Cancer Jiles throws alternating punches, left, right, left, right, before grabbing Dragon Jones by the wrist and pulling him toward the corner.]

DDK:

Irish whip to the corner by Cancer Jiles here.

[Dragon Jones turns as he reaches the corner, his back colliding up with the turnbuckle. Cancer Jiles then charges Dragon Jones and extends out an arm, dragging it across the throat of Dragon Jones as he reaches him in the corner.]

DDK:

Clothesline by Cancer Jiles in the corner now!

[Dragon Jones stumbles out of the corner and Seth Stratton grabs him around the waist from behind, his head tucked under Dragon Jones' right arm, turns toward the center of the ring and falls backward, slamming Dragon Jones to the mat.]

DDK:

Belly to back side suplex!

Angus:

The COOL One is kicking ass, and look at him! He's cool, calm, and collected. Just another day in the life of Cancer Jiles!

[Cancer Jiles covers Dragon Jones, hooking the leg and pulling upward, pinning his shoulders to the mat. The crowd rises up in anticipation of the potential pin fall, a few showing their continuing distaste with Cancer Jiles in the form of boos.]

ONE!

TWO--

DDK:

Kick out here by Dragon Jones.

Angus:

I told you these two were going to put on a show. Now em I right, or am I right? Em I right? Right, right, right?

DDK:

Change the fucking record or lay off the drugs.

[Mark Shields raises up an arm with two fingers extended, and the crowd takes their seats and quiets down, as Cancer Jiles looks to Mark and shakes his head. That count was in the opinion of Cancer Jiles, UNCOOL. Cancer gets up to his knees and then his feet and taunts Dragon Jones, his mouth jawing but the words inaudible. Cancer Jiles then bends at the waist and grabs Dragon Jones by the hair and pulls upward, forcing him to his feet less he wishes to lose several clumps of hair. Dragon Jones rises up with a strike to the gut of Cancer Jiles, but there is not enough on it, and Cancer returns the favor with a hard right of his own, knocking Dragon Jones clean to the mat.]

DDK:

Well how do you like that?

Angus:

Dragon is finished! He aint got nothing left!

[Cancer looks around at the crowd with a smirk on his face, his arms extended out. He shrugs, as if he's surprised by his own strength and with a laugh bends at the waist and brings Dragon Jones back up to his feet. Cancer then grabs Dragon by the wrist and pulls through toward the ropes at the opposite side of the ring.]

DDK:

Irish whip--no reversal here by Dragon.

[Dragon Jones turns and pulls through, sending Cancer Jiles into the ropes instead. Cancer Jiles turns as he reaches the ropes, his back hitting the ropes, the ropes sending him back toward the center of the ring. Cancer reaches Dragon Jones and Dragon Jones brings up a right foot.]

BAM!

[The kick lands square to the face of Cancer Jiles, the crowd pops, and Cancer falls straight to the mat, as Dragon Jones drops to one knee after the kick, breathing heavy.]

DDK:

MAFIA KICK BY DRAGON JONES! THAT SHIT CAME OUT OF NOWHERE!

Angus:

Poor Cancer. That... looked... painful.

DDK:

I think that was more out of desperation than anything else, Angus. Dragon looks like he could use a cigarette break.

Angus:

Oh yeah he definitely needs a break. Not many can hang with Cancer Jiles. . . he's that damn good.

DDK:

How's his ass taste? I mean with all the ass kissing you're doing here tonight you must be tongue deep in that chocolate starfish by now.

[The crowd continues to buzz as Mark Shields looks around at both competitors, Cancer Jiles on his back on the mat, staring up at the lights, and Dragon Jones on his knees, clutching the bottom rope. Mark Shields has no choice but to start up the count.]

ONE!

[Both competitors remain on the mat, Cancer Jiles stirring, Dragon Jones trying to catch his breath.]

TWO!

THREE!

[Cancer Jiles gets up to his knees and shakes his head, as if the kick really rung his bell. Dragon Jones gets up on one foot but then quickly drops down to his knees again.]

DDK:

Both competitors struggling to get up here.

Angus:

If this ends in a double count out, we fucking riot!

FOUR!

FIVE!

[Cancer Jiles gets to his feet, and Dragon Jones rises up himself, and the two meet in the center of the ring, greeting one another with alternating punches. Cancer with the right, and Dragon Jones takes it, returning with a right of his own. Cancer throws yet another right, and Dragon once again returns the favor. They continue to throw blows, Cancer, Dragon, Cancer, Dragon.]

DDK:

Both men exchanging blows here!

Angus:

Get em Cancer!

[The fists rain down, neither man gaining the upper hand until suddenly Cancer Jiles drops to his knees and throws a blatant low blow, striking the ole family jewels. The crowd lets out an OOOOHHHH in sympathy for Dragon Jones, who grabs his groin and falls to the mat, a comical look upon his face.]

Angus:

That's how you do it!

DDK:

Cancer Jiles with the low blow and that was blatant! No doubt about that!

[Mark Shields gets up in the face of Cancer Jiles, threatening him with a disqualification if he wishes to further such dirty handed tactics. Cancer Jiles brushes off Shields, giving him a nice display of his teeth before making his way over to Dragon Jones, who continues to sell the low blow on the mat. Cancer then grabs a handful of Dragon Jones' hair and forces him up to his feet by pulling upward.]

DDK:

Cancer Jiles in command here after that rotten low blow.

Angus:

Nothing like a nut shot to get things going.

DDK:

You take shots in the face, Angus? Is that what you're saying?

Angus:

WHAT?! NO!

DDK:

Sure, you said it. Straight from the horse's mouth folks.

[Dragon Jones rises with a kick to the ribs of Cancer Jiles, the first successful, the second kick not so much. Cancer catches the second kick and Dragon Jones hops about on one foot before Cancer Jiles helps him to the mat by sweeping his other leg. Dragon Jones drops backwards to the mat, and Cancer Jiles keeps his hold on Dragon Jones' leg and turns him over onto his belly before bending the leg and pulling it backward.]

DDK:

Some sort of a one legged Boston Crab here. . . not looking very textbook.

Angus:

Jealousy. That is the coolest Boston Crab I have ever seen, Duncan.

[Cancer Jiles locks in the single legged Boston crab, his teeth clenching as he wrenches back on the leg. Dragon Jones cries out in pain, his arms outstretched in an effort to reach the ropes. The crowd buzzes, seeing a potential end to the match, as Mark Shields circles around the two, asking Dragon Jones if he would like to submit. Dragon Jones cries out in pain for a response, but refuses to submit.]

DDK:

Dragon Jones in a bad way here.

Angus:

He's been in a bad way here since the start, Duncan. And you remember that. The second you see your name up against Cancer Jiles on the card, you know you're fucked. No amount of training is gonna help.

[Dragon Jones reaches for his head, the pain driving through his body, as Mark Shields drops to the mat to check on Dragon Jones and ask him if he would like to submit. Dragon Jones screams out NO and pushes himself up, but finds no way out and pounds the mat with his fists in both pain and frustration. Cancer smirks at Dragon Jones discomfort, and grits his teeth as he pulls back again on the leg.]

Angus:

Dragon Jones is fucked, Duncan.

DDK:

He's got to get to those ropes, or you just may be right.

Angus:

Of course I'm right. I'm always right, right? Right?

DDK:

Enough, I'm not putting up with this shit again.

[Mark Shields continues to check on Dragon Jones, and still Dragon Jones refuses to submit. He reaches out toward the ropes in vain, and then uses his body to inch forward toward the ropes. Dragon Jones gets closer and closer, and turning his head, Cancer Jiles sees he's getting close and straightens up, his hold still on Dragon Jones leg and walks awkwardly back toward the center of the ring, dragging Dragon Jones behind him.]

Angus:

That-a-boy Cancer.

DDK:

And they're back in the center of the ring now! You've got to give Dragon Jones some credit here, he's one tough son of a bitch.

[Cancer Jiles bends his knees again and pulls backward, applying the single leg Boston crab once again, and as he does Dragon Jones cries out in pain. Mark Shields continues to do his job, checking with Dragon Jones. Dragon Jones refuses to submit, and with his free leg starts to kick Cancer Jiles in the ankle out of pure desperation. Cancer Jiles smiles at the attempts, and looks out on the crowd in an effort for them to share his enjoyment, but instead gets booed by the Mobile crowd.]

Angus:

This is just pathetic now. Dragon Jones ought to accept the truth and tap the fuck out.

[Dragon Jones reaches out for the ropes, but suddenly the idea enters his head, and he turns to his side and instead reaches back, managing to grab hold of Cancer Jiles hair. He pulls, and both he and Cancer Jiles cry out in pain for a

few seconds before Cancer Jiles breaks the hold. Cancer Jiles then stumbles forward, Dragon Jones turns onto his back, and Cancer Jiles turns and charges Dragon Jones, stomping him once in the belly.]

DDK:

Well Dragon Jones managed to get out of the single leg Boston crab, but Cancer is still after him.

Angus:

Of course he is. He's The COOL One!

[Dragon Jones sells the blow and Cancer Jiles bends at the waist, grabs Dragon Jones by the hair and pulls upward, forcing him to his feet. Once there Cancer Jiles throws a hard right, followed by another that is blocked successfully by Dragon Jones. Dragon Jones then throws a right of his own, and the grabs Cancer Jiles by the hair and falls down to his knees, slamming Cancer Jiles face first into the mat.]

DDK:

Desperation facebuster! And down goes Cancer!

[Dragon Jones keeps to his knees, breathing heavily as Cancer Jiles sells the facebuster. Dragon Jones then slowly gets to his feet and Cancer is up soon after him. Cancer charges Dragon Jones and Dragon Jones extends out an arm, bringing it forward across the upper chest of Cancer Jiles, forcing him to the mat.]

DDK:

Lariat by Dragon Jones! Could he be making a comeback?

Angus:

FUCK NO!

[Cancer Jiles hits the mat and quickly gets to his feet and charges Dragon Jones, who greets him with yet another lariat, knocking him clean to the mat. Dragon Jones then makes his way over to Cancer and grabs him by the hair, pulling him to his feet. Dragon then hooks Cancer's head under his arm and takes Cancer's arm and places it over his own head (Dragon's) before grabbing Cancer by the tights and lifting him up and over to the mat quickly, all in one motion.]

DDK:

Snap suplex by Dragon Jones!

Angus:

NO!

[Cancer gets to his feet again, this time much slower than before, and Dragon Jones does the same.]

DDK:

And another Snap suplex!

Angus:

FUCK NO! I SAID NO!

[Cancer keeps to the mat, selling the sudden offense by Dragon Jones as Dragon Jones stumbles his way to a corner of the ring. The crowd buzzes in anticipation of Cancer Jiles finally getting his ass kicked as Dragon Jones reaches the corner and pulls himself up to the top turnbuckle, his back turned to the ring. Dragon Jones extends out his arms to balance himself as he gets to the standing position on the top turnbuckle.]

DDK:

Dragon Jones going for the high risk!

Angus:

He aint good with the 'flippity-do.'

[Dragon Jones jumps backwards, flipping through the air and landing knees first on the shoulder of Cancer Jiles. The crowd lets out a pop as both Cancer Jiles and Dragon Jones let out a simultaneous cry of pain.]

DDK:

DEEJ SAULT!

Angus:

And a particularly crappy one at that. Fucker barely landed on Cancer, and knees first at that!

[Dragon Jones stomps the mat in frustration, as Cancer Jiles reaches up and grabs his shoulder, his face contorted into one of pain. Mark Shields checks on both competitors briefly, as the crowd cheers the botch.]

Angus:

Wonderful, just wonderful. Cancer Jiles should be main eventing, and instead, he's wrestling some bum who can't even land a fucking moonsault!

DDK:

Hey now, Dragon Jones comes from wrestlers, whose parents were wrestlers, who's parents parents were probably wrestlers. This kid is a former cruiserweight champion.

Angus:

Blah-blah-blah, no one fucking cares.

[Dragon Jones crawls over to Cancer Jiles and covers him, not even bothering to hook the leg. Mark Shields slides to the mat quickly for the official count.]

ONE!

TWO--

[Cancer Jiles kicks out and Mark Shields rises up to extend two fingers for the crowd, in case they missed the count (quite likely with this sort of fan). Dragon Jones slowly gets up to his feet, his knees weak after the DeeJ Sault. He helps Cancer Jiles to his feet and immediately tosses him into the corner before chopping him hard in the chest, one, two, three times.]

DDK:

Dragon Jones chopping away at Cancer Jiles now!

