

of static as their headsets come unplugged.] **Cito:** I think we don't need to read any more of these, actually. [Pause.]

Cito: Fans may remember how at the beginning of the Interleague show, Kai Scott had a long conversation with Elijah Goldman. Acting as Commissioner of the Heritage League, I spoke to Kai myself earlier this afternoon. We were going to hold the footage until later, but I think now's a good time to run it... [Cut.]

Cito talks to Kai Scott

[Previously taped.] [Being that he's a commentator in addition to being a League Commissioner, Cito Conarri doesn't spend much time in his office. And as a coach first and foremost, he doesn't really like talking to wrestlers from behind a desk, or in an office.] [But that's where we are now, Cito's rarely seen office. His desk is bare except for a cup stuck full of writing implements. Much less formal than Elijah Goldman's.] [Kai Scott is seated.] **Kai Scott:** So Eric Dane found out that I talked to E-Gold, and he put you up to having the same conversation with me? **Cito Conarri:** [with a sigh] In short, yes. He would like me to inform you that whatever rewards Goldman is offering, he can exceed, and whereas Goldman is incompetent and impotent, you should be afraid for your clients' health if you side against him. **Kai:** He couldn't be bothered to threaten me to my face? [Cito sighs again.] **Cito:** I... suppose he had his reasons for wanting me to do it. **Kai:** And the part where I told Elijah Goldman that I wasn't interested in picking sides, did Eric ignore that? Or is this really a threat that if I don't side with him immediately, the consequences will never be the same? **Cito:** He didn't say one way or another. **Kai:** Awesome. [An awkward silence ensues.] **Kai:** Hey Cito, let me ask you something. [Cito nods.] **Kai:** I spent years tormenting Heidi. And even though she's your favorite student, in all the time I was doing that, you never once stepped in and tried to kick my ass. Why? **Cito:** Why bring that up now? You and Heidi and Jeff are all friends again. ...somehow. **Kai:** Wrestling's a crazy business, isn't it? But seriously. Answer the question, or decline to answer it, either's fine. But don't dodge it. **Cito:** Heidi likes to fight her own battles. And according to her, every time she allows anyone to help her she comes out of it looking like a phony. She never asked me to help. And when they first started fighting with each other, that was all the way back in IWA and my IWA contract specified I wasn't allowed to get physically involved anyhow. **Kai:** And was it ever hard to stick to that? [Cito blinks.] **Cito:** Come again? **Kai:** Did you ever feel like just ignoring Heidi, and kicking my ass anyway? How hard was it to ignore that? **Cito:** Being a coach has taught me tolerance and patience if nothing else, and it was... easily manageable. Usually. **Kai:** And that's pretty much how I feel about the whole Evolution versus Heritage thing. I'm no fan of Goldman, but right now, my responsibility is to manage Clair and Jonny, not jump back into the idiot dance. **Cito:** Fair enough for me. [Kai gets up and leaves undramatically.] [End.]

Nakita DuBov vs Michel LaLiberte

vs

We cut into this match as Nakita stepped into the ring and the sounds of "Increase The Dosage" faded from the speakers. With LaLiberte already in the ring, Carla Ferrari called for the bell and this one's underway. And immediately Michel made a mistake, turning his back on DuBov to flirt with Carly. The referee tried to remind him of the pending match, but DuBov beat her to it, slamming her fist into his head and sending him flying. LaLiberte got back up, less than impressed. He looked his opponent up and down, smiling that pretty-boy smile at Nakita as they moved to a toe-to-toe staredown. LaLiberte said something to her that we can't pick up and then pie-faced her, sending her back a step. Nakita responded with a shove that knocked LaLiberte ass over teakettle. LaLiberte got back up and the two immediately lock into a collar and elbow lockup. DuBov went into the arm wrench, pushing down on the wrist. LaLiberte countered with his own arm wrench, turning it into a hammerlock. Complete with Whealdon-esque inappropriate gyrations. However, unlike Petey W, LaLiberte is no master of...well, anything...and forgot to watch for the incoming ANGRY elbow to the face, which he ate for his trouble. This was followed by a Pele Kick that brought him down and stunned him. A pissed-off DuBov started to shout at him about his inappropriate actions before she proceeded to heap the abuse on the poor rookie. Chops, dropkicks, and a neckbreaker led up to a full ten-count Skull Crusher combo, for which each blow got more and more cheered by the crowd. DuBov covered, but only got the two count as LaLib got his foot on the bottom rope. DuBov pulled up LaLiberte, but LaLib, showing some of those fighter instincts buried deep within, hit a jawbreaker, and followed it up with the Exploder Suplex (and you could tell he wasn't all there, because he didn't try to feel up any girl parts). The cover got a short two before a kickout. LaLib propped her up in the corner and kicked her in the gut twice before whipping her across the ring. DuBov, instead of hitting the opposite corner back-first, walked up the ropes and leapt, executing a Bullet Timer that missed its mark by miles because LaLiberte had slid under her and stood up in the corner DuBov just jumped out of. As she landed, LaLiberte tried to hip toss her towards the corner, but DuBov blocked before smashing LaLiberte in the face with a forearm. The forearm shot caused the rookie to fall back into the corner. Taking the opportunity, DuBov clotheslined LaLiberte in the corner and executed a bulldog out of the corner for a near fall. DuBov signaled for the end and picked up LaLiberte. She ran for the corner with his head in the 3/4 bulldog position, but when she walked up the buckle for the Dragon Snap, LaLiberte pushed her off of his head and then, as she was coming down, back-kicked her in the babymaker, drawing LOADS of heat. The subsequent cover netted LaLiberte 2 before the shoulder went up. LaLiberte picked up DuBov and went for what looks to be a Russian Legssweep, but some pointed elbows broke the hold. DuBov ran the ropes and LEVELED LaLiberte with the Running Gun. Now SEVERLY pissed off, DuBov went to a nearby corner and started to beckon LaLiberte to get up. He obliged, and she charged at him full speed and LEVELED him with a nasty-looking Crazy Sexy OH MY GOD Bad ASS! double knee to the face. Not satisfied, she picked him up one more time and THIS TIME successfully locked in the Dragon Snap. It didn't take long for LaLiberte to start tapping.

A debut

[Lightning] [Seconds later, through the darkness, follows a clap of thunder] **Voice Over:** In a world where corruption and greed are the keys to success. [Another flash lights up a deserted high street, trash dances around the sidewalks, being whipped into a frenzy by the gale force winds racing through the streets, before everything plunges back into darkness.] **Voice Over:** And the depth of a man's pockets determine his value as a human being. [A third flash lights up a high rise building, all of the lights are off save for the penthouse.] **Voice Over:** One man will rise. [Flash] [Start to zoom in on the roof of the building.] **Voice Over:** To challenge. [FLASH] [Crouched atop the roof is a silhouette of a gargoyle or something, every last one of his features obscured by shadow.] **Voice Over:** Everything. [The figure looks up, two brilliant white eyes are the only thing discernible through the shadows. They blink, sending everything back into oblivion.]

