

Troy Matthews show opener

♪ BA-DA-BA-DA-BA-DA-BA-DA-DA-DA! ♪

[And with a shock of trumpets and drums, the arena entrance lights up with an array of glowing lights and flickering monitors, as the Seat Belts' jazz masterpiece "Tank!" bellows through the Prudential Center.]

HOME STATE RAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

♪ I think it's time we blow this scene ♪
 ♪ Get everybody and their stuff together... ♪
 ♪ Okay, THREE, TWO, ONE, let's jam! ♪

[BURSTING through the curtain and onto the ramp is New Jersey's own Troy Matthews, arms raised and soaking in the adulation of his crowd, while Saori Kazama walks by his side, kendo stick in hand, and points to him, as if she is presenting the Jersey Devil, garbed in jeans and New Jersey Devils hockey jersey (with Scott Neidermayer's retired number 27 on the back). He paces down the aisle, slapping hands and shouting words of gratitude to the fans.]

Jeff:

First Trendkiller, then Dan Ryan, this guy is at the top of his game when he's got the odds against him, but I dare anybody to name me one wrestler on this roster who has come into his own in the last several months the way that Troy Matthews has!

Angus:

Cancer Jiles.

Jeff: [RAEG!]

I SAID **ON** THE ROSTER!

[The pair roll into the ring, as Troy stretches his arms out again, provoking more...]

RAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

[The music dies down, and Troy, mic in hand, gets ready to speak up, only to be cut off by the crowd's wild chants...]

JER-SEY-DE-VIL! *THUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMP*
 JER-SEY-DE-VIL! *THUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMP*
 JER-SEY-DE-VIL! *THUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMP*
 JER-SEY-DE-VIL! *THUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMP*

[...leaving Troy only able to nod and wave in response, until he finally shakes his head and bellows out in one shout.]

Troy Matthews:

NEWARK!

[RRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!]

NEW!

[RRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!]

JERSEY! LET'S HEAR IT~!

JER-SEY-DE-VIL! *THUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMP*

JER-SEY-DE-VIL! *THUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMP*

JER-SEY-DE-VIL! *THUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMP*

JER-SEY-DE-VIL! *THUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMP*

[The nice thing about a home crowd is, they don't clap or chant. They scream. Stomp. Rally like the home team in the clinching game of a World Series. Rabid, wild, and passionate.]

Matthews:

It's great to be home.

It's great to drive around the old stomping grounds all over this Garden State of ours, to spend time with friends and family, and folks I used to wrestle before I signed up with Defiance, on the way to standing in the home arena of the beloved New Jersey DEVILS...

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

...to deliver some top-shelf wrestling to YOU, the New Jersey fans who are my LIFELOOD in this ring, and knock ol' Mistress Nakita DuBov around for a while. And once that's done, I'll be rooting for my fellow Devil Ripper Jack Cassidy against the guy I beat last time in Dan Ryan...

BOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

And pave the way for yours truly to come back to New Jersey NEXT TIME with the crown of GRAND CHAMPION on my head! So buckle up, Jersey, because you're in for a wild night! So enjoy the show, and, uh... Go Devils!

RAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

♪ BA-DA-BA-DA-BA-DA-BA-DA-DA-DA! ♪

[And as "Tank!" kicks in again, Troy and Saori wave to the crowd and start to head backstage.]

AnguJeffy opening

[Cut to the Commentation Station. With us as always is the Cross-Wired VP of Talent Relations Jeff Andrews, and Motormouth of Malcontent and Executive Producer of all things DEFIANT Angus Skaaland.]

Angus:

DON'T YOU EVEN START about how super awesome Troy Matthews is again. I'm SICK of that crap, so sick in fact that I drank three bottles of Pink Bismuth just before we came on the air!

Jeff:

Too cheap to spring for real Pepto?

Angus:

Shut up, fag, not everybody got a promotion and a raise when Dee Eee Eff re-upped.

Jeff:

Reap what you sow, pal, and don't call me a fag again or I'll get my superhot girlfriend to kick your skinny head off of your undeveloped shoulders, nah-mean?

Angus:

I can NOT wait until next week when Cancer Jiles eggs you into oblivion on Heritage TV. For two reasons, as a matter of fact!

Jeff:

This ought to be rich...

Angus:

One, because I can laugh at you for the rest of your life for losing to Jiles, AGAIN, and two, because I'll have the night off from having to listen to all your mannerisms and sweaty-trucker-hat chicanery!

[Andrews cocks an eye.]

Jeff:

Whatever.

[Harumph.]

Jeff:

NEWAYZ, for those of you who didn't notice, there was an open chair down at ringside while Troy was doing his Jersey thing.

Angus:

How the hell do you not sell one front row seat, but every other seat in the house is sold and stuffed full of ass?

Jeff:

Simple, idiot, we're a wrestling federation.

Angus:

EGADS MAN! SOMEBODY BOUGHT A TICKET!

Jeff: [nods]

Exactly. Somebody bought a ticket.

[Cut.]

Kevin Cage is in da hizzouse~!

[Kevin Cage makes his way through the crowd with a mixture of jeers and cheers. He looks down at a ticket he's holding in his hands and looks at the chairs. Making small conversation with people as he passes them by. He finally sits in the reserved chair and starts to smile.]

Cage:

WOOOOOOOO!

[Cage grins wider as a camera man approaches him for a close up. He starts cheering and clapping his hands wildly. Kevin Cage is wearing a Heidi Christenson shirt.]

Cage:

Aww yeah! Aww yeah!

[Cage is actually fist pumping.]

Cage:

D-E-F! D-E-F! D-E-F! D-E-F! D-E-F!

[A small group of the faithful join in on the cheers as Cage cheers and whistles.]

Jack Bryant vs Dragon Jones

vs

Jack Bryant, the aptly named "Birmingham Stallion," found himself standing in the ring awaiting the arrival of his welcoming committee to DEFIANCE, Lord Dragon Jones IV, esq. Bryant, not known for his patience, paces the entirety of the ring. He doesn't have to wait long, not long at all...

"Roundball Rock" hits the PA, you know the song, that John Tesh crap from the NBA on NBC. First out from behind the curtain is the King Killer Big Wheeler Cap Peeler, Big Ballin'est King Pimpiest HNIC of the Faces of Death Training Temple, Splenda.

Splenda:

Now lemme see dat SWAGGA son!

