

Music video intro

[Sound FX of footsteps walking on hard surface rhythmically.]

clank...clank...clank...clank...clank....clank...clank...clank...clank

[Cut to: the source of the clanking footsteps walking, it slowly pans from the feet of black high heeled boots. As they walk, the camera slowly begins to pan upward up the legs, the long leg legs, dressed in black with red trim biker leather clad apparel, working it's way up the body until it reaches the head of Defiance Evolution superstar, Nakita DuBov. She is wearing round mirror shade sunglasses.]

[As she is walking, she begins singing the harmonious beginning introduction, in accapella style of "Run This Town" by Jay-Z featuring Rihanna softly but at the same time not too bad for a professional wrestler.]

♪ Feel it comin' in the air ♪
 ♪ Hear the screams from everywhere ♪
 ♪ I'm addicted to the thrill ♪
 ♪ It's a dangerous love affair ♪
 ♪ Can't be scared when it goes down ♪
 ♪ Got a problem, tell me now ♪
 ♪ Only thing that's on my mind ♪
 ♪ Is who's gonna run this town tonight... ♪

[Nakita takes her right index finger and lowers her sunglasses down to the tip of her nose where you see her green eyes looking into the camera.]

♪ Is who's gonna run this town tonight... ♪

[Nakita smirks slyly as she takes her two thumbs as she points and gestures at herself that is her that will indeed run this town tonight.]

[Suddenly it transitions into the R&B Harmonies of Rihanna as she sings the last line of the chorus

♪ We gonna run this town ♪

[Music queue up: The E.S. Posthusmus Zone Orchastra immediately jumps in on the music of "Run This Town". Immediately leading into a nicely prepared video montage of the entire Evolution roster that flow in sync with the song that is playing.]

[Verse 1 - Jay-Z]

♪ We are ♪
 ♪ Yeah I said it ♪
 ♪ We are ♪

[Clip of: Troy Matthews, delivering a knockout enzuigiri to the back of the head of Trendkiller.]

♪ This is Roc Nation ♪

[Clip of: Chris Cannon crashing down across Jake Donovan's ribs with a frogsplash.]

♪ Pledge your allegiance ♪

[Clip of: Nakita Dubov knocking Troy Matthews for a loop with a running yakuza kick.]

♪ Get y'all black tees on ♪

[Clip of: Alceo Dentari, spiking Heidi Christenson's head into the ringside mats with a complete shot.]

♪ All black everything ♪

[Clip of: Mike Sloan delivering a powerslam to Bronson Box.]

♪ Black cards, black cars ♪

[Clip of: Jonny Booya powerbombing Michel LaLiberte out of the ring.]

♪ All black everything ♪

[Clip of: Dragon Jones actually managing to hit Leon Maddox with a muscle buster.]

♪ And our girls are blackbirds ♪

[Clip of: Heidi Christenson doing horrible things to The Phoenix's legs.]

♪ Ridin' with they dillingers ♪

[Clip of: Mike Sloan decking Bronson Box with one massive punch.]

♪ I'd get more in depth ♪

[Clip of: Dan Ryan powerbombing Jack Cassidy.]

♪ If you boys really real enough ♪

[Clip of: Jack Cassidy spinning around the ringpost to dropkick Dan Ryan.]

♪ This is la familia ♪

[Clip of: The Phoenix jumping off of something high.]

♪ I'll explain later ♪

[Clip of: Kai Scott teeing off on someone's head with his crutch.]

♪ But for now let me get back to this paper ♪

[Clip of: Yoshikazu YAZ spewing green mist into the face of Dan Easton]

♪ I'm a couple bands down and I'm tryin' to get back ♪

[Clip of: Jack Bryant applying a sharpshooter to Dragon Jones.]

♪ I gave Doug a grip, I lost a flip for five stacks ♪

[Clip of: Johnny Hotrod knocking someone down with a lariat.]

♪ Yeah I'm talkin' five comma ♪

[Clip of: Bronson Box, wrenching back on Boston Bancroft's neck with a camel clutch.]

♪ Six zeros ♪

♪ Dot zero ♪
♪ Here it go... ♪

[Clip of: Elijah Goldman, his eyes looking shiny and oddly sinister behind his tortoiseshell glasses.]

♪ Back to runnin' circles 'round niggas ♪
♪ Now we squared up ♪
♪ Hold up ♪

[Chorus/Outro-Rihanna]
♪ Feel it comin' in the air ♪
♪ Hear the screams from everywhere ♪
♪ I'm addicted to the thrill ♪
♪ It's a dangerous love affair ♪
♪ Can't be scared when it goes down ♪
♪ Got a problem, tell me now ♪
♪ Only thing that's on my mind ♪
♪ Is who's gonna run this town tonight... ♪
♪ Is who's gonna run this town tonight... ♪

♪ We gonna run this town ♪

♪ We gonna run this town tonight! ♪

[The song ends as it immediately cuts to the interior of the Comcast Center in College Park, Maryland as Evolution immediately is underway where thousands of a live capacity arena crowd scream in a loud deafening unison as Evolution kicks off.]

[Cut to: Defiance commentators Jeff and Angus who are seated at the Commentation Station to call the action.]

AnguJeffy opening

Angus:

WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEELCOME DEFIAFANS!

Jeff:

You're awfully excitable tonight.

Angus:

Why you gotta be such a douche?

Jeff:

Read my bio, my gimmick is "surly."

[Angus rolls his eyes.]

Angus:

We've got five big matches tonight, three people up for streak bonuses, and a six-man elimination tag team match for a main event! I'll say one thing for Elijah Goldman, he may be a completely insufferable twat one-hundred and fifty percent of the time, but he can damn sure draft one FUCK of a League roster!

Jeff:

Yeah, he might just not be as retarded as we've been putting him over as.

Angus:

I hear tell he's been putting on focus groups and doing some kind of market research in order to *Define the Product* or some shit or another.

Jeff:

He's probably trying to figure out how to replace us with NASCAR drivers.

[Angus's eyes go wide.]

Angus:

DON'T GIVE HIM ANY IDEAS FAGGOT!

[Cut to ringside.]

Chris Cannon in-ring

["TNT" by AC/DC begins to play, after the initial riff, after a bit of singing from Bon Scott; Chris Cannon strolls out from the back. Rather than his wrestling gear, Chris is in a pair of acid washed blue jeans, a buttoned down white shirt and his blonde hair fluttering around his shoulders as he walks down the aisle. He eyes a few of the more attractive females in the crowd but keeps his focus on the ring.]

[In the ring, sits two directors chairs... you can already guess what's going down.]

[Cannon rolls into the ring and demands a microphone.]

[The crowd jeers a little, but with out him saying anything, it's only a mild reaction to his appearance.]

Chris Cannon:

Ladies and Gentlemen, you are all in for a big treat.

As I instruct my female companions, just close your eyes, open your mouth because I've got a huuuge surprise for you.

[He licks his lips and grins.]

Chris Cannon:

I welcome you to Inside the Cannon with me, "High Flyin" Chris "THE" Cannon.

[The crowd jeers as he basks in what he imagines as auditory encouragement.]

[He opens his eyes as a golden light shines down on the entire ring, a single spot light follows Cannon as he moves around the ring. The moment is pure ecstasy, everything is perfect with the director chairs facing each other at a 45 degree angle. Cannon admires his posh, minimalist interview set.]

[And those ~FANS!]

[He admires them, all those young and pretty fans, all around him. Sure, most weren't paying him any attention, but he scans the front row winking at jail bait and nodding in approval.]

[But soon his smile turns to a scowl as he stops dead in his tracks.]

Chris Cannon:

Tonight... Tonight, I was going to invite my opponents out to the ring so they could tell me about how hard they had it in the great depression -- but I see that we have a survivor of the hardships of the 1930's with us, right here... and right now.

Right over there, we have a man who is as old as sin. He's old enough to have been a survivor on the titanic.

Hey can we get a spotlight on this geezer?

[After a moment of confusion, an additional spotlight comes down from the rafters. A 50 year old man with salt and pepper hair is in the focus of the light. Next to him on his left is his wife and next to him on his right his daughter.]

Chris Cannon:

I've got to give you kudos man. Not only do you have a nice piece of ass with you, you've got a cougar to go with it.

Bravo, bravo.