SportsCenter: Cassidy vs JGX

[Commentation station.] [All the plants and flowers that Jiles had delivered are stacked around and on the announcers desk. Darren Keebler peers over a row of geraniums. Cito Conarri's head is half underneath a potted palmetto tree, the leaves keep falling over his head.] [Jeff Andrews is eating a marigold.] **DDK:** That was... ominous. So what do you know about it, Cito? **Cito:** Notta thing. **Jeff:** [swallowing his marigold with an audible gulp] Don't ask me. Eric Dane don't tell me nothing and if he does I can't listen anyway. **DDK:** You. what. **Jeff:** It'd fuck with my street rep. **DDK:** **Cito:** Don't look at me Darren, I've been dealing with this shit from him for 15 years. **DDK:** Up next, we have Jan Gin Xiao, the 450 lb sumo wrestler from China, taking on Jack "The Ripper" Cassidy. JGX got a big boost in his standings by winning his handicap match on the interleague show, and is now running 5th with 20. Jack Cassidy is actually running 6th himself. **Cito:** Jack's in a tough position, points wise. He's got some on the board because he's put in a couple good performances, but he hasn't been finding *consistent* success, and that's the problem. **Jeff:** Of course, JGX was in that same boat until he got that big bonus for winning the handicap match. Now he's 7 up on Jack, that's more than Jack would get out of a win here. **DDK:** How do you guys see this one matching up? **Cito:** Well, as far as I know, Jack has yet to wrestle a superheavyweight. The biggest person he's been in the ring with to date that I'm aware of was Cole Christenson back in 2004, and Cole was a bit smaller then than he was during his Def 1.0 run. On the other hand, Clair St. Sure demonstrated that JGX can be toppled, and Jack's got a huge experience edge over her. **Jeff:** He hasn't got Kai Scott in his corner, though. In fact, now that Troy Matthews is on the injured list, Jack hasn't got anyone in his corner. Advantage: big man.

Jack Cassidy vs Jan Gin Xiao

vs

The Chinese National Anthem begins to play over the loudspeaker, followed by a chorus of jeers. In walks Jan Gin Xiao, a slight sneer curling up on his lips as he sees the crowd's vitrol. He walks up the aisle, not paying any attention to the booing of the crowd as he climbs the steps and enters the ring. Then it's Lemurs Rising coming out of the system and in walks Jack Cassidy, Hawaiian shirt and khakis like always. He raises his hands when the fans cheer, acknowledging the fans as he jogs down the aisle. He takes two long strides and slides under the bottom rope into the ring, then quickly front-flips to his feet in front of Xiao, who seems largely unfazed by the display of athleticism. The bell rings, and the contest begins with a sarcastic smile on the face of JGX as he beckons on the much smaller Cassidy for the bodyslam challenge. Cassidy looks around for a second before shrugging. He walks right up to the former Sumo and hooks him for the bodyslam. He lifts! He strains! He gets...absolutely nowhere. JGX looks amused for a second. Cassidy relents his grip and backs up a step. JGX beckons him on for another try. Cassidy shrugs again... ..and then kicks JGX in the mouth with a dropsault. JGX is stumbled, moreso than he usually would be. He was expecting another slam attempt you see. The second dropsault didn't do as much rockin' as the first. And the third one was swatted away, causing Jack to land awkwardly on his side. JGX went to grab The Man Who Saved Rock And Roll, but Cassidy was out of there quickly, flipping up and to his feet. Cassidy runs to the ropes and ducks a clothesline. He also ducks a running elbow. Stopping behind him, Cassidy waits for the big man to turn halfway around and tries to grab his massive arm for an arm drag. JGX blinks. But otherwise neither man moves. A palm strike ends that thought, and probably several others, as Jack rolls away from the big man. JGX follows, this time grabbing the smaller Cassidy in his grip. He backs Jack into a corner and starts wailing away with more palm strikes in the corner. Jack slumps down after the series was done, which allowed JGX to lean his foot into the throat of Cassidy and push down with almost all of his weight, which he broke at 4.9997. Next up, JGX pulls Cassidy out of the corner with him and locks in a bearhug. Cassidy screams, while JGX ratchets up the pressure. After a minute or so, Cassidy starts to throw hard rights to try and break the bear hold, but its no good. Until he bites the bridge of JGX's nose, causing the big man to scream out in pain and drop Cassidy to his feet. After releasing the bite Cassidy falls backwards, gripping at his sides, while JGX leans against the ropes checking his face. As Cassidy fights his way to his feet, JGX becomes more and more angry with the khaki-clothed grappler. JGX charges at Jack, but Cassidy dodges out of the big man's grasp and hits him with a thrust kick to the midsection. JGX no-sells it and swings at Cassidy with both hands, but Cassidy evades again and swings a nasty ensugiri at the former Sumo, rocking him back some. Still, once JGX recovered, he charged again, the smallest trickle of blood seen running down his face. Jack dodged again this time running off the ropes and then hitting a flipping lariat on the big man, almost taking him off his feet were it not for that nearby top rope. Frustrated by the big man not going down, Jack snapped off a low dropkick to the knee of JGX, which he dodged with surprising agility. And relatively quickly after Jack crashed and burned, he ate a 450-lb legdrop to the skull. The subsequent cover nets 2 and 3/4, as Jack gets his foot on the nearby ropes JGX pulls Jack up again, locks him in another bear hug hold, but this time snaps him over in a belly to bellies suplex. Another cover, but this time Cassidy squeezes out the back door at the last possible moment. After both stand, JGX strikes Cassidy with a palm thrust to back him into a corner. He whips Jack across the ring to the opposite corner, then backs into the near corner. JGX yells out something loudly in his native tongue, then charges full-speed at Cassidy, launching himself ass-first... ..and misses as Jack gets himself out of the way. JGX stumbles out of the corner, and Jack is quick to spring to the second turnbuckle. He leaps through the air over JGX and comes down with the Jack of Diamonds on the jaw of JGX. Xiao stumbles backwards, bouncing back off the turnbuckles and coming back out of

the corner...but he still won't go down. Jack, now focused, bounces off the opposite ropes and comes back at JGX. With a primal yell, Jack hits JGX with all his might with the Rip Kick, and FINALLY JGX falls backwards, coming crashing down near the corner. Once Jack recovers from throwing the Rip Kick and sees the big man down, he wastes little time in climbing to the top rope. Signaling out to the cheering fans quickly, he launches himself in the air with the Vertical Bird... ...And connects...with JGX's legs! JGX raised his legs, and while its unclear where on the legs Jack hit, he's certainly not happy about it. JGX pulls himself back to his feet as Jack writhes in pain. Wasting no time, JGX pulls up Cassidy, hooks him up, and BURIES him with the Red Wave. The count was academic.