The music switches, "Somebody Call My Momma," you may have heard it. A few seconds go by as Jack Bryant stands expectantly with hands on hips as he waits for the ridiculousness to wrap up so his DEFIANCE debut can start. Dragon Jones pops out of the back wearing the biggest, fuzziest, most lime green Pimp Suit with Purple Fedora that you've ever seen. The gimmick is complete all the way down to the polished cane in one hand and ridiculously oversized and gaudily bejeweled cup full of Crunk Juice in the other. Lord Dargno STRUTS his way down toward the ring, talking his best smack the entire way.

Dragon Jones:

That's right HOMEBOY! I gots me a HAND full of SMACK fo' yo BITCHAZZ!

Splenda follows Jones to the ring, flashing gold fronts at anybody who'd look. Dragon took his sweet time, doing his best to "mack" on "bitches" to the best of his ability. About an hour and forty minutes passes and Jones finally makes his way into the ring. JB shoots daggers of contempt at him through focused eyes waiting for the referee to ring the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

Dragon charges...

Directly into a disgusting Mason-Dixon Line lariat.

Inside out on the mat, Lord Dargno is done for the night. On the outside, Splenda can't even comprehend what he's just been a party to.

Splenda:

NIGGA IS YOU SURRILOUS?

Bryant drops down for the lateral press, and everything is academic.

Well, except for the part where DeeJ kicks out. Jack Bryant glares at Mark Shields. Shields throws his hands up and backs away slowly. On the mat, Jones drools and convulses. Bryant rolls his eyes and pulls Jones up off of the mat. He sets him up uranage style and drops him hard with the Birmingham Breaker in the center of the ring. He follows up with another cover, and again he is completely flabbergasted with Jones gets a shoulder up at the last possible second.

Bryant, fed up, grabs Dragon's legs, crosses one, and attempts to sink in the Southern Cross Sharpshooter, but as if

by some miracle Lord Dargno springs to life, bucks his hips and somehow manages to grab Bryant around the head and pull him down into the weirdest looking Small Package you've ever seen in your life.

One...

...Two...

Bryant escapes, his eyes wide as he can't believe what just happened.

Splenda:

GIT UP SON! DO SUM'FIN!

Jones is up, Bryant is up, and it's on. Dragon throws a hard European Uppercut that rocks Bryant, and follows it up with a couple of stiff chops that put Bryant's back into the corner. He catches him with another combination of stiff shots before running in two circles around the ring and launching himself at Bryant with a giant splash into the corner. JB slumps down to the mat and tries to catch his breath as DeeJ takes another running start and then launches himself into Bryant again, this time with a remarkably crisp cannonball into the corner.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

Jones gets up, the frenzy of the crowd and the urgings of Splenda driving him on, and he hits the opposite ropes hard, he comes back for the coup de gras, but just as quickly as it started it was over as Jack grabs him, spins him, and folds him in half backwards with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker that sends every chiropractor in the tri-state area running for an X-Ray machine.

Bryant wastes zero time in grabbing Jones legs, locking them, turning, and sitting back hard and low into the Southern Cross Sharpshooter. This time there isn't time for any chicanery and the only thing Jones can do is tap the mat in submission before Bryant can finish breaking him in half.

Jack Bryant (+5) def. Dragon Jones via Southern Cross Sharpshooter

AnguJeffy interlude (1)

Angus:

Help me out here, I think I just came off of an acid trip.

Jeff: [rolls eyes]

What now?

Angus:

Did Dragon Jones just kick out a bunch of times, reverse a Sharpshooter, get in a bunch of offense, and almost not completely screw up that match?

Jeff:

Yes.

Angus:

FFU-

Jeff:

Yeah.

Yoshikazu YAZ vs Chris Cannon

vs

Yoshikazu YAZ was already in the ring with Lisa Leoh when AC/DC decided to herald the coming of The Cannon. "TNT" blasted and The Golden Boy himself made his way out to the ring followed by Vincent Chell and Adrien Cochrane. Cannon thrust his way all the way down and into the ring. Well, kind of into the ring, YAZ stopped him cold with a Yakuza Kick to the side of the head as he tried to enter.

DING! DING! DING!

Cannon fell into the ring and was immediately the victim of a series of stomps that was as brutal as a Hands of Stone world title run. YAZ hit the opposite ropes and baseball-slide dropkicked Cannon so hard that he flew completely over the ringside mats and slammed into the metal restraining rails in front of the front row fans.

Chell and Cochrane were on the scene quickly to pick up their fallen comrade, what they didn't see while they were busy being borderline retarded was YAZ springboard up to the top rope and then launch himself into the air, flipping himself backwards in a Shooting Star. They had Cannon almost to his feet when YAZ connected and sent the lot of them sprawling. Somehow he managed to land on his feet and was back up and skulking around, posing creepily and being all around EVIL~!

He grabbed The Cannon up by the head and hauled his ass around the side of the ring. Carla Ferrari was letting this one go a bit, being a match in DEFIANCE and all, as her count so far was at a two. YAZ tossed Cannon with an Irish Whip at the next set of guardrails and followed it up with a spinning heel kick that sent him rolling up and over and into the crowd. Cannon, for his part, slumped onto the floor.

YAZ was again up quickly, this time he hopped nimbly up to the guardrail where he perched with uncanny balance and in a rare crowd-pleasing moment spit the Green Mist into the air in one of those weird masked-guy poses. He hopped down and collected Cannon again, this time rolling him into the ring to break the count which had at this point now reached four. YAZ scaled the turnbuckle from the outside, lined up his target, and lept off to deliver the mother of all double-foot-stomps and put this one away, but what happened was that Cannon had managed to shake loose a couple of cobwebs and rolled his happy ass out of the way before getting any further destroyed by YAZ for the time being.

Cannon made it to his feet, albeit slowly, and decided that now was as good a time as any to get a rally going and rammed a knee into the side of YAZ's head before he could get back on the attack. Cannon followed up with a Springboard Crossbody just as YAZ got to his feet and rolled through into a pin attempt, but YAZ wasn't nearly worn down enough and barely stayed down for a full one count. Spinning, he drove a knife edge chop at Cannon's head, but Cannon ducked and jumped, driving his foot into the back of YAZ's head with an enzuigiri.

Now in the driver's seat, Cannon pulled YAZ to his feet and knocked him backwards with a European uppercut. YAZ backed into the corner, and Cannon followed up with a flying arabian press, hanging onto YAZ and bulldogging him out of the corner. He scaled the turnbuckle again, waited on his enmasked opponent to rise, and lept off with the "I taught your girlfriend that thing you like" flipping neckbreaker!

