

Kevin Cage interview

[Christie Zane stands next to Kevin Cage, who looks less than happy.]

Christie Zane:

Hi, I'm here with WWA Hall of Famer, Kevin Cage. Kevin Cage, can you tell me what are your plans tonight?

[Cage shrugs.]

Cage:

Tonight's an easy night. I'm not going to attack anyone that doesn't have it coming. I'm not doing anything illegal. I won't injure anyone. I mean, I already told 'em about the rules for engagement 'round me. So, I feel good about tonight. I got a serious urge to punch the fisherman's head in.

[Cage smiles.]

Cage:

All in all, I'm feeling good. I'm in my zen place. Cleansing breaths. C'mon, with me now Christie. Inhale.

[Cage inhales, Christie also inhales to some cheers. Cage exhales, Christie exhales.]

Christie:

Do you feel like you have a lot to prove to people of Defiance? It's a whole generational gap between the time when you were active and now.

Cage:

People forget. People leave. Fortunately for me, there's no one in my way that really knows how I get busy. I'm here to kick ass and chew bubblegum. And I'm all out of bubblicious.

Christie:

So tonight you're taking it easy?

Cage:

As easy as I need to. I might attack one or two people. I don't know yet, haven't thought that far ahead. Night's still young though, there could be some blood by the end of it!

[Cage gives Christie a warm hearted smile, leaving the pretty young interviewer confused and a bit shaken up.]

Darren Michaels and a dead pig

[He looked right, he looked left, he pressed his ear to the door and heard nothing but silence from inside. With a sneer Darren Michaels shoved open the door to the Dewey's dressing room and let himself in, dragging the huge gunny sack behind him. Grunting with the effort he drug it across the room to the bench where they lay their bags and knocking them aside, hoisted the sack up onto it. With a knife he pulled from his boot, he slid the bag down the side and peeled back the top revealing a fat, bloated, dead hog stinking to high heaven, square framed glasses perched on its piggy face. Freckles had been drawn on the face of the pig as well, and upon its head had been placed a curly red wig leaving little doubt as to who the pig had been dressed up to imitate, right down to the brown pants, white shirt and tie the piggy wore.]

Darren Michaels:

This little piggy should have stayed home with his Nintendo, like another little piggy I know.

[Laughter, before a smirking Darren waved to the camera and slipped from the room, closing the door behind him.]

AnguJeffy show opening

Angus Skaaland:

What the FUCK and what the HOLY FUCK?!

[Fade up to the commentation station and the Defiance Heritage TV logo.]

Jeff Andrews:

Welcome, fans and fanettes, to Heritage League TV Oh-Two. We didn't have anything from any of the bosses to kickstart the card this time around, but we've heard from Kevin Cage, and, seen I guess would be the best way to put it, from Darren Michaels. I'll tell you this Angus, even I never considered 'only attacking one or two people' an easy night in pro wrestling.

Angus:

Yeah and I'll bet you never thought of hauling a DEAD FUCKING PIG into the wrestling arena either.

Jeff:

No, but one time I had a dumptruck load of pig crap brought out to the ring. See, I was ripping on this guy named "Hotshot" Brandon Pride, who I'd taken to calling "Hogshit" Brandumb Pride, and...

[Jeff Andrews trails off awkwardly at the slack-jawed bug-eyed look on Angus' face.]

[Angus just stares.]

Jeff:

So we've got quite a card lined up tonight. In the main event we're going to see Jan Gin Xiao, who won an upset in last week's main event against Eugene Dewey, taking on Clair St. Sure, who won her own upset in the semi-main by submitting J Stevenson. And speaking of Stevenson, he's teaming with Nick Regan in the opener to take on the Faces of Death, represented of course by Adam Waterman and Kengoro Sugamoto.

[He gives Angus a chance to interject something, Angus does not.]

Jeff:

So let's get right to that match, then!

Angus:

...hogshit?

The Faces of Death vs J Stevenson/Nick Regan

Adam Waterman/Kengoro Sugamoto{W} d. J Stevenson{L}/Nick Regan

AnguJeffy commentary

Angus:

So. Thoughts on that amazing match?

Jeff:

Yeah, I've got a lot actually, but we've been asked to cut down on the fourth wall references, remember?

Angus:

Man, fuck that. Shooting on everything is most of what makes results production tolerable in the first place.

Fishman Deluxe vs Kevin Cage

*# Anyway you want it #
That's the way you need it #
Anyway you want it #*

Fishman Deluxe, in all his flamboyant, multicolored, fish covered glory headed out into the arena to a cheer from the capacity crowd. He minced his way down to the ring and rolled in under the bottom rope. The man fish climbed onto the bottom rope and posed for the fans as his entrance music faded and was replaced by something a lot more... G.

*# Here's a little somethin' bout a nigga like me #
I never shoulda been let out the penitentiary #*

The much more serious Keven Cage made his way out to the ring to a polar opposite reaction from those in attendance. (in other words he got booed). Cage walked down to the ring and climbed the steps. He hesitated on the apron, gesturing towards Fishman and trying to wave him back. The referee stepped in and asked the deluxe one to back off and allow Cage to step into the ring unhindered, something Fishman was all to happy to do.

Finally Cage stepped in between the ropes and the battle of the veterans could take place. The bell sounded and the two hooked up in the middle of the ring and Fishman got the better of the exchange, as he pushed Cage down to the mat. Cage looked up and the referee and motioned to him that Fishman pulled his hair during the tie up. Obviously the ref was skeptical owing to Cage being bald, but whatever.