The Carnagatect

[FADE TO... Backstage during Heritage, Diamond Shazam gleefully makes his way towards the gorilla position, totally ready for his match against the Vagabond. Giggling like an idiot at the carnage to come, he crosses someone going in the opposite direction, someone who causes the Mastodon of Fashion to yell "STOP!" before approaching him too closely.] [It's nobody special, just a DEFIANCE employee. A terrified employee who freezes in front of the Mastodon of Fashion. Diamond Shazam also freezes, only he's evaluating the man before him from a critical artist's viewpoint. Deep in thought, Shazam circles his target, measuring him from the left and the right, going so far as to "finger-frame" him against the environment (you know that thing Nash does before delivering the corner elbow? Yeah, that). Diamond Shazam seriously ponders the situation, mumbling words of general assent, not assaulting or even touching the guy, merely looking.] [Meanwhile, the employee stands puzzled, but otherwise immobile. Best not to provoke the crazy strong-style trained painted Hawaiian, he must think.] **Diamond Shazam:** Turn around. [The employee complies.] **Diamond Shazam:** No, towards the light. [The guy reverses directions.] [Diamond Shazam seems pleased, he even smiles! The employee dares a flourish with the arms to please the Genius of Violence that is Diamond Shazam... but Shazam shoots him down; he wants the guy au naturale.] **Diamond Shazam:** Yes, I think this'll do just fine. Now hold that pose." [Diamond Shazam walks off screen, returns with a steel chair and brutally wallops the poor guy into submission, hitting him over and over again with the metal object until blood splatters the wall. The victim is barely conscious. Diamond Shazam drops the chair on the poor sod and plucks a piece of charcoal stashed away inside the demon head from his belt (oh my god it's a workable fanny pack!). Writing on the wall, we read:] **FOOL SMASHED WITH STEEL CHAIR Asking price: 5,000\$** [He signs his piece and resumes his way towards the ring, noticing the increasingly nervous film crew. Diamond Shazam needs no further encouragement to break into a speech.] **Diamond Shazam:** Vagabond, you have no idea how lucky you are! Do you realize you're about to become ART? I'm about to make you forever famous, my first victim in DEFIANCE! Well second if you count that guy I just smashed over the head with a steel chair but regardless: IMMORTALITY BECKONS! Just a shame you won't be there to enjoy it. Now, to share with the world the lessons of pain and suffering which I learned from the fashion halls and wrestling rings of Japan- what am I saying, both are the same! I present to you the Mastodon of Fashion, both Fabulous and Dangerous, myself... DIAMOND SHAZAM!!!

Trouble at the catering table

[Backstage.] [Catering, to be more specific.] [Jan Gin Xiao, in all of his enormousness, stacks mini-sandwich after mini-sandwich onto a paper plate. Somewhat hilariously it looks as if he's stacking wafers onto a blu-ray disc.] [Out of respect for the former sumo, everyone in the area has given him his space at the table, this may or may not be something that bothers the big man, but the matter on hand is food and he isn't to be distracted.] "What'n th' HAYELL is goin' on roun' here?" [That rugged, alcohol-fueled voice could only belong to one man in the history of DEFIANCE. In the arena the crowd hoots and hollers, meanwhile on the DEFIatron JGX continues about his business nonplussed.] "Hey! Big'un, HURRY IT UP! Ah'm HOUNGREH!" [JGX's massive head turns.] [He's met, rather close-range, by the massive head of the Rambunctious Redneck himself, the Mastodon of the Mountains, the Hillbilly Jesus...] [Frank Dylan James.] [...] **FDJ**: HOO-AHH! [Xiao grunts and goes back to his plate.] **FDJ**: 'Ey bawh! Ah'mma talkin' ta YEW! [Slowly, JGX turns his head back toward Frank. Let there be no mistake, the giant sumo is not amused in the least bit. In his broken English, he addressed the bushy-headed overalls wearing redneck before him.] **JGX**: What you want? [his brow furrows] Leave me be. [Xiao tries once again to go back to his food, he is not allowed.] **FDJ**: GIMME ONE'A DEM SAMMICHES BWAH! [Quicker than one might think, Frank snagged a sandwich off of JGX's plate and mashed it into his mouth. He laughed maniacally and spit crumbs everywhere, including into Xiao's face. The sumo's eyes widened in anger.] **FDJ**: Lemme git one'a dem there CHEESE SQUAARS too. [Frank reaches in again, this time he is blocked by Xiao, who's hands are quite unbelievably quicker than Frank's. He follows through with a solid palm-strike that caves in the Hillbilly's chest and sends him flying across the room and into the wall. Several chairs and a snack table were harmed in the making of this production.] [Frank looks up at the large man and smiles his broken-toothed smile.] **FDJ**: You done go'd an' bit off more'n yew c'n chew now, fatboy. [Frank is up in an instant and he charges at JGX, using momentum and force and sheer retard strength to send himself and the sumo toppling over the catering table and onto the floor. Food flies everywhere, the entire catering area is chaos in seconds.] [From out of seemingly nowhere DEFsec security is on the scene. Buffalo Brian Slater leads the charge and the black and red battalion pile on top of both men. Bodies fly and the fight continues. Road Agents and wrestlers flood in to help, and before long everything is a tangled mess of bodyparts and yelps.] [Brian Slater gets a strong hammerlock on his Frank, and he uses their friendship to calm the ragin' redneck as he pulls him out of the fight. Meanwhile the order at hand is keeping Jan Gin Xiao on the ground, and it takes near two-dozen men to do it.] [Cut.]

SportsCenter: Shazam vs Vagabond

[As we open back up at the commentation station, Cito Conarri and Jeff Andrews both look disgusted. Unfortunately, their attempts at looking angry are somewhat diminished by the brightly colored flowers that litter the area.] [There is a big smear of dirt on the wall, probably caused by a flowerpot being thrown at full force.] **Andrews:** I just want it to go on record, if that random backstage guy that Diamond Shizzam is badly hurt, I'll have that kuboki looking motherfucker hung from the rafters and ripped open Ed Gein style. I'm not about to tolerate another Bronson Box incident on my hands. **DDK:** So wait, are you having him detained or something? **Andrews:** After his match. And speaking of the match, I gotta be honest, I don't know much about either of these guys. But coach, you know just about everything about wrestling, right? Who're you calling for? **Conarri:** Diamond Shazam had some... bad experiences in Japan. And, as you know, I do not and have never liked the Japanese training style or work ethos. And the Japanese don't like me. That's why Kengoro Sugamoto kept glaring at me back before the Faces of Death left. So I sympathize with what Shazam went through. Strong style wrestlers sometimes have trouble dealing with pacing in matches that aren't Japanese heavyweight, I don't really know if Shazam is one of them or not. As for Vagabond, he's a cruiserweight journeyman. And regretfully I don't know much about him - do you have any idea how many results you get if you do a google search on Vagabond and Wrestling? **Andrews:** There's a shit-ton of guys out there named Vagabond. And then there's guys who call themselves "The Vagabond" Something Someone. And then there's guys who use that Metallica song Wherever I May Roam, like good ol' Failsnake. False positives, friend, false positives. But anyway. Being a cruiserweight is all fine, I was a cruiserweight myself for years. **Conarri:** You were better as a cruiserweight. **Andrews:** My knees and back hurt and I'm sorry that I don't have the patience to do 50 hours of yoga a day or whatever the hell you do to stay not fat. No, but seriously. Vagabond's a small cruiserweight. Shizzam's a... well I dunno if FDJ is gonna let him call himself a Mastodon, but he's definitely some kind of pachyderm. I think Vagabond puts up a good fight, but gets squished flat in the end.