[The man laughs uncomfortably as Cannon claps for him, putting his microphone under his armpit while doing so.]

[His golf clap ends and Chris just stares at the man, who looks back at him in confusion.]

Chris Cannon:

That's the only thing I can congratulate you on.

When I see AARP Card Carrying members like Johnny Hotrod... like Dan Ryan... like you, I get sick. I may not be an American but I can spot a mooch from a mile away. Let me guess, you got a senior citizen discount for these front row seats.

And you used your social security check to pay for the tickets to boot, right?

[Cannon spits at the man, who naturally jumps out of his seat. The crowd now begins to serious jeer Chris.]

Chris Cannon:

I see a struck a nerve with you, old man.

Let me make this clear, sports entertainment is a young man's game. It's not meant for old farts like you or my opponents. It was designed for guys like me. Men who train to reach the peak of physical fitness, men who run circles around people like you just chasing your glory years.

But I'll tell you what, grandpa. If you can get over that barricade with out breaking your hip, I'll let you have one free shot. Right here, right on my perfectly chiseled chin.

[The crowd explodes with cheers for the man, who smiles big with a chuckle. Security stands by but Cannon waves them off, sitting on the middle rope inviting the man into the ring.]

[The man begins to hike his leg over the railing but his wife grabs at him. Words can't be made out but the look of embarrassment and concern is enough to cause the man to hesitate, which is also enough for Cannon to comment on it.]

Chris Cannon:

Oh, c'mon, where are your balls?

[The man shakes his head and sits back down. Cannon bites his lower lip and shakes his head in frustration. He steps through the ropes and drops down to the ring level, walking right up to the man.]

Chris Cannon:

Don't be a pussy. I thought you were a player.

I mean, here you are with two lovely ladies and now you're not man enough to even prove that you're the mack daddy.

[There's no reaction from the man, he's done with the exchange, even going as far as to look away from Cannon.]

Chris Cannon:

In the case, how about I show this fine young thing a [i]real[/i] good time.

[Chris reaches over the barricade towards the man's daughter, prompting him to jump up and shove Cannon away.]

[The boos erupt as Chris retaliates with a fist still clenching the microphone, an explosion of static is heard afterwards.]

[Quickly the arena lights come back on as security separates Cannon from the spectator. Chris pulls himself away from the security personnel and heads up the ramp walking backwards. With the fans booing, he grins while mouthing off to the camera.]

AnguJeffy interlude

Jeff:

Somebody is going to kill Chris Cannon.

Angus:

This is relevant to my interests.

Jeff:

Red Leader, checking in!

[Cut.]

The Phoenix vs Dragon Jones

vs

Sit down, children. It's time for a little Evo-Three education.

The Phoenix is strugglin' and so is Dragon, but, this is the Grand Champions League, bitches, and anything can happen. Either man could go on a serious roll, stomp some fuckers out, and be crowned the Master of Wrasslin'.

Fire it up.

The action started hot with a bunch of quick circlin', almost lock-ups, but neither would commit to the lockup. Finally, they did, but Phoenix spun behind for a waistlock, but was quickly reversed. Dragon delivered a kick to the back of Phoenix's knee, which dropped him to a knee. Da-DRAGON swiftly moved around the front, crouched, and nailed a sick, buck nasty-style European Uppercut. Two times! Hat trick, son! Phoenix was down, dizzied, and discombobulated. Fuckin' perfect. That's what Dragon was thinkin'.

Springboard Moonsault! Well, Deejsault.

That means he kind of missed, gets a late cover, and nets only a ONE AND THREE-QUARTER COUNT.

The two scrambled to their feet and Dragon latched on with a side headlock. Phoenix countered by sending him into the cables, leapfrogging a charging Dragon Jones, and finally hitting a head-scissors takedown. Phoenix quickly locked on a front chancery, which Jones reversed with a sit-out/sit-through into an arm wringer of his own. Phoenix rolled forward, then to the side, but, upon freeing himself from the wringer, immediately took a standing dropkick to the dome! Jones showed a surprising amount of mat awareness, working over The Phoenix with wear down holds. I know, the fans were shocked. The Artist Formerly Known as Donovan looked to escape the ground holds and, finally, he did.

Yeah, time to go Supersonic.

Phoenix ducked a lariat and responded with a Rolling Wheel Kick (don't even know what that is, but I bet it fucking hurt). He followed with a Dragon Suplex that netted a DOS count (that's two, ar-tard.) Dragon popped up quickly 'cause he wanted to win, but walked right into an inside cradle.

One! TWO! TH - FAGETABOUTIT! Explosive kickout!

Both men popped up! REAL QUICK.

Phoenix delivered a right-hand bomb that landed squarely and Dragon responded with a LEFT of his own. Phoenix dipped and dodged it, spun the Dragon around, and hooked him up for a backslide, but Dragon was all like "No way, dude" and tried to backslide TAFKAD. Phoenix had more strength, however, and much less retardation. He gave one pull and managed to take Dragon over with the backslide.

'cept, Dragon rolled across Phoenix's back, kept the underhooks locked in, and delivered the TOM WAITS DRIVER. That was some slick-ass countering, ladies and germs. Jones rolled Phoenix over, hooked a leg, and picked up his first victory in the Grand Champions League.

Dragon Jones (+5) def. The Phoenix via Tom Waits Driver

AnguJeffy interlude

Angus:

Did Dragon Jones just score five points?

[Jeff nods.]

Angus:

Did he also do it in relatively convincing fashion?

[Jeff nods.]

Angus:

I can't deal with this shit.

Defiance Market Research (1)

[Defiance Market Research and Behavioral Observation Room]

[Session 1 - February 1st, 2012 (10am-11am)]

[In the stark white room sat six women and two men; five of the women were Caucasian and one was African American. The two men were also white. All adults were from a variety of income groups and were from different parts of the region, purely by coincidence as they were pulled for survey as tourists of the Los Angeles area.]

[They were all in the same age demographic: middle aged, over the hill, 40 plus, whatever you want to call them.]

[On the other side of the room sat Elijah Goldman with a team of market researchers and one well known business man that all of Defiance was familiar with: Edward White.]

Elijah Goldman:

I'd like to thank you again for setting this all up Mr. White.

Edward White:

I'd like to thank you again for paying me so handsomely.

Elijah Goldman:

I have one question for you...

Edward White:

That being?

Elijah Goldman:

Will these give me the results I want.

[No Reply, just a smile. A big one.]

[And then a cackle, of course.]

[On the other side of the glass, the head research assistant, Mrs. Veronica Slade enter the room, casual business attire, brown hair wore down and a stride of confidence and professionalism.]

Mrs. Slade:

Hello, Ladies and Gentlemen. My name is Veronica Slade, I am here today to conduct a focus group with you and your level of involvement in Defiance. Particularly the Evolution League.

[She looked over the group with a smile, but her warm introduction got her nowhere with the group who only heard three things: Violence, Violence, Violence.]

Mrs. Slade:

Hah, well, don't look so down. This is going to be fun. Ma'am, what are your thoughts of the product?

[Voiced towards the oldest female member of the group.]

Oldest Female:

Well, I'm not fond of them. I've heard things on the news about these wrasslin' companies exploiting women.

Young Male:

As someone with a daughter, I can't condone an organization that objectifies women as sex objects or worse.

Black Female:

It's a sad world where you'll read in the newspaper about a thirteen year old boy beating her own sister up because he

saw it on TV. It's truly barbaric.

Random Female:

Excuse me?

Black Female:

Oh lord, it was awful. This thug took his own sister, his own kin and shoved her through a table. Broke her spine like a chicken bone.

[A gasp from a few of the other participants was heard. Mrs. Slade nodded, not taking any notes. The entire room was bugged full of microphones and cameras, the researchers on the other side of the glass were the ones who were busy jotting down notes.]

Mrs. Slade:

Yes, it truly is a shame. That's why were here today. We value your opinions and want a representative take on our company as a whole. We want a wrestling company that everyone can be fond of.

Old Male:

I admit, I haven't watched wrestling since, well, since forever. When I watched, I remember that the three point stance was an illegal maneuver. So when I hear about some kid smashing a table on his sister, I'm very disturbed.

Youngest Female:

My sons watch wrestling, I'm pretty sure the girl was [i]sent through[/i] the table. Like one that they served refreshments on earlier.