Cannon grabbed YAZ by the legs and began trying to get the sharpshooter that he threatened to use in the promo period applied. YAZ wasn't having it, he managed take Cannon over in a small package. Cannon kicked out in just two. Both men were up to their feet, Cannon took a swing, YAZ intercepted it and spiked him on the back of his head with a high angle uranage! YAZ signaled for the shotei, went into a crouch...

Swung and Cannon ducked and rolled him up with a schoolboy and a handful of belt! One, two, THREE!

Chris Cannon (+5) def. Yoshikazu YAZ via Small Package

And Cannon jumped away smiling wide with his arms raised high as YAZ rolled up to one knee, shocked at how quickly the match slipped out of his hands...

THWACK!

And Cannon's celebration was cut short as YAZ knocked him for a loop with the shotei!

Carla Ferrari tried to pushy YAZ away from Cannon. YAZ responded by grabbing her by the hair and throwing her out of the ring, and the boos went up as she hit the floor.

In came Vincent Chell to try and save his client, and YAZ took him up and over with the high angle uranage!

And in came Adrien Cochrane, and he got a face full of red mist and a spinning brainbuster!

With nothing else to do, the music tech guys cued up "Walk On Water (Demo)" as YAZ dropped to one knee and did one of those typical scary asian masked kabuki mist spitting guy poses.

AnguJeffy interlude (2) ft E-Gold

Jeff:

So, I hate Yoshikazu YAZ. But that one was stolen right out from under him.

Angus:

Yeah, looks to me like he got the last word though. I shed no tears.

Jeff:

Right, and he got no points. Wait, why am I calling his lack of having any points at all like it isn't fucking awesome?

Angus:

Huh?

Jeff:

I'LL BURY YOU ON COMMENTARY ALL I WANT SHERLOCK-SAN!

Angus:

...huh?

Jeff:

OLW thing dude. Anyway, no one wanted to do a seg so we're gonna go straight into the next match, with Heidi Christenson, who is awesome, taking on Alceo Dentari, who is short.

Angus:

Wait a sec Jeff, they just said over my earphone that Elijah Goldman's got a small announcement to make.

* * *

[Elijah Goldman in his office.]

[He adjusts his glasses and then steeples his fingers together.]

E-Gold:

I believe very strongly in rewarding ambition. However, I consider professionalism to be of the utmost importance as well.

[Pause. The fans boo because E-Gold.]

E-Gold:

For finally finding his spirit, I am awarding Yoshikazu YAZ three points - one for his attack on Cannon, one for the attack on Cochrane, and one for the attack on Chell. However, I am also docking him one point for the attack on Carla Ferrari. Laying hands on the referees is not acceptable and will be met with stern punishment here on out.

[Moar pause.]

E-Gold:

That is all.

* * *

Angus:

Are you fucking serious?

Jeff:

SRS?

Angus:

Man, whatever.

Heidi Christenson vs Alceo Dentari

vs

“That’s Amore” by Dean Martin brought Alceo Dentari out to the ring. The young Italian man was muttering under his breath, rolling up his shirt sleeves as he stalked to the ring. It would’ve looked more intimidating if he hadn’t had to almost jump to get over the middle rope and into the ring.

Then.

♪ Dream on... ♪
♪ Dream on baby, let it go ♪
♪ Dream on baby, let it go... ♪

“Shine” by Orange Goblin hit the PA system, the fans hit their feet, and Heidi Christenson headed to the ring. She tagged hands on the way down to the ring, removed her gi jacket, stepped up onto the apron...

HEI-DI! HEI-DI! HEI-DI! HEI-DI! HEI DI!!!!

Those chants weren’t just coming from the fans - they were coming from the area where Kevin Cage was sitting.

Cage clapped the loudest and cheered the hardest. He put his fingers into his mouth and started to whistle.

Cage:

HEIDI WILL YOU MARRY ME?!?

...and as Heidi turned to look at that distraction as she stepped between the ropes, Dentari ran with a kitchen sink knee straight to the head!

Forget that “not wanting to hit a girl” thing, Dentari was fucking furious. He drove clenched-toothed white-knuckled punches into whatever part of his opponent he could reach. And not frenzied tantrum style punches either. He was measuring those shots in pure **hate**, and all Heidi could do was cover up and try to figure out where this onslaught was coming from.

Dentari was not raging. Although no insignificant mat technician himself he decided to keep it up with the brawling. He choked Heidi against the bottom rope until referee Mark Shields started a five count on him. And then he reached over the middle rope to grab two hands full of hair and pull her head back, until Shields started another five count on him. It wasn’t really like Shields to be so involved in a match, but since he’d already gotten in trouble after Heidi nearly killed a stiff named Roscoe Shame under his watch, he was doing his job responsibly for once...

Dentari threw Heidi into the corner and jammed a dress shoe under her throat, grabbing the ropes for leverage and pressing the choke down as hard as he could while Heidi thrashed and Shields again started a count. This time he ignored the break, and the much larger ref stepped in between them, pushing Dentari back. The mafioso snapped at Shields, pointing at his fist and cracking his neck to the side. And Heidi, finally given some breathing room, grabbed the top rope to climb to her feet. Dentari saw her get up, he ran straight at her... and Heidi lowered her shoulder and took him down to the mat with almost a spear!

So now, the amount of pissed offness was nearly equivalent.

Heidi didn’t even care what it looked like anymore. She tackled Dentari into a full body press, elbowed him in the head a few times and shifted into an arm triangle - and kept twisting her body until it looked like she was just trying to take

his head clean off his shoulders. She stood up, bringing Dentari with her, and flipped him straight over her back and back down to the mat, still in the hold! This didn't look like pro wrestling, it looked like a shootfight gone wrong.

Heidi "Irish whipped" Dentari into the turnbuckle by standing up and twisting his head and neck and began driving roundhouse kicks into his chest. Dentari, trying to defend himself, started making grabs at the kicking leg. He finally got a hold of it, picked Heidi halfway up. Heidi attempted a guillotine choke. Dentari fell backwards, guillotining her neck across the top rope and sending her sprawling back to mid-ring.

And again Dentari dived on Heidi, this time positioning himself to her side, driving punches and a couple downward elbow shots at her kidney area. Heidi for her part managed to connect with a few knee shots, but they weren't too, too effective with no weight behind them. But it got his mind off his free arm, and suddenly Heidi had it twisted up behind his back in a keylock, and she caught the punching arm between her legs. Alceo had to kick and scramble most undignifiedly to get to the ropes, dragging Heidi along with him. And this time it was Heidi's turn to refuse to break for the ropes, although she did let go when Shields reached four.