Diamond Shazam vs Vagabond

vs

Diamond Shazam vs Vagabond

Everybody loves a double debut, right? Well that's what was up next as Diamond Shazam made his way down to the ring to the vocal stylings of Lady Gaga's 'The Edge Of Glory'. As he stepped into the ring, that was replaced by 'Awake and Alive' by Skillet and Vagabond sprinted down to the ring with his escort, Duncan Brennan, in tow. He slid into the ring and ran straight at Diamond. Vagabond ducked a clothesline and hit the ropes. He came right back at the big man and ducked another. Vagabond jumped and sprung back into the center of the ring with a crossbody and connected with Shazam! But he didn't go down. Diamond Shazam caught Vagabond and slammed him hard down to the mat. Vagabond sat up but ate a stiff kick to the chest for his troubles. Shazam followed up with a massive elbow drop down across the chest of the smaller man and kept the cover! ONE! Vagabond pushed himself out from underneath Shazam and scrambled away to the corner so as he could get to his feet. Diamond Shazam got back to his at the same time and charged in on Vagabond in the corner of the ring. Vagabond had the wherewithal to hop over the top rope and land on the apron, allowing Shazam's momentum to carry him chest first into the turnbuckle. Vagabond lifted a leg high into the side of Shazam's head, knocking him back into the ring. Clearly learning from his earlier mistake Vagabond stepped through the ropes rather than going for anything high risk and ran at Shazam, dropping him to one knee with a low dropkick. Vagabond got up quickly and hooked Shazam's head before dropping him with a DDT! He heaved the 300lb frame of Shazam over and quickly covered him! ONE! Shazam powered out, pushing Vagabond up off of him and clear over referee Mark Shields! Both men to go their feet but Vagabond landed the first strike as he threw a kick into Shazam's chest. He landed a couple more kicks before hitting the ropes. Shazam turned and scooped him up for a sidewalk slam, but Vagabond used his momentum to bring his legs up around the head of Shazam, spin, and send him face first into the turnbuckle. Shazam turned around and ate another kick to the chest and jaw. Vagabond threw another one, but Shazam reached out and grabbed his leg. Diamond Shazam reached around the back of Vagabond, hooked his hands, spun around, popped his hips and took Vagabond over with a T-Bone suplex! Both men got to their feet slowly but Vagabond was taken right back down with the stiffest knife edge chop you ever did see. Shazam grabbed his opponent by the hair and lifted him to his feet. He threw an axehandle slash polish hammer at Vagabond, but the smaller man ducked it, went behind and leapt up onto Shazam's back with what appeared to be a chokehold, although Mark Shields disagreed and asked Shazam whether he wanted to give up rather than start his five count. Diamond Shazam flailed wildly in his attempts to shake Vagabond off of his back, but Vagabond kept his grip tight. Shazam stumbled around a little while longer before charging backwards and slamming Vagabond spine first into the turnbuckles. Vagabond didn't drop, but his grip did loosen enough for Shazam to spin him around, run forwards and drive him hard into the mat with a spinebuster like slam! Shazam got to his feet and scooped up Vagabond's legs. He hooked in his grip around the knees and started to turn, spinning Vagabond with a giant swing! Round and round they went again and again, the fans counted along with the spins until Shazam let go and tossed Vagabond aside. Shazam dizzily staggered over to Vagabond and peeled him off the canvas one more time. He hooked the arm of Vagabond and lifted him for a suplex, the set up for his Diamond Driver, he dropped Vagabond, caught him and drove him down into the mat with a piledriver! It was elementary. ONE! TWO! THREE! **Winner:** Diamond Shazam (piledriver) (+5pts)

Sit-Down With The Last Nighthawk

[We do a slow fade cut to a shot of two men sitting face to face in black easy chairs. One of them, Lance Warner, is dressed in a gray pinstripe suit with a soft blue tie. The other, dressed in a Pittsburgh Steelers Hines Ward #84 jersey and blue jeans, is none other than The Last Nighthawk, Christian Light. Light has his hands folded on his lap, while Warner is finishing making a note on the notepad on his lap.] [The words "Earlier Today" come up on the screen near the bottom in red for a few moments before fading away.] **Lance Warner:** Chris, thank you for agreeing to this interview on short notice. **"The Last Nighthawk" Christian Light:** No problem, Lance. **Warner:** So, without further ado, let's get right to it. Entering tonight's match you're currently in second place but in a virtual deadlock with Eugene Dewey and Cancer Jiles, with Jan Gin Xiao not far behind. With that said, how huge is your match tonight against the self-professed king of COOL? **Light:** It's absolutely huge, Lance. I think it was Angus who said it on commentary for the ESEN supershow that every match in critical in this tournament, and he's 100% correct. There are no throwaways or gimmies. Points are at an absolute premium, winning streaks are critical to catching someone from behind, and if you start to slip, there's still plenty of people behind you that are willing to do anything to move up the table. So the match was big before we start talking about the opponent, and then when you bring up Cancer? [Light runs his hand through his blonde flattop before continuing.] **Light:** I don't know how I feel about his in-ring skill, but he's got a lot of tricks up his sleeve, and if he wanted to, I'm sure he could run away and hide on the rest of the field. So yeah, this is huge, since it's my shot at putting myself head and shoulders above the people chasing me and pretty much move into sole possession of second place. **Warner:** You do a lot of talking about the points, Christian. Is that the most important thing to you this time around? [Light rubs his goatee'd chin, thinking about how he's going to answer that for a second, before he puts his hand back down on the chair armrest and continues.] **Light:** Ultimately the fans come first, and that's always been the case with me. I always want to go out there and give the fans the best possible product they can get for their admission dollars, and I'd like to be able to make a product that is as family-friendly as possible. But after that? Well, yeah the points are *the* thing. I mean, you know what's at stake here, right? [Warner nods as he responds.] **Warner:** Dane vs. Goldman, winner take all. **Light:** Bingo. And while I'm sure Mr. Goldman isn't a wholly evil human being, he's sided himself against someone in this business that I consider a friend in Eric Dane. I couldn't just sit back and watch while someone try to take from my friends a promotion that he worked to build from the ground up. [Slight pause for oxygen, then continue.] **Light:** That's not to say I'm doing charity here. Like everyone else, when the lights go down and the show's over, I make my trip to the pay window as well. But despite the fact that I've been out of top-level wrestling for a long time, I could have gone to one of several different wrestling companies and made good money there too. At the end of the day, there was one other thing, beyond the points war, that brought me back here. **Warner:** What was that? **Light:** I've always enjoyed fighting the best of the best, and I know for a fact that Eric doesn't take too kindly to slackers on his roster. I can't necessarily say that about other promoters, and I don't exactly have time to be wasting messing around with someone who may or may not be hiring the best talent available. So when I step into the Defiance ring, I know that my opponent's gotten Dane's personal seal of approval for something, be it potential, heart, power, ruthlessness, technique, or even trickery. **Warner:** Like Cancer Jiles? **Light:** Master trickster. There's no line he won't cross to win a match; the fact that I needed to spend time at the trainer's table to ice my testicles after the TLC match says it all. He's got a pretty good superkick too; I watched him blast Jack Bryant's head off of his shoulders with it at TLC. If he distracts me enough with all of these shenanigans he brings to the table, and he hits me with that? [Light shakes his head.] **Light:** Kiss it goodbye, man. But if I can fight through the tricks and deception...if I can get through all the smoke and mirrors and make this a *wrestling* match? I think I have a pretty good chance of getting the win and the points. **Warner:** And after this match, win or lose? **Light:** Move on to the next match, Lance. I can only take em one match at a time, climbing up the charts. I hear we have a War Games match coming up against Evolution league, and I'd love to be a part of that like I was a part of the TLC match. Any opportunity I get to carry the Heritage banner and light up someone from Evolution League, I'm gonna do my best to be a part of it. **Warner:** What about the current leader of the Heritage League, Clair St. Sure? **Light:** What about her? **Warner:** Well, first, are you surprised she's at the top of the Heritage League points standings? **Light:** With her skill and Kai Scott's guidance? Absolutely not. She's really coming into her own as a fighter and it's a special thing to watch. **Warner:** You realize that, someday...maybe very soon...you'll have to step into the ring with her, possibly with the Heritage League lead on the line. **Light:** One match at a time, Lance. Let me fight Cancer Jiles and see if I can put him down first before we start talking about any kind of match versus St. Sure...or anyone else, for that matter. **Warner:** Okay, fair enough. Last question: what does winning the title of Grand Master of Wrestling mean to you? [Light smiles.] **Light:** Oh man...personally, it'd be *great* for me. **Warner:** Where would it rank amongst your past World Title reigns? [Still smiling, Light shakes his head.]