Mrs. Slade:

Do you watch with your sons ma'am?

Youngest Female:

Occasionally, I'm not too fond of it. At times there seems to be too much over-the-top violence.

Oldest Female:

At times?

Old Male:

I swear, sometimes, the violence seems as if it's taken from a war movie and not a form of competition.

Mrs. Slade:

So, you do like War Movies?

Old Male:

At times. But there's a time and a place for these things on Television. Aren't their restrictions for this kind of stuff?

Mrs. Slade:

Well, the hosting publication is a pay for cable service.

Young Male:

I'm all for freedom of expression and freedom of speech, but there seems to be desensification of our youth to violence and sex. Even if this is on cable television, I can't think of anyone who doesn't have satellite or cable. Or even the internet.

[Everyone agrees with nods and a collective of "yep's", "yeah's" and "uh-huh's"]

[Mrs. Slade also agrees, but only into moving on to phase 2 of the discussion.]

Mrs. Slade:

I suppose on that note, I can show you a short ten minute highlight reel of the product and have your finalized opinions of the promotion.

[The lights dim in the room as a projector screen emerges from the ceiling.]

Johnny Hotrod in-ring

[The sound of squealing tires blasts through the arena followed by the industrial barrage of "Jesus Built my Hotrod" by Ministry. Johnny Hotrod appears at the entranceway and raises his arms to the crowd. He wastes no time jogging and sliding into the ring, microphone in hand as the music cuts abruptly.]

Johnny Hotrod:

Hello and good evening to all of you wonderful Defiance Wrestling fans! It is great to see a packed house here tonight...I am, and I'm sure everyone from Defiance is as well, appreciative to all of you and of course the Defiance fans watching at home.

Later tonight, I'll be battling it out with Dan Ryan and Chris Cannon...two young superstars of wrestling whom I'm sure are destined for great things in this industry. As you guys are probably well aware, Dan Ryan is a big powerful force of nature, and Chris Cannon is a very athletic and innovative competitor. And, then there's me...I'm supposedly not in the same league as these men...not even worthy of being given the attempt at beating them!

And, that's why I'm here...because right here, right now, in the place of "Strong deeds, Gentle words" (school motto pop) I am asking all of you and all of the fans at home to start a partnership with Johnny Hotrod. It's a simple partnership, really...I'm asking all of you to "have my back" in a sense and I will have yours. We're not like the Dan Ryans or the Chris Cannon's of the world, are we? We aren't amazing physical specimens destined for greatness, are we? No...we are people that have to work, and work hard, to get where we want to go. We've already had to struggle to get this far.

Together...we're going to "Conquer Can't." That is our goal as a group, to tamp down the naysayers, to disprove the doubters, and overcome the obstacles. If all of you promise to fight the good fight and "Conquer Can't" then I promise to all of you that I will never give up, I may lose a battle but I will never lose the war, and I will do so in honor of all the nameless warriors that fight through "Can't" every day!

[Cut.]

AnguJeffy interlude

Jeff:

Hrmph.

Angus:

Is that so?

Jeff:

Absolutely.

Angus:

Well up next we've got the "Fem Phenom" taking on The Birmingham Stallion, and you know how them Southern boys are about smackin' around their women!

Jeff:

How about I make sure ol' Jack knows that you're insinuating that DuBov is *his girl*?

Angus:

How about you quit putting words in my mouth?

Jeff:

You'd rather a fist?

Angus:

I hate you.

Jack Bryant vs Nakita DuBov

VS

Apparently Angus and Jeff rambled on too long or something, because by the time the feed got to the match it had already started and both wrestlers were circling.

Both wrestlers met in a collar and elbow tie-up. Bryant pushed Nakita back a couple steps, but she dug in and then, to his obvious disgust, backed him up! Bryant gritted his teeth, Dubov got a leg behind him and swept him to the mat. Bryant was up like a shot demanding another tie-up. This time he quickly faked her out with a fireman's carry into a backbreaker and then a slap to the head.

Dubov has anger issues, it's well known. Bryant was trying to take advantage of that, successfully at that. But he maybe underestimated his opponent a bit. Dubov was around and facing him almost instantly, easily lifting the 240 lb Bryant off his feet in an elevated double leg takedown, almost a spinebuster. Dubov hit several unanswered elbows to the face and Bryant finally lunged and got the bottom rope, Carla Ferrari forcing a break.

Dusting off his face and his dignity, Bryant took a few laps around the outside of the ring, then slid back in as the count approached 8. But he stalled getting back in the ring and as Carla tried to keep Nakita from rushing him, Bryant snuck in a punch over her head.

Bryant clubbed Dubov with shot after shot. Dubov's a very tough chick, strong as hell even considering her size, but that doesn't mean she's up to trading punches with a mean old southern southpaw like Bryant. After Bryant got her on the mat he clubbed her on the back. He pushed Nakita's torso over the middle rope, grabbed a handful of hair and bent her back up over the top rope and clubbed her in the back. When Carla made him rope break, he deadlift German'd Nakita right out of the ropes and into a cover!

Two count.

Butterfly suplex also got 2.

Double underhook lift into backbreaker ALSO got 2.

Bryant was starting to get pissed off. He picked Dubov up, applied the bearhug, headbutted her a few times. He walked her into the corner and pasted her with another headbutt and a couple chops, leaving her slumped on the ropes. Cross-ring whip. Running at the turnbuckle, Dubov stepped up to the middle rope and then the top, matrix style, and Bryant, running after her, caught a flying roundhouse kick square in the face!

Following the successful "Bullet Timer", Nakita, on one knee, slapped the mat, getting the fans behind her, waiting on Jack to get to his feet. As he did, she jumped, leaped... flying double knee! Bryant folded up, Nakita landed on top of him, grabbed the leg and leaned forward as far as she could...

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREEKICKOUT!!!

Nakita didn't waste time arguing about the count. She scoop slammed Bryant and headed straight up to the top rope. She turned, flipped back with a moonsault - and it caught knees! Nakita rolled up to her knees nursing her ribs, and from his knees, Bryant threw a lariat! It connected, Bryant collapsed on Dubov.

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE!!!

Dubov kicked out in about 3.5, but it might as well have been 300 as far as the results went. Bryant wearily allowed Carla to raise his hand and then rolled from the ring.

AnguJeffy interlude

Angus:

Big win for Jack Bryant. Yeah.

Jeff:

You know, I kinda like Nakita Dubov.

Angus:

You would.

Jeff:

Yeah. NO. But seriously. She's drawn some of the tougher wrestlers in the league early on. Troy Matthews is at the top, and Jack Bryant's been around for a while.

Angus:

Well she got that win over Box so she's not too far behind on points. But Jack Bryant's now got 10, which means he's as of right now tied for first place with a chance to start streakbuilding next card.

Mike Sloan hype vid

[Cue the music.]

[A dark figure is produced on the DEFIatron. Bright white lights flash from behind and all around him is cast into a shadow.]

♪ You take a mortal man ♪

[He steps out of the light and recognition is almost immediate.]

♪ And put him in control ♪

[It's The Dark Horse.]

♪ Watch him become a God ♪

[And he's on his way to the ring.]

♪ Watch people's heads a'roll ♪

[The crowd cheers the man who has sided with his mentor and friend Eric Dane.]

[He stands in the middle of the ring declining the microphone by pointing at his throat.]

[He waits until the arena has calmed down and points at the DEFIatron.]

[On the screen awaits his message.]

DEFIatron:

I have eyes everywhere and I'm going to dispose of you.

[There are a few sequences of scenes that play across the screen.]

[Bronson Box walking down the hall past a snack machine.]

[Then there is a scene with Goldman, YAZ, and Lisa Loeh standing around a dark table inside of Goldman's office discussing something seemingly important.]

[The scenes cut, leaving Mike staring up at the DEFIatron.]

DEFIatron:

This is my game, set at my pace.

[He looks into the crowd and just smiles before leaving the ring.]

AnguJeffy interlude

Jeff:

I don't understand Mike Sloan.

Angus:

He's an over the hill used to be World Champion with a chip on his shoulder. Of anybody anywhere, you should understand The Dark Horse.

Jeff:

Remember when they used to call him Mike F'n Sloan?