(Daniel Bryan is wrong folks. You don't "have until five", if the count reaches five the ref is supposed to disqualify you.)

With Dentari's arm still twisted up behind his back, Heidi stepped behind him, fairly easily lifted him up as though she were going for a backdrop - and then planted him directly on top of her knee, elbow first. And she kept the pressure up, reapplying the keylock, sitting in Dentari's lap and applying a bodyscissor and managing to look so pissed off and intent on hurting a dude that it didn't even look all that compromising.

Dentari stood up, arranged his head under hers and sat down with a jawbreaker to knock her loose. He was quickly up, clutching his arm in to his chest, but throwing a running dropkick that knocked Heidi backwards and out under the bottom rope. And he followed it up with a baseball slide dropkick. And then a basement dropkick that pancaked Heidi's head into the barricade and the barricade into the knees of the front row fans. Kevin Cage, who'd narrowly avoided having his popcorn spilled, voiced his "opinion".

Cage:

Heidi! Lets make semi-attractive semi-ugly interracial babies together!

Heidi was in no position to respond and Dentari didn't give a crap what Kevin Cage had to say. Grabbing Heidi by the hair and lifting her to her feet, Dentari drove two punches into the head, pulled her away from the guardrail, swept her feet and dropped her across his knee with an STO backbreaker - and without letting go, brought her back the other way and down on the ringside mats with a complete shot!

As her head hit the barely-protected concrete floor, Heidi went limp.

Dentari threw her back into the ring, and hit another STO backbreaker to Complete Shot! He went for the cover.

ONE...

...TWO...

.....THRE... PULLED HER UP!

The fans, having mostly just cheered the intensity of the match heretofore, now began loudly booing Dentari, who slapped the crook of his elbow at them, and delivered another STO to Backbreaker to Complete Shot! Mark Shields abruptly turned his back on the match and beckoned to the timekeeper and announcer.

DING! DING! DING!

Alceo Dentari dropped Heidi, looking confused, as Mark Shields raised his hand!

Alceo Dentari (+5) def. Heidi Christenson via Referee Stoppage

Only ref stoppage? That bitch made fun of his height. A win via ref stoppage was inadequate.

Dentari pushed Shields away, and grabbed Heidi. Shields grabbed Dentari, and was caught over the camera threatening that if Dentari continued the attack, he'd be disqualified and the decision reversed!

Dentari might have argued this, but...

"That'll be enough of that, laddy."

Boxer gets involved...

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

[With "God's Gonna Cut You Down" playing in the background, Bronson Box appeared at the top of the ramp.]

Bronson Box:

Alceo... Dentari, was it? Ye'll take yer win an' yer five points and get in backstage, because if ye lay another finger on Miss Heidi Christenson, it'll be me ye answer to.

[As Bronson Box made his slow walk down to ringside, Dentari hesitated. All the fans booed, except for Kevin Cage chowing down on his popcorn and radiating apathy.]

Box:

A disappointin' performance for sure, Heidi, but an uncharacteristic one, an' one that I'll not see ye punished for - yet. Because make no mistake, lass, I've no altruism in me heart towards ye.

[Box stepped into the ring, and Dentari stepped to the floor, although he didn't leave the area. But once he was out of the ring, Box forgot all about him.]

Box:

I said, when the preseason first started, Miss Christenson, that this season was between ye... and me. Because... because yer the warrior I first thought you wouldnae be. Ye'll go to the back, and ye'll collect yerself, and nae overlook anyone again... an' we'll meet in the playoffs, sure as the word of the Lord, and then?

[A sick, twisted smile spreads across Box's face.]

Box:

Then, an' only then, will I destroy yeh.

[Walking towards Heidi, Box stood astride her, then squatted to look her in the face.]

Box:

D'ye hear me?

CLANK!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

[Mike Sloan, having come through the crowd to fulfil his contractual agreement with Eric Dane, slid into the ring and introduced a chair to the back of Bronson Box! He threw the chair to the side, and bodily pulled Box up to his feet and tossed him like a sack of potatoes (exactly the way that nobody has ever done before) into the corner. He charged in but Box incredibly nimble for his size slipped to the side with his legs through the ropes, and he pulled a stiff knee up over the top rope and into Sloan's head in a quick flipping movement.]

[Somehow during all of this Heidi managed to roll to the floor, but was still recovering at ringside after taking a hell of a beating only moments before.]

[At this point Benny Doyle, being the Head Referee of DEFIANCE, made an executive decision. He shouted at Darren Quimbey at ringside, who in turn whispered into the timekeepers ear. Apparently the match set for later on in the night was a go for right now!]

Bronson Box vs Mike Sloan

vs

DING! DING! DING!

Box went on the attack, turning Sloan around into the corner and unloading on him with furious lefts and rights. Once he got Sloan slumped into the corner Bronson backed off and started up with his old timey boxer routine, complete with windmill windup. Sloan stumbled out of the corner and into a Windmill Uppercut that sent him up and over the top rope and to the floor.

Box followed and continued the attack, at ringside Kevin Cage watched on, completely devoid of his earlier emotion, completely focused on the fight at hand. Box charged in and got an elbow in the guts for his trouble. Sloan, always able to absorb some punishment of his own, was quick to go on the offensive, spinning Box over with a snapmare and following up quickly with a running knee to the back of the head.

Box managed to get himself pulled up and dropped gut-first onto the guardrail by Mike Sloan, who's brute strength was starting to really shine with the deadlift gutbuster that had Box gasping for air until Sloan rocked him with a right hand to the side of the head that sent the Scottish Strongman the rest of the way over the railing and into the first row.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the ring, Heidi Christenson had only just gotten to her feet, when Dentari, forgotten in the assault by Sloan, headed around the ring and kicked her in the head from behind with a yakuza! With Box chasing Sloan out into the stands, Dentari was unnoticed, and he appeared ready to do the permanent damage he'd threatened earlier.

That was when Jonny Booya, who was most likely watching the match from backstage, decided he'd seen enough.

Booya raced down the ramp to cheers, grabbed Dentari by the wrist, Irish whipped him only to bring him back into a short arm axe bomber! Following up with alacrity, he crossed Dentari's arms underneath him, lifted him up for a Booya Bomb, and instead of dropping him, hurled him directly into the ringpost! Dentari hit hard and crash landed to the floor, the fight knocked clean out of him.

Heidi was too proud to allow herself to be carried backstage, but she did let Jonny lend her an arm as she walked up the ramp.