Light: No way to make that comparison, Lance. Each World title has its own unique flavor...it is its own moment to savor uniquely. All I'll say is that if I'm both good enough and fortunate enough to win the Grand Master of Wrestling title, I'd hold the level of accomplishment up there with my other World Titles. [Warner nods his response.] **Warner:** Christian, thanks for your time, and good luck tonight. **Light:** Thank you, Lance. [Cut back to the ring.]

Dewey/Jiles

[The buffet table, usual hang out of the ring crew between setting up and ripping down the... well, ring... and lights and such, and tonight's no different. Plenty of burly men sit around on cafeteria style chairs muttering amongst themselves. A couple of them are walking along the buffet picking up the odd sandwich, wait a second... I don't remember any of the ring crew having a ginger jew-fro.]

Wayne Dewey:

Dude, I told you, you're up next, you don't have time for thirds.

[Oh, but he did. Eugene stacked his plate high with goodies and balanced it on one hand, topping it off with the other.]

Eugene Dewey:

I've got loads of time. Besides, it's free!

[With his free hand, Eugene reaches out and picks up a can of MTN DEW and pops the seal with one hand. He chugs the contents as Wayne looks on with an astonished look upon his face, belches and reaches for another can.]

[Before the Grand Master of all Videogames can demolish his second straight lemon-lime beverage, Defiance's snide quipping, perfect hair having, T-shade donning, Original Gangster of COOL comes waltzing in to view.]

Cancer Jiles: [not really concerned]

Easy there, Zit. Don't you got a match in a few minutes?

[Mid insult, Eugene casually crushes the second carbonated refreshment as if it were Bronson Box himself.]

[After, The DEWFENDER quickly spins around to see who it is that casts such steep insults. Before he can use his mouth to retort however, he releases yet another gargantuan belch that packs enough audacity to knock even the Count of COOL back some four feet.]

[Disgusted, as in ready to vomit all over the place, Cancer's entire body starts to shake with an unknown trepidation.]

Wayne Dewey: [wide-eyed]

Gotcha!

[Ghost white, Jiles' face becomes. He's so nauseated, he can't even speak.]

Wayne Dewey: [Laughing]

Looks like we found Count COOL's kryptonite, huh Gene?

[Eugene doesn't respond however, he stares back at the Count of COOL, equally as pale. Not through the same nauseated feeling CCJ is feeling though, it's more like... pure fear. The kind he hadn't felt since the first time he'd played Silent Hill. Eugene's legs start to wobble as he notices the globule of spittle trickling down the lens Cancer's T-Shades.]

Eugene Dewey: [Warbling]

Wuh buh duh huuuuuuuuuuuuuuunnnnnnnnnnnn.

Wayne Dewey: [Slightly concerned]

Eugene?

[But he's gone.]

[He'd be in the foetal position if he could move.]

Cancer Jiles: [shocked]
WHAT. THE. FUCK.

Like...

...really.

UNFUCKINGCALLED FOR.

[As if he is cradling a newborn baby, Cancer gingerly removes his T-shades from his white-shocked face.]

[Time stops during a thorough three-second long inspection.]

[Then, the color comes back to Cancer's face.]

[It is now zero hour red.]

Cancer Jiles:

Do you not see the shades, man? These are [i]ruined[/i] now. RUINED. AND I STILL HAVE A FUCKING MATCH TOO!

[Don't fret COOL fans, Cancer's got more than one pair of backups.]

[Wayne steps between the two, still sporting the grin he'd produced as Eugene rattled the whole arena with his emissions.]

Wayne Dewey:

Hey man, cool it, it was an accident, right Euge?

Eugene Dewey:[Whispering]

Mommy...

Wayne Dewey:

Besides, it's not like you haven't got hundreds more of them tucked away somewhere, right?

[Seems to me like Wayne Dewey has his ear to the ground.]

Cancer Jiles:

But *THESE* are ruined. I can't even put these on some kid sitting ringside, because I would actually feel bad about it.

That is how ruined these shades are now.

[With that, Lord COOL breaks rule four in the sacred book of COOL, and stomps the ever living piss out of his ruined, jet-black Terminator shades.]

[Even Wayne gets in on the fun, and two of them stomp it out for a few seconds.]

Cancer Jiles:

HEY! WHAT THE???

[Red handed, Wayne plays pig.]

Wayne Dewey:

What? I wasn't doing anything.

Cancer Jiles:

The fuck you weren't.

Wayne Dewey:

Okay, maybe I was. But they were ruined anyway, right?

[Stung, Jiles nods his head having been one up'ed.]

Cancer Jiles:

Yeah... just like your boy at TLC.

[Wild west showdown music.]

Wayne Dewey:

Just like your hopes in the ULTRATITLE tournament.

Cancer Jiles:

Just like-- *WHAT!* You gotta be fucking kidding me with that nonsense.

Wayne Dewey:

Just like your chances of beating Christian Light tonight.

[OH NO YOU DIDN'T!]

[Ghetto finger snap.]

Cancer Jiles: [calm]

Wayne. Look.

[Cancer points in the air, causing Wayne to look in that direction.]

SLAP

[Goes his other hand across Wayne's now unpleasantly surprised faced.]

[The good ole lookie-Lou.]

[Or in this case, the good ole lookie-Wayne.]

[Without skipping a beat Cancer turns to Eugene and slaps the plate he'd been holding out of his hands. Sandwiches, chips, cubes of cheese and other miscellaneous items you'd find on a buffet fly into the air and scatter around the floor at the Dewey brothers' feet.]

[With a quick flare of his eyebrows Cancer turns and walks away from the duo.]

Eugene Dewey:

Wayne, what the hell did you do?

Wayne Dewey:

Oh... uhhh... I'm sure it'll be OK...

[Wayne pats his brother on the back.]

Wayne Dewey:

Come on, dude, you're up now.

[With a sigh, Eugene waddles over the spilled food and towards the ring. Closely followed by a very nervous looking brother.]