[Cancer's chest turns a bright red as he sells the chops, and Dragon Jones makes his way to the opposite corner, where he turns to face Cancer Jiles. He raises his arms up once to entice the crowd and then charges Cancer Jiles, and as he reaches him he lifts up a leg, aiming it toward the head of Cancer Jiles.]

DDK:

Running Mafia ki--no! Cancer Jiles evades it!

Angus:

That's what I'm talking about.

[Dragon Jones comes up empty, his leg getting hooked up over the top rope as Cancer Jiles evades and turns to face DeeJ caught up in the ropes. Cancer grabs Dragon Jones by the hair and pulls downward, slamming Dragon Jones back first to the mat. Dragon Jones' leg is still hooked over the top rope, and grabbing Dragon Jones' over leg, Cancer hooks the other leg over the top rope, leaving Dragon hanging upside down over the corner.]

DDK:

Dragon Jones is in a bad place here! He's hung up in the tree of woe!

Angus:

Plenty of woe gonna come to this bitch right now, get em Cancer!

[Cancer smiles at Dragon Jones' predicament and then stomps him once, twice, three times before reaching back with his right hand flattened out, and then brings down his hand, edge first down to the nuts of Dragon Jones. The crowd lets out an OHHHHH as Dragon Jones reaches up for his nuts, his eyes opening wide.]

DDK:

LOW BLOW BY CANCER JILES!

Angus:

FUCK YEAH! We don't need any more Joneses in this world!

[Cancer Jiles laughs and unhooks Dragon Jones' legs, and Jones crumbles to the mat. Mark Shields once again gets in the face of Cancer Jiles and shakes a threatening finger in Cancer's face, but instead of taking it seriously, Cancer pretends Mark Shields' finger smells and reaches up to pinch his nose. Cancer Jiles brushes Mark Shields away from him and then turns to climb the corner.]

DDK:

Cancer Jiles going high risk now!

Angus:

Yeah but he won't be fucking up any moonsaults, I can guarantee you that.

[Cancer straightens up on the top turnbuckle, and then leaps off, raising his legs and coming down in the seated position, his leg coming down across the throat of Dragon Jones. Cancer then covers Dragon Jones, hooking the leg and pulling upward, pinning his shoulders to the mat. Mark Shields slides to the mat with all the grace of a veteran referee to make the official count.]

ONE!

TWO!

THR--

DDK:

DRAGON JONES KICKS OUT!

Angus:

Aww fuck him.

[Cancer Jiles checks with Mark Shields, and Mark Shields shows him two fingers, and Cancer Jiles shakes his head at the rather uncool result. Cancer then gets up to his knees and then his feet, and grabs Dragon Jones by the hair, pulling him to his feet. Cancer Jiles grabs Dragon Jones by the wrist and whips him into the ropes. Dragon hits the ropes and returns to the center of the ring, where Cancer Jiles waits for him. As he reaches Cancer, Cancer turns to the side and extends an elbow.]

DDK:

Elbow--no, Dragon ducks!

[Dragon hits the ropes on the other side of the ring, and Cancer Jiles charges him and just as Dragon Jones returns off the ropes Cancer Jiles leaps up into the air and extends a knee, bringing it up to Dragon Jones' head.]

DDK:

COOL RUNNINGS!

Angus:

FEEL THA RYTHM! FEEL THE RHYME! GET ON UP ITS CANCER'S TIME!

[Dragon Jones crumbles to the mat and Cancer Jiles drops to one knee and extends his arms out to soak in his own glory and coolness. Cancer then gets to his feet and bends over, grabbing hold of Dragon Jones and pulling him up to his feet aswell. Cancer whips Dragon Jones into the ropes and Dragon Jones returns, goes for the lariat but comes up empty as Cancer ducks. Cancer not only ducks but grabs hold of Dragon Jones waist with one arm as he passes, moving behind him and then clutching him around the waist with both arms, putting on the brakes.

DDK:

Dragon Jones comes up empty with the lariat, as Cancer Jiles ducks it and locks in the rear waist lock.

Angus:

Well all got eyes... we all saw that shit. I don't see why we need you Duncan!

[Dragon Jones looks desperately from side to side, as if to find a way to reverse the rear waist lock before he decides to the charge the ropes in front of them. Upon reaching them Dragon Jones hooks both arms under the top rope, his repel off the ropes transfered to Cancer, causing Cancer to break the hold and fall backwards. But Cancer doesn't fall to the mat, he rolls backwards and Dragon Jones, unawares. . .]

BAM!**DDK:**

TERMINAL CANCER!

[The superkick sends Dragon Jones backwards, his head rocking back as he falls to the mat. Cancer Jiles takes a moment to smirk at the crowd before dropping to his knees and covering Dragon Jones, hooking the leg and pinning his shoulders to the mat. Mark Shields flies to the mat for the official count.]

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:

Cancer Jiles comes out victorious in his first meeting ever, here with Dragon Jones!

Angus:

Did I call that shit, or did I call that shit?

I'm diggin' you a desert grave

CLAAAAANG!!!!

[Backstage, Cancer Jiles sprawls to the floor.]

[Ultra Raptor, with Yoshikazu YAZ nowhere to be found, is standing over him, a shovel dangling from his right hand.]

[Raptor drags the limp Jiles down the hallway and out into the loading docks area. He kicks a nearby car, and the trunk lid pops open.]

[Jiles is scooped up in a fireman's carry, then dumped in the trunk.]

[Raptor slams the lid shut.]

Raptor:

Don't worry. It's got ventilation. I think.

[His voice has a country twang to it. Almost Texan, but not quite.]

[He pats the trunk lid twice.]

Raptor:

Lucky there aren't no deserts 'round here and I ain't got time to find a fire ant nest deep enough to bury you in. So you jus get to take a lil' car trip for th' night.

[He turns and leaves, as the car slowly pulls out of the docks.]

[Commentary.]

Angus:

Ignoring the fact that that cretin laid hands on the Cool One long enough to call this properly. What. The. Fuck. WHY did Ultra Raptor attack Dentari, and why does he sound like a redneck?! I thought he was a luchador!

DDK:

We know that's just some guy wearing a mask and not the 'real' Ultra Raptor, but I have no clue why he attacked Jiles. Clearly he wants Jiles out of the arena, but - why? It might be more accurate to ask why Yoshikazu YAZ wants Jiles gone, but the same question applies? Why?

Angus:

Notta clue. Anyway.

[Deep breath.]

Angus:

CANCERRRRRRRRRRRRR NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOoooooooooooooooo!!!!!!!!!!!!

Edward White vs Jimmy Kort

Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall, with a 20 minute time limit! Introducing first! Hailing from FINISH YOUR FUCKING BIO and weighing in at the same! JIMMYYYYYYYY... KOOOOORRRRRRTTTT!!!!

["Hillbilly Deluxe" by Brooks and Dunn rocks the arena into a frenzy, the fans stand up and cheer for their hero "The Un-Cool", "The Hundred Dollar Man", "The Sheriff" Jimmy Kort. And out he comes, white hat, wrestling trunks and ready to rip into Edward White. As he hops onto the apron, he tips his hat to both outside referees before stepping between the second and third rope.]

Angus:

Jimmy may have been able to put it on the back burner long enough to coexist during War Games, but make no mistake, he really cannot stand The Socialite. Just hearing White talk pisses him off - he's said so to me himself.

[Soon the music is replaced with an orchestra playing "Chasing Sheep is best left to Shepherds".]

Quimbey:

And his opponent! Hailing from Louisville, Kentucky, and weighing in at 231 lbs! He is The Socialite! EDWAARRRRD... WHIIIIIIITEEEE!!!

[After a long wait, Edward White walks out from the back, alone. No Thomas Hunter, No Nicky Corrozzo, No entourage what so ever. As he approaches ring side, Jimmy Kort stands on the bottom rope yelling for the millionaire to get in the ring already. Edward White takes the steps to the turnbuckle and steps into the ring.]

[Edward White calls for a microphone as the referee calls for the bell.]

Edward White:

Jimmy, I assume that you want to get this match underway. I can't say I blame you, it's not every day that three referees are called to officiate a match.

... However, as cards are subject to change... this match has a change of competitors.

Allow me to introduce my substitute...

JAAAAAAAAANE KAAAAAAATZE!

Angus:

Wait, what? Jane?!

[Jimmy Kort rushes from his corner attempting to give Edward what for but the in-ring official restrains him just enough for White to exit the ring. Jimmy continues to yell at Edward from the ring as he circles away towards the ramp way.]

[As Kort continues to mouth insults at White, Jane Katze, former WWA regional heavyweight champion makes her entrance from the crowd and into the match. The crowd begins to boo as she quickly hops onto Jimmy Kort's back applying some cobra clutch variation with body scissors applied.]

DDK:

Jane, wow. I know she was lurking around the Defiance offices for a while, but she never applied. I wonder how White managed to hire her, and why he picked her?

[Jimmy grabs at her arm with his free hand, attempting to break the move traditionally. Seeing as how her clinch remains strong Kort opts for the next best maneuver, slamming Jane into the turnbuckle back first. This breaks the hold and allows for Kort to lay in the boots to Katze. The referee warns Jimmy about unnecessary roughness. Grabbing Jane by the hair, Jimmy applies a front face lock, looking for a DDT but Katze pops her hips and applies a

Northern light suplex on the Hundred Dollar Man.]

DDK:

Jane's got a background in judo, and she's fairly adept on the mat. She also has a decent assortment of throws, as we just saw.

Angus:

What DDK's trying to say is, Jane's a fucking cheesecake wrestler. You know how they advertise those weird fetish wrestling videos in the back of Pro Wrestling Illustrated? Jane saw that shit, didn't realize it wasn't pro wrestling, and decided to emulate it.

[Kort kicks out at the one count, quickly breaking the bridge attempt. Jane once again quickly attempts another wrench on the neck but Kort works up and drops her jaw against his shoulder for a quick stunner. Jane stumbles backwards, just enough for Kort to toss her over with a quick suplex. She bounces back up and walks right into a clothesline, followed by another and one more for good measures. The crowd cheers as Kort practically peels Jane off of the canvas and fires her into the ropes.]

DDK:

Jimmy Kort has a nice all-around offensive style, though. He was surprised by the change in opponents, but he's up to speed now and I think Jane may be regretting agreeing to do this!

[He ducks down for the back body drop, but Jane jumps over and performs a sunset flip, Kort slips out at the two. Jane quickly locks a side headlock on Kort and drops him down with a bulldog. She allows for Jimmy to pick himself on all fours to drill him with a stiff kick right to his right temple. Kort rolls over grabbing at his face, allowing for Jane to go for another pin. Jimmy tosses her off at the two and quickly gets to a knee. Katze leans in attempting another grapple but Kort sends a haymaker right into her abs.]

DDK:

Big shot there from Kort. He's just off a rather short loss to Heidi, and apparently in no mood to be a gentleman.

Angus:

Gentlemen.

DDK:

Heidi slammed a door shut on Kort's knee and won their match with a leg submission, but apparently Kort isn't having further troubles with the leg.

Angus:

Gentlemen.

DDK:

Dammit Angus would you stop with the 4chan?!

[Kort gets back to a vertical base, grabs the doubled over Jane irish whips her into the turnbuckle. He flows her into the turnbuckle with another clothes and allows her to fall to the canvas. Edward White watches on nearby and frowns on while Jimmy mouths off again about White's cowardice. Jimmy grabs a hand full of hair and pulls Jane to her feet.]

[However, the former heavyweight champion has other plans and provides a quick european uppercut to Kort. He stumbles back as Jane fires off a series of knife edge chops, leading the two into yet another turnbuckle. Jane lays in the kicks, some to the thighs, some to the midsection, until the referee pries her away, allowing Kort to heap up in the corner. She goes to the adjacent corner and handspring cartwheels herself into the corner with a back elbow blow. But Jimmy rolls out of the way, allowing Jane to eat turnbuckle pad! She stumbles out of the corner, dazed from her own move and into a big boot from Kort. She doubles over and he calls out to the crowd for the Moonshine Spinning DDT.]

DDK:

Moonshine DDT connect! Kort's making the cover!

[The In-Ring referee counts the pin fall, but notices that Jane's leg is positioned against the bottom rope. The outside referee agrees with the calling with Edward White's hands raised in front of him. The Sheriff, feeling a little overzealous, spits at Edward White. Just as fast as the spit leaving Jimmy's mouth, Edward jumps up and onto the apron. The outside referees pull Edward off of the apron but not before Jimmy Kort lays in a good closed fist right to the money maker.]

Angus:

And Kort socks White one right in the MUSH!