Cage got back to his feet and circled Fishman, who taunted Cage to come at him. Kevin did so but The Rainbow Fish ducked the tie up attempt and went behind before grabbing Cage in a waistlock. Kevin pushed at Fishman's hands, attempting to break their grip but to no avail. Fishman then made one big mistake.

He began dry humping The King of Assholes.

Fishman released the waistlock and let Cage walk free. Kevin took a few seconds to absorb what exactly had just happened before charging right back at Fishman with a clothesline. Fishman hit the mat but got right back up, only to be taken down a second time. Fishman still wasn't going to stay down though and sprang right back to his feet. This time Cage charged in with a double leg take down and drove the luchador down into the mat hard.

Fishman tried to keep Cage in his guard but it was no use. Cage rained down fists like... well... rain... but in the UK. So there were a lot of them. Fishman tried to close the distance between Cage and himself by sitting up and getting his body as close to his attacker's. This only allowed Cage to wrap his arms around Fishman's torso. get to his feet and lift him off of the ground. Fishman only left the ground by a few feet, but Cage drove him down into the mat with authority.

The back of Fishman's head bounced off of the canvas and his body went limp. Cage could have covered him for the big capital double you, but opted not to. Instead he peeled Fishman up off the mat and hoisted him up onto his shoulder. Cage charged into the corner of the ring, bounced the back of Fishman's head off of the top turnbuckle, turned and slammed him into the mat with a running powerslam.

Still Cage wasn't done though. He scooped Fishman up off the ground again and pushed him in the mask a couple of times, each time asking him if he'd 'had enough yet'. Obviously the Fishman didn't answer.

Cage picked up Fishman for a fall away slam, threw him up over his head and caught him before dropping him in a samoan drop. Cage stood right back up and surveyed the crowd. What did he get for his display of strength? Nothing but Boos, but who cares, right?

Cage turned back to his opponent, who's body was still about as limp as his wrist usually was. Kevin dragged Fishman to his feet and tried to steady him. Fishman's legs gave out under him though and he collapsed into Cage. Fishman's face slid down Cage's torso as he slumped, but before his face could reach Cage's... ahem... junk... Cage hooked under Fishman's arms and pulled him back to his feet.

Cage lifted Fishman up off the floor again and drove him down, right on his shoulders and the back of his head once again, with a spinebuster. Fishman semi bounced, semi rolled backwards and came to rest on his face.

That's when Cage looked happy.

Kevin moved quickly around to the legs of Fishman and bent them at the knees, hooking the ankles together. He reached down and grabbed one arm, then the other and pulled The Rainbow Fish upwards. He placed one foot on the back of his head and drove him down into the mat with a thunderous curbstomp.

One could argue that the whole thing had been over for a while. But Cage wouldn't agree with them. He still wasn't done and grabbed Fishman by the trunks and pulled him up to his feet. Cage grabbed Fishman's head, bent him backwards and in one fluid motion dropped him with the reverse DDT that he likes to refer to as the 'Lights Out DDT'. Not that Fishman's lights were shining brightly, if at all, by that point.

Three seconds later and Cage's hand was being raised in victory.

Winner: Kevin Cage (Lights Out DDT)

But Kevin Cage wasn't done. Grabbing Fishman by the back of the mask he threw him over the top rope and down to the ringside mats. Locking up the head, he stalled, and delivered a second Lights Out DDT on the ringside mats! The fans booed as Cage kicked Fishman to the side, then started pulling the mats up!

The boos increased as Cage then scooped Fishman up onto his shoulders, and suddenly the refs panicked as it became obvious Cage intended to tombstone piledriver Fishman on the unprotected concrete! But Cage kicked Benny Doyle to the side without losing his grip, and...

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!!

Leaping the guardrail, Justin Brooks chop blocked Cage from behind! Instead of bouncing his head off the concrete, Fishman landed safely on top of Cage. Brooks drove punch after punch into Cage's head, pulled him out from under Fishman and whipped him down the aisle into the barricade, and followed it up with...

KA-KLANK!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

A SPEAR right through the barricade!

Security made their way out, and were pulling Brooks back before he had a chance to follow that up. Brooks was still struggling to get at Cage, who was nursing his ribs. Although he can't have enjoyed it, he seemed to find that laughing at Brooks and goading him on further was better than restarting the fight...

AnguJeffy commentary

Angus:

Y'know, far be it from me to approve of anything Justin Brooks does or says, but I'm kinda glad he saved Fishman. The old fat luchador amuses me, I wouldn't want to see Kevin Cage crack his head open on the concrete.

Jeff:

Cage was obviously in no mood to take it easy in this match, and he put down the Fishman in emphatic fashion. That's his second win in a row, if he can take one home next week he'll start pulling in bonus points. Also for what it's worth, he's currently tied with Kengoro Sugamoto for second place in the league.

Angus:

Anyway, up next is Michel LaLiberte taking on Darren Michaels, but before that we've got LaLiberte in an interview.

Jeff:

Which should be elucidating.

Angus:

....loose of what?

Jeff:

Elucidating. By which I mean incomprehensible, because I can't understand a word of what he says.

Michel LaLiberte pre-taped

[Recorded earlier today.]

[Michel LaLiberte strides happily backstage, his stalker hasn't been seen since her appearance at the hotel. He's dressed in a powder blue Polo golf shirt, and silver dress pants over his black and powder blue Tom Fords. His iPhone is pressed to his head.]

LaLiberte:

Oui, j'ai Darren Michaels ce soir. Count one more victoire, 'nd more points pour moi! 'nd now t'at I know t'at I can fight back against Betty, she better not try to do anyt'ing tonight. As for my opponent, t'at redneck moron 'as been focused on t'e manager of 'is cousin's opponent, and barely managed a gay joke in my direction. 'e's fucked. I've studied 'im. I know w'at 'e does in t'e ring. I know 'is patterns. Besides, 'e's dirty, and backwards. T'e completment opposite of me.