Angus:

Dude, I remember when he was “The Hotboy” Mike Sloan.

$$[\dots]$$

Jeff:

Are you serious, bro?

Angus:

Totes.

Jeff:

FUU-

Defiance Market Research (2)

[The lights come back on to full capacity as the screen goes back into hiding in the ceiling.]

[All members of the group are horrified at what they've just witnessed. While none need a barf bag or to excuse themselves, the over all completion of the group was that of disgust. And Mrs. Slade, the professional, had a stone face, void of emotion, focusing at the task at hand.]

Mrs. Slade:

Opposed to the Quantitative analysis in form of survey. I would like you to describe your thoughts of the presentation with one word, please, let's go from left to right around the table.

[Awful. Grotesque. Barbaric. Intense. Awful. Sickening. Violent. And as one participant put it: "I cannot form the words to describe my displeasure properly."]

[The scene was taken from last Evolution's match between Bronson Box and Mike Sloan, starting from when Box attacked Heidi to the finish of the match with choking Sloan out with the garrote.]

Mrs. Slade:

I see. And with these words in mind, what would you change?

Black Woman:

Everything.

Young Man:

With what I just saw, there needs to be censorship of the blood, the violence against women, just about everything.

Young Woman:

... There's no way my children can watch this, I... I'm just in shock.

Mrs. Slade:

Yes. But what would you change in the scenes you saw?

Old Male:

Well, obviously, that woman has no place in that ring. That's not a sexist remark mind you, but with that disgruntled Scotsman -- hell, I wouldn't send that guy against my worst enemy.

Young Woman:

No, I agree. There's a difference between competition and torture. This is definitely one for the latter of the two.

Oldest Woman:

And what was that [i]thing[/i] that Japanese guy handed off to the other guy, the one with the mustache?

Mrs. Slade:

The Garrote?

Oldest Woman:

Sure. Yes. That thing. It has to go.

Black Woman:

And the chair.

Young Man:

Hell, I didn't see the point of all the violence. It was all over dramatic.

Old Male:

Who was that man?

Mrs. Slade:

Bronson Box, he's quite popular with young males 14 to 25.

Black Woman:

Popular?! You mean to tell me people like that -- Brute?!

Young Man:

He's your go to guy? Holy hell, I would NOT make him the face of this wrestling company.

Oldest Woman:

Don't you have some nice young, all-American type?

Mrs. Slade

So, you would prefer --

Young Woman:

Anyone.

Young Man:

Well, not just anyone... but, he's everything I think is wrong with your product. Even that Sloan guy was more likable and he was doing the same awful things as that guy.

Old Man:

I'm all for the strong, silent type, like Gary Cooper -- and that guy, he's no Gary Cooper.

Mr. Slade:

Well, thank you for input on that. I would like to show you just another clip.

[The group takes a deep breath as the lights dim again.]

[Behind the glass, Goldman beams with delight.]

Elijah Goldman:

Edward, I can't express how overjoyed I am.

Edward White:

... and people say you can't put a price on happiness.

[They both chuckle.]

Dan Ryan vs Chris Cannon vs Johnny Hotrod

vs vs

Dan Ryan made his way out to the ring first to 'Zero' by The Smashing Pumpkins. He ignored the fans almost entirely and climbed into the ring. Next out came Johnny Hotrod to the tune of 'Jesus Built My Hotrod' by Ministry. Man we really like out rock and Metal here in Defiance, eh? Finally Chris Cannon headed out to the ring flanked by his 'associates' Adrien Cochrane and Vincent Chell. All to the tune of 'TNT' by AC/DC. See, I told you we like rock music.

The bell sounded and we were underway.

Johnny Hotrod, who despite not being the biggest fan favorite in Defiance right now was clearly the audience's choice in this one. Porbably had something to do with Chris Cannon and Dan Ryan being massive jerks. But whatever. A small 'Hotrod' chant started from a small group at ringside. Flattered by the support he was recieving he turned out to face the guys chanting and gave them a little wave.

Turning his back was all Chris Cannon needed to see and he pounced. Jumping on Hotrod's back and knocking his face first into the corner. Johnny turned around and tried to cover up but Cannon's hands rained in too quickly and soon overwhelmed the man with no nicknames making this very hard to write without a lot of repetition.

Cannon knocked Hotrod down to his ass and hammered a few more right hands into his temple for good measure before calling Dan Ryan, who until now had left the other two guys to it, over to help. Ryan stomped his way into the corner and together with 'THE' Cannon pulled Hotrod to his feet and whipped him across the ring. Chris held out his hand and barked at Ryan to whip him across the ring. Dan obliged and sent Chris across the ring quickly. Cannon charged in and leveled Hotrod with a clothesline in the corner.

Johnny fell back to his ass and was met by a running knee to the side of the head from Dan Ryan almost instantly.

Chris Cannon played to the crowd a bit, in particular the guys that had been chanting for Johnny before turning back and offering up a high five to Dan Ryan. Ryan slapped hands with Chris and the two seemed to agree that they would take Johnny out first then fight between themselves for the win.

Chris Cannon headed back into Johnny, who was just starting to pull himself up with the ropes, and helped him on his way. He placed his head under Johnny's arm, lifted him up and drove him back into the corner. Chris then whipped Johnny out of the corner and right into a hefty clothesline from Dan Ryan in the middle of the ring.

Once again Chris offered his hand to Ryan for a high five and Dan, once again, obliged. But as soon as Chris turned his attention back to Johnny, Dan Ryan reneged on their truce. He clubbed a forearm across the back of Chris' neck and shoulders, knocking him down to the ground where he could lay some stomps into any part of 'THE' Cannon's body that he could. He pulled Cannon up to his feet and whipped him into the ropes. Cannon came back to find himself being tossed into the air and coming down hard by a back body drop.

While all that was going on, Johnny Hotrod had rolled to the apron and gathered his bearings. He waited for Dan Ryan to turn around and face his direction. There he decided the smartest thing to do, and I use that term very loosely (as would he in hindsight), was to flip off the big bad Texan. Dan Ryan charged at Johnny, jumping over 'THE' Cannon, who was still rolling around in pain on the canvas, and tried to spear him off of the apron.

Johnny dropped to the floor, avoiding the spear, but caught Dan's head on his way down and dropped him, throat first across the second rope. Dan Ryan stood right back up but stumbled back away from the ropes, allowing a gap for Johnny Hotrod to slide back into before Chell and Cochrane could reach him. Ryan gathered himself in time to receive a dropkick right to his thigh that knocked his leg out from under him and sent him down to one knee. Johnny wailed

away with right hands to the temple of the kneeling big man but Ryan fought through them to get back to a vertical base.

Dan threw a right of his own and soon the two were slugging it out in the middle of the ring. Ryan landed a couple of hard right hands in succession and seemed to gain the upperhand. He placed a boot to the midsection of Johnny Hotrod and looked to scramble his brains with a headbutt. But before he could connect, his leg was taken out from under him again, this time by a chopblock from Chris Cannon.

Cannon stood up and placed a couple of stomps into the knee of Ryan before asking Johnny for some help with the big man. Hotrod was reluctant to help, but knew they had to do something about the big man. After all, neither of them particularly wanted to get their egos busted.

Cannon and Hotrod worked together to drag Ryan to the edge of the ring and lay his ankle on the bottom rope. Hotrod laid a few, hard, revenge shots into the forehead of Ryan as Chris Cannon bounced off of the bottom rope and came down, seated, across the knee of Ryan. He dropped his full weight down again and then one more time before taking Ryan's leg off of the bottom rope, pulling him around slightly then dropping an elbow across the knee of the big man.

Cannon held onto the leg and twisted it a couple of times. Johnny Hotrod spotted what was going on and pulled 'THE' Cannon off of their opponent. Chris didn't take kindly to being pulled off by another man and slapped Johnny across the cheek.

Johnny smiled and laughed a little as 'THE' Cannon berated him for not letting him try for a submission. Johnny Hotrod rubbed the area where he'd been slapped before dropping Cannon to the mat with a single right hand. Hotrod mounted Cannon and laid in several more right hands before climbing off of Chris and pulling him back to his feet. He hooked up Cannon and took him over with a lightning fast snap suplex.