[The Hundred Dollar Man turns around and is sent flying back against the ropes from standing dropkick from Jane Katze. She picks herself up just as quickly as Kort does and meets the Sheriff with a stiff kick to the midsection. Jane stands in front and off to the of Kort, she quickly steps forward and back, dropping Kort with an STO. She rolls Jimmy over for the pinfall.]

[But instead of going for the pin fall, she slides out of the ring just as Edward White slides into the ring. Aggressively, The Socialite hooks the leg of Kort and demands for the referee to count the pinfall.]

[DING DING DING.]

DDK:

What the hell was that?

Angus:

Edward White hired that whore Jane Katze to fight his match for him.

DDK:

I meant that finish?

Angus: (Slurping a Soda)

... What about it?

DDK:

You can't just call off a substitute for a match like that?

Angus:

I don't make the rules here, why are you complaining to me?

DDK:

I'm not complaining to you, I'm just saying.

Angus:

Blah Blah Blah, Elijah Goldman, Blah Blah Blah, Edward White. Blah Blah Blah, Money. Do you fucking get it yet?

Buy Defiance DVDs

Cold fade in on a pile of DVD boxes. Syfy Originals and shitty third-sequel movies galore.

"Your DVD collection sucks."

The pile of DVD boxes fukkin' explodes.

"But we can put interesting things on your TV."

Cool movie trailer voice guy is right, as something is emerging from the ashes. Five boxes, all with a DEFIANCE logo across the very top.

With a little line of six golden stars across the front of the box, the logo "The Rise of the Only Star" was emblazoned. Eric Dane, in his first big-match ring tights, the lines of silver and green down his ringpants spangled with stars, being handed his first World Championship belt.

The centerpiece of the second cover was the former WWA World Heavyweight Championship, being held in the air over Boston Bancroft's head, Eric Dane standing beside with a hand slapping the title's faceplate. This one was named "The Rise and Fall of the World Wrestling Alliance".

Jeff Andrews, Danny Vicious and Ronnie Long stand side by side, arms crossed. Facing them, arms also crossed, are Kai Scott, Heidi Christenson and Adam Delicious. All of 'em in old CAL/OLW-era ringtights, all looking noticeably younger. All glaring into the camera, the logo "The Era of the Untouchables" across their knees.

Four: The logo across the top of the box bled into the title. DEFIANCE Season One: Ultimate Edition. Images of the big names from Season 1 covered the cover. The moustachio'd Japanese legend, Kazuma Fujita. The street-smart thug, Aaron Vasquez in a bandana. Stephen Greer, the King of Pain, howling and throwing a lariat! Tom Sawyer, leapin' off of something! Little text in the bottom-right corner read "Every match! All the footage!"

In an all-black box, simple words were on the cover. DEFIANCE Grand Champions League. The soon-to-come DVD set for this current season, ending here tonight.

"Long-lost footage: found. Rights: bought. Footage: Remastered. See all the greatest moments of Eric Dane's career, as chosen by the man himself. See the greatest matches, highest highs, and lowest lows of the World Wrestling Alliance's massive Interfederal cards! See the Untouchables, turning the CAL into their very own playground! Get every match, every moment of Season 1 of DEFIANCE wrestling! And as soon as this show is off the air, production begins on the DEFIANCE Grand Champions League DVD box set, with every match, every upset, every shocking twist!"

The five DVDs gleam as the fire around them sputters and dies.

DEFShopzone.com.

Tom Sawyer vs Yoshikazu YAZ

DDK:

Up next we've got Tom Sawyer-

Angus:

The hyperactive little puke.

DDK:

-going one on one with Yoshikazu YAZ-

Angus:

The best wrestler not to make the playoffs.

DDK:

Sawyer had plenty to say about YAZ in the build up to this one, didn't he Angus?

Angus:

That's what happens when you're a motormouth like Sawyer. I haven't seen everything he put out there because I don't give a fuck, but I heard he's been claiming that the man he's facing isn't actually Yoshikazu YAZ.

DDK:

That's right, Tom is convinced that YAZ, or should I say 'YAZ', isn't who he claims to be and that he has sinister plans for Defiance.

Angus:

Sawyer's full of shit.

DDK:

So you don't believe him?

Why don't you ask me what it feels like to be a freak?

Angus:

I'd answer that, but I don't have the time!

[As that dirty, dirty riff (that you all should know) kicks in the lights in the arena strobe and Yoshikazu YAZ emerges from the back and slowly stalks his way down the ramp.]

Hey, do ya love me. I'm untouchable darkness

A dirty black river to get you through this

[YAZ ignores the fans all the way down to the ringside area.]

Hey, do ya love me I'm a devil machine

(Hey, do ya love me I'm a devil machine)

Get into my world, All-American... dream!

[YAZ reaches up and grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up onto the apron. He steps through the ropes into the ring and walks slowly around it's circumference.]

In the mouth of madness

Down in the darkness

No more tomorrow

Down in the hollow

I'm Demon Speeding

I'm Demon Speeding

[Demon Speeding fades out to be replaced by that oh so familiar 'bwaaaaaaaawwww' sounds out around the arena, whipping the audience into a frenzy. They knew exactly what that noise signalled.]

A modern-day warrior a mean mean stride

Today's Tom Sawyer, mean, mean... pride

[Tom Sawyer bursts out from the back. He bounces around at the top of the stage, unable to keep his feet planted for more than a nanosecond as he waits for the opportune moment to advance. He raises his hands and shouts out into the crowd, who respond in kind. Yoshikazu YAZ meanwhile is wearing a hole in the canvas, pacing back and forth. Making sure to keep his eyes on Tom.]

Though his mind is not for rent

Don't put him down as arrogant

His reserve, a quiet defense

Riding out the day's events

[Tom's fingers twitch as takes his eyes off of the crowd and locks onto YAZ. He plants his feet as though he were about to run the 100 meter sprint, but doesn't drop to the full start position.]

THE RIVER!

[Tom breaks into a sprint and rushes the ring. He slides under the bottom rope and scrambles quickly to his feet. YAZ charges in and throws a clothesline, which Tom ducks. YAZ puts on the breaks and turns right into a flying forearm to the forehead from Sawyer, who came off the ropes not one second earlier.]

DDK:

Tom Sawyer taking YAZ down quickly with that forearm, Angus! His music hasn't even finished playing yet!

[As though he were reacting to Keebs' words, the sound guy faded Tom's music out quickly. Tom rose quickly to his feet, soon followed by YAZ. YAZ didn't get much of a chance to do anything though as Sawyer closed the gap between them and chopped him hard across the chest. A series of right hands knocks YAZ back into the corner where Sawyer grabs him by the arm and whips him across the ring to the corner opposite.]

DDK:

Quick offence from Sawyer there keeping YAZ at bay.

Angus:

Yeah, for now though, Keebler! For now! Not even Tom Sawyer can keep up this pace all night!

[YAZ turns and collides back first with the turnbuckle. Tom follows him in quickly, but it's not obvious what he was going for as YAZ ducks and elevates him over the top rope. Sawyer grabs onto the top rope though and, using his cat like agility, lands on the apron. YAZ walks forwards out of the corner clearing his head and gathering his bearings as Tom whips the crowd up again.]

Angus:

Don't turn around YAZ!

[Unfortunately for YAZ, he can't hear Angus' words of wisdom and does indeed turn around, right into a springboard seated senton from Sawyer! Tom gets right back to his feet and fistpumps to the crowd, who are going berzerk!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH

[Tom turns back to his opponent to find him rolling away. YAZ drops off the apron to the outside, looks back at Tom who has rushed over and grabbed hold of the top rope, and immediately heads for cover behind one of the ring posts. Tom releases his grip on the rope and goes to step out onto the apron, but referee Carla Ferrari is right there to block his exit.]

DDK:

Obviously Carla think YAZ should be allowed some time for recovery.

Angus:

Of course he should! Sawyer runs down here, blindsides him, and then tries to attack him while he's on the outside of the ring? He should be disqualifying the guy!

[While Tom is trying to convince Carla to let him out of the ring YAZ leaves the relative safety of the corner and runs along the side of the ring. He reaches in and grabs Tom's ankles, tripping the former tag team champion and drags him to the outside. YAZ throws a chop that lands flush on Tom's chest and echoes around the arena. Sawyer has nowhere to go either as YAZ unloads with another two chops, each one harder and louder than the last.]

Angus:

Tom's chest getting lit up like Whitney Houston in the Beverly Hills Hilton!

DDK:

Really?

Angus:

Too soon?

[Tom does his best to cover up and roll away from YAZ, but the man from Japan simply rolls him back and chops again. Tom's arms managed to absorb most of the impact and he throws a right hand that connects with YAZ's jaw. Another right and a left knocks YAZ back a step and Tom throws another right, but YAZ ducks it! He steps forwards and lifts a knee into Tom's midsection before pushing him back with his shoulder, forcing the small of Tom's back to collide with the apron.]

DDK:

YAZ has slowed the action down to a more comfortable pace for himself and seems to be taking over.

Angus:

I told you Sawyer couldn't keep that shit up all night, but would you listen?

DDK:

I try not to.

[YAZ lifts Tom's legs and hoists him up onto the apron. He spins Sawyer around so that he's face with his head hanging over the edge of the apron and his legs are pointing into the middle of the ring. One swift movement later and YAZ brings an elbow down into the throat of the young Tom Sawyer.]

[YAZ slides back into the ring, making sure to take his time and stalks Sawyer. Tom clearly doesn't feel like staying down for long and tries to get back to his feet. Sawyer stands up, still clutching his throat and takes a stiff kick to the midsection from YAZ. YAZ grabs Tom by the hair and lifts his head up before driving a back elbow into his chin/jaw/neck area.]

DDK:

Ferrari making sure to warn YAZ about the hair.

Angus:

Ain't nothin' wrong with a little hair pulling. Just ask this chick I was with last night, she was all-

DDK:

I don't think anyone wants to hear about that.

[YAZ once again grabs a handful of hair and hold Tom's head up where he drives an open palm strike right to the underside of Tom's chin. Sawyer stumbles back a couple of steps, takes one step forward and gets dropped with a standing dropkick from YAZ. Yoshikazu opts not to go for the cover, instead choosing to sit Sawyer up and kick him in the spine.]

[Hard.]

[Very Fucking Hard.]

[Tom arches his back in pain and YAZ hits the ropes. He comes back and nails Tom in the face with a running dropkick.]

[This time he goes for the cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[But it's not enough!]

DDK:

Tom gets a shoulder up just after two!

[YAZ grabs Tom by the back of the head and pulls him to his feet, he could just as easily have him by the hair, but the rest of Tom's hair covers his hand. YAZ callously pushes Tom face first into the corner of the ring and slowly walks in after him. Tom turns to see YAZ advancing, hands raised above his head as though he's going for an axe handle. Sawyer kicks out, connecting with YAZ's gut and buys himself enough time to hop up to a seated position on the top rope.]

[YAZ recovers quickly and throws a chop that connects with Sawyer's chest. Tom shrugs off the chop though and kicks down at YAZ. He finds his midsection again, which gives Sawyer enough time to grab YAZ by the head, jump from the ropes and take him down with a tornado DDT!]

[YAZ rolls up to a seat position after landing allowing Sawyer to run in, plant a handstand on his shoulders and drive down a twisting forearm strike to his shoulderblades. Sawyer lays YAZ flat and quickly moves to his side where he flips over, landing on YAZ with a senton!]

[Tom goes for the cover this time!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

DDK:

This time YAZ kicks out at two!

[Tom was probably more hopeful that expectant of getting the pin there and so doesn't seem phased by not picking up the win. Obviously he thinks something more is needed, as he stomps down into YAZ's chest a couple of times to keep him down and points towards the corner.]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHH

[That's a top rope pop, bitches.]

DDK:

Tom heading up to the high rent district!

Angus:

I hope he falls.

[Tom climbs to the top rope, but doesn't even have time to steady himself, which doesn't take too long when you're so used to heading up there, when YAZ springs to his feet, hot foots it up the ropes and pulls Tom down with an armdrag. Tom grabs at the small of his back again as YAZ props himself up with the bottom turnbuckle and smiles as he watches Sawyer writhe in pain.]

[YAZ reaches up with his long, lanky arms and pulls himself to his feet. He walks slowly towards Tom and pushes his foot into Sawyer's face, he rakes his boot over the bridge of Tom's nose and smiles again. YAZ places his foot back into Tom's face, but this time Sawyer reaches up and grabs his toe and heel. A quick twist from Sawyer takes YAZ off balance and rolling to the floor. YAZ recovers quickly though, and catches Tom before he can get to his feet with a dropkick.]

DDK:

YAZ should probably stop wasting time here. Tom's not one to stay down for too long.