[He turns the corner, and finds the interview area. The director motions him over.]

LaLiberte:

'old on, I t'ink t'ey want me to film somet'ing. I don't know.

[The director settles in, and waits impatiently as LaLiberte looks at him with a blank stare. A few uncomfortable moments pass, before Michel shrugs, and heads to his locker room, much to the anger of the director.]

LaLiberte:

I will 'ave to come back later, maybe after my match. I 'ave a lot of pray-par-ah-tion to do before t'e match. In fact, je devrais finis le call. Au revoir!

[He ends the call just as he reaches his locker room. He slips inside as we head to the announcers.]

Michel LaLiberte vs Darren Michaels

Darren Michaels and Michael LaLiberte started out in a traditional collar-and-elbow tie-up. LaLiberte used his leverage advantage to get Michaels in a side-headlock, which Michaels reversed by slinging LaLiberte into the ropes. Michaels missed a dropkick as LaLiberte held onto the ropes.

He recovered in time to drop LaLiberte to the mat with a drop toehold and quickly moved to a reverse chinlock. LaLiberte elbowed his way out, which he followed up with two hard right hands, backing Michaels into the corner. LaLiberte drove a knee into the mid-section of Michaels and then Irish whipped him to the opposite corner.

Michaels dropped out of the corner just as LaLiberte came crashing in with a back elbow. LaLiberte recovered before Michaels, but Michaels jammed a finger into the left eye of LaLiberte stunning him momentarily. Michaels went to the arm bar, attempting to ground the taller LaLiberte, but LaLiberte was once again able to fight his way to his feet with a series of elbows.

Michaels bounced off the ropes before LaLiberte could gain control and took him to the mat with a bulldog. He quickly rebounded to the ropes again and dropped a leg across the back of LaLiberte's head and went for a quick cover, which got just a one count.

Michaels wasted no time and threw LaLiberte face first into the turnbuckle. LaLiberte stumbled out into the waiting arms of Michaels who hooked a leg and sent LaLiberte to the mat with a cradle suplex, which went for a two count.

Michaels picked up LaLiberte and attempted a whip to the ropes, but LaLiberte reversed. LaLiberte missed a wild swinging clothesline, and then Michaels leapfrogged over a backbody drop attempt. Michaels tried another leap frog on the return trip, but LaLiberte caught him in the air. LaLiberte stumbled backwards as Michaels hammered right hands into his forehead, before falling backwards and fortuitously dropping Michaels' neck across the top rope.

LaLiberte dragged Michaels to his feet and dropped him to the mat with a bodyslam. He backed off the ropes and dropped his long leg across the neck of Michaels before going for a cover, which got a long two count.

LaLiberte was upset with what he thought was a slow count and confronted the referee about it. An argument ensued where the referee emphatically showed it was just a two count. LaLiberte slapped his hands together three times, teaching the ref how fast he should have been counting.

By the time he turned around LaLiberte had allowed Michaels more than enough time to recover and walked right into a boot to the gut. Michaels drilled LaLiberte's forehead to the mat with an Impact DDT, and the referee had all the time in the world for his three count.

Winner: Darren Michaels (Impact DDT)

Return the Nighthawk

[And it all goes black.]

[Fans roar in slight shock and amusement. Lighters come on. Joints get lit. Those by the entrance turn their attention to the ramp way, hoping for an early peak at what's going down. But aside from slight movement, there's nothing.]

[Nothing that is, but air raid sirens.]

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

[Sirens, spotlights, and the sounds of machine guns firing off rounds. Its at this point that the buzzing of the crowd is picking up, almost overtaking the sound of the guns from the speakers.]

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

[A tall man with a flat top haircut.]

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

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

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

[Christian starts to make his way down the aisle extending his hands as far out as he could on either side. Dressed in a short-sleeve black "Last Nighthawk" T-shirt (available now!) and blue jeans, Christian doesn't have to worry about shirt pull as most of the fans on the aisle reach out and slap hands with him.]

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

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Stepping down from the corner, Christian asks for the mic from the ring announcer and the ring announcer obliges.]

Wel-come back!

Wel-come back!

[The chant starts slowly and lightly as Christian returns to the center of the ring with the mic in his hand.]

Wel-come back!

Wel-come back!

[And like a tidal wave it grows exponentially until its a deafening roar.]

Wel-come back!

Wel-come back!

Wel-come back!

Wel-come back!

WEL-COME BACK!

WEL-COME BACK!

[Smiling a mile wide, Christian points out at the chanting fans.]

"The Last Nighthawk" Christian Light:

I've missed you all too.

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

"The Last Nighthawk" Christian Light:

It appears I'm the victim of an early midlife crisis. At the ripe old age of 33 years, I'm sitting back in my home, reminiscing with my family about the good ol' days, and I happen to catch on the wrestling newswire that Defiance had reopened its doors with a brand new spin on this sport we call wrestling. And while the last several years of my life have been fulfilling in different ways, being a part of something this unique and this physically challenging is something that's been...lacking in my life.

[As if confirming his own statement, Christian gives a slight nod before continuing.]

"The Last Nighthawk" Christian Light:

So that brings me to the desire...nay, the need to compete. To prove myself worthy of standing on the mountaintop once again and claiming that I AM the best that this business has to offer. And when it came to the choice of whether or not to join Defiance...to be part of the greatest wrestling organization in the business today wasn't much of a debate. After all, to be the best requires you to face the best night-in and night-out.