While that all had been happening, Sloan had managed to take back over on Box. The two stumbled through the crowd, Sloan hitting Box with every shot in the book, and even grabbing a random cup of beer to smash him with to the delight of the fans. Sloan picked Box up on his shoulder, raced towards a shadowy corner and... came sprawling back out with blue gunk all over his face!

Yoshikazu YAZ stepped out of the shadows, and handed something to Bronson Box. A piece of cord with two thick pieces of wood on either end. You might think I'm describing a pair of nunchakus, but it's actually a garrote.

Box twisted that garrote around Sloan's neck. Sloan scrabbled at it with his fingers and grabbed at Box, but he quickly went unconscious. Benny Doyle was there to raise Sloan's hand 3 times, verify his state of unconsciousness, and declare Box the winner.

Bronson Box (+5) def. Mike Sloan via garrote choke

AnguJeffy interlude (3)

Angus:

So I just got off the phone with the Defiance End-Boss, Eric Dane, and he wants me to make something up fancy to put over how from here on out, anything involving both Mike Sloan and Bronson Box will be immediately recognized as a No Disqualification affair.

Jeff:

What? Why?

Angus:

I wasn't really paying attention, something about how otherwise neither of them would ever score any points and blah blah blah.

Jeff:

You're the worst commentator I've ever heard.

Angus:

Your mother wears combat boots.

Jeff:

Wouldn't this information have been better before the match?

Angus:

Don't look at me, look at Benny Doyle. My format sheer has Box vee Sloan after Mathews and DuBov.

Jeff:

Yeah, I guess we did get kind "Philly" with that last one...

Devil Rippers backstage

[Backstage.]

[The locker room of the Ripperman.]

[Jack Cassidy is sitting on a steel folding chair, his head leaned back against the lockers, trying to get some last minute relaxation in.]

[Enter Troy Matthews, stage right, and he plops down in the chair next to Jack.]

Troy:

Sup?

Jack:

Sup?

[They slap fives.]

Jack:

You're up next, right?

[Troy grins and cracks his knuckles.]

Troy:

Yeah, I got this. Dubov won't know what hit her. You ready for Dan Ryan?

Jack:

Hope so. Tryin' to stay cool, you know. Been a long time since I headlined.

Troy:

Honestly, dude, I think you can take him. Just like... don't go for 'ranas and stuff that could get countered into a Humility Bomb, y'know?

[Troy Matthews stands up.]

Jack:

Hey Troy, I was thinkin'.

Troy:

Uh oh.

[They laugh.]

Jack:

Nah, but seriously. OK. Let's ask Goldman to book us in our singles match against each other next week.

[Troy frowns.]

Troy:

How come? ... you're not white knightin' for Dubov, are you?

Jack:

Nah. I was just thinkin', like I said. That match has to happen sooner or later, and better to get it out of the way early before we have to worry about costing each other a playoff spot or anything like that, right?

[Still frowning, Troy nods.]

Troy:

Makes sense to me. I'm up for it if you are.

[Another high fives slap, and Troy leaves the room.]

[Jack doesn't do anything further interesting, and after a few seconds of him not being interesting we fade.]

Nakita DuBov vs Troy Matthews

vs

"Increase the Dosage" by Bionic Jive hit the speakers and Nakita Dubov headed down to the ring, more than ready to make her proper Defiance debut. The fans cheered, some, Nakita Dubov was more than alright, but the problem was, she was up against the hometown hero.

That was Troy Matthews.

And when "TANK!" hit, the place fucking erupted.

Troy Matthews tagged hands all the way to the ring, and then hit the turnbuckle, soaking in the cheers. Then he hit another turnbuckle, and Benny Doyle had to hold back the impatient Dubov.

Ding! Ding! Ding!

Tie-up. Matthews jumped, flipped Dubov over with a monkey toss. Dubov landed hard, Matthews floated over but Dubov pushed him off the pinfall attempt with shocking ease, climbed to her feet and swept him to the mat with a wristlock trip. Matthews rolled backwards then forwards to counter out of it, stepped over the arm to break the lock, Dubov ducked a high kick, Matthews flipped out of a back drop attempt, and double attempts at a dropkick missed, with both wrestlers rolling to one knee.

Cue applause and Angus Skaaland bawwwing about face vs face.

Matthews fired off some thai roundhouse kicks to Dubov's thigh. Not an insignificant STRIKER herself, Dubov tried to fire back with her own thigh kicks, but Matthews got the better of the exchange and soon Dubov was hobbling on one leg. Matthews threw a pair of kicks to the torso and then took her down with a jumping calf kick and went for a quick cover - Dubov was out in one, to a bit of surprise from Matthews. Matthews went to follow up, but Dubov caught the arm, used it to pull herself up.

Dubov wrenched the arm, blasted Matthews in the chest with a series of machine gun chops, then twisted him forward only to kick him in the forehead, then the back of the leg which dropped him to one knee, and then a shining wizer. Matthews went over backwards, Dubov made a cover.

ONE...!

...TWO...Kickout!

Dubov pushed Matthews into the corner and used a boot choke under the jaw, getting some good leverage out of those long legs of hers. Matthews, however, jumped and wrapped her up in a cross leglock - but they were already in the ropes and Dubov easily got the break without losing the momentum. She rocked Matthews with some forearm smashes, whipped him across the ring into the turnbuckle and launched herself with a flying dropkick! Matthews dodged, Dubov hit the buckle and flipped backwards to the mat, Matthews hopped to the middle rope and leapt off with a flying enzuigiri! Cover!

ONE...!

...TWO...!

....THREKICKOUT!

Matthews clapped his hands, getting the fans into it, and as Dubov rose, he ran the ropes, jumped behind her and crucified the arms - but Dubov leaned forward rather than getting pulled over backwards! She hoisted Matthews up onto her shoulders, and then pressed him overhead before dropping him gut first across her knee in an impressive strength display. Matthews, clutching his ribcage, stumbled up as Dubov hit the far ropes and...

THWAAAACK!

"Running Gun" yakuza kicked Troy Matthews for a loop!

Dubov slashed her hand across her throat and stepped in front of Matthews and flipped over his back. Dragon Snap coming up! She cinched in the dragon sleeper part of the hold, but Matthews caught her leg as she was coming down! Holding Dubov up on his back, Matthews suddenly sat out with a backpack stunner, jarring the hold loose!

Matthews tried a quick attempt at the Trendsetter. Dubov ducked it, and quickly locked Matthews up into a leg grapevine submission!