Johnny stood back up, only to get wiped out by a clothesline from Ryan. Dan shook the pain in his knee out, or at least tried. He walked gingerly back to where Hotrod lay and peeled him off of the canvas. a quick second later and Johnny was sailing through the air after an overhead belly to belly suplex that damn near took him out of his boots. Chris Cannon, ever the opportunist lay an arm across Johnny and tried for a pin.

Even if Dan Ryan hadn't been right there to break up the cover then Johnny Hotrod would have gotten his arm up before the count of two. But as it was he didn't need to. Ryan pulled Cannon out of the cover by his leg. Chris turned to look up at Ryan and begged him not to hurt him. Slowly Cannon got back to his feet, all the while trying to convince Ryan that they should be working together, again.

Ryan wasn't going for it now though.

Dan swung with a haymaker, but Chris ducked it and went behind. Ryan span quickly but took a thumb to the eye and a kick to the leg combined to stun the big man and take him down to one knee, putting a stop to any momentum he may have had. Cannon hit the ropes and came back, taking Ryan down with a bulldog. Cannon went for a cover on Ryan this time.

But Johnny Hotrod dove in to break the pinfall up just after one.

Hotrod and Cannon both got to their feet and Dan Ryan rolled to the ropes to gather his bearings and try to put his eye back in it's socket. Hotrod blocked a right hand from Cannon and landed one of his own. Again, Cannon swung but his shot was blocked and reversed into another right from Hotrod. Johnny punched Cannon back to the ropes and whipped him across the ring. Chris came back and got dropped with a drop toe hold. Hotrod held the ankle, stood up and started cranking on it with an ankle lock.

Cannon scratched and clawed at the canvas, trying so hard to reach the ropes. Chris reached out but got pulled back into the middle of the ring by Hotrod. With Johnny's attention diverted for a second Chris was able to roll through the ankle lock and break free. Johnny stumbled forwards and hit the ropes chest first. He bounced back into a school boy from 'THE' Cannon.

Dan Ryan this time dove in to make the save at the two count.

All three men got back to their feet. Hotrod and Ryan locked eyes before both looking towards Cannon. It was time for Chris to get a taste of his own medicine. Both men laid rights and lefts into Cannon's beautiful, beautiful face knocking him back to the ropes. They both whipped Cannon across the ring and Ryan lifted him into a gorilla press on the rebound. Dan carried on his speed towards the opposite side of the ring where he dropped Chris crotch first across the top rope. Dan bounced Cannon up and down a couple of times before Johnny Hotrod ran at the ropes, jumped up and springboarded his way back at Cannon.

It almost looked like he was going for a crossbody block, something that would have surely wiped Cannon out of the match had they tumbled to the outside, but Dan Ryan cut Johnny off at the pass and caught him in mid air. He slung Hotrod back into the middle of the ring with a fall away slam before getting back up and clotheslining Cannon off of the ropes and down to the apron.

Chell and Cochrane tended to their fallen associate as Ryan turned his attention back to Hotrod and peeled him up off the canvas again. Hotrod swung wildly with a clothesline but connected with nothing but air. His momentum carried him around, allowing Ryan to catch him in a waistlock and take him up and over with a huge release German suplex. Ryan crawled his way over to Johnny and went for a cover!

Only to have Cannon slingshot himself over the top rope and drop a leg across the back of Ryan's head!

Dan Ryan rolled out of the way and Cannon instead attempted a cover on Hotrod.

But Johnny kicked out at two.

Cannon pounded the mat a couple of times before seeing Dan Ryan on his back in the middle of the ring. He scrambled over to the big Texan and went for another cover!

But Ryan got his shoulder up at two!

Johnny Hotrod got back to his feet and charged at Cannon, who had just got to his, and tried for a clothesline. Chris ducked the attempted and ran for the ropes. He jumped, hit the second rope and twisted as he headed back into the ring Cannon flipped over the head of Hotrod, who had just turned around in time, and dropped him with a neckbreaker!

Chris turned onto his stomach and tried to go for the cover, but he couldn't move. Dan Ryan had grabbed a hold of his ankle. Cannon again scratched and clawed, looking for a way to get away from the big man, but Ryan got back to his feet, still holding the leg of 'THE' Cannon. Chris pushed his way up as well and hopped on one foot in the middle of the ring. Chris jumped and looked to land an enziguri into the side of Ryan's head, but the ego buster ducked it. Chris managed to land on all fours and got back to his feet, but now Ryan was right behind him. Ryan locked in a waistlock, popped the hips and delivered another release German Suplex, this time to Chris Cannon.

Ryan stood right back up, turned around and ate a dropkick to the face from Johnny Hotrod. Ryan stumbled back into the ropes before being taken over the top and down to the floor by a clothesline from Johnny Hotrod. Hotrod tumbled to the outside as well, but quickly recovered and got back to his feet but Dan Ryan grabbed onto Hotrod's boot to stop him from rolling back into the ring. Johnny turned and laid a boot into Dan Ryan's head, but Ryan blocked it with his free hand and twisted the foot. Hotrod flipped and landed on his back alongside Ryan. Dan got to his feet, peeled Johnny off the floor and kicked him hard in the gut.

Johnny didn't have a chance to do anything else as Ryan took him up and dropped him down with a Humility Bomb! Ryan picked Johnny up and rolled him into the ring under the bottom rope before sliding in after him.

But he didn't get far as Chell and Cochrane both grabbed a leg each and weighed him down. Dan Ryan scratched and clawed at the canvas as Chris Cannon came to and crawled his way over to Johnny Hotrod's limp body.

Cannon dropped across Johnny Hotrod.

Ryan punched back at Chell.

ONE!

Cannon grabbed a knee and hooked the leg!

Ryan landed a shot into Cochrane!

TWO!

Cannon grabbed a handful of tights for good measure!

Dan Ryan leapt!

THREE!

Dan Ryan crashed down onto the cover just a second too late!

Chris Cannon got the hell out of Dodge as Dan Ryan lunged for him again. Together with Chell and Cochrane, Cannon celebrated up the ramp as Dan Ryan seethed in the ring.

Chris Cannon (+5) def. Jonny Hotrod via Dan Ryan's Humility Bomb

AnguJeffy interlude

Angus:

Damn.

Jeff:

Good match.

Angus:

Yeah, until Adrien and Chell got involved.

Jeff:

You're just mad Dan Ryan didn't win.

Angus:

So?

Jeff:

So nothing, just callin' 'em like I see's 'em.

[Cut.]

Alceo Dentari backstage

[Backstage, in a locker room that can be adequately described as dilapidated, Alceo Dentari sits hunched forward with his elbows rested on his knees cracking his knuckles. He leans back and stretches his shoulders out before exhaling loudly. Alceo looks down at his wrist watch and sighs impatiently.]

[He hunches forwards to lean on his knees again before staring down at the floor. He taps his feet for a few seconds and checks his fingernails. One has a fleck of dirt under it, but that's soon picked out.]

[Alceo stands up from his seat and begins to pace around the room, performing various stretches to his arms and upper body. He throws a few punches at the dust floating around the room. Body blows, ducks, dodges, hooks, and hay-makers connect with nothing before he unleashes a quick series of violent jabs and finishes with an uppercut that Manny Pacquiao would be proud of.]

[Alceo stares at the floor. Maybe he's imagining where his shadow would be laying right now were it even possible to actually box. Although more likely he's imagining himself standing over an unconscious Heidi Christenson.]

[Good times.]

[Another glimpse at his watch and another sigh. Alceo sits back down in his steel folding chair, leans back, folds his arms and tilts his head back to count the ceiling tiles.]

[Wait...]

Alceo Dentari: (whispering to himself)
Eighty Six.

[Alceo heaves another long, heavy sigh and looks down at his watch again. He looks frustrated as he looks back at the ceiling, rubs his eyes and yawns. Alceo crosses his legs and closes his eyes as we fade to black.]

Backstage interview w/Devil Rippers

[Cold open to Christie Zane backstage.]

Christie:

Hi everyone. I'm backstage with Jack Cassidy, who is set to take on his tag partner in the Devil Rippers, Troy Matthews, in the upcoming match.

[Enter Jack Cassidy in his khakis and Hawaiian shirt.]

Christie:

So Jack, I assume you are aware that your brother Zeke uploaded a rant about your alleged lack of success in matches against your tag team partners to Defiance.

[Jack is not smiling.]