[A pause as Christian surveys the crowd.]

"The Last Nighthawk" Christian Light:

That left the choice as to which Defiance league to join. And while the prospect of testing my skill against the rejuvenated Heidi was surely a temptation...there was no way I could turn my back on my friend and former stablemate Eric Dane.

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

"The Last Nighthawk" Christian Light:

So this goes as notice to everyone in this wrestling tournament. I am here, not only to win this league for myself, but to win for Eric Dane and Heritage League. To those that, like me, want to be the best...we will do battle with honor and dignity, and we will see, over time, who the best combatant is. To those who wish to play dirty...who want to cheat their way to the top...

[Christian focuses his attention on the camera as it focuses its tight shot on his face, emphasizing the seriousness with which he says this last phrase.]

"The Last Nighthawk" Christian Light:

...the Last Nighthawk is watching you very closely.

[Pop goes the mic as it hits the ground and as Indestructible starts up one more time, Christian quickly climbs out of the ring and walks around it, slapping the outreached hands of fans at the ringside area before making his way back up the ramp.]

Commentary interlude

Angus:

CHRISTIAN LIGHT IS BACK!?

Jeff:

Yyyup.

Angus:

And he's on the real Baws's side?

Jeff:

Sure is. C'mon Angus, did you expect anything else? Christian Light wouldn't side against Eric Dane, and he's one guy who'd take the draft issue seriously enough that he'd refuse to work for Elijah Goldman, period. And I gotta say, having Christian Light for Heritage League is a huge asset. Dude's almost bound to make the playoffs, whenever they end up happening, and he's definitely in the top 5, both leagues combined.

Angus:

Team Danger represent!

Jeff:

Is everything about Team Danger to you?

Angus:

No. There's also Cancer Jiles.

Kevin Cage hype video

"In my day..."

[A highlight package featuring stills of Ulfric, Michael Lennox, Rayne, 'Nightbringer' Ryan Corey, the Wolf Brothers, the Whirlybirdz and hosts of other WWA Legends.]

"I had the whole alliance shakin'. When I wanted to go somewhere, I went there. No one said anything. No one did anything. It was great. I was great for ratings. I was great for television. I could show up and take out whoever I wanted."

[A highlight still of Cage at various venues, in some he was revelling in blood.]

"Let's get this straight Defiance..."

[Images of Cage celebrating with various championships through out his career.]

"I didn't come here for Glory..."

[Images of Cage cheating, hitting women competitors, hitting people with chairs and other acts of violence. A clip of a bloodied Cage standing on top of an ambulance looking down at a competitor as he looks down and smiles.]

"I ain't come here for Honor..."

[Images of fans throwing things in the ring as Cage stands in the middle with a microphone. Another image of Cage punching out a fan.]

"I ain't come here for fame or infamy... But I came back for one thing, and one thing only..."

[The images change into clips of Kevin Cage attacking people. Some are familiar Defiance faces and some aren't. Cage is punching, kicking, hitting with objects, putting through broken tables, flaming tables, or even against barbed wire. At the end it shows Cage roaring in feral fury. Freeze frame.]

"Question is... the fuck are you gonna do about it?"

Eugene Dewey vs Gabriel Grimm

"Bleed for Me" announced the arrival of the first half of St. Louis #3, the green eyed, brown haired Gabriel Grimm, who ran down to ringside slapping hands with the fans and soaking up every drop of attention they chose to give him. In black cargo jeans and a blood n skull covered attitude t-shirt, he leapt from the floor to the ring apron and let out a howl, before flipping over the top rope into the ring, where he tore off his t-shirt and flung it into the crowd.

"Bleed for Me" gave way to the 8 bit musical masterpiece of the jogging theme from Mike Tyson's Punch Out as Eugene Dewey headed out to the ring flanked by his brother Wayne. The fans gave much love to Eugene, cheering the big man and waving their game inspired signs at him as he walked the aisle. The high flying Gabriel waited across the ring as Eugene climbed inside, pacing and darting glances at Wayne at ringside.

A collar and elbow tie up, 'cause Gabe was crazy enough to test out exactly what that power of his much larger opponent might be. He found out real quick when Eugene shoved him hard enough to send him rolling head over heels across the ring. Gabe popped back to his feet quickly and took a slightly more cautious approach, running at Eugene and at the last minute sliding between his legs, popping to his feet on the other side and dropkicking him in the back, sending him down to one knee. Gabe back on his feet quickly and raining forearms down on the back of Eugene followed by a dropkick to the back of the head. Gabe to the top rope quickly, summersault legdrop to the back of Eugene's head and Gabe went to roll the big man over, struggling to move the massive form which cost him some time. He finally got Eugene to turn only to catch an uppercut to the jaw that sat him down abruptly.

Eyes wide, rubbing his jaw, Gabe sat their stunned as Eugene climbed to his feet and laid into him with kicks to the head and stomps to the ribs, forcing him to roll from the ring to escape the onslaught. Gabe made sure to keep an eye on Dewey Two on the outside as he took a few seconds to recover before rolling back in as far from Eugene as he could get. Gabe cracking his neck before using the ropes to gain momentum, but throwing himself at the big man wasn't enough to bring Eugene down. A second use of the ropes resulted in Gabe being forced to duck a clothesline, and a third attempt resulted in a rib jarring body slam and a cover he barely kicked out of.