SportsCenter: Dewey vs St. Sure

[In the commentary station, you remember that palmetto tree that's been getting in Cito's hair all night? Well it's been moved to the floor in front of Andrews' side of the station. Furthermore, the tree is now proudly rocking Andrews' green and yellow mesh John Deere Trucker's Cap.] **DDK:** Dewey/St. Sure. **Andrews:** St. Sure. **Conarri:** Dewey. **DDK:** Thank god I thought you guys were never going to have differing opinions oh, I mean, um, how do you see it breaking down? **Conarri:** The thing about CSS is that, while she's been impressive, she hasn't actually beaten any of the biggest names in Heritage League yet. She's gone over Stevenson, JGX and Waterman, and she didn't actually win the 4 way. **DDK:** What about the win over Heidi? **Conarri:** I don't want to take a thing away from that, beating Heidi is a huge accomplishment for anyone. But she and St. Sure are in the same weight bracket, and Heidi was apathetic and unmotivated at the time. **Andrews:** The thing is, Adam Waterman was, in case you remember, the winner of the preseason, and definitely one of the "big names". As a matter of fact, St. Sure got so far ahead points wise because she beat Waterman while he was league leader and got that bonus. And, she beat JGX, who himself beat Dewey. I haven't seen Dewey use a submission hold since he came to Defiance, and I'm calling that he won't be able to defend himself on the mat, even if he manages to not have a heart attack from getting up close and personal with a chick. **DDK:** Well, at least we won't have long to wait and see who's right, because St. Sure vs Dewey is coming up next!

Claira St. Sure vs Eugene Dewey

vs

First off, the Mike Tyson Punch-Out Theme hit, and Eugene heads out from the back and waves uncomfortably to the crowd. Wayne leads him down to the ring, trying to psych him up on the way. Eugene gets into the ring, waves again and takes his place in the corner quietly. And then it's Death Threat by Death In Vegas. First Kai Scott and Diane Parker, but then the two of them parted, and in comes the Heritage points leader, Claira St. Sure, all business. The three make their way down, where Kai and Diane take their spot in their corner, and Claira rolls under the ropes and stands quickly. She's 100% business, doing some last-minute stretching before the bell rings. *DING DING DING!* As the bell rang, the two competitors were already circling the ring, with the nervous look on Eugene's face. Claira was being overly cautious, and Eugene didn't seem all that interested in engaging. Claira stepped forward and snapped a kick into Eugene's shin, which caused him to howl in pain and step back to the ropes. St. Sure did not follow up; instead she let Eugene break from the ropes of his own accord. Again they circled the ring, with both managers shouting encouragement. Claira tried another shin kick but Eugene lifted his leg to avoid it. Claira backed up for a second, then feigned a shin kick and lunged in for a right cross. The kick was dodged, the punch to the stomach not, and Eugene held his gut and stumbled backwards. Claira charged forward again, but Eugene, being extra-careful not to get his hands on some boobies, shoved her hard by the shoulders, pushing her backwards. Claira hit the mat and, in one fluid motion, back-rolled to her feet before charging in again with a superwoman punch that Eugene frantically dodged. Wayne screamed at Eugene to fight. Kai screamed to press the advantage. Claira lunged in low and tried an uppercut, which Eugene kind of absorbed and threw a forearm in retaliation. The forearm sent Claira flying, but there wasn't much behind it, and Claira was right back up. She ran at Eugene, throwing a running kick this time, but Eugene turned his body and head out of the way. Claira kept running, and as Eugene turned to meet her, Claira leapt and turned Eugene into a flying triangle choke. Eugene's face went from zero to panic in no time FLAT. Flailing around like a madman, Eugene decided to use his own tried and true instinctive strategy. He threw all of his weight forward, nearly crushing Claira in what could kind of be called a MASSIVE powerbomb. Stunned, Claira dropped the hold and appeared to be OUT. Eugene stood for a second before realizing what was happening, and he quickly crawled over to her and covered. 1... 2... Thre...no! Shoulder up at the absolute LAST second. Instinctively, Claira tried to roll away from her attacker, but Eugene, now fully engaged in this fight, hit her with a couple of stomps before she reached the ropes. He laid off of her when Benny Doyle told him to back off, allowing her to shake some of the cobwebs out before standing back up to engage. Once again the two circle, but this time we can tell Eugene wasn't just circling scared. Eugene lunged in with a forearm, which is dodged by Claira. Claira tried to raise up a roundhouse kick, but Eugene caught the foot with his arm and hooked her leg down into his armpit. CSS threw some punches at Eugene, but her reach wasn't good enough. She tried an ensugiri, which grazed Eugene enough to cause him to stumble. But he stumbled into stepping full-weight on the small of her back, and she buckled from on her hands and knees to flat on the ground, yelping out in pain and rolling around on the ground holding her lower back. Eugene gathered his bearings and saw Claira in trouble. Walking up to her, he stomped on her back, causing her to roll more. He leans down and shoved a forearm into her back and she writhed in pain again, trying to get some respite. Eugene scooped her up by the head and turned her back facing him. Shoving her forward, she bounced off the ropes and he drove a forearm into her back, taking her down to her knees. He pulled her back up again, and tried it again, shoving her to the ropes. But Claira had timed this one out in her head, and a split second before the forearm could be thrown, she turned and landed a massive (for her size) spinning roundhouse punch to the face of Eugene Dewey that made Wayne cringe on the outside. Eugene stumbled back and threw a haymaker out of instinct, which she ducked.