Angus:

He's playing mind games, Keebs. YAZ is trying to get into Sawyer's head by any means.

[YAZ gets back to his feet and grabs Tom's hair, pulling him with him. YAZ lifts a knee into Sawyer's midsection, knocking the wind out of him. YAZ does just as Darren suggested and wastes no time in taking Tom up and over with a T-bone suplex! YAZ scrambles quickly into the cover and pulls tom's leg up, hooking it as soon as he can!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THR- TOM GETS A SHOULDER UP!!!]

Angus:

ARGH! Come on Carla! That was a slow count if I've ever seen one!

DDK:

YAZ just hasn't done enough to put away to plucky youngster!

[YAZ doesn't lose his cool like many would in this situation. Instead he grabs Tom by the leg and twists it like he's going for a figure four or even a spinning toe hold. Either way, it's not obvious what's he's going for as Tom lifts his other leg and pushes YAZ away with it. YAZ stumbles a couple of steps forwards before getting his balance again and turns to see Tom kip up.]

DDK:

Tom's rallying here!

[YAZ runs back in with a clothesline that Tom ducks. Sawyer runs for the ropes, jumps up onto the middle rope and bounces back into the middle of the ring. YAZ turns around as Sawyer spins in mid air and wraps his legs around YAZ's head, both men turn and Sawyer takes YAZ down with a hurricanrana, YAZ doesn't stay in the ring though, as he slides to the outside again.]

Angus:

YAZ taking a quick breather.

DDK:

Looks more like he's trying to avoid Tom.

Angus:

I'm pretty sure that's not the case.

[YAZ can't avoid Tom for too long though and Sawyer hits the ropes, sprints across the ring and launches himself over the top rope with a corkscrew body press! He comes down hard on YAZ and jumps back up to his feet to a huge roar from the crowd!]

YEAHHHHHHHHHHH

[Sawyer pulls YAZ up and rolls him back into the ring. Tom looks in after him and notices YAZ is in perfect position for something. Sawyer points to the top rope to another loud cheer from the crowd.]

[illegible]

[Tom climbs up onto the apron and pounds the top turnbuckle. He grips onto the top rope, slingshots himself into the ring, turns and hits a picture perfect split leg moonsault on YAZ! He sticks the landing and hook's YAZ's leg!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THRE-]

[YAZ's hand shoots out and grabs hold of the bottom rope!]

DDK:

Somehow, from somewhere, YAZ manages to stop the count at the last moment!

Angus:

Somehow? Are you kidding me? That's ring awareness at it's finest, Keeps!

[Tom grabs YAZ by the mask and pulls him to his feet, he goes behind and looks like he's going for a back suplex, but YAZ spins and goes behind himself. YAZ jumps up onto Sawyer's shoulders, turns him to face the middle of the ring and rolls him up with a victory roll!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THR-!]

DDK:

Tom kicks out at two!!

[Tom starts to get to his feet but YAZ cuts him off at the pass with a chop to the chest. YAZ pushes Tom back against the ropes and whips him across the ring. Tom bounces back and ducks a bicycle kick from YAZ, who lands, turns and eats a spinning heel kick from Tom! YAZ rolls to the outside yet again for a breather!]

DDK:

Carla's got to do something about YAZ taking all these breaks!

Angus:

It's perfectly legal. Nothing she can do about it!

DDK:

But there's something Tom can do!

[Tom grabs hold of the top rope and launches himself over. YAZ takes off running though to avoid Tom's attack. Like a cat Tom corrects in mid air and lands on the apron. YAZ barely has time to look back at his opponent before Tom sprints along the apron and cannonballs into YAZ's chest!]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

[Tom grabs YAZ by the head and pulls him back to his feet, he rolls YAZ back into the ring and hops up on the apron. Tom stomps on the apron as he waits for YAZ to get to his feet.]

DDK:

Tom's getting the crowd behind him!

[YAZ does indeed get to his feet and turns around just in time to see Tom springboard off the top rope with a forearm strike! YAZ hits the mat and, as though it were a trampoline, bounces right back up to his feet. Tom turns and dropkicks YAZ in the back sending him stumbling into the corner!]

[Tom charges in on YAZ and handsprings into a back elbow. YAZ catches him though and hooks both arms behind his back. He turns, pops his hips and takes Tom over with a Tiger Suplex! YAZ keeps the arms hooked and bridges his back for the pin!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THRE-!!!]

Angus:

Arghhhhhhhhhh!

DDK:

Tom gets his shoulder up in the nick of time!

[YAZ releases Tom's arms and rolls to his knees where he waits for Sawyer to return to his feet. Slowly, Tom gets to all fours, then his knees, then one knee...]

DDK:

YAZ is setting up for something big here!

[Tom gets back to his feet and steadies himself. YAZ remains crouched behind him, poised to strike when the moment presents itself. Tom turns and YAZ springs up, twisting as he goes and throwing that jumping spinning crescent kick!]

[BUT TOM DUCKS!]

[YAZ lands without connecting and turns back to Sawyer. Tom takes a quick step back and thrusts his foot high into YAZ's jaw!]

DDK:

Harper's Revenge!

[The lights in YAZ's eyes dim and he falls to the canvas, the back of his head collides with the mat knocking said lights all but out. Tom looks around the arena as the fans erupt and points to the top rope!]

[illegible]

[Tom wastes no time in heading up top and points to the heavens. Moments later he's sailing through the air and crashing down, driving an elbow deep into the heart of Yoshikazu YAZI!]

DDK:

ODE TO MADNESS!

[Tom covers YAZ and it's pretty much elementary!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THREE!!!]

Ding! Ding! Ding!

Winner via Ode to Madness (Top Rope Elbow Drop): Tom Sawyer!

[Tom thrusts his hands into the air and Carla Ferrari grabs his wrist to confirm the decision. Sawyer jumps back to his feet and runs to the corner of the ring where he jumps on the turnbuckle and raises his hands in celebration again.]

DDK:

Tom did it! Tom puts YAZ away!

Angus: Proper Jack Bauer Style

GODDAMNIT!

[Tom jumps down from the second rope and turns to head over to the opposite corner, but he stops in his tracks when he sees YAZ still down in the middle of the ring. Tom looks around the arena again with a look etched on his face that just screams 'I've got an idea.']

DDK:

What's going through Tom's head here?

[Tom smiles and continues looking around the arena. He puts his hand under his chin before pulling something imaginary from his chin to the top of his head.]

DDK:

He's not going to?

Angus:

No way! He wouldn't! I thought Tom respected this industry and it's traditions!

[Tom walks over to YAZ and sit him up, he places a hand on the bottom of YAZ's mask and looks around the arena nodding!]

Angus:

He can't do this!

[Tom pulls YAZ's mask up, pulling his chin strap up over his mouth, but that's as far as he gets before YAZ lifts and knee up and connects with Tom's jaw!]

Angus:

Oh thank the lord zombie Jesus!

[Tom recovers from the knee and turns back to YAZ, but he's gone. No, he's not left a wooden decoy in the middle of the ring, he's rolled from the ring and is hot footing it up the ramp to the stage. Tom stand on the bottom rope and points at YAZ, who is still backing up towards the curtain as Rush's Tom Sawyer plays throughout the arena once more.]

Winner of Heidi/Dentari vs Christian Light vs Clair St. Sure

Quimbey:

THE FOLLOWING MATCH IS YOUR MAIN EVENT OF THE EVENING!

[The house lights go out.]

Quimbey:

AND WILL DETERMINE THE WINNER OF THE GRAND CHAMPION TOURNAMENT!

[A set of strobe lights flip on, hitting various sections of the audience with on-and-off light. And at the same time... Van Halen.]

Quimbey:

Introducing first! Hailing from Garden City, New York, and weighing in at 271 lbs! Representing Heritage League! He is THE LAST NIGHTHAWK! CHRISTIAN! LLLIIIIIIIGGGGHHHTTT!!!!

[The synthesizer intro of "Right Now".]

Angus:

...Uh, even I'm having a hard time defending Van Hagar.

DDK:

It's a reference. Light used this song way back when.

Angus:

I know that. I'm still gonna hate on Sammy Hagar.

[The camera finally finds Light, marching down the stairs toward the ring. People reach out to him, and all the while, Light slaps every hand within reach. A blue NIGHTHAWK-logo tee-shirt with the sides split for easy removal. Blue spandex ringpants, that same "RTD" logo down the legs. And a determined look on his face.]

Don't wanna wait til tomorrow

Why put it off another day?

One more walk through problems

Built up, and stand in our way, ah

DDK:

Christian Light has got to still be feelin' it from his first match of the night!

Angus:

Yeah, but everybody in this match is banged up. It's not an unfair advantage. And if anybody can work through it, it's my boy CL.

DDK:

Do I even need to-

Angus:

Shut up.

[Light makes his way all the way down to the steel guardrail, as a small riot of people engulfs him, primarily to hug the big man. Kids around the waist, grown men in Christian Light and WWA tee-shirts of all stripes, even a few ladies who wouldn't mind being Mrs. Light.]

Right now, hey, it's your tomorrow

Right now, c'mon, it's everything

Right now, catch a magic moment, do it #
Right here and now

[And Christian hops the guardrail once they give him the chance. Immediately, Christian dives under that bottom rope, popping to his feet. Arms shoot out to both sides, as the crowd begins to bombard Christian with their cheers.]

LIGHT! LIGHT! LIGHT!

[Christian dashes to the closest corner, springing up onto the second turnbuckle. He tears the tee-shirt from his body, wads it up, and sends it flying out into the crowd.]

Angus:

WHOEVER CATCHES THAT BETTER CHERISH IT! I DON'T WANNA SEE IT ON EBAY!

[Christian extends both arms out to either side, fists clenching. Psyching himself up, Light hollers out to the crowd "COME OOOOOOOOON!", and they answer back with a]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[And Van Halen fades in a millisecond, replaced with the hard-grindin' guitarwork of Maiden. The strobe lights that had been bathing Christian Light cut to a solid, unwavering crimson red.]

Quimbey:

Introducing next! Hailing from Annapolis, Maryland, by way of Kingston, Jamaica, and weighing in at 141 lbs! Accompanied to the ring by Diane Parker! Representing Heritage League! She is CLAIRA! SAINT!
SUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRREEE!!!!

[Silvery lights pulse around the entrance way as a robed, hooded figure appears. "Wicker Man" by Iron Maiden, the theme song of her mentor and trainer, sitting at home with an injured back, tears through the sound system.]

Hand of fate is moving and the finger points to you #
It knocks you to your feet and so what are you gonna do? #
Your tongue was frozen, now you've got something to say #
The piper at the gates of dawn is calling you his way

[Claira steps through the entrance and out onto the top of the stage, then slowly lowers the hood of her robe. All of a sudden, as if on cue...]

KRAAAKAKAKAKA-BOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMM!!!!

[Silver pyros explode as Claira raises both arms up overhead! In the glare, her face can be seen staring down to ringside, meeting eyes with Christian Light.]

Your time will come #
Your time will come

[Light is squatting, hands on his knees, staring right back up at Claira. He had taken her measure before, and did not intend to be found lacking, this time.]

[Claira heads on down the ramp, Diane Parker jogging out from the back to catch up to Claira. Claira is a touch distracted, but still bears to one side of the entryway aisle, slapping outstretched hands as she comes on down.]

[Light stays in the corner, little bobs to the right or the left. Some in tune to the song, some to simply work out lingering stiffness in some of his joints.]

You watch the world exploding every single night #
Dancing in the sun, a newborn in the light #
Brothers and their fathers joining hands to make a chain #
The shadow of the Wicker Man is rising up again

[St. Sure stalks right up to the ring, slides under the bottom rope, and pops to her feet. Even before she gets a chance to get in Christian Light's face, the house lights change from bright red... To deep purple. "Shine" began to play.]

Angus:

Do you think the longer entrances are to give them just a few more moments of rest time?

DDK:

That and this show is gonna be seen on DVD for the next few decades.

[Maiden cuts out, replaced by dead silence - just long enough that the psychedelic organ intro of "Shine" by Orange Goblin brings out a pavlovian response in the fans. The lights 'brighten' to deep dark purple, then slowly, slowly lighten into a dark shade of blue.]

Quimbey:

And introducing last! Hailing from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and weighing in at 156 lbs! Representing Evolution League! She is HEIIIIIDDIIII... CHHHHHRRRIIIIIIIISTENNNNSONNNNNN!!!!

[Slowly, the blue turns into indigo. And then, slowly into a red.]

I will shine... #
You will shine baby, let it go #
We will shine baby, let it go, oh...