Gabe climbed up slowly, holding his side and Eugene shoved him into a corner. Running butt bump barely avoided, and once more Gabe was on the outside looking in, one eye on his opponent, one eye on Wayne lurking around. Scrambling back in the ring as Wayne approached, Gabe rolled low, hurling himself at Eugene's knee. Big man staggered, Gabe slamming his shoulder into the side of Eugene's knee, bringing him halfway down. A grab to the back of the head, jawbreaker, and Dewey's down. Corkscrew standing moonsault and a cover.

Two count and Gabe with a springboard missile dropkick to a rising Eugene. Top Rope again, firebird splash attempt, epic fail as Eugene moved and Gabe hit nothing but the mat. Dewey adding insult to injury with a leg drop to the back of the head before rolling Gabe over and sitting on him.

Two count and a foot on the rope was all that saved the pin. Eugene to his feet, yanked Gabe away from the ropes and to his feet, shoving him in a corner and rushing in with an Avalanche Splash that Gabe might have avoided if Wayne hadn't held his leg to keep him in place. Gabe face first on the mat again and Eugene with a jumping splash before rolling him over again.

Gabe with a desperation kick to the head of Eugene, rolled from the ring into a heap on the floor, huddling beside the

ring and holding his sides.

Seven, eight, and Gabe slid back in, crouching in a corner and eyeing Eugene across the ring.

"GET HIM!" Wayne yelled at his brother, and Eugene moved to oblige.

Gabe waited on him and scrambled beneath the big man's arms, leery of being caught in the corner again. A game of cat and mouse ensued, with Gabe doing all in his power to avoid Eugene as Wayne kept yelling on the outside.

Eugene started looking a bit red faced and stopped chasing him, crouching down as if taking a break which just let Gabe take a longer one too.

Gabe into the ropes, some duck and dodge criss cross and leapfrog going on, the confusion tactics working as a springboard back elbow staggered the much bigger man. A dropkick sent him into a corner, and a rolling liger kick staggered him but the ropes held him up.

"GET HIM EUGENE" Wayne yelled, and he did, in the end, as Gabe went for a frankensteiner out of the corner and Eugene planted him with a powerbomb. Wheezing, Eugene lumbered to his feet, ascended the bottom rope, and came off in what was, for Eugene, a spectacularly athletic maneuver in which he twisted his body sideways to land perpendicular across Gabriel's chest. For anyone else it was an off center belly flop, but... whatever.

Winner: Eugene Dewey (Lower rope "flying" splash)

LaLiberte, briefly

[The director catches up with Michel LaLiberte as he heads back to his hotel after the match. Sternly looking at the rookie, he points to the interview area, tapping his foot. LaLiberte obliges.]

LaLiberte:

Okay. I do 'ave somet'ing to say, and it's to someone unexpected. Cancer Jiles, you like to build yourself up to be t'e big star, 'nd t'e greatest t'ing since sliced bread, yet I've beaten you, twice. I've beaten some of t'e best Defiance 'as to offer. You're not'ing. You weren't drafted, because no one wants a cry baby, self important sack de merde rustling about. Crisse de vierge sacree, Jiles. Do t'e wrestling world a favor, and retire already. No one wants to see your face. If t'ey did, you would 'ave been drafted. Stop wasting time t'at can be spent on people like me, t'e futur de Defiance. T'at's all I've got to say.

[He waits for the all clear signal, then quietly steps from the interview area, grabs his bags, and silently walks off.]

Kevin Cage promo

[NWA blasts over the system once more. Cage walks down to the ring with a 'pep in his step'. He gets in the ring and motions for a microphone, catching it when it's thrown.]

Kevin Cage:

I'm only here to tell ya'll one thing. This night. This night is a holiday. See, I ain't do nothin' crazy or attack anyone. Mostly 'cause well, I felt like today was a good day.

[Cage rubs his head.]

Cage:

Now I ain't here to annoy you like that Cancer bitch. I ain't here to wage some kinda vendetta like that Scottish bastard, Irish bastard... Whatever he is. I ain't even here with hate in my heart. I'm just gonna tell ya'll straight up.

[Cage grins.]

Cage:

Tonight, and the last show were freebies. You get no more. You get no more. You'll know a real war when it happens. And it *will* happen very soon. Conarri, I told you... Don't pick me last, don't pick me at all unless you're picking me first.

[Cage wags his finger.]

Cage:

Now I gotta burn this place down and from those ashes re-create somethin' I'd like. See, it ain't even a matter of disrespect... See, I just don't like the fact you got two fat fucks sumo wrestling for a Main Event. I don't appreciate that, one bit. I don't appreciate the fact that you reward losers by pushing them up to a Main Event. I'm going to tear you down and tear apart your roster. Person by person.

[Cage smiles.]

Cage:

By the end of this season, Kevin Cage will *be* Heritage... But don't worry Conarri, I also said I was going to tear up Goldman's work of art. So, I'll be there too... And he'll have a much worse fate in store for him.

[Cage holds up a finger.]

Cage:

I won't attack you both physically... It won't be as much fun if I do that. So I'm just going to break you in the ways I know best, I've been in this business for far too long...

[Cage shrugs.]

Cage:

This was the warning, Defiance.

[Cage drops the microphone and soaks up in the jeers.]

Mr. Destruction vs Justin Brooks

From the word 'GO', it was obvious that Destruction had the size and strength advantage as he shoved Justin Brooks clear across the ring. Brooks propelled himself off the nearest ropes and shoulder blocked the Tuxedo shirt-wearin' mammoth ... 'cept, Mr. Destruction didn't even BUDGE. Once again, Brooks hit the cables, rebounded back with more force than before, and promptly took a boot to the gut. Destruction dropped to a knee and hit a Kane-styled uppercut that floored Brooks. A two-handed choke followed, but was finally broken after a less-than-hurried five count from Mark Shields. At the behest of his mouthpiece Murray Monroe, Destruction choke-tossed Brooks into the buckles and laid into him with big knees and a myriad of other power strikes.