Claira, in one fluid motion, spun into a drop toe hold, bringing the 300 lb'er down to the ground. Hooking his left leg between her legs, she twisted to the side of his body and reached forward, perhaps looking to lock in an STF. Eugene felt the pain of the twist on his leg and fought back, shedding Claira's hands with his big left paw. In response, Claira threw a massive kidney punch to the left side of Eugene, sending his left arm shooting to his side. She reached up and pulled at his head by the slightly greasy Jew-fro, but before she could lock her hands under his chin, he had dragged her to the bottom rope and gave it some kung-fu grip. Claira immediately undid the hold and got to her feet, with Eugene gingerly following her to a vertical base. Claira was still slightly favoring her back, but she was now in that fighting zone, and she beckoned Eugene to bring it on, wiping the grease on the other hand (from his Jewfro) on her tights. Eugene stepped in slowly, trying to anticipate her next move. A feigned roundhouse kick didn't fool anyone, and Claira's jab wasn't long enough to penetrate what passed for a guard from Dewey. Dewey took up a defensive position in the middle of the ring, keeping Claira in front of him at all times. Claira circled before throwing a left jab, which Eugene jabbed her in the face in response. Claira stumbled back, but quickly recovered. A shin kick was also dodged left and a left jab to the face followed. Claira now threw a high hook kick to the head, but once again Eugene dodged right and jabbed her in the face, this time knocking her down. Eugene quickly ran across the ring and crouched in position, staring down the recovering Claira. As she stood, Eugene, still in his crouch, hopped across the ring and as he planted for the final hop, put all of his weight behind a palm-strike that wiped Claira out on impact. A Punch-Out style Bull Rush connected (and a huge smile on Eugene's face), Eugene sticks the cover. 1... 2... Kickout. Eugene pulled up Claira, who was still dazed. He kneed her in the gut and picked her up for a bodyslam that connected. Running to the opposite side of the ring, Eugene crouched down and waited for Claira to recover. Wayne, sensing this was a bad move, tried to caution Eugene against it, but he wasn't listening. As Claira stood, Eugene started hopping towards her again... ...But as he completed his last hop, Claira let fly with a straight kick to the guts of Eugene. Wayne: *facepalm.jpg* Eugene's eyes widened. His lips made an "O". And as if in slow motion, he toppled over, hitting the canvas with a huge THUD. Claira didn't waste any time. She rolled him to his stomach and wrapped his left arm in an omoplata and CRANKED at the hold. Eugene cried out in pain, awakened from his stupor. Claira cranked the hold even harder. She reached for his free arm, but it was already almost at the nearest ropes. With the Truly Untouchabreaker not attainable, Claira focused on cranking on the left arm as hard as possible, hoping a tap could beat him to the ropes. It didn't. Eugene got his hand on the ropes maybe a split second before he was about to tap. Claira released the hold when requested. Eugene labored to stand back up, bracing his left arm against his body. Claira shin-kicked it, causing him to recoil in pain. Eugene turned around and ate another hard kick to the arm, which caused him to raise it above his head in a kind of keep-away. Claira responded by leaping into the air and hitting Eugene with a complete shot, putting him face first into the mat. And she went back to the omoplata, cranking it once again. Wayne had trained Eugene to watch out for this hold, as it was the precursor to the Truly Untouchabreaker. So as the pain in his arm shot up again, Eugene came to out of instinct, crawling his way to the nearest set of ropes. Claira managed to get her legs threaded around Eugene's left arm and reached them for the right one, but before she could lock it in Eugene once again gripped that bottom rope, and Claira relinquished the hold. Now Eugene crawled his way out to the apron to get a respite. And while Kai Scott and Diane Parker were right next to Eugene (and Wayne was not interested in white knightng) no extracurricular activities took place with Diane and Kai backing off the confrontation. Claira came to the ropes and reached for Eugene, but Eugene threw a shoulder at her stomach. Claira shook off the shoulder, but got a second one. Eugene stood up and thrust his stomach forward, connecting with Claira's head and knocking her backwards. Eugene climbed into the ring and grabbed Claira and whipped her down to the ground with a DDT before he stuck the cover. 1... 2... Shoulder up. Eugene picked Claira back up and tossed her back-first into the nearest corner. A couple of right forearm shots later, he grabbed her arm with his left arm, winced, and hit her with another right forearm. This time he whipped her across with his right arm, and followed her RIGHT IN with a HUGE running splash in the corner! Claira melted out of the corner, and Eugene literally sat on her for the cover. 1... 2... Thre...no! Last second shoulder up! Eugene laid down behind her and grabbed the reverse chin lock, trying to lean on her and sap her strength (and get back some gas himself). At first, Claira tried to gain her bearings, but it wasn't long before she started to try and squirm. This caused Eugene to shift his weight, but when he did, he loosened his grip. For a submission specialist like Claira, that was all the opening needed. She grabbed Eugene's arm and twisted her body away from Eugene, kind of twisting his wrist into a wrist lock, and then he kneed his arm in the elbow. Eugene twisted his right arm away, which was now hurting as well. He tries to lift a knee at the charging Claira, but she turned her body past the elbow and back-fisted Eugene in the left arm. Eugene stumbled back into the corner, where Claira charged him and hit her step-up knee FLUSH ON, causing Eugene's eyes to roll into the back of his head and him to tumble face-first to the mat. And with the big man down face-first, she quickly went back to the omoplata, and before Eugene could react, she had the other arm tied up too. Leaning back, she cinched the legs together and pulled up, locking in the Truly Untouchabreaker. Eugene tried to bull his way out

of the hold with his right arm, but that didn't go so well against both of her legs. Eugene tried to push his legs out, but he didn't have the leg strength. Finally, Eugene tried to shimmy to the ropes, which are pretty close. But he went nowhere. Left with no options, Eugene tapped Calvin Astroth style (with his forehead against the mat).

SportsCenter: Jiles vs Light

DDK: And, unfortunately, we don't have anything seg-wise to fill this slot between the semi-main and main event matches. So let's get right into it. **Conarri:** We can talk about the previous match. Upset win? **Andrews:** Status quo. Look. I know Kai Scott. He's got issues with injuries that I've been lucky enough to be spared, I mean, my back and knees hurt like I said earlier, but his knee got mangled inside a ladder back in '98, he hasn't been the same since and he's still a former World Champion. There isn't anyone, ever, who's better at executing a gameplan than Kai Scott. Clairra, she's got 3 years more experience than she did back the last time anyone saw her, and that was when she was in a promotion that didn't like having a girl wrestler on the roster. **Conarri:** You're probably right. Eugene Dewey has a surprising amount of athleticism under all that excess weight, but CSS just came well equipped to pick a hole in his gameplan. **DDK:** As Christian Light alluded to earlier, he and Clairra are headed towards each other, and that's going to be huge when it happens. But Light really has to get past Cancer Jiles this week before he can worry about his next match. And Cancer Jiles did very well for himself in the TLC match, but not as well as Light. Strengths vs weaknesses, how do you see it stacking up? **Conarri:** This is a hard one to predict. They've both got a lot of experience under their belt. Jiles is right in the grey area between cruiserweight and heavyweight, Light is definitely a heavyweight wrestler. Jiles has the tools, he'd rather cheat than fight fair, Light is a very ethical wrestler and it's got him a slightly undeserved reputation as a 'boyscout'. **Andrews:** Cancer Jiles is a giant faggot and I hope he dies of asphyxiation because he gets his head stuck up his own ass. [Andrews throws a potted flower across the room to prove his point. Or something.] **DDK:** ...On to the match, then?