[The light brightens to a glowing orange, and then to a pearly sort of orange, and then yellow, and then.]

VOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHH!!!!

[As the 'sunrise' finishes with a 'solar flare', Heidi Christenson appears at the top of the ramp. She has no fancy entrance attire - only fire in her eyes to match her entrance.]

DDK:

If Heidi Christenson wins this match, it will be a new, Eric Dane-free dawn for DEFIANCE.

Angus:

Yeah, that'd be a long friggin' day, though. Goldman, as solo boss? Count me out.

DDK:

Like he'd give you a job.

[Diane Parker tries to make herself invisible behind a steel ringpost, but Heidi just blows right by the point of no return, and is in the ring. Light is up to his vertical base, and walks in, to look Heidi in the eye. Already in the middle of the ring, Clairra gives a hard look to the approaching woman, then the approaching man.]

I am the sun that will shine forever in your heart #
I am the stars that will shine for you when we're apart #
When we're apart #
And when we wake on the shores that bring the dawn of Time #
You know the light in your eyes, it will forever shine #
Forever shine

[Without even needing to let referee Benny Doyle tell them the rules, the three put their hands into the center of the ring to "touch gloves". The bell rings once.]

[Heidi and Light back up, falling into a defensive posture. Clairra simply stands her ground, waiting for them to come at her. Bro.]

[The Last Nighthawk and the Only Truly Untouchable in the match share a look. They had taken one another's measure once before. Tonight, they'd tried again, and through no fault of theirs, it hadn't happened. But they DID both represent Heritage.]

[Clairra and Light lash out with a double kick, doubling Heidi over with twin impacts to the stomach! Heidi growls, bulling forward and catching Light's leg, shoulder hitting that midsection in a practiced movement!]

[Christian falls, and Heidi stomps maliciously, three quick times, into Light's knee! Heidi whirls, facing down a stalking St. Sure. Clairra just grins, straightening up from her hunter's crouch, gestures towards Light with both hands and steps back.]

[Heidi grabs that flailing ankle more firmly, quickly encircling it with an arm and a leg in a legbar before dropping to her back!]

[The move is only barely cinched on before Clairra rushes in, hooking Heidi's free arm and twisting it painfully behind! Catching Heidi's wrist between her shins, Clairra leans back, torquing Christenson's arm!]

Angus:

Double submission!

[With Heidi locking Light and Clairra locking Heidi, that left Light to lock Clairra, right?]

[Christian Light suddenly jackknifes, bending double and grabs Heidi by the locking wrist! A slap away of the hand, and Light manages to neatly kip up to his feet, a split-legged dropkick snapping into Clairra and Heidi's skulls and sending EVERYBODY back down!]

[But Light came back up first.]

[Clairra gets hauled to her feet and whipped off to the ring ropes. Light follows Clairra in, and a BIIIIIG rushing clothesline sends the Truly Untouchable right over the top! Clairra hits the ring apron on her way down, before bouncing off and crashing to the floor!]

[Light spins around, to lock eyes with the rising Heidi Christenson. This had been a fight long in coming.]

[Heidi and Light circle for a moment, staring one another down, before they both go for the collar-elbow tieup. Heidi, knowing fully well that Christian is way stronger than she, immediately ducks behind, turning it into a waistlock! Light flails, but an arm is trapped behind him, his legs are swept out from under him, and he is dropped chestfirst onto the mat!]

[Heidi is quick to turn the arm-trap into a full-on leg-based hammerlock, ending up with Light's arm painfully snaking between Heidi's shins and knees, leaving her arms free to...]

Angus:

Elbows! Heidi with the elbows!

DDK:

Heidi's raining down the pain! Light can't get free! This could be the match, right here!

[But it isn't. Christian manages to roll, one hand coming up and catching Heidi's arm! Like a flash, Light spins again,

pulling fully free of Heidi's grip, turning and smashing Heidi into the mat by that arm! The Last Nighthawk leaps to his feet, babying his arm, but smacks a rising Heidi in the back with a brutal soccer kick!]

CLOPP

[Heidi collapses to the mat as Light takes a breath, hands already going for Heidi's head... But there was Clairia St. Sure, casually sauntering back into the ring! Slipping under the top rope, Clairia beckons Christian to leave Heidi alone... And get a piece of Clairia.]

[Light seems to be fine with the proposition, and the Last Nighthawk and the Truly Untouchable close to a lockup! Once again, Clairia goes for the duck-under, but sensing it coming, Christian turns with Clairia.]

Angus:

Fool Light once, shame on you. Fool him twice-

DDK:

Light has the leg-hook!

WHOOMP**Angus:**

EXPLODER!

[Light floats over for the easy pin attempt.]

ONE...!

...TWO..!

.....NO!!!

[In comes Heidi, crashing down on Light with a double kneesmash! Christian rolls off Clairia, and Heidi is right there beside him with a side headlock! The Nighthawk can't get Heidi off, those arms cinching the headlock in real, real tight!]

[Risking some ear cauliflowering, Light begins to push himself up, off the ground, in the angle opposite of Heidi's pressure. The headlock doesn't waver in tightness, and Heidi even squats back down as Light gets up to a vertical base, torquing the head and neck!]

[Light throws caution to the wind, putting both hands on the small of Heidi's back. A mighty rear back-and-up, and Light puts his strength behind shoving Heidi off!]

[And... No dice. Heidi kicks her legs and flails, coming back down to a horse stance, that forearm grinding Light's cheekbone the whole way!]

[Light hauls back once more, and SHOVES, throwing all his weight behind it... And Heidi gets shot off to the ropes! The Untouchable flies across the ring, nimbly hitting the ropes and rebounding.]

[As she returns, Light goes low, arm questing for a leghook for another Exploder, but Heidi dives right through his arms, Superman-style, rolls to her feet, leaps onto the second ring-rope, springboards off, comes for Light with the headscissors...]

DDK:

Corbata!

[Heidi rotates Light once... twice... Three times! Four whole rotations, before she slithers around Light, hooking his arm! WHAM, Heidi brings Light down with the armbar into a Fujiware! Hooking her fingers into Light's, Heidi twists and torques that elbow, forcing Light's arm back at an inhuman angle!]

[The ref dives in, asking if Christian wants to submit! The Last Nighthawk shakes his head wildly, refusing the ref at every opportunity! With a Herculean effort, Light tries to force himself up, off the mat... And he does, quickly rolling over and snagging Heidi by the wrist!]

Angus:

Heidi's stomping Christian like a roach!

DDK:

Marijuana roach or cockroach?

[Heidi continues the stomps, one to the head dazing the Last Nighthawk and sending him flat down. Grabbing Light's arm, Heidi hammers at it with a series of snapping kicks, then quickly twists Light's arm around a knee, and drops both knees directly into the joint!]

[Claire St. Sure had gotten back up, pulled herself back together, and now stands right behind Heidi.]

[Heidi turns, just in time to turn into a palmstrike! Heidi snarls, and fires back one of her own, rocking Claire! Claire narrows her eyes, and replies! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM WHAM WHAM!]

[Heidi is the first one to stumble back, but only to get into a kicking stance. In the blink of an eye, Heidi fires off a snapping kick to Claire's chest!]

WHACK!

[Not one to let Heidi get one over on her, Claire falls into her stance... Fires one off as well!]

WHOP!

[Heidi lunges forward, hitting Claire with a shoulder to the midsection! Claire is forced backwards, backpedalling furiously, all the way into the ropes! With a sudden, frantic widening of her eyes, Claire is shoved right through the top and middle ropes! Heidi keeps rushing forward, tumbling out with/atop St. Sure!]

Angus:

JUST STAY IN THE RING, CHRISTIAN! COUNTOUTS COUNT!

[Light shakes his head, having come up to his knees. The cobwebs have been wiped aside, Light's head is now clear... And as Claire and Heidi brawl, grappling for position and superiority, Christian forces himself back to his feet, looking around to see eeeeeeeeeeeexactly where the women had gone.]

[Heidi was up! Howling with anger, she hauls off and lunges in with a high knee, crashing it into Claire's sternum! The Jamaican gave a "WHOOMF" of pain, before staggering back.]

[Christian saw the perfect opportunity. A hand comes up, and points over to the oblivious two.]

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Christian turns, knees coming high to his chest, working to stretch out those calves and knees. Rebound off the ring ropes. Light comes running across the ring...]

[LEAP!]

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[The crowd screams as cameras flash from all sides.]

WHOOMP

[Three bodies go crashing to the floor!]

[Claira hit the guardrail, hard. Fans are leaning over to pat her on the shoulders, wave at the camera, fan her off... One creeper even gets intercepted en route to somewhere not suitable for network TV, and his thumb gets painfully twisted.]

[Heidi sprawls out by the steel stairs. Thank Zeus she didn't hit the actual metal of 'em!

[And Christian Light landed hard on his side, and is taking a moment to breathe.]

[With Light down, that takes the pressure offa Heidi and Claira for a moment. The Truly Untouchable's eyes pop open, and she grits her teeth angrily. Grabbing onto the steel guardrail, she hauls herself up and off the ground.]

[Heidi has taken along of the steel ring steps, and with a weary grunt, hoists herself up and onto the steel steps. Sitting for a moment, Heidi takes a breath and stands.]

[Christian Light sits up, expecting a much different scene from what he looks up to see. With Claira and Heidi both up and coming at him, Light springs to his feet and tries to get the first shot!]

CHOP!

WHOO!

[Heidi staggers backwards.]

CHOP!

WHOO!

[Claira staggers backwards. But Christian really, really needs to press his advantage to keep from drowning, here. He springs at Heidi, grabbing her arm, but Heidi fluidly worms it free!]

[And as Claira comes rushing in at Light, he tries to put up a guard to block the incoming kiiaiiiiiiiiii-]

[Claira and Heidi both take a shot at Christian!]

WHOP!

CRACK!

[Light catches the first roundhouse kick on his forearms. And the second, even! But Heidi's second smashes his guard, and Claira's second hammers Christian in the chest!]

[And it is on.]

[Heidi kicks Light in the chest!]

WHOP

[Claira kicks Light in the chest!]

WHOCK

[Heidi kicks Light in the chest!]

WHACK!

WHOO!

[Claira kicks Light in the chest!]

WHAP!

WHOO!

[Heidi spins, and lashes out with a powerful backwards mule kick! Christian takes it full in the stomach, and doubles over with an audible WHOOF as the air is blasted from his lungs!]

[Claira comes rushing in, shuffling into a neat bicycle wind-up, before a leg shoots up, her stance nearly going fully vertical-line-style!]

[Light's head starts coming up just at the wrong time, and instead of taking the axe kick across the shoulders, he takes the meaty, muscular part of Claira's leg directly to the back of the crown of the head!]

[Nearly decapitated, Christian collapses bonelessly to the mats, and the two ladies give him a gentle kick, testing to see if he's still alive. Like cats who finally killed their rodent toy, they shrug and turn their attention back to one another.]

[Heidi was just a few moments too slow, unfortunately. And as she looks to Claira, Claira is already leaping, catching the arm, catching the head! Hooking Heidi and swinging through, Claira spikes Heidi face-first into the protective mats at ringside with the Complete Shot!]

[And now came the conundrum. With Claira in a crouch beside a fallen, dazed Heidi and a REALLY out-of-it Christian Light, which does she take into the ring to try and pin?]

[Claira stood, thinking. A glance to Diane Parker, until-now a nonfactor in the match. Diane mouths something, sauntering around the ring to come within striking distance of Heidi. Claira grabs her chosen victim, Christian Light, and braces her arms under his.]

[A mighty lift, and Claira turns, tossing Christian under the bottom rope and into the ring. Light, to his credit, isn't dead weight. He gamely turns onto his front as he rolls into the center of the ring. Claira comes after Christian, skittering in on her hands and knees.]

[Despite their previous encounter, and the unfortunate end for Christian, Light battles up, fists clenched into a warrior's pose. Claira is quick to rush in after the Last Nighthawk, and leapt, both knees coming up and smashing into Light's chest! Light gets rocked, and drops to a seat, and Claira is quick to be on him!]

[A leg hooks through light's bent arm, and Claira slips behind for the other arm. Hooking her arm through, she quickly cinches it up tight and goes for the cravate...]

[Christian Light powers to his feet, hauling Claira on his back! Lifting the Truly Untouchable onto his shoulders, Light's arms shake, his fists clench, the whole arena begins to cheer along with Christian's mighty burst of power!]

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Christian hauls Clairra up, before popping her up, straight into the air! He quickly grabs a headlock, power-dropping straight downward, not even bothering to grab onto Clairra's tights!]

Angus:

Marissa Buster! Roll it over! ROLL IT OVER!