Monroe's "Finish him, daddy!" triggered the scoop pickup for the Armageddon Driver, but this was Justin fuckin' Brooks and he wasn't going to go out within the first two goddamn minutes. Instead, he countered the scoop pickup with a small package that netted a two count. Destruction was up, albeit slowly, and got a dropkick to the knee for his troubles. Brooks went back to the ropes, this time successfully, as he laid out Mr. Destruction via a pair of clotheslines. Brooks backed away and hit a purdy running neck snap. Lookin' to weaken that neck for the Hook and Ladder, no doubt. As Destruction worked back to his feet, Brooks waited, crouched, and chop blocked the big man. The bulldog that followed netted Brooks a two-count and got Murray Monroe more than riled on the outside.

Smartly, Brooks refrained from grappling with the masked colossus; instead, he focused on using his speed to attack Mr. Destruction. After making the three-hundred pounder climbs to his feet, he hit a jumping shoulderblock that wobbled the big man's legs. He scored a two and a half on the crossbody block that did put Destruction down. What's that old saying about going to the well too often? Oh, right, don't fucking do it. Brooks learned it the hard way when a second crossbody block ended up with him being caught in Mr. Destruction's loving arms. Of course, the fallaway slam followed 'cause that's how it works. Destruction laid the boots to Brooks, hoisted him up in one quick motion, and raised him over his head in a Gorilla Press. What goes up must come down and Brooks belly-flopped on the canvas like a fat kid in a swimming pool.

Mr. Destruction went back to work, all big and powerful as hell, ragdollin' Brooks around the ring. Choke tosses, headbutts, and big slams were at work. As damaging as they were, Destruction locked in the Bear Hug and the match looked to be over. The arm went up ONCE, TWICE, and a THIRD time it did not! Brooks held on and mustered up enough strength to bellclap Destruction. Yeah, that shit hurts - ears poppin' and what not. It was Brooks turn to inflict a little punishment and he did so with a brain rattlin' SPEAR. Brooks yanked Destruction back to his feet, the crowd on theirs, and set him up for the Fireman's Carry. "Oh no you don't, daddy!" could be heard as Murray Monroe leaped onto the apron, distracting the referee, and bringing Brooks' attention to him. Well, that's not always a good thing. Not when Brooks knocks you clean off the apron. Problem is, turn your back on a guy like Destruction, and he comes up behind you (all creepy Michael Myers-like) and dumps you over the top on your head.

Murray Monroe, pissed as hell, kicks you in the ribs and Mark Shields counts your ass out. Them's the breaks in the Grand Champions League and it's best if everybody learns REAL quick that it's cutthroat.

Winner: MR. DESTRUCTION (Countout)

Return the COOL

[The arena goes quiet with anticipation for the introductions of the night's main event.]

[Little did they know.]

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

BOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

*# I am the **COOL** #*

[Posing atop the entrance ramp with his hands firmly pressed against a respective hip, and his lofty head cockily cocked towards the ceiling-- Cancer basks in such a friendly hello.]

BOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!

[After a few seconds short of a minute, Lord COOL stalks his way down to the ring. During his trek, he shouts out things like "savior," and "no-brainer" to the besmirched fans below.]

[That's right, he's atop his high-horse.]

[Just as he's about to enter the ring, Jiles pauses to berate a fan sitting ringside for wearing a COOL as Cancer t-shirt.]

[The fan is twelve.]

[Deemed not COOL enough to wear such a prestigious garment.]

CCJ: [irate]

Fucking kid is uglier than sin! I dunno who he killed to get that shirt but dammet take it off of him!!! NAOW!!!!

[The nearby fans don't listen, and only boo louder and more effectively.]

CCJ:

I. SAID. NOWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW!!!!!!

[Before tension could have its chance to escalate past lawyers, Cancer darts into the ring.]

CCJ: [pointing out to the audience]

Shut up you stupid Mongoloids!!!! I'm out here trying to make this shit better!!!!!! Trying to make the price of admission worth while!!!!

AND YOU ALL HAVE THE NERVE TO BOO!!!!!!

[The fans, as if being paid to do so... boo the shit out of Cancer Jiles.]

CCJ: [disgusted]

Fucking_Mongoloid_Defiance_Fans. More worthless than tits on Nakita DuBov.

[The fans begin to bark once more. This time around, they attempt to drive a spike directly through the COOL one's heart.]

*YOU'RE-STILL-HOMELESS! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap**

*UN-EM-PLOY-MENT! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap**

[The two chants rattle back and forth, until Cancer violently throws his valued, precious, one of a COOL kind sunglasses into/at the crowd.]

[A small fracas ensues.]

[Those shades could probably fetch a nice price on Ebay.]

[Or whatever the kids are trading on these days.]

[Anyway.]

CCJ: [speaking over]

REAL. FUCKING. FUNNY.

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!

Let me guess.

The Mongoloid King, Jeff Andrews, told all of you do that?!?!?!?

[Cut to King Jeffro the Surly, standing on the entrance ramp.]

Jeff Andrews: [grinning a thousand oceans]

Yes, as a matter of fact... I did, Lord COOL.

[Cut back to shocked and surprised Cancer.]

CCJ:

WHAT THE FUCK, JEFF! Whe...

Jeff Andrews: [interrupting]

Someone had to call your dumb ass out on it, and I figured you wouldn't listen to me because you never do, so... maybe if you wouldn't listen to me, you'd listen to fifteen thousand people yelling at you.