Jack:

Yes, I'm aware. And I'd like to know who allowed that thing to be released. But I assure you all, Zeke's ass has been kicked. And as for Troy Matthews, I respect the guy, he's my friend, but what Zeke said is true. I guess we'll just see what happens in the ring is all.

[A familiar voice bellows from offscreen.]

Troy:

That's it, Jack? That's IT?!

[And like a shot, Troy storms onto the scene, already in his ring garb, with Saori Kazama in tow. The Jersey Devil is staring daggers into the Ripper, and his gritted teeth suggests some kind of frustration.]

Troy:

I've been training all week for this match, knowing that I was gonna be in that ring with the one man in Defiance that knows me more than anyone else on either league's roster, and all I get is "we'll see what happens?" Jack, man... [Troy shakes his head in disappointment; not mock disappointment, but he actually looks like he's been let down.] ...you're so. much. BETTER than that.

[Jack looks stunned. He shrugs, his eyes still wide.]

Jack:

What'd you want me to say then, dude? The old Defiance special? Call you a faggot? Just because I'm not talking shit doesn't mean I don't respect you and that I'm not trying to win the match.

[Troy nods and shrugs, before snapping back.]

Troy:

I know you do, and I know you're trying, but ever since we started teaming up, I always noticed there was something holding you back... I know it's not an injury or anything, because you're in the best shape I've ever seen you in, but it's gotta be some kind of mental block. And I don't know what it is. Is it the pressure from the Chaotic days coming back to haunt you? I know I'm opening up the biggest can of worms ever made here, but is it YAZ? Because you know as well as I do that neither that old company, or THAT piece of shit in a mask, matters. All that matters in the here and now in Defiance.

[Troy grabs the mic from Christie Zane for himself, and turns to the camera.]

Troy:

Every word I said about Jack Cassidy's potential? I meant it. Each and every word. And I know, and YOU know, Jack, and EVERY one of the Defiance faithful knows that you're not living up to it. Now, I'm not one of those people

who looks for underlings in my partners. I don't believe in units like the Devil Rippers having a clear cut leader, because I want to know that I'm on an even field with the people I side with, and if one of us is going to be the Evolution League's breakout star...

[Troy turns to Jack and nods.]

Troy:

I want to know that it could just as easily be either one of us, that one will be there to fill in where the other slips, and that we're ready to take on ANYONE. And Jack, I know you have it in you to be that person, to take on anyone in Defiance, whether it's Dragon Jones or big, bad Dan Ryan. I know it's there, Jack... but it's time to look inside and pull it out into the open.

Jack:

Dude. You wanna know what my problem is?

Troy:

YES!

Jack:

I don't want to be bitter.

Troy:

Well, this is the time and the place to air out that bitterness.

Jack:

D'you remember when we first met, when we were working for Angelina Bishop and The Authority back in CRW? And I was still supposed to be the next big thing, and she had me working directly with Heidi and Jeff Andrews? And I ended up hating what I was doing so much that I left the CAL and swore I'd never work for another interfed fed again? Because... because when I was a kid and a mark, I idolized some of those people I was working with. I got there, and I saw how angry everyone was all the time, and how they didn't like each other, and I got out because I didn't want to turn into Jeff Andrews. Then Lions Road fucked me over, UWL told me how awesome it was when I shot on the guy who ran it, and...

[Jack takes a long, loud breath.]

Jack:

I turned into the same goddamn bitter burnout that Jeff did anyway. And I did nothing but FAIL LIKE HELL for THREE FUCKING YEARS, until I finally gave up, quit wrestling and dumped Diane.

[Troy and Saori are positively stunned by Jack's rant, as is Christie. Troy manages to snap out of it and closes in on Jack.]

Troy:

Three years. You spent three years sulking in that bitterness. I've seen the stuff that went on with Jeff and the others first-hand. You don't need to tell me how it changes people, because I've seen it. And I've been even more at risk of getting infected by that kind of behavior now that Alex is retired.

[For those of you just joining us, Alex Markham was Troy Matthews' former tag team partner in the Stone and Steel Syndicate, most known for their career in Old Line Wrestling, based not that far from here in Baltimore.]

Troy:

I don't know how I've avoided losing my heart all this time; I'm no self-help book with all the answers. But I know one thing that I hope you know, too. If you don't step in that ring with all of your being alive and kicking in that ring, that bitterness is going to show, and you're going to spend even more time floundering in it, your career being set back further and further.

[Troy leans in farther, his eyes now green flares that could probably zap Jack, Christie, and the entire Comcast Center into a pile of burning cinders at any moment.]

Troy:

But if you decide to throw all of it off of your shoulders, stop hating yourself for things you had no control over, and come at me with everything you got, and believe me, whether it's me, Heidi, Dan Ryan, the Faces of Death, or Christian Light just materializing out of the ether, you're going to need to bring EVERYTHING YOU HAVE, and show the world just who Jack "The Ripper" Cassidy is?

[Troy smiles.]

Troy:

Whether you beat me or not, you'll have shown the world just what you can do. You can put CRW, UWL, Lion's Road, all of it, in its own little chapter in the past, where it belongs. And you can look to the future and see the challenges that face you. And you won't buckle. You'll persevere, you'll progress, and you will WIN.

[Troy shakes his head, looking to Saori while continuing.]

Troy:

This isn't me telling you how I'm gonna beat you in the ring, because that's not what this is about, and also because you're the only wrestler in Defiance, the ONLY ONE, who I've seen at full capacity and thought, "if he wrestles me like THAT and knows me as well as he does, I'm in trouble."

[Saori nods wistfully, while Troy snaps back to Jack.]

Troy:

I said I was going to wake you up tonight and compel you to bring all of your potential, all your pent-up frustration, all your missed opportunities to the surface so you can make up for lost time and skyrocket like I KNOW you can. And if I have to strap you into a chair, Clockwork Orange-style and make you watch Lion's Road and UWL tapes until you want to kill someone, I mean, seriously, how did you get caught up with THAT garbage?, then so be it. If I have to grab YAZ's mask and put it on my face and make you want to smash my head in like a melon, then so be it.

[Troy grins.]

Troy:

I can handle beatings. I've made my career out of it. A little bandage and bed rest will take care of the worst you or anyone in Defiance can throw at me. But those wounds to your spirit? [Troy shakes his head.] They don't heal as easily. And they can last forever. But go out in that ring and prove yourself... and you'll be as good as new, Jack.

Jack:

Troy... what the hell makes you think I don't have heart? Have you ever had to call your own self out? Or slipped and had to fight your way back? If I hadn't found my heart I wouldn't have come back to wrestling. After I sat on my ass for a few years and finally decided I was ready to come back to the game, I decided that I was going to have a good attitude. Period. Even if it meant doing things like turning the other cheek when my opponent got disrespectful. And while I was in UWL, it worked. But I ended up here, and it's not.

Troy:

What makes me think you don't have heart is the plain and simple fact, you should have beaten Leon Maddox in the preseason, and you SURE AS HELL should have beaten Dan Ryan last time. And if you're going to tell me that you don't think you should have... [Troy steps into Jack's space and stares him down.] I swear on my life I will beat you right here and right now until I hammer it into your head. This is DEFIANCE. This place gets off on using homophobic slurs as authentic smacktalk. Do you really think that turning the other cheek is going to get you anything other than black and blue?

[Troy steps back, but keeps his laser gaze on the Ripperman.]

Troy:

Now, you know that I've done stuff in this business that I'm not proud of. Back in CRW, I was a complete bastard, and you've seen me firsthand. I've spent a lot of time trying to repent from those days... but that doesn't mean I lost focus on what it takes, and what it means to win. There's nothing wrong with being a good person, here, Jack.

[Troy takes a long, deep breath and closes his eyes.]

Troy:

But being a good person doesn't mean being weak. And you're not weak, Jack. You're stronger than you know. And tonight, I'm going to bring that strength out, with whatever it takes.

[Jack grins. It's a strange kind of grin. It's not amused, and it's not a cliché predator grin, and it's not exactly pissed off, but it's not [i]not[/i] pissed off either, if you can follow that.]

Jack:

Thanks bro. And... good luck.

[And with that, Jack pats Troy on the shoulder twice, hard enough to knock him off balance, then turns and walks off. Saori turns to Troy and breaks the awkward silence.]