[Light does, and the ref dives in. Heidi was still out from that regrettable Shot, and Diane wasn't going to directly interfere.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE...

[But Clairra manages to roll free enough! Christian groans softly, and forces himself up, looking around the ring. He needed... something more. His eyes lit on the turnbuckle. Maybe... Maybe that was the spice he needed.]

[Christian grabs ahold of Clairra, and drags her by the right arm on over to the turnbuckle. Ducking, Light hooks an arm around Clairra's midsection. He hauls her up and sits her onto the top rope. A glance out to the crowd, and Christian gives a solid, firm nod.]

[Light goes up, climbing up after St. Sure. He grabs her head, and tucks it under his arm.]

Angus:

I think Light is trying to send a message home to a certain young lady...

DDK:

Having one of the biggest matches of Christian's career essentially dedicated to her... Probably pretty flattering.

[Christian grabs onto Clairra's tights, balls up his fist, and LIFTS...]

[Clairra had been playing possum. And she kicked her legs out, sending 'em shooting around to the side! Light is irrevocably pulled, and Clairra swings around, bringing Christian around... And straight down! SUPER COMPLETE SHOT!]

WHOOMP

[Light hits the mat like a ton of bricks! Clairra bounces off and away from Christian, and the ref is even almost knocked off his feet!]

[And during the whole Super Marissa attempt, Heidi had been leaning on the apron, biding her time. Waiting.

She slides in, and grabs Clairra, real quick. She gets both arms in hers, plants her feet and HAULS. Christian was out... But Heidi wanted to put her own punctuation mark on things. Clairra came up, more dead than alive. Heidi ducks, grabbing the waist, and lifts Clairra onto her shoulder.

Clairra sags down Heidi's back, perfect for Heidi to reach back, and hook the arm around Clairra's head.

Light didn't move from his heap, face buried in his arm, little twitches running down his legs. He did nothing to stop Heidi dropping Clairra with the Schwein!

HEI-DI! HEI-DI! HEI-DI!

CLAI-RA! CLAI-RA! CLAI-RA!

Heidi floats over, hooking Clair's leg.

HEI-DI! HEI-DI! HEI-DI!

CLAI-RA! CLAI-RA! CLAI-RA!

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREENO!

[Heidi holds on tight, but Clair has some strong-ass legs. Clair manages to get a last-second-squeaker kickout out! Throwing the arm free, Clair manages to get that shoulder up RIGHT as the clock ticked to midnight. No nuclear explosion this time.]

[Heidi snarls, as Clair lets herself fall back to the mat. Heidi'd have to try something a bit stronger.]

[But not before Christian Light had managed to force himself back up. Like a Frankensteinian monster, Christian stumbled over to grab at Heidi's back. He snags Heidi's arm, and drags her back, heading for the ring-ropes. After his previous debacle against Clair, Light was a dead man walkin', more instinct than high-concept mathematics. But he had one thing in mind.]

[Getting that pin. He had to dispose of Heidi. Christian grabs Heidi by the back of the head and the arm, going to toss her from the ring... But Heidi spins it around, grabbing Christian in the exact same way! Light is tossed over the ropes unceremoniously!]

[The instinct was still good enough, though. Christian landed with a grunt on the apron, both feet planting. Heidi turns to face, and brings an arm baaaaack...]

[BIIIG ELBOW SHOT TO LIGHT'S JAW!]

OOOHHHH!

[The crowd groans in sympathy. Christian weebles and wobbles, before he finally comes back to his stance, and brings an arm back of his own! BBBBBIIG FOREARM... Blocked!]

[Heidi grins. The Last Nighthawk, basically on autopilot. That head trauma wasn't good for him. And-]

That was running feet.

[Heidi glances behind her, lizard-brain already telling her to move, move, move! She dives, and in flies the radical kneelift from the Truly Untouchable! Clair's knee comes up to SNAP into Christian's face!]

DDK:

BUSAIKU KNEE!

[Light goes flying back, and cracks painfully across the guardrail! His back arches, he spasms, and collapses to the

protective ringside mats, damn-near dead. Clairra crashed down into the mat after the impact, and Heidi ducked for cover, landing pretty much under the turnbuckle.]

[The two still left awake look at one another, then come up. Clairra and Heidi had a stern look for one another.]

[They rise to their feet, hands clenching and working out. Okay. How best to do thi-]

[Kickfight.]

[Heidi goes to the center of the ring, Clairra takes up the position opposite. With the stances set, Heidi took the first shot.]

WHAM

[Clairra shivered, but didn't drop. Instead, she fired off one of her own.]

WHAM!

[Heidi went for one of HER ow-**WHAMMO!**]

[CLAIRRA HAD HAD ENOUGH OF THIS PLEASANT, NINJA-MOVIE STYLE TURN-TAKING! THIS AIN'T NO GAME! **WHAM WHAM WHAM** went the kicks to Heidi's chest! Clairra turns and leaps, getting some REAL angular momentum on this bitch!]

[**KERSLAM** goes the roundhouse kick to Heidi's chest... But Heidi catches it!]

[The two share a glare, before Heidi throws the leg free, leaping into the air after it!]

[With Heidi providing the initial push, Clairra goes with it, shooting around to get another kick in.]

[But Heidi had one of her own in mind, and went for a shot to the head, going straight in!]

[Clairra came around fast! The foot went true!]

[Heidi's thrust shot in!]

[**WHAMWHAM** went the kicks! The impact sent Heidi flying, an arm flailing! Benny Doyle was standing too close, and an errant, weapon-grade limb went streaking into his mush! Benny went down! Clairra went down! Heidi went down! EVERYONE WAS DOWN!]

[And the first people to see the sight instantly boo. It's faster than a kneejerk reaction. It's like a reaction embedded in their molecules. They see Elijah Goldman walking out from the back, and they boo.]

[It's science.]

[Yoshikazu YAZ follows Elijah out from the back, tightening some wrist tape. His eyes are hard behind the mask, the inky black fabric dampened by the sweat of the exertions of the night... But he still has plenty left in the tank.]

[Similarly weatherbeaten was the mafiosi following Goldman out. Hopefully for the final time. He had gotten back into a pair of fine slacks and a buttonup shirt, but even left the collar open, tie hanging limply around his neck. Dentari undoes the buttons to his sleeves, lip curled in irritation.]

[Humpty and Dumpty follow him out, glowing like the fat, ugly goons they were. And they were dressed in impeccably untailored, straight-off-the-rack Sears suits. They looked fine. Because they were dumb muscle, and not wrestling talent. And had not wrestled. I'm making a point that HOLY SHIT EVERYBODY KEEPS FIGHTING.]

[Goldman slows at midramp, turns to YAZ, and points. The slowly shifting body of the Last Nighthawk was the only thing in that direction. After Goldman barks an order, YAZ heads off. He had a little bird to crush.]

[Dentari was next up, and Goldman jabbed a finger square at the other HERITAGE representative. This was the final moment, and the order was obvious. Dentari jogged down to the ring and dove right on in, a biiiiig grin on his lips. Inky and Blinky followed Dentari in at a waddle and a slither. With the EVO representative down...]

[Well, the only person still up was currently rolling into the ring. Diane Parker, the only Truly Untouchable currently Indahouse without being a concussion victim. And even as Dentari, Bulk and Skull formed up opposite her, Diane didn't back down. Dentari just crosses his arms over his chest, smirking. Diane balls both fists up...]

[**KERTHWAPPEN** goes the weighted leather strap across her temple! The middling member of Team Organized Crime, the one who isn't Dentari and isn't the fat one, carries a slapjack! Diane is thrown for a loop, and backpedals...]

Dentari grabs Diane by the arm and guides her unerringly into the big fat guy's arms, where he gracefully scooped her up, spun Diane around, and SLAMMED the woman with the Fat Hole Slam!

Angus:

FAT HOLE SLAM!

DDK:

I SAID NEVER SAY THAT PHRASE AGAIN! THE SHEER NUMBER OF HORRENDOUS THOUGHTS IT CONJURES!

Angus:

You got issues, man.

[Diane was down. Heidi was still down from Clair's dynamite boot. Light was being choked under the unrelenting force of YAZ's boot. And Clair was all alone. Dentari gazes down at Clair, smugly smirking and brushing his fingernails on his shirtfront. As Goldman stands on the outside, waiting, painfully, pathetically waiting, Dentari looks things over.]

Angus:

Can someone get out here to kick YAZ's face in?

[Unfortunately, they could not. A steel chair-brandishing "The First" Dragon Jones "The First" standing "The First" in front of the entranceway. And about fifty redshirted DEFIANCE-affiliated EVO-League-reppin' security guards.]

[Heidi Christenson had been comin' up to her knees by now. Is comin' up to her knees. Is ON her knees, to be specific.]

[And so provides the perfect target for the running mafia kick to the face, "Whacked!"]

Angus:

DENTARI ATTACKS HEIDI! DENTARI JUST WENT AFTER HEIDI!!

DDK:

All the threats and bribes of Goldman in the end must not've been enough to get Dentari to restrain his temper. He can't stand Heidi, and he's going to get a pound of flesh if he has to sabotage EVO to do it!

[Elijah Goldman has a litter of kittens, standing there at ringside. Adorable kittens. The look on his face could tell stories about shock and surprise and betrayal for the rest of time, if caught in marble.]

[And Elijah Goldman slips between the dimensions, dancing between the raindrops... Running at the speed of light to

YAZ's side, shaking the masked man furious, screaming like a child throwing a tantrum shrilly to "DO SOMETHIIIIIIIIIIING"]

[Yoshikazu YAZ turns to face the fuckin' ring, clenches his fist, squares his jaw, and heads on in. Goldman waves Dragon The Jones First down to the ring. Wielding his great and terrible steel chair, Dragon just leans it casually on Christian's windpipe, choking him.]

[Goldman is at ringside, watching and screaming incoherent abuse at Dentari for this betrayal. Yoshikazu YAZ goes into the ring, and is in Dentari's face in the blink of an eye. With the Gorillas beside him, Dentari could just three-on-one clobber YAZ.]

[But he has Russell and Murdoc take the prone Heidi Christenson, and roll her ass out of the ring. Where they could doubleteam her with stomps and beatings. YAZ hesitantly watches them go, even as balling up a fist to threaten Dentari.]

Of course Dragon Jones had been blown aside. This was Christian Light we were talking about here. And he was in the ring. He comes running across, arms flying through the air to hammer both YAZ AND Dentari across the head... **AND RIGHT OUT OF THE RING!**

[The masked man and the made man fall from the ring into the waiting arms of the Brute Squad! Heidi Christenson refuses to stay down, and is pulling herself up with the guardrail, fans patting her on the back!]

Angus:

LIGHT'S BUILDING UP SPEED!

[After hitting the ropes by the car crash tangle of bodies, Light rebounded, building up speed. And after rebounding off the other side, Light comes running back...]

DDK:

LIGHTER THAN AIR TRAVEL!

Angus:

Terrible puns, here on DEFTV~

[Light goes flying over the ring ropes!]

WHOONK

```
BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!
```

[The crowd screams in delight as Light flies through the air and comes crashing down in a mess of humanity!]

Angus:

EVERYBODY'S DEAD! DEEAAAADDDD!!

[Russell and Stover are the ones to take the brunt of the impact, but a YAZ, a Dentari, and a Heidi are all somewhere in this big, meaty biomass pile!]

[Christian Light... Shakily comes to his feet! He throws a hand into the air, finger pointed to the sky! As in, the sky's the limit! Or... Yeah! Pointing rules!]

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[It's Christian Light. You cheer for him, it's the in thing.]

[Everybody else is down. Christian Light is up. Elijah Goldman is up, and screaming and veins in the neck and aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa everything is going wrong for Evo!]

[Christian flashes Goldman a grin before diving into the ring. Clair Saint Sure was starting to move, but it sucked. A lot. Heidi's kicks had some pepper in 'em.]

[Christian pops up, as Clair looks up from her kneel. The re-re-rematch. Or something.]

[Clair grits her teeth and pushes up. She comes to the balls of her feet, catlike readying to throw a kick. She has nothing left in the tank and she knows it. But by the look in his eyes, she can tell that Light is running on fumes.]

[Clair dances in, snapping a kick into Light's ribs. The Nighthawk only barely manages to deflect any of the impact, the pain shooting across his face. She grins, and throws another rib-kick...]

[And two was the unlucky number. Light catches this kick, and hauls Clair in for the leghook. The other arm shoot around her, and Christian pops the hips! St. Sure flies straight overhead, and crashes down with an obviously unique belly-to-belly legtrap suplex!]