*YOU-HAVE-NO-JOB! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap**

*YOU-HAVE-NO-JOB! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap**

[Jeff Andrews basks. Cancer Jiles rages.]

CCJ:

First off you inbred hick from should have been Aborted, Bumblefuck... where do you get off calling the COOL, dumb? Correct me if I'm wrong here, but, is it not you, who married a pig for a wife?

Is it not you, who has been outsmarted, outwitted, and outlived by this, "dumb ass?"

[Cancer points at himself.]

[Jeff yawns.]

CCJ:

Ha.

There he is-- there's the smug, surly Jeffy I know and love. The guy who's done nothing, but acts like something for some ODD reason.

Tell me Jeff, how's Old Line Wrestling doing?

Better yet, how's Ronnie Long, and his vaunted shovel of doom? You know the one... the one that cost me the Defiance Title way back when.

You remember that, don't you Jeff?

[There is no response.]

CCJ:

I do.

Hell, everyone does.

They don't need me to remind them of the fact you're a born loser.

Let's be honest, other than maybe Steven Hawking, who can count the seemingly endless number of federations you've ran directly into the ground?

[Cancer runs out of fingers.]

CCJ:

Shit, with your litany of failure, you'd think that bozo Dane would have tightened the leash a little bit-- said, here ya go Jeff, go clean the bathroom after Heidi's bottom touches the toilet seat like a good little boy. Do it just like you do it when you're at home.

But no.

He's just as delusional as these fans for thinking you have one ounce of knowledge.

[Jeff Andrews looks at Cancer Jiles, down at the mic in his hand, and back at Jiles.]

[He's playing it with restraint, for him at least, but a nice close-up of the face shows a twitch in the corner of his right eye.]

Andrews:

Eric Dane *gets it*. You, on the other hand, don't and never will. If you did, you wouldn't be taking OLW's name in vain, you'd remember that Ronnie Long retired a World Champion, something that you never managed to become...

And you'd remember that every time - every single time - you've beaten me at anything, it's been in the most chickenshit way possible. The one time that no one stuck their nose in and nothing untoward happened in the match, it ended with you helping me debut the Ultraglide.

Outside interference, ladder rides, hiding half the match... Jiles, you ain't got SHIT on me, and you know that. And you got 10 seconds to apologize, STFU, and GTFO, in that order, before I go down to that ring and beat you into a goopy pile of blood and AXE hair gel.

[Walking about the ring, Cancer ponders his fate.]

CCJ:

Save your time, Andrews-- you'll get no such thing here. I'd fall on ten swords before committing that treason. However, before you come rushing on down here, trying to get embarrassed by me -- yet again -- I'll offer you a

chance to do, what I have done to you, since our careers first touched.

[Pause for build up.]

CCJ:

It's simple, Jeff.

[Cancer's keeping it that way so Jeff understands.]

CCJ:

I sign a one match contract, we wrestle next week in Baltimore because these fans aren't worthy of my COOL, and if I win, I get my contract, league of my choice, and a night with your wife.

Andrews:

NO.

CCJ:

Okay, you can pick which league I'm in.

Andrews:

Forget it, Jiles. Get th...

CCJ:

Okay, no wife.

And if you win, I'll, as you put it, "stfu and gtfo".

Andrews: [contemplating]

Covered in egg.

You'll leave, covered in egg, and will never be allowed to come back.

CCJ: [snarling]

FINE!

Next week, Episode Three.

A battle to the egg.

[Er, death.]

AnguNoJeffy commentary

Angus:

So Jeff went running out of here when the COOL showed up. Now he's not here to help me sell this upcoming main event between Jan Gin Xiao and Clairia St. Sure.

[Pause.]

Angus:

Which means he can't berate me for burying them both on commentary.

[Wicked.]

Angus:

So what this basically is is basically we've got the guy who's so fat that his nipples are on the underside of his moobs against the girl who's too damn skinny. Repeat after me, faggots, chicks don't need abs.

[Right.]

Angus:

I'm absolutely serious.

[Beat.]

Angus:

JGX by countout after Clairia gets lost inside one of his fatrolls.

Jan Gin Xiao vs Clair St. Sure

"Death Threat" by Death In Vegas brought Clair St. Sure to the ring. Accompanied by Kai Scott and Diane Parker, of course. And then the Chinese National Anthem brought Jan Gin Xiao to the ring.

As soon as the bell rang, Clair dropped to the mat on her back to take kicks at JGX's legs and knees while staying out of his reach. It worked pretty well at first, she landed one kick that nearly made his leg buckle. But after that he backed off until referee Benny Doyle had to tell her to get up off the mat and quit stalling. This irritated Kai on the outside, who argued that there was no such rule. But, being that this is wrestling and not MMA, the referee is legally allowed to order wrestlers not to be boring.

So while they were on their feet, JGX knocked CSS straight across the ring with a palm strike. She fell to one knee clutching her chest, but she was quickly out of the way when JGX rumbled in. Step-up knee in the corner, shoot kicks to the massive midsection of JGX, and he caught one coming in, lifted her, and threw her halfway across the ring.

As JGX followed up, CSS threw a sweep kick to the back of the knee. It only wobbled him, but she popped up to her feet, delivered a pair of roundhouse kicks to the kidney, and then jumped up onto his back and applied a sleeper hold! ...which had little effect around the huge neck of JGX, who ran backwards and squashed her in the turnbuckle.