Saori:

You think he listened to you? Or is he just mad?

Troy:

Looked like he listened to me. I don't know if he'll be ready this week, but I hope he gets what I'm trying to tell him. He's gonna need to be woken up by the time he gets in the ring with Heidi or Bronson Box if he's going to stand a chance. Or else, he's going to keep spinning his wheels, and that's no way to go here.

[He turns around towards the left of your screen.]

Troy:

I just hope I got to him.

[Troy walks offscreen and Saori follows, leaving Christie Zane alone with the camera.]

Christie:

Well, let's get back to the ring for more of the Evolution League.

Jack Cassidy vs Troy Matthews

vs

Jack Cassidy and Troy Matthews entered the ring to their respective entrance themes as the crowd cheered on. They circled each other as Matthews feigned a single leg takedown, which Cassidy side-stepped. Cassidy went in to lock up with Matthews but Matthews countered with a Japanese armdrag, that sent Cassidy to the mat. Cassidy got up quickly and charged back at Matthews who once again sent Cassidy over with a Japanese armdrag. Cassidy went back in hard again, only to meet the same fate a third time. Cassidy got to a knee and checked his lip, before he nodded at Matthews in respect.

Cassidy and Matthews locked up, and Cassidy gained the upper hand this time with an armbar that quickly became a headlock. Matthews pushed Cassidy into the ropes, Cassidy leap-frogged over the backbody drop, and hooked his arms around the top rope as Matthews flopped to the mat with a missed dropkick. It was Matthews this time who nodded in Cassidy's direction.

Cassidy and Matthews tied up again. Cassidy once again gained the advantage, locking up Matthews arm. Cassidy increased the leverage and put another twist in the arm as Matthews winced in pain. Matthews looked for a way, and eventually rolled forward twice and then shot straight up and drilled Cassidy in the jaw with a spinning heel kick out of nowhere.

Cassidy didn't go down but stumbled backwards, which was all Matthews needed. He shot forward with a series of kicks to the thighs and then slamming his foot into the stomach of Cassidy which backed him slumped into the corner. Matthews kept coming with a barrage of kicks to the torso. Matthews hopped to the second rope and springboarded into a spinning kick to the side of Cassidy's face that finally sent Cassidy collapsing into the ring. Matthews went straight back to a springboard maneuver as he jumped off and landed a legdrop across the throat of Cassidy. Cassidy struggled to get a shoulder up at a two count, but managed to stay alive.

Matthews pounced back on Cassidy quickly locking in headlock. Matthews seemed to be wearing Cassidy down until Cassidy started slamming his hand to the mat trying to work himself up into a counter. He worked his way up to a knee and started driving elbows into the mid-section of Matthews until both men were standing. Cassidy threw Matthews into the ropes and ducked under a running lariat attempt before throwing himself into the ropes. Both men met in the middle with simultaneous cross-body dives that left both men motionless lying in the ring.

The referee started a ten count, but neither man began to stir until the referee had gotten to six. Cassidy was up first at eight and charged the kneeling Matthews; Matthews reacted just in time to catch the foot of Cassidy before it reached his chest. Just as Matthews stood up Cassidy got himself out of the precarious position with an enzuigiri that sent Matthews crashing to the mat. Cassidy went for a quick cover, but Matthews still had enough in the tank to kick out.

Cassidy tried to get back on Matthews quickly, but Matthews swept the legs from underneath him and Cassidy's head snapped off the mat. Matthews couldn't take advantage of the momentum as he was still shaking out some cobwebs, and both men reached their feet at about the same time. Matthews ducked under a wild clothesline attempt from

Cassidy hit Cassidy in the back with a dropkick. Cassidy collided headfirst into the top turnbuckle and stumbled backwards into the waiting arms of Matthews who slammed Cassidy over with a Tiger suplex. The referee dove down and counted one and two, but Cassidy flipped out just before the referee reached three.

The crowd was in a frenzy as Matthews started towards the top rope, just as Cassidy was stumbling to his feet. Matthews waited until Cassidy turned around and leaped onto the shoulders of Cassidy for a hurricanrana, but Cassidy had the move well-scouted and slammed Matthews to the mat with a powerbomb. He hooked a leg, but it wasn't enough to get Matthews down for a three count.

Cassidy was a step ahead of Matthews this time as he jumped to the second rope and dove onto Matthews with a crossbody block. Both men went hard to the mat, but Cassidy's momentum carried both men over and it was Matthews earning the cover attempt that Cassidy managed to kick out of at two.

Matthews charged at Cassidy as both men reached their feet, but he missed on a spinning heel kick as Cassidy ducked underneath it. Matthews was quickly back up though and walked right into a "Rip Kick" from Cassidy that sent Matthews collapsing to the mat. Cassidy clawed his way up to the top turnbuckle and dove off with a "Vertical Bird" as a spattering of camera flashes went off around the arena and landed squarely onto Matthews. The referee dove to the mat and slapped his hands three times on the mat, giving Cassidy the victory.

Cassidy got up to his feet and fell back onto the second turnbuckle and raised his hands, as much in relief as in celebration. He watched Matthews struggle to his feet and stepped forward with his right hand extended. The crowd roared as Matthews looked around the arena and took hold of Cassidy's hand and pulled him in for a respectful hug. Matthews held Cassidy's hand upwards for a moment before bowing out of the ring.

Jack Cassidy (+5) def. Troy Matthews via Vertical Bird

AnguJeffy interlude

Angus:

These two need to just get a room.

Jeff:

You wouldn't know anything about friendship, or about teammates.

Angus:

I know about running trains...

[Jeff rolls his eyes.]

Angus:

Anyway, I'm gonna call that an upset. So what's the over/under on Goldman giving Jack some sort of retarded gimmick next week?

Jeff:

I'm not a gambling man, homeslice.

Angus:

Pfft. Fag.

Backstage w/ Box, Dentari, YAZ

[Backstage.]

[Bronson Box.]

[The Scottish Strongman is dressed for wrestling, his brown robe already donned, his old timey mustache groomed.]

[He's facing Yoshikazu YAZ.]

[The Setting Sun has found the darkest spot in the hallway to stand in. Lisa Loeh in her so-called quipao stands next to him.]

Bronson Box:

I'm not usually one ta accept charity, boyo, but since Eric Dane stuck 'is nose where he had no right an' tol' Sloan ta persecute me, I'll tolerate yer help for the time being.

[YAZ makes no response.]

Box:

However, make no mistake. I've seen yer record, an' I'm well aware that yer job as my backup is charity in itself. Then again, ye wouldn' be offerin' help if ye didn' need it.

[Lisa reaches out to put one hand on YAZ's shoulder. He pays no mind to it, focusing on Box's face.]

Box:

An' hopefully for yer sake ye can get yer slanty eyes open wide enough ta see th' truth of my words.

[YAZ exhales loudly through his teeth, and Lisa quickly steps in front of him, grabbing both shoulders as if to hold him back.]

Lisa:

YAZ, just let it go. You're getting paid for this.

[Boxer turns an irritated glance on her.]

Box:

Mind yer place, wench. YAZ, I'm not impressed with ye so far, not in th' least, but ye've got this chance to impress me. Don't waste it.

[YAZ is spared the necessity of responding as Alceo Dentari emerges from a door in the the background and heads towards his partners for tonight's main event.]

[Alceo rolls his sleeves up to the elbows and does a little more stretching of his arms. He shakes his neck out before pushing his way past Lisa and turns to face Bronson Box]

Dentari:

Stay outta my way an' I'll stay outta yours.

[Dentari pokes a finger into Box's chest, which is about as high as he can reach anyway.]

Dentari:

But if you think yous gonna be pinnin' Heidi... Yous more delusional than I thought.

[Box scoffs into his mustache.]

[Alceo turns to face YAZ and looks him up and down. Mainly up though.]

[He doesn't need to say anything though, his facial expression speaks volumes]

[It says 'that goes for you too', by the way.]

[And that's the thing. Because after having preached to and insulted by Box, YAZ isn't in the mood to turn the other cheek. Besides, he's not getting paid to watch Dentari's back.]

YAZ:

I'll do my best not to [i]overlook[/i] you.

[Tell me he didn't just say that.]