[Christian sits back up, fists clenching and opening, trying to work up the strength to go for one of the Big Deal moves. He turns, looking back at Clair, and reaches out, grabbing one of her arms.]

[Then the other. He turns, hauling Clair fully onto her chest. She was slow to stir, but as Light came in to grab a double chickenwing...]

[Clair explodes into a flurry of motion! One arm caught and twisted behind! Clair looped it between her thighs as she wrangled Light to the ground! The other one was queued for, the first part of the Truly Untouchabreaker on its way to compleeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee-]

[Light manages to get his feet under him, hauling up and lifting Clair fully onto his back... But rather than for the RTD, for the Fireman's carry!]

Angus:

That's no fireman's carry... That's the Rack!

DDK:

Light's Racking Clair for the Sledgehammer!

Angus:

That's what it took once before, maybe that's what it takes now!

[Clair realizes her predicament after a few moments, and begins to thrash, fight and try to escape. And the woozy Light, weakened by Chair and YAZ and his secret shame of intestinal parasites couldn't hold on to Clair's long-limbed form! Clair manages to wriggle free, and instantly hits the neck for the chokehold!]

Angus:

Darren! Heidi's up! She's climbin' the ropes!

DDK:

Heidi going to the high risk district... But Light's distracted with Clair St. Sure sinking that choke in!

[Light looks. He sees a vaguely humanoid blob perched on the top rope as his vision blurs and his head starts to spin. Clair's got legitimate muscles on girl sized arms, and it makes a sleeper potent.]

[Light flings himself against the ropes, hitting them with his ribs and chest.]

[Just as he'd gambled, the sudden impact snaps Clair's grip. She front flips over Light's shoulders, catches the apron with her feet, can't keep the balance and falls down to the ringside mats.]

[Oh, and for good measure, Heid's feet slipped off the turnbuckle and she hit her tailbone on the bolt, so she's seated on the top rope.]

[Christian turns, and he immediately ascends to the second rope. Standing up there, Christian claps a hand around Heidi's throat, the other grabbing a fistful of her waistband. Christian HAAAAAAAAAULS...

[And Heidi is up! Held over Light's head for the Gorilla Press...]

[CHRISTIAN JUMPS BACKWARDS, EVEN WHILE DUMPING HEIDI AROUND AND DOWN FOR THE DDT!]

Angus:

TOP ROPE REALIZING THE DREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!

DDK:

WHAT IMPACT!

WHOOM

[Elijah Goldman is kicking at YAZ and Dentari and the Gorillas. He's literally shrieking for someone to get up and get in there.]

[Christian Light rolls Heidi over for the pin. Benny Doyle dove in to make the count.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREEEEE!!!!

DING! DING! DING!

```
RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!
```

[Claire's desperate dive to break the fall comes up one second, one inch too short. She lands face down in the ring next to the pinfall, and doesn't move.]

["Indestructible" begins to blare, as Light rolls off of Heidi, one fist in the air.]

DDK:

Christian Light has done it! Light has survived everything that Elijah Goldman could throw at him! He's survived attacks on his family! He's survived shots to the head by two of the most vicious strikers in the business!

Angus:

And it took him a TOP ROPE REALIZING THE DREAM - something I have NEVER seen him do before - to keep Heidi Christenson down for a 3 count! Whatever! Light wins! Heritage League wins! AND THAT MEANS DEFIANCE WINS!

[Light sits up. Benny Doyle raises his right hand. He rolls over to his knees, stands, falls back down to one knee, grabs the ropes and hauls himself to his feet, then throws both arms up over his head!]

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

CHRIS-TIAN-LIGHT!! CHRIS-TIAN-LIGHT!! CHRIS-TIAN-LIGHT!!

CHRIS-TIAN-LIGHT!! CHRIS-TIAN-LIGHT!! CHRIS-TIAN-LIGHT!!

[Claira St. Sure rolls out of the ring and into Diane Parker's arms. Diane tries to offer some sort of word of comfort, but it's not going to go through.]

DDK:

Losing a big match like this stings, but Angus, Claira just made herself a superstar. She came into the league an unknown, beat everyone who wasn't Christian Light who ever came in front of her, and lost by a literal inch.

[Light has gotten himself back together, just a bit. He hits the turnbuckles, one at a time, and throws a salute to the fans.]

Reserved Segment

[At ringside, Elijah Goldman has turned white with red splotches. He's literally trembling in fury. E-Gold does NOT lose matches. Not like this!]

[He can't possibly do anything to Christian Light. And Clair St. Sure's already gone. Heidi, on the other hand, has just rolled out of the ring.]

[And, as his willpower, professionalism and common sense all disintegrate in the wave of fury that comes of watching his plans collapse, Goldman starts laying kicks as vicious as his 140 pound unathletic frame can manage (in other words, the weakest kicks ever) into Heidi's ribcage!]

Angus:

Hey! HEY! God dammit, even I'm not that petty!

[Vicious, venomous boos go up as Goldman continues to apply the boots and a blistering stream of invective at Heidi's fallen body. He knew she was worthless, he'd always said she was worthless, he never wanted her in his league, dumb bitch, disgusting trollop, useless cunt, etc etc.]

[Christian Light would prefer to enjoy his moment, but he, unlike Goldman, respected Heidi the entire time the league was running, and he's not about to tolerate this coward attacking her. Besides...]

[With a smirk, Light reaches over the ropes and grabs Goldman by his receding hairline, pulls him up to the ring apron and then over the top rope!]

[Goldman squeaks and tries to run.]

[Light grabs him by the ankle, jerks him back, and smiling, points over his head.]

Angus:

Hey. So, since Heritage League won - that means - the Baws gets his cage match!

DDK:

Eric Dane gets 5 minutes in the ring with Elijah Goldman!

[Faint, intricate guitarwork hits the speakers. Spotlights zoom around the ring.]

R|||||||SE

[Lamb of God. "Again We Rise". And Elijah Goldman may have hated the song from an aesthetic standpoint, but it meant something. The color dropped out of his face, and his jaw hit the floor. Eyes bulge, and Goldman spins on his heels, facing the entryway.]

[Eric Dane had gotten his wish.]

Angus:

As we've been hoping all night, Dane gets Goldman in a cage now!

[Eric Dane walks through the entryway. No cane, black-and-green tights with silver stars down the sides. He didn't even have any knee braces on. Just wrist tape, the tights, and some matte-black boots.]

[Oh. And his workin' face. While he didn't need to be armored up for war... He did need to be the only star again.]

[Oh, my mistake. Emphasis mistake.]

[The Only Star. God damn it.]

[And he is doing the power strut to the ring. This was gonna be good. The cage is lowering towards the ring, like Dane had instructed. Heidi Christenson sits against the guardrail, shooting hatred daggers from her eyes at Goldman. Light slides out of the ring, moving to the side opposite Dane's entryway.]

[He leans against the steel guardrail, leaning against the back-pats and adulations of the front-row-ers.]

[Goldman has his hands up, waving Dane off, begging verbally for Keyser Soze to not wreck his world, but Dane doesn't stop, doesn't waver, doesn't do ANYTHING but keep walking.]

Angus:

A lot of people, man, have been itching to see this for a long time, because a lot of people can't stand Elijah Goldman. But NO ONE hates that man like Eric Dane is.

DDK:

Many people have a good reason to hate Goldman, but attempting to steal an entire wrestling promotion out from under someone? Yes, I think Dane has more right than anyone else to be the one to get five minutes with Goldman in that cage.

Angus:

Yeah! Besides, Dane's name's on the contract! ...Of course, now that Goldman doesn't have SHIT here in Defiance anymore, what's gonna stop the roster from coming out and taking their turns? EVO League? HA, those faggots better be working on their 'Please Don't Fire Me Mr. Bossman Sir' speeches, not trying to save someone who's already dead!

[Dane walks up the steps and steps over the middle rope. Overhead the cage shakes and begins to lower.]

[And that's when Goldman decides to start fighting for his life.]

[No, he doesn't throw a punch or anything like that, that wouldn't help. But he desperately jumps and twists and leaves Light holding his shoe! Ducking to Dane's side, Goldman rolls out of the ring, dodges Heidi and heads for the safety of the back!]

[Light and Dane match step, chasing the now-terrified Elijah Goldman.]

[Picture, if you will, a terrified single chicken, thrown into a zoo's enclosure of some bored, hungry lions. And they plucked the chicken's feathers.]

[Elijah Goldman, ladies and gentlemen.]

DDK:

E-Gold's ducking behind Dentari and the two thugs at the top of the ramp, looking for some sort of respite...

[Casa Nostra has reorganized themselves. Dentari, Gorilla Uno and Gorilla Due had reformed into the wall of humanity they could together form. With Elijah Goldman skittering past them, the mafiosi three step right into the way of Eric Dane and Christian Light.]

[Dane and Light share a look, as Alceo Dentari put out his hands, chuckling.]

Dentari:

Hey, hey, whoa, gentlemen. Let's not be crass, here. I mean you no disrespe-

Dane:

Move.

[Goldman, behind Dentari, clasps his hands together, begging for his life, for even the slightest breath of respite... Dane ignored him.]

Dane:

Move.

[Dentari shrugs helplessly. That sounded inflexible. He and Abbott step to the left. Costello goes right. Goldman is already running, and Dane and Light follow. Alceo shakes his head, looking to the muscular lug he had beside him.]

Dentari:

Time to go, I think.

[The two gorillas nod firmly, and all three head for one of the fenced-off-but-empty DEFIANCE staff areas near the ring. There was a door there that went to the garage that went to a Cadillac that would go away.]

[And so they went. This was not their fight, Dentari would see no more vig from this night, so fuck it.]

Angus:

I think... Goldman's out of people to hide behind.

[Goldman makes it all the way up the ramp and to the back. Gasping and wheezing for breath, Goldman stumbles through the curtains and to the safety of the bac-]

[Wait, no he's not.]

[Goldman stumbles backwards and falls to both knees as a man dressed in green and yellow tights and a leather jacket follows him out.]

DDK:

Jeff Andrews is here!

[Let it be known that Goldman can't even throw a tantrum without fucking it up. Those vengeful kicks on Heidi were never a good idea, but now that he's looking up into the face of her pissed off significant other - it's possible that now Eric Dane is only the second greatest threat to his well being in the ringside area.]

Angus:

I dunno where he's been all night, but he ain't letting Goldman get out of this one - OH SHIT HE GOT HIM BY THE THROAT!

[Andrews wraps one meathook around Goldman's neck and squeezes.]

[And this is how E-Gold is escorted to the proverbial electric chair - with the noose already tied around his neck.]

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

DDK:

It's officially end of the line for Elijah Goldman! Andrews rolls him into the ring and follows, and that cage is coming down!

THUD

[The cage settles into place, and Jeff Andrews shrugs his leather jacket off his shoulders to reveal a referee's black

and white striped shirt underneath it. He tosses the jacket out through the cage door, where Heidi picks it up, and then he shuts the door.]

Goldman:

WAAAAAAAAIIIIIIITTTT!!!!

[Goldman is on his knees.]

Goldman:

PLEASE! GIVE ME ONE FIGHTING CHANCE, ERIC! GIVE ME ONE WEAPON TO HELP ME FIGHT BACK!

[Dane smirks, turns to Andrews. Andrews smirks, shrugs.]

Dane:

What kind of weapon do you think can save you now?

[Goldman knee-walks to the edge of the cage.]

Goldman:

I want HIM!

[He's pointing at Yoshikazu YAZ.]

[Andrews nods his head, and beckons for YAZ.]

Dane:

What d'you think you're doing, Jeff?

Andrews:

What's it gonna matter?

[YAZ steps into the cage.]

DDK:

I'm not sure how this is going to work, but - apparently - this is now a cage handicap match between Goldman and YAZ against Eric Dane.

Angus:

I didn't realize it was a match in the first place, honestly. I thought it was just Dane gets five minutes to kick the shit out of E-Gold.

[As soon as YAZ is all the way into the ring, Light slams the cage door behind him.]

DING! DING! DING!

[Claira Saint Sure and Diane Parker have gotten up by now. They lean against the cage, watching silently. Light mans the door, and Heidi Christenson has found her own spot, watching Jeff's movements very, very carefully. With her arms crossed over her chest and her jaw set, Heidi doesn't look like a happy camper.]

[Yoshikazu YAZ stands in one ring corner, Andrews in the one opposite. Goldman kneels in the center of the ring, Dane looming over him.]

[And... Wait, how was this supposed to go?]

[Dane smacks Goldman in the chest with a vicious kick, knocking the wind out of him! He rushes in, thumping

Goldman across the crown of the head with a big elbow! With Goldman more unconscious than awake, Dane can easily grab Goldman by the lapels and haul him to his feet.]