Matthews pounded the mat in agony. He tried reaching for Dubov's head, drove a few elbows in. Dubov twisted her own body to reach better and responded with some of her own. She stood up to get better leverage for her shots...

and Matthews slipped out of her grip with a desperate twist and drove his instep into the back of her head!

Dubov collapsed and Matthews rolled over on top of her, cradling the leg up as high as he could...

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE!!!!

Winner: Troy Matthews ("Trendsetter" enzuigiri)

AnguJeffy interlude (4)

Angus:

That was... a pretty good match actually. I don't really got much beyond that.

Jeff:

No burial?

Angus:

Nah, I'ma let em have this one. No, wait, actually, there is one thing.

Jeff:

What?

Angus:

DOUBLEYOU TEE EFF is a Shining Wizer?

Jeff:

...she's the one that had it in her bio, dudesauce. Well anyway, that's Troy Matthews' second win in a row, which means he's set to start collecting a streak bonus if he can beat Jack Cassidy next week. You wanna predict?

Angus:

Nah. Let's see how Jack does against Dan Ryan and go from there.

Jeff:

Anyway. We got Jonny Booya and The Phoenix up next, but before we head to that match, I understand we got a camera crew in to eavesdrop on a conversation between Booya and Heidi!

Angus:

Heh heh. Conversation.

Backstage w/ Heidi & Jonny

Heidi Christenson:

Why'd you do it, Jonny?

[Jonny Booya looks uncharacteristically serious.]

Jonny Booya:

You didn't want me to help you?

Heidi:

Look, I appreciate the thought, but I take enough shit from everyone already. I win, people make excuses. Or make up reasons why I shouldn't have.

[Jonny nods. He's seen Clair St. Sure over on Heri League go through the same things, and she's got nowhere near the stature and prestige that Heidi does.]

Jonny:

I know. I mean, I know where you're comin' from. But I don't think anyone expected Alceo Dentari to put up a fight, let alone do what he did. And I wasn't about to try and interfere in your match, cos it's your business. But when he started goin' after your career, y'know, I couldn't sit back there and watch it.

[Heidi doesn't look happy with this explanation.]

Heidi:

Right. And now you're some kind of paragon of virtue white knight saving the maiden or something? I...

[She looks down, then sighs.]

Heidi:

Sorry. I do appreciate it. But it causes me problems any time anyone helps me and I hate being beholden to anyone.

[It is not Jonny Booya's place to argue with Heidi, and he's got a match coming up.]

Jonny:

Well, I hope he didn't do no major damage and you'll be back to form next week.

Heidi:

I hurt a bit, but I think I'll be fine. Good luck Jon, and smack Phoenix in his face for me, alright?

[Jonny smiles and nods, although he doesn't say yes.]

The Phoenix vs Jonny Booya

vs

♪ OH MY GOD ITS THE FUNKY SHIT! ♪

Jonny Booya made his way down to the ring first off, accompanied by Kai Scott and Diane Parker. Booya slapped a couple of hands as he walked down the aisle and slid into the ring. Funky Shit soon faded to be replaced by 13 steps to nowhere. Booya focused back down the aisle and await the arrival of his opponent.

He waited and waited but The Phoenix didn't show his face.

Slowly, from one side of the arena the fans began booing. The Phoenix pushed his way past them and hopped over the guardrail at ringside and climbed onto the apron. He called out to Jonny Booya, who was still looking at the aisle.

The Phoenix launched himself with a springboard into a crossbody that took Booya off of his feet. The Phoenix stuck the landing as the bell rang and we had our first cover of the match!

ONE!

Booya kicked out!

The Phoenix continued to waste little time and capitalised on Booya's downed position by planting a couple of boots to his torso, but Jonny fought through them and pushed back to his feet. The Phoenix hit the ropes and came back with a harsh dropkick to the front of Booya's shin. Jonny Booya dropped to one knee and ate a huge kick right in the side of his head. The Phoenix covered again!

ONE!

TW-

Booya kicked out again, not as early, but with an much force as before. Jonny rallied himself and got back to his feet again, but The Phoenix had plenty of time to perch himself on the second rope. He leapt from the corner and hooked Booya's head before taking him down in a tornado DDT! A third quick cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Jonny Booya still kicked out. The Phoenix looked eager to end the match early and signalled for some big. He pulled Booya to his feet and hooked him up for the lightning spiral! Booya had other plans though and popped the hips, taking The Phoenix up and over with a snap suplex. The Phoenix rolled to the apron and pulled himself up to his feet. He looked to launch himself back into the ring but found himself cut off by a huge right hand to the chin from Jonny.

Jonny Booya shook the cobwebs off as Donovan tumbled to the arena floor and followed him to the outside. The pace of the match noticeable slowed as Booya peeled Jake off of the floor and hammed a few forearms down into his shoulder blades. Booya scooped up The Phoenix and played to the crowd, asking them what they wanted him to do with The Phoenix. The general consensus seemed to be the fans wanted Booya to lawn dart him into the ring post. Something Booya was more than happy to oblige.

But Donovan slipped down behind Jonny and pushed him into the ring post instead. Booya's head collided with the steel and no matter what you might think, that flat top does nothing to protect the big squishy thing under it.

The Phoenix rolled into the ring and right back out on the other side of the post so that he could not only break the referee's count, but also get closer to his opponent. Donovan pulled Jonny to his feet and rolled him into the ring before climbing up to the top rope. Jake perched on the top rope again and waited patiently for Jonny Booya to get back to his feet.

As soon as Booya got to his feet Donovan flew off the turnbuckle with a hurricanrana but the attempt was blocked by Booya who caught the phoenix in mid air and drove him into the mat with a devastating powerbomb!

The fans in attendance cheered and stamped their feet, trying to rally Jonny Booya. It seemed to work as Booya got to his feet first, closely followed by The Phoenix. Jake threw the first punch but it was blocked by Jonny who retaliated with a series of rights and lefts and finished with a haymaker that rocked Donovan and sent him stumbling back into the corner.

Booya climbed the ropes and rained down right hands to the temple of The Phoenix; the fans counted along, stopping briefly at nine so that Booya could pose before the final shot. Jake stumbled out of the corner and right into an overhead belly to belly suplex from the Duke Lookem-like.

Jonny Booya didn't want to go for the cover though and pulled Donovan back to his feet. Booya whipped The Phoenix to the ropes and caught him on the way back for a side walk slam. Jake kept his momentum going, however, and flipped over Jonny's shoulder, hooked his head and landed behind him in position for a reverse DDT. Jonny didn't allow himself to get dropped though and turned himself over before throwing Donovan again with a release northern lights suplex! The fans exploded as Booya got back to his feet and taunted The Phoenix to do the same.