[Alceo's eyes widen in anger as he breathes in sharply. He purses his lips and looks towards YAZ but doesn't say a word before storming off towards the arena.]

Box:

Ye'll listen to me words then?

[YAZ steps forward, face to face with Box. At the height of 6'3", Box has to look up to meet his gaze.]

YAZ:

...Fine.

Dentari/Box/YAZ vs Booya/Heidi/Sloan

VS

"El Distorto De Melodica" by Everclear brought the trio of Heidi Christenson, Jonny Booya and Mike Sloan to the ring. Booya was without any management or backup.

"Orion" by Metallica brought the trio of Alceo Dentari, Bronson Box, and Yoshikazu YAZ to the ring.

Maybe it was the points on the line, but all six wrestlers behaved themselves during the pre-match rituals, allowing Benny Doyle to check them for concealed objects and run down the rules of the fight - which in this case was "Elimination rules, no time limit, tags may be exchanged via tag in the corner or the legal participant leaving the ring".

DING! DING! DING!

Dentari and Booya started off the match. Dentari dropkicked the knee, got back up to his feet, and front kicked the hell out of Booya's face, sending Booya to the mat! Dentari went in batshit with the stomps and the elbows, pummeling his opponent... but Booya intercepted a stomp, got to his own feet, and wiped Dentari out with a short leg lariat. Dentari scrambled up but with no energy behind it, and Booya flapjacked him. Again Dentari wobbled to his feet, and Booya dropkicked him back into his own corner.

Tags exchanged. In came Mike Sloan and Yoshikazu YAZ, and Sloan drew first blood with a shoulder tackle. Irish whip, YAZ ducked the clothesline, rebounded into a powerslam! Sloan pulled YAZ to his feet, threw him into the neutral corner, charged in after him, YAZ ducked and throat jabbed Sloan. Repeated shoot kicks to the chest sent Sloan to a sitting position and YAZ went in with the boot scrapes. One scrape, two scrapes, three and Sloan caught the foot, pushed YAZ over backwards.

YAZ tagged out to Bronson Box. Mike Sloan tagged out to Heidi Christenson.

The fans erupted as the two stepped into the ring, but Bronson Box shook his head and smiled and said something. Lip readers could tell that it was "It's not time yet". And he told Heidi to tag back out to Mike Sloan.

Surprisingly, Heidi did just that.

Box and Sloan didn't bother with anything technical. They flew at each other and started banging away. Sloan had a height, weight and reach advantage. Box had the training advantage. Sloan pummeled Box about the head neck and shoulders, Box snuck blasts into the side of Sloan's head in between the clubs. Sloan tired of this, booted Box, tried an Irish whip, Box countered, Sloan hung on, and the two men went down like a pair of rookies tripping over their own feet, fell out of the ring, and the brawl was on as Sloan clotheslined Box over the guardrail and into the stands!

Because of the Sloan/Box rules, Benny Doyle just shrugged and called for new legal men!

In came Dentari and Heidi.

Dentari slapped Heidi right across the face.

Heidi kicked Dentari on the back of the leg so hard his legs went straight out from under him and he hit the mat!

Heidi dragged Dentari across the ring, draped his neck over the bottom rope, sat down on his shoulders and laced her legs around his neck and the ring rope, and suddenly had a modified version of the Twisted Triangle applied with the ring rope stuck inside the hold!

Dentari flailed wildly and Benny Doyle ran over to try and make the rope break - but the look in Heidi's eyes was that doe-like placid one, and it was obvious to anyone who'd followed her career that she didn't have any intentions of breaking the hold.

Period.

YAZ, not overly concerned with Dentari, still ran to try and break it up, but he only got one kick in before Booya knocked him down with the axe bomber! Benny Doyle, failing to pry the hold loose, called for the bell!

Eliminated: Heidi Christenson (Alceo Dentari, DQ)

Mike Sloan came racing in out of nowhere, pushed Booya out of the ring from behind, dragged Dentari to mid-ring and hit him with an Orange Crush! Doyle counted the pin.

Eliminated: Alceo Dentari (Mike Sloan, pinfall)

Booya was straight back into the ring and even as Sloan's arm was still being raised, Booya spun Sloan around and pushed him head over heels! And that was just in time for Box to slide into the ring behind him and schoolboy him for a 3 count that Sloan made no effort to break up!

Eliminated: Jonny Booya (Bronson Box, pinfall)

But Sloan had miscalculated, and now he was in a 1 vs 2 situation. And as many commentators over the years have said, no one wrestler should be able to beat two nominally competent wrestlers.

When Sloan turned around on Box, YAZ shoot kicked him in the back of the thigh, and an extended series of 2 on 1 followed.

When Sloan turned it around on YAZ, Box was there to punch him in the kidney, and more two on one beatings of the down followed.

Sloan almost made it in the end. As he was hanging on the ropes and Box charged, Sloan dropped and pulled the ropes down. Box took a nasty tumble over the top rope and landed hard. Sloan turned on YAZ then and... immediately got a face full of the green mist! YAZ hit the ropes for some momentum, came flying back and just about caved Sloan's jaw in with the shotei! YAZ quickly made the cover, and picked up a pinfall off it!

Eliminated: Mike Sloan (Yoshikazu YAZ)

The final points tabulation.

Dentari: +1 (DQ win)

Sloan: +3 (pinfall win)

YAZ: +3 (pinfall win), +2 (survived match)

Box: +3 (pinfall win), +2 (survived match)

AnguJeffy points recap

Angus:

So... ok, WOW. That was NOT how I saw that match going down when it was on paper.

Jeff:

Alceo Dentari and Jonny Booya both come out of the match with their win streaks cut short, and if you ask me Jonny seemed kinda off his game with Kai Scott not here. Mike Sloan doesn't work with his team, Heidi gets herself DQed straight off, and Yoshikazu YAZ picks up his first duke in his Defiance run? Yeah, aside from Heidi I didn't really see any of this coming.

Angus:

Heidi's got herself some temper problems, hasn't she?

Jeff:

I plead the fifth. And you know what else? I'm gonna go out on a limb and say that YAZ made a fool of Mike Sloan. Sloan wanted Box, only wanted Box, wanted nothing but Box but he got knocked out. I'll tell you from personal experience, Angus, the shotei is even by finishing move standards, something you don't want to get hit with.

Angus:

So let's see that new points lineup and the standings! And then we'll talk shit!

- 1) Alceo Dentari: 11 (+1)
- 2) Jack Bryant: 10 (+5)
- 2) Jack Cassidy: 10 (+5)
- 2) Jonny Booya: 10 (no change)
- 2) Troy Matthews: 10 (no change)
- 6) Yoshikazu YAZ: 7 (+5)
- 7) Bronson Box: 5 (+5)
- 7) Chris Cannon: 5 (+5)
- 7) Dan Ryan: 5 (no change)
- 7) Heidi Christenson: 5 (no change)
- 7) Nakita DuBov: 5 (no change)
- 12) Mike Sloan: 3 (+3)
- 13) Dragon Jones: 0 (+5)
- 14) The Phoenix: -5 (-5)

Angus:

So even though Dentari's streak ended becaus Sloan pinned him, he's now the sole leader of the league.

Jeff:

Yeah, I don't think anyone really expected that all three guys up for streak bonuses would lose, but it is what it is. Bronson Box is back in the playing field, and YAZ goes from bottom of the barrel to contender. And we've got a four way tie for second place, with Jacks Bryant and Cassidy moving up to tie with Matthews and Booya.

Angus:

Incidentally, I believe that Cassidy and Box did not earn the 5 point bonus for beating a league leader because there was a tie for first place, which meant that there wasn't actually one leader, which meant no bonus. That's how Evo League's calling it, anyway.

Jeff:

Evolution League's rankings are still tightly packed, even moreso than last week actually, and it's still anybody's chance to win.

Angus:

So what you're saying is, there's a bunch of points still to be had, a bunch of matches yet to be wrestled, and a bunch

more shit that nobody outside of us has the brains to figure out.

Jeff:

Are you shooting?

Angus:

Aren't I always?

Jeff:

That's it for Evolution this week, folks, stay tuned sooner rather than later for Heritage to hit the airwaves and DEFIANCE to continue slogging through the muck!

Angus:

Wow, that was kind of deep.

Jeff:

Shutup, fag.

[End.]