With his slippery opponent finally caught, JGX held her in place against the turnbuckle and delivered a heavy palm strike to the upper chest. Make that several. And a couple of back-hand chops for good measure. He hip-tossed CSS out of the corner and sunk his hand into her trapezius, going down to one knee and leaning forward. CSS insisted that no, she wasn't tapping, and getting frustrated, JGX leaned his weight on the hold, trying to squash her down against the mat... and gave CSS some room to work. She twisted, worked her leg in against his arm, got leverage to break the hold, and ended up behind him. From a side mount, she drove some knees in against his head.

Those knees hurt, but not enough to slow JGX down, and he stood up with her on his shoulders, but she kicked loose before he could drop her and drove a back kick into the knee. This time JGX went down to one knee, and now his head was in kicking range.

THWACK!

JGX's body wobbled as his head recoiled from the kick. She threw a second one, and he went down to all fours. Taking a step back, CSS lined him up for a knockout shot - and JGX erupted off the mat with a running forearm check. He pulled CSS into a front chancery, dropped it all the way to the mat, and moved his grip down her body until he had a bearhug applied.

Both Kai Scott and Benny Doyle looked worried at this - even JGX had expressed worry at CSS suffering internal injuries at the hands of his 430 lbs, and now he was trying to use said 430 lbs to squash her against the mat.

At least it wasn't Viserca's dry-hump.

Although if it had been, Scott would likely have had him flayed alive.

Benny went in to check for the tap out or pass out. He raised Clair's arm once - it dropped.

Twice...

It dropped.

Third time...

It dropped. But as a fist, slammed into the mat, in rhythm, and the fans started clapping. CSS twisted her body to the side, JGX moving to try and stay on top of her - but the twist got her foot within the reach of the ropes, and Doyle called for the break. JGX was frustrated now. He picked CSS up, wrapped his arm around her neck and one shoulder, setting up the Red Wave!

CSS hit a low angle thrust kick to the side of the knee she'd been kicking at all night. It buckled, JGX fell to the mat, and CSS slipped away, ran off the ropes behind him...

KRAAAACK!

Busaiku Knee Kick to the back of the head!

The sumo wrestler slumped to the mat. CSS grabbed his leg, quickly gave up on trying to roll him over, and instead sat down on his back with a rear choke!

She didn't need it. A flying knee to the back of the neck would ktfo anyone, JGX included. Benny Doyle lifted his arm once...

Twice...

Three times.

DING! DING! DING!

Winner: Clair St. Sure (Busaiku Knee Kick to choke sleeper)

Wrap-up

Jeff:

Well holy damn she done did it again!

Angus:

Hmm. Y'know, when Clair St. Sure started wrestling, I didn't get what Kai Scott saw in her. I'm not gonna pull a Greer and say that women wrestling is stupid and worthless, but you gotta admit there's a lot of girl wrestlers out there who only get looked at twice because they're girls, and I don't have patience for that shit and neither do a lot of people. But she's showing something here.

Jeff:

I grew up with Kai Scott. If he says someone's going to be good some day, I'm going to take his word for it. My biggest regret about the whole leagues thing is that I can't get Kai to commit to supporting Eric Dane and Heritage League in all this outright.

Angus:

He's got Clair St. Sure tied for second over here in Heritage League and Jonny Booya in what's currently a six way tie for first in Evolution League. That dude is going to be an impact player in Defiance if he keeps his wrestlers in line, and... ok fine I'll admit it, that worries me too.

Jeff:

Really?

Angus:

For serious. No sarcasm. I don't think in the long run anyone could take on Eric Dane in his home court and win, but all the same Kai is one of the last people I would want to see take a try at it. Anyway, Clair St. Sure picks up a huge win. And with the show over, you know what that means?

Jeff:

Points update time! ..except. Since I didn't think we were going to book any tag matches, I don't know how many points Adam Waterman won for winning the match against Stevenson and Regan, but not being the one who took the fall.

Angus:

You're the boss, right? Give him two and tell him to man up. Just because he's gay doesn't give him the right to be a faggot.

Jeff:

Yeah, um, I'm not touching that one. Here's the points update.

- 1) Adam Waterman: 12 (+2)
- 2) Clair St. Sure: 10 (+5)
- 2) Kengoro Sugamoto: 10 (+5)
- 2) Kevin Cage: 10 (+5)
- 5) Eugene Dewey: 7 (+5)
- 5) Michel LaLiberte: 7 (No change)
- 5) Mr. Destruction: 7 (+2)
- 8) Darren Michaels: 5 (+5)
- 8) Gabriel Grimm: 5 (No change)
- 8) Jan Gin Xiao: 5 (No change)
- 11) Justin Brooks: 0 (No change)
- 12) J Stevenson: -2 (No change)
- 13) Nick Regan: -5 (No change)
- 14) Fishman Deluxe: -8 (-5)

Jeff:

Also it should be noted that if either Kevin Cage or Clairia St. Sure wins next week, they'll earn 6 points for said win rather than five. It's times like these when the booking, and who gets an easy week vs who gets a hard week, can have a lot of effect on the rankings. So this is where Clairia crosses her fingers and hopes it's her chance to get Fishman or Regan or something like that.

Angus:

Well, frankly, if I were Kevin Cage, I'd want my match with CSS to happen next week. He beats her, he puts down one one of the top challengers and more importantly he'll be the only one collecting a streak bonus. Of course, Waterman's still in the lead, and assuming we don't book any more tag matches he'll stay there until he loses. And judging by the preseason, that may take a while.

Jeff:

The counterpoint to that is that Waterman could lose the lead on a loss. Almost certainly would, in fact. But we haven't got the books yet, so until the next lineup folks, thanks for tuning into Defiance Television!

Angus:

Heritage League out, faggots!

[End.]