Angus:

OH GOD, OH GOD YES I'M ARRIVING

DDK:

He's... not joking, folks.

Goldman weebles in front of Eric Da-

CRACK

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

CRACK!

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

CRRR-RACK!!

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

[Goldman's shirt hangs in tatters from his chest, his jacket dropped bonelessly to the mat. Goldman's eyes bulge at the same time as his jaw sagging like that of a gutted fish.]

[Goldman slumps to the mat. He army crawls towards the corner - the corner that has Yoshikazu YAZ in it - the corner from which YAZ hasn't moved since the 'match' started.]

Goldman:

Why... *cough*... aren't you... *gasp*... saving me?

[Yoshikazu YAZ stands there impassively. Dane walks over, points a finger in YAZ's face, then lifts Goldman up by the neck, drags him across the ring. The Network Affiliate is shoved back into the ring corner. And the crowd knows what that means.]

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

STAR-DRI-VER! STAR-DRI-VER! STAR-DRI-VER!

STAR-DRI-VER! STAR-DRI-VER! STAR-DRI-VER!

DDK:

Goldman's last plan of escape has completely fallen through! Fans, I don't know why, but after all this Yoshikazu YAZ isn't lifting a finger to help him.

[Angus is tweaking his nipples in ecstasy and can't answer.]

[Dane swaggers on over to the ring corner. Goldman slumps in the ring corner, chest on fire and brain full of fog.]

[Eric stoops, grabbing a lock around Goldman's waist. He hauls Elijah all the way up and dumps him unceremoniously atop the turnbuckle.]

[The crowd wants it. Dane wants it. Goldman most certainly doesn't want a Stardriver, but he doesn't get a vote. Dane hops onto the first turnbuckle, then climbs to the second. And to the third. The two men stand on the top, as Jeff stands below, watching, and YAZ looks on from the far side of the ring.]

[And then, after everything that's happened, it seems so simple... so short.]

[Goldman is upended and deposited brainpan-first on the top turnbuckle bolt, then collapses into the ring.]

[Brief silence as Dane, Andrews and YAZ all solemnly regard the fleshlump that once was Elijah Goldman.]

[Then the fans start chanting.]

ONE MORE TIME!!! ONE MORE TIME!!! ONE MORE TIME!!!
ONE MORE TIME!!! ONE MORE TIME!!! ONE MORE TIME!!!

[Dane picks the limp Goldman up by the armpits, then slaps him awake and sets him back on the turnbuckle.]

DDK:

We've got about a minute and a half left in the five minute period, and Eric Dane's setting up for a second StarDriver! Fans, I don't know, it's very difficult to feel any sympathy for Elijah Goldman, but he's not a trained athlete of any sort, he isn't built to get hurt like this.

Angus:

Ahhhh what's he need his spine for anyway?

[Eric Dane climbs up to the middle rope.]

[Then, Yoshikazu YAZ finally does something. He walks forward, ignoring Andrews, grabs Dane around the waist and lifts him back off the turnbuckle and deposits him on his feet mid ring.]

[Dane, needless to say, is irate.]

Dane:

What in fuck's name do you think you're doing?

YAZ:

He's had enough. You're done, chief.

Dane:

You. ...You have one minute to get the hell out of this cage before you get the same.

[But he doesn't turn his back on YAZ. Andrews strolls over to stand next to Dane and lock a pair of surlydaggers on YAZ's masked face.]

YAZ:

And you have to learn to pay attention to your own company. Didn't I warn everyone that a storm was coming?

Dane:

...What? Idiot, I won, and who the fuck are you to be talking about that anyway? Who the fuck do you think you are?

YAZ:

Oh, you don't know who I am yet?

[His grin nearly splitting his face in half, YAZ reaches up, behind his own head, and grabs the mask, and rips it off his head.]

"YAZ":

Hi. I'm Kai Scott.

[Record.]

[Fucking.]

[Scratch.]

Angus:

Oh, SHIT!

[Kai Scott's head, out of place atop Yoshikazu YAZ's ring gear, laughs.]

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!
 BBBB BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

[Eric Dane's eyes fly wide open and his jaw sags as he turns to Jeff Andrews.]

THWACK

[And Jeff Andrews throws a superkick that closes his jaw and knocks him flat on his back.]

Angus:

NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[One split second later, Christian Light is racing around the cage and running towards the door.]

[And Ultra Raptor, a shovel in hand, leaps the guardrail at a run.]

[Light's just crossing the ropes when Raptor swings the shovel, cracking him in the head with it. Instead of running to Dane's aid, Light falls into the ring. Loosening the laces of his mask, Raptor follows him in. The mask is removed and tied to his belt, and Ronnie Long shakes his hair out.]

DDK:

What the... Kai Scott and now Ronnie Long? What's going on here!

Angus:

I don't know! All I know is we need some help out here! ANYONE!

[That help, however, is not going to come from Clair St. Sure. Diane literally puts her in an armlock and drags her up the ramp. Clair protests, she might have even fought back under different circumstances.]

[Besides, they know Kai Scott, he kept them in the dark, and nothing in the ring is worth the risk to their careers at this point.]

Angus:

ANYOOOONNNEEE!!!!

[His shrill screams were blowing his throat out. Angus's composure wasn't cracked, it was shattered. And someone in the back had indeed seen the threat, and prepared as best he could.]

[Tom Sawyer came running out from the back, hair streaming behind him like a golden mane. And he wasn't jogging,

or shuffling, or speedwalking. Not even pretty-running, like wrestlers usually do, that let them look all sleek and sexy and awesome. This was desperation, going-as-fast-as-you-can, burn-yourself-out running.]

[The steel pipe in Tom's hand also meant business. That wasn't a jokey, 80s weapon. Or even the standard steel chair.]

[This was it. This was what Tom had been crying wolf over, and as he came to ringside, he knew that this was the moment of truth.]

[Now, the only reason that Tom was coming out NOW instead of a little while back, when Tom had figured out everything for sure, was because he had to make a pit stop. Or two.]

[And Sam Turner Junior, wide-eyed and roaring "HAYELL YEAH!" and Eugene Dewey, crying "FOR THE HOOOOOOOOOOOOORDE" come running out behind Tom! They are significantly slower, and in Dewey's case, much more waddle-ly, but they are there!]

DDK:

We saw Tom Sawyer earlier tonight working to get Eugene and STJ on his side! Now he's got himself a cavalry!

[Tom doesn't even wait until he gets to ringside. Halfway down, Tom leaps onto the steel guardrail, running along and leapfrogging arms, hands, and gropes! Steel pipe still in hand, Tom (on his elevated track) runs to the end and LEAPS...]

[TOM GRABS ONTO THE CAGE ABOUT HALFWAY UP! His feet scramble, digging into the steel mesh for a super-overexaggerated windup... Or perhaps, simply getting the perfect grip for a LEAP up the side of the cage!]

[Tom is on the top in a matter of moments!]

Angus:

GO ON, KID! KILL 'EM! KILL 'EM ALL!

DDK:

I thought you ha-

Angus:

SHUT UP AND PRAY FOR ERIC!

[TOM LEAPS OFF THE TOP OF THE CAGE, AND COMES CRASHING DOWN INTO THE MIDST OF THE GROUP WITH A BODYPRESS! EVERYBODY GOES DOWN INTO A HEAP WITH DANE!]

Angus:

SAVE HIM, DON'T KILL HIM, YOU STUPID IDIOT!

[STJ was much quicker on his feet than Dewey. No, he's not winning any agility awards, but a 250 lb not-overweight guy is going to be faster than a 300 lb overweight guy at pretty much all given times, since American Balloon doesn't work for Defiance.]

[As Dewey and STJ rumble down towards the ring, Heidi peels herself away from the edge of the cage.]

[In the ring, Tom is full of fire, and springs back to his feet, that pipe held out like a caveman would hold a torch, when presented with a horde of ravenous sabretoothed tigers. With the Untouchables all knocked down, it gives Tom a few moments to shove at them, sending them away from Dane!]

[Kai is pushed into the ringcorner! Jeff shoved and kicked toward the ropes! Ronnie Long even takes a full-on bop across the shoulder from the pipe! ...But it only sends him stumbling back a few steps.]

Angus:

Dammit Tom, if you're gonna bring a pipe into the ring, swing it like you mean it! You're not gonna hurt the Gravedigger like that!

DDK:

He won't need to once - oh dear.

[As STJ steps into the cage doorway, Heidi suddenly drives a front kick, full force, into the cage door. The door swings shut, smashing into STJ's skull, and the big hillbilly slumps in the doorway. Heidi throws his body to the side, climbs into the cage, slams the door, and withdraws from her upper chestal area, a padlock, which is then applied to the door.]

[Tom looked at Heidi. Heidi smiled back at Tom with malice. Tom pointed the pipe at her.]

[And with Tom's focus elsewhere, he didn't notice as Kai kipped up to his feet behind him.]

[He only noticed the dropkick that connected with his shoulderblades and sent him careening forward into Heidi's instep and a Lethal Roundhouse that knocked him completely off his feet and sent him crashing to the mat on the side of his neck.]

[Long grabbed his shovel. He swung, not at Tom, but at Eugene Dewey on the outside. A yelp, and Eugene was on his knees, cradling a hand to his belly, his climbing fingers having been smashed between shovel and steel link.]

DDK:

The Untouchables - four former World Champions - they've. I have no idea why they're doing this. But, Jeff Andrews has backstabbed Eric Dane. Kai Scott's been manipulating Goldman and EVO, I don't know how deep he goes. Heidi's working with them. And now, Ronnie Long is back.

Angus:

I think... I think there's nothing left that anyone can do.

DDK:

God help us all. God help Defiance.

[Christian Light was brought to his feet by Andrews and Scott and sent flying off the ropes. Long hit the opposite ropes for momentum, and as he neared Light, he extended his arm and pushed forward with his legs.]

[Western Lariat!]

[Long was strong and heavy enough that he knocked Light head over heels. Light collapsed in a heap, the little fight he had left after two matches and a shovel to the head knocked out of him.]

[As for Tom Sawyer.]

[Andrews secures the waistlock on Tom and hauls the kid up, holding Tom up for the piledriver! Kai grins, and LEAPS off the ropes, getting some serious elevation! If it weren't for him being the one taking it, Tom would probably be marking out with half the crowd! IT'S THE-]

DDK:

UNTOUCHADRIVER!

[Scott throws one finger up in the air, and Heidi ascends the turnbuckle. Scott double underhooks Tom's arms, inverts him upside down. And Heidi leaps off, not content to just spike him the usual way, but with a double stomp directly between the legs.]

DDK:

And a TRULY-UNTOUCHADRIVER!

[With Tom Sawyer and Christian Light both left motionless, and Eugene Dewey and Sam Turner, Jr., outside the cage and helpless to interfere, the three men and the woman turned as one to regard the slowly-crawling-upward figure of Eric Dane. He was rising, using the ring ropes. Dane looks down at the annihilated Sawyer, up to the two, out to Dewey and Turner.]

[He looks from face, to face, to face, to face. The Gravedigger, the Sexy Submission Siren, the Ace of Heels, and the King of the Bittermen.]

[Pushing off the ropes, Dane rushes forward at Andrews.]

[Scott, seeing it from five minutes ago, quickly spins and plants a solebutt into the midsection of Dane. Dane doubles over, Heidi soccer kicks him in the face, and Andrews catches him as he reels then spikes him into the mat with the Mind Eraser!]

[Andrews stands, dusts himself, off, then grabs one of Dane's wrists, hauling Dane to his feet. The Only Star is brought up fairly limp.]

[Andrews shoves Dane against the cage, and Scott runs over, digging some other hardware from his pocket. This piece of a pair of silver gleaming handcuffs, one of which goes around the cage in a well-secured place, the other going around Dane's outstretched wrist.]

[This lets Dane be hung up in place.]

[Dane immediately realizes what he let happen, and begins to violently tug at the handcuff, but to no avail! Andrews grabs his other wrist, affixes a set of cuffs to it, and now Dane is chained by both arms to the side of the cage.]

[The other three Untouchables step aside, and Ronnie Long picks up his shovel and raises it to shoulder level.]

[Then he swings, overhead style, bringing the blade of the shovel down flat across Dane's forehead. Dane sags down against the cage.]

[Jeff Andrews, Ronnie Long, Heidi Christenson and Kai Scott each climb a corner of the ring, and then jump up to the corners of the cage. Christian Light and Tom Sawyer lie unconscious on the mat, and Dane hangs by the wrists.]

[Fade to **red**.]