Christian Light vs Cancer Jiles

And it was main event time. Christian Light was out first. He was quite beloved by the fans, who rose the roof for him as he made his way to ringside, tagging every hand within reach. Then. *# I am the COOL #* Cancer Jiles walked out onto the stage. Sans shades. The fans laughed. The bell rang, and Jiles and Light began circling each other. Light was down in grappling position. Jiles... seemingly had no intentions of getting within Light's reach. He backed away, keeping within reach of the ropes, and finally Light stopped and watched him. The fans booed. Light moved in again, and Jiles backed all the way into the ropes, sticking his body between them and calling for a timeout. As Benny Doyle backed Light away, Jiles decided it was cheap shot time. He ran forward - and Light pushed Doyle out of the way and took the shoulder block with no issue. Jiles bailed. More stalling, and a frustrated and bored crowd ensued. Jiles wasn't interested in getting back in the ring, Benny Doyle was sick of Jiles' shit, and so he finally started a count. Jiles did the "roll in at 8 and rollback out" thing a couple times, and through the booing some "We Want Wrestling" chants could be heard. Light finally tired of this nonsense and headed out of the ring. Jiles fled in terror. Or not. He went back into the ring and when Light followed him, dropped a knee on the head. And then some elbows. And then Light stood up with Jiles hanging onto the front facelock, shaking his head and yelling NOOOOO, and tossed him 'cross the ring with a release northern lights suplex! Shaken up but not badly hurt, Jiles insisted to the unsympathetic Benny Doyle that Light had pulled his hair. Since that didn't help, when Light moved back in, Jiles poked the eyes and slammed Light to the ground by his hair, then informed Benny that since he hadn't stopped Light from doing so, clearly it was legal - and he hit another hair slam to prove his "point". Then he celebrated his victory. And then Light hit him with a high release german suplex that sent Jiles all the way over and onto his front! Jiles got up slowly and Light hit the running high knee to send Jiles back into the corner. He positioned Jiles arms over the ropes, and laid in the knife edge chops! **THWAAACK! WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!! THWAAACK! WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!** BIIIIIG wind-up, annndd... **KA-THWAAACK! WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!** Jiles wilted down the turnbuckle. Light lifted him right up, and went for the belly to belly overhead. Jiles sored, landed hard, Light went for the cover. One, two, kickout in two. Up came Jiles, unwillingly though it were, and he was sent sailing through the air yet again with a head and arm suplex! Light raised his arms overhead to an eruption of cheers. And Jiles, who without his shades appeared much like Samson without his hair, slowly rolled to his knees and begged for mercy. Light, however, had none. He followed Jiles in, and double poke to the eyes! Benny Doyle remonstrated Jiles, but he was having none of it. He dropkicked Light in the back, sending him to the mat, and then just lost his shot. Punches, chops, knee drops, another eye poke, Jiles had gotten off to a real bad start in the match and he needed to even the score and quick. Light tried to rally back with a gut shot, but Jiles snuck in another eye poke and quickly DDT'd Light down to the mat. Jiles left the ring, grabbed Light's head, and dragged him so he was draped across the apron. He took measure, and... **THWAAAACK! MONGO CHAWP** down across Light's chest! Light recoiled, tried to make it back inside the ring, and Jiles grabbed his head, then CHAWPED him right across the base of the neck! With Light stunned, Jiles backed off, then came running with a high knee to the exposed head of Light. He rolled into the ring to break the count, then went right back out and began ripping at the ringside mats, pulling them back to expose the concrete! Pulling Light out further, Jiles hooked the facelock, called for a DDT on that concrete! Benny Doyle was out of the ring, trying to keep Jiles from executing this move, and Jiles threw Benny into the stairs! The diversion gave Light enough time to roll out of the ring. Jiles went to work with the punches. Mark Shields came strolling out of the back on his way to replace Benny, a cigarette in his hand. He wasn't particularly bothered by the fact that both wrestlers were out of the ring either. And Jiles hooked Light, tried the neckbreaker, Light had it blocked. Jiles tried again, Light blocked! Punched his way out of the predicament aaaannnddd SPINEBUSTER! On the ringside mats. Because Christian Light is Christian Light, he deliberately spun Jiles away from the concrete before busterling him. Back in control but hurting around the head and neck area, Light slung Jiles back into the ring. Jiles, of course, was ready for the trick of catching Light as he came in - but Light was ready for it too, and he intercepted Jiles' cheap shot and turned it into a wrist-clutch K-lift suplex! Light went for the pin, Mark Shields wasn't quite to the ring, he did roll in in time to count, but maybe a second late... **ONE...! ...TWO...!KICKOUT!!** Light shrugged, twisted one of Jiles' arms behind his back in a chickenwing, and then sat down on his back in a chickenwing clutch! A move he calls An Epic's End. Jiles howled in pain, indicating that he did not find the move COOL, but always tougher than he gets credit for, he refused to tap. Light finally let go - only to plant Jiles with a backbreaker. Following the spinebuster, it was the back he was targeting. Light sent Jiles off the ropes for a tilt-a-whirl - but Jiles flipped out and landed on his feet! And stunned Light with a smack across the face. Light's vision blurred, Jiles ducked past him, ran up the turnbuckle with surprising agility - and came off with a hiiiiigh arching moonsault that caught Light flush and took him down! **ONE...! ...TWO...!KICKOUT!!** Jiles angrily banged on the mat, insisting that he had it. Shields

shrugged. Light got to his knees, and Jiles went into a crouch. He was aiming for Terminal Cancer! ...and Light intercepted the superkick and pulled Jiles in for a leg capture suplex! Frustrated, maybe a bit alarmed at his previous close call, Light hoisted Jiles overhead in a press... And Jiles slipped out the back! He dropped to his knees, drove his forearm up between Light's leg. He kept on pushing, toppling Light over in a schoolboy, and positioned right in the corner Jiles got his feet on the middle rope! And Mark Shields made the count! ONE! ...TWO...!THREE!!! Jiles jumped back with his arm raised. *# I'm the one your mama warned you about # # When you see me, I will leave you no -* The music cut. And was replaced by "Powertrip" by Monster Magnet *# Who's gonna teach you how to dance? # # Who's gonna show you how to fly? # # Who's gonna call you on the lame dope smoking # # Slacking little sucker you are? #* Jeff Andrews walked out onto the stage. He was grinning - it was like the lyrics of his theme song were custom written to set the mood for him coming out to tell Cancer Jiles off. Jiles was already diving for a mic before Andrews could say a thing. **Jiles:** DON'T YOU EVEN SAY IT! NOT A WORD OUT OF YOU, MONGO MCDANIELS! Jiles was panting, half from the match and half from rage. **Jiles:** You know what the contract says! You stay OUT of my business, unless you want half of your salary going to me! Thinking that line over, Jiles starts to smile. **Jiles:** In fact, you know what? I've changed my mind. Say whatever. It's not like I won't be able to get some points out of you later. You haven't been doing a real good job stopping me, even when you held all the cards. And you don't hold any of them now, do you, you surly sack of suck? Andrews shrugs the tirade off. **Andrews:** Actually, I'm not interested in the wrestlers one way or another. I am, however, concerned about a corrupt, lazy official who isn't aware that using the ropes for leverage in a pinfall isn't legal. Jiles stomps around. **Andrews:** Now, I'm not going to speculate as to why it is Mark Shields always manages to come out during certain, shall we say - matches that have a particular non-Warm wrestler in them - but that's irrelevant. Mark, get your ass backstage and head directly to my office. Your pinfall call has been negated: I'm restarting the match! Cancer Jiles was so furious that he actually started to leave the ring to confront Andrews. He stuck his upper body out through the ropes to point - forgetting about the large angry man behind him. Light grabbed Jiles in a waistlock, yanked him out of the ropes and tossed him with a full rotation German suplex! Carla Ferrari jogged down to ringside (and, despite not being known as a fanservice type, managed a pretty good "bounce" as well) as Light grabbed Jiles by a handful of AXE-saturated hair and the waist of his pants... hoisted him up overhead in a gorilla press, and DOWN into an Implant DDT! Carla, unlike Mark, was quick to get into the ring as Jiles made the cover! ONE! ...TWO...!THREE!!! **Christian Light (+7) d. Cancer Jiles (Realizing the Dream) (+5 Win, +2 streak bonus)**

Points

- 1) Clair St. Sure: 46 (+5 win, +3 win streak +2 streakbreaker)
- 2) Christian Light: 33 (+5 win, +2 win streak)
- 3) Jan Gin Xiao: 25 (+5 win)
- 4) Eugene Dewey: 23 (no change)
- 5) Cancer Jiles: 21 (no change)
- 6) Jack Cassidy: 13 (no change)
- 7) Nakita DuBov: 10 (+5 win)
- 8) Michel LaLiberte: 9 (no change)
- 9) Diamond Shazam: 5 (+5 win)
- 10) Vagabond: 0 (no change)