Jake pushed himself up but not quickly enough for Jonny's liking. Booya headed over to him and peeled him off the mat, hooked him into a gutwrench and suplexed him halfway across the ring. Booya crawled quickly across the ring top to make the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Donovan got his shoulder up.

Booya lifted Donovan off of the mat and knocked him right back down with an elbow uppercut. Jonny stood over his fallen opponent and played to the crowd once again, The Phoenix spotted an opportunity and took it, rolling Booya into a small package!

ONE!

TWO!

Jonny kicked out!

Jake rolled onto his knees and pounded the mat, clearly frustrated that he didn't get the win there. He argued with the official about the speed of the count while Jonny got to his feet quickly and charged in, clotheslining Donovan in the side of his head. Booya pulled Jake up and propped up his limp body with his much bigger frame. Jake started to come round, but only in enough time to realise he was heading right back to the canvas via the Fire In The Hole!

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR- KICKOUT!

This time Jonny was the one getting frustrated. he got to his feet and pulled Jake with him before throwing him into the corner of the ring. Jonny started wailing away with right and left body blows before landing some hard elbows to the side of The Phoenix's head. Booya lifted Jake into a seated position on the top rope and followed him up.

Jonny Booya planted a couple of headbutts into the nape of Donovan's neck before signalling to the fans that the match was over. Jonny climbed one more rope and placed Jake's head between his knees. Slowly and gingerly Jonny pulled Jake up, crossed his arms under his chest, lifted him and fell backwards down into a Booya Bomb!

No questions left in this one.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jonny Booya (+5) def. The Phoenix via Booya Bomb

AnguJeffy interlude (5)

Angus:

Donovan can't buy a win anymore.

Jeff:

The guy needs to focus. He's got all the tools, but he uses them for everything he can come up with outside of success in the wrestling business.

Angus:

Strangely, I followed that.

Jeff:

That's because I broke it down so that even a moron could understand it.

Angus:

I hate you.

Jeff:

I hate you too, boo.

Angus:

I hope somebody that I don't hate comes out next and does something so completely outlandish and un-you-like that I can tea-bag you while you're passed out on the counter. ROLL TIDE!

Jeff:

FFFU-

Egg on Kevin Cage's face

[Darkness.]

[Then a solo firework.]

[Followed by bright strobe lights.]

[And finally, King COOL.]

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

[illegible]

♪ I am the **COOL** ♪

[Standing atop the entrance ramp with Screamin' Jay blaring, and ten thousand crazed fans boo'ing-- Cancer playfully tosses an egg to himself. Up and down the egg goes, until a fully shaded Coolyness decides it best to blindly fire the oval shaped projectile.]

[Into the audience.]

[To clarify “blind fire,” Cancer acted as if the egg were a grenade, and even went as far as to take cover behind one of the guardrails before lobbing the yolk-bombs skyward.]

[Three or four eggs later, Jiles springs to, and makes his way down to the ring. See, he has carton with him, so all bets are off. Mic in hand, carton of double yolks in the other, he walks about the squared circle with a forgotten swagger.]

CCJ:

We!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!, hello Defiance fans! SO GREAT TO SEE YOU!!!!! ALL OF YOU!!!!!!!!!! Just think, come next show, I'll finally be able to say that and feel like I'm right at home. I'll finally be able to say, Cancer Jiles is back--

and he's here to reign havoc upon the Evolution league.

[Crowd pop for Evolution League.]

CCJ: [over selling]

Yeah, that's right! Go Evolution! Go Elijah Goldman! Yeah! You guys....

ABSOLUTELYFUCKINGSUCK.

[The fans boo. They like their Evolution Tee-Vee.]

CCJ: [ruffling feathers]

Evolution league... gimme a freaking break. Ya motherfuckers need to evolve past Mongoloid if ya want a piece of the COOL.

FOR. REAL.

Here I thought it was bad back in Atlantic City on the Heritage show... but MAI GAWD! You don't have to gaze upon this roster long to find a shoe-shine man, an ass-clown, and a paper _fucking_ champion.

[More boo'ing.]

CCJ: [grinning]

But that's where we're at I guess.

Isn't it?

But don't worry.

Soon...

Soon, one man will change all of that. He'll ride in on a white steed, with hair more perfect than perfect can be. He'll storm this very ring, bringing yolk-fire and egg-stone as his only friends.

He'll demand your respect, Defiance... and trust me, you're going to give it to him. If not, his friends I just mentioned will get very angry, and when that happens...

[Cancer can hardly control himself.]

CCJ:

THIS HAPPENS!

[Lord COOL quickly jumps up to the second turnbuckle, and destroys the patrons sitting ringside with a barrage of eggs.]

CCJ:

TAKE THAT! AND THAT! AND THAT AND..... oh shit.

[Cancer just egged a Defiance wrestler sitting ringside.]

CCJ:

AND THAT! AND THAT!

[Lord COOL finishes off the carton as Kevin Cage hops the guardrail. Then, he about faces and runs as if he were being chased by an angry black man with egg on his face.]

Jack Cassidy vs Dan Ryan

vs

It's that time, ladies and gentlemen.

Time for your Evolution MAIN EVENT.

Fire up "Lemuria Rising" by Murder City Devils.

Out came Jack Cassidy, tearing out of the back like a bat out of hell, to a huge roar from Prudential Center crowd. "The Ripper" threw an arm into the air, raised the devil horns and received an even louder pop. After sliding into the ring and doing a little turnbuckle routine, Cassidy took his Hawaiian button-up off and tossed it to a fan.

Smashing Pumpkin's "Zero" blared throughout the building.

"The Ego Buster" Dan Ryan stepped out into the spotlight and into ear drum-poppin' boos. Ryan soaked it in, a smirk forming across his lips. He took his sweet ol' time walking down to the ring, enjoying the negative attention that was being tossed his way. Hell, he earned that much after what he did to that pinball prick Troy Matthews. Right? Right.

Alright, let's do this.

DING! FUCKIN' DING!

Cassidy was no damn fool and that's why he didn't jump into a lockup with Dan Ryan, who goaded and mocked like a dick. "Ripper" finally agreed to the lockout (yeah, Danny grinned) and the two clashed mid-ring. 'cept, Cassidy ducked that shit and, when Ryan spun around, smattered the giant with leg and body kicks. Ryan hit a knee, Cassidy hit the ropes, and lit him up with a lay-out pump kick to the dome. That's not enough to finish Ryan, Cassidy knows that, so he popped back up and landed a springboard moonsault. Fuckin' PERFECT 10 landing and shit. The early pin netted him a two with Dan Ryan sending Cassidy into ORBIT with his kickout. Musclehead probably benches six-hundo, what's a two-hundred paper weight?

The action continued, Cassidy using the best tactic against Ryan - hit and run. It kept Ryan off-balance and allowed Cassidy to work his high-octane offense. He worked Ryan's tree trunks legs over with inside and outside kicks, then would pop the big man with a DDT. Jack locked on a half-crab, obviously lookin' to weaken Dan-o's legs. Makes sense. As the mammoth started to power up, "Ripper" switched to a side headlock in an attempt to stop the big man. Not a wise move to get within arm's reach of Dan Ryan 'cause he picked up the lightweight and dropped him with a counter backdrop. Ryan followed with a big overhead belly-to-belly suplex and back mounted chinlock. Each time Cassidy got near the ropes, Ryan would drag him away. Finally, after being a dick a few more times, "The Ego Buster" dropped the lock and stomped Cassidy's back for good measure.

Ryan ripped him up to his feet, whipped him into the ropes, and clotheslined him with one of those massive biceps. He added an elbow drop to the chest for good measure and scored a quick two count. The crowd started getting behind Cassidy, but Ryan quickly put a stop to that with a corner whip that shook the ring and brought a hurting Jack Cassidy staggering back toward the ring general Ryan. The giant Texan (Ryan) took the opportunity to backbody drop Cassidy clear out of the ring! Benny Doyle started the ten count, but was quickly interrupted by Dan Ryan joining Jack on the outside.

Ryan went to work on the smaller man, drilling him with forearm smashes and air-sucking knees to abdomen. He sent Cassidy into the barricades, moseyed on over, and crushed his ribs with a trio of big shoulder thrusts. "The Ego Buster" hoisted Jack up over his shoulder and promptly dropped him throat first across the unforgiving barricade.

Naturally, the crowd got after Ryan. Naturally, Ryan politely told them to “fuck off”. Hearing the “SIX!” out of Doyle’s mouth shifted him into a higher gear, but only enough to break the count and start Doyle all over again. Ryan was lookin’ for a killing blow; when he took Cassidy by the arm and sent him full-speed into the ring steps it looked like he’d had it. ‘cept, in what can only be described as the most acrobatic maneuver in DEF history, Cassidy “Dukes of Hazzard’d” the steps, swung around the ring post, and nailed the big man with a modified baseball slide!

“RIPPER! RIPPER! RIPPER!”

You get all that adrenaline coursing through your veins, all amped up, and you get doin’ crazy shit. That’s the only way to explain the reason “Ripper” slid in the ring, bounced off the far cables, and leapt over the top rope onto Dan Ryan with a no-hands suicide dive! Cassidy was slow to stir, but finally shook the cobwebs loose. He powered the three-hundred plus pounder up, pushed him into the ring, and joined him inside. Jack hooked the leg, rearing back with all his might as Doyle slid in for the fall.

ONE! TWOO! THREE**NO!** Ryan got a shoulder up!

Cassidy pulled him back up, had his whip reversed, slid underneath Ryan’s legs on his return, and went for the Jackslide! That’s a backslide, but his name is Jack! Get it, artard? Problem is Dan Ryan is HYOUGE and you can’t do that shit to him. Instead, he lifted Cassidy up and spun him like a goddamn helicopter blade until he had enough Gs (yeah, I watched Top Gun). He let go at about Mach 3 and Cassidy went skippin’ across the ring like a rock on water. That’s just raw power, son. Dan Ryan was pissed, this little shit was givin’ his problems, and he wasn’t havin’ that. He picked up “Ripper” and flung him through the air with a Release German! Cassidy struggled up and received an axe-handle smash to the small of the back for his trouble. Ruh-roh, POWERBOMB! Time to teach Cassidy some HUMILITY!

Or not.

Cassidy fought back with frantic fists, trying his damndest to avoid being slammed into (maybe through) the canvas below. It worked ‘cause “Ego Buster” was forced to drop Cassidy, who landed on his feet like a fuckin’ cat, and smashed Dan-o with the RIP KICK! Ryan was stung BIG TIME and Cassidy was slow to get up himself. He struggled to his feet, resting briefly on the ropes before beginning his climb to the top turnbuckle. Yeah, he was looking for the Vertical Bird (that’s a Five-Star Froggy, noobs). Game fuckin’ over!

Or not.

Ryan reached out and shook the ring ropes.

Crotched. Cassidy’s eyes crossed.

“Ego Buster” stood up and went after Cassidy. In an amazing display of power, the cagey vet DEADLIFTED Jack off the top turnbuckle and high into the air! HUMILITY BOMB! Doyle powerslid into position as the crowd roared for a Cassidy knockout!

ONE! TWOOO! **THREE!** NO! NO!

That’s what the fans said ‘cause DR picked up the fall. Cassidy had given the massive Texan a run for his money, but, in the end, he wasn’t a match for Dan Ryan’s power and ring smarts. That’s the name of the game, folks.

Dan Ryan (+5) def. Jack Cassidy via Humility Bomb

AnguJeffy wrap-up

Jeff:

Tough loss for Jack, I thought he had him there for a bit, but the size and power of Dan Ryan was enough to win it out in the end.

Angus:

So howabout that clusterfuck with Mike Sloan and Bronson Box? Looks like Goldman's decided to use Yoshikazu YAZ as a spoiler of his own and involve him in that situation. And Box still got issues with Heidi apparently.

Jeff:

We saw at least one huge upset, Alceo Dentari over Heidi Christenson. We also saw Dentari, Troy Matthews and Jonny Booya inch a little closer to a streak bonus.

Angus:

Anyways. It's POINTS TIME!

- 1) Alceo Dentari: 10 (+5)
- 1) Jonny Booya: 10 (+5)
- 1) Troy Matthews: 10 (+5)
- 4) Dan Ryan: 5 (+5)
- 4) Heidi Christenson: 5 (no change)
- 4) Jack Bryant: 5 (+5)
- 4) Jack Cassidy: 5 (no change)
- 4) Nakita DuBov: 5 (no change)
- 9) Yoshikazu YAZ: 2 (+2)
- 10) Bronson Box: 0 (+5)
- 10) Chris Cannon: 0 (+5)
- 10) Mike Sloan: 0 (no change)
- 13) Dragon Jones: -5 (no change)