

Exclusive Web Cast: #10

March 1, 2010

#10

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Level-One versus Crazyman Property of Experts Entertainment . Original Air Date May 31st, 2009 Ian Trumps: Here we go, folks! This is it!

"Put You On Game" by Lupe Fiasco hits the PA and a wave of boos circle the crowd as Level-One steps out onto the entrance ramp. He pauses for just a moment to survey the audience, but his expression remains blank. He begins to walk down the entrance ramp, his eyes fixed on the ring. He slowly walks up the steps and onto the ring apron, taking one look up at the large poster hanging over the entrance before slipping quickly inside the ring. He walks around the ring, rolling his head from side to side, as his music dies down. The crowd are buzzing as silence fills the air. Everyone is waiting for the sounds of Fugazi's "Margin Walker," but even Level-One is caught off guard when the rapid fire drumbeat of "The Shape of Punk to Come" by Refused begins to play. Hurricane Jeff: Hold on, what is that? Ian Trumps: Special request from Crazyman - his original entrance music, one last time.

As the rest of the band fall in on the song, Crazyman walks out onto the ramp. The cheers of the crowd are deafening, but they don't

appear to mean a thing to Crazyman as he stares down the ramp towards the ring and Level-One. He wastes no more time, marching down to the ring, he and

Level-One never breaking eye contact until Crazyman rolls under the bottom rope. They stand on opposite sides of the ring, Amy Rosen between them. Amy

Rosen: The following is and I Quit match! Introducing first, from Toronto, Ontario, Canada! He weighs in at 278lbs - Level-One! Boos rain down on them, but Level-One pays them no heed. Amy Rosen: And his opponent, from Akron, Ohio! He weighs in tonight at 240lbs - Crazyman! Boos suddenly change to cheers. Amy slips out of the ring as the referee takes her place in the centre of the ring. The two men stand on opposite sides of the ring, eyes locked on one another. Neither man blinks; neither flinches. The fans are all on their feet; they

ve already begun chanting: "Crazyman, Crazyman..."

The screams of the crowd reverberate around the arena. The chaos runs down each man's spine, but if they feel nervous they sure as hell don't show it. Crazyman doesn't allow the chants to go to his head. After this is over, he won

t be able to feel or hear a damn thing, anyway. This is war, and no matter how brave Crazyman is, no matter how thick Level-One

s skin may be, neither man underestimates the other. Both have their own evil intentions on their agenda,

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and both will pay the price, heavy as it may be. Level-One stalks Crazyman with his eyes, trying to break him down before the match has even begun. He stares at Crazyman and thinks back to the three times he's beaten him before. Three times - and he kept coming back. But no more, not after this. This time he plans to destroy Crazyman once and for all. He grimaces at his opponent; Crazyman returns his gaze without hesitation. And then, quite unexpectedly, a smile. Level-One is taken slightly aback, but Crazyman's grinning face only adds to his frustration. Simultaneously, both men step towards the middle of the ring, standing face to face. Each man's face is stone - cold and hard, giving no other indication of their emotions than the evident hatred that burns deep within their eyes. President Jeff:

I don't

know about you, Ian. But in the APW we're used to crowds like this. Ian

Trumps: Yes, Jeff, and if you still happen to be around after ten years and can still pull crowds like this, I'll be impressed. The intensity that radiates from the two men and quickly fills the air is as thick as molasses. The referee struggles to move through it; it seems like his hand takes an age to point towards the timekeeper and call for the bell. The first ring barely registers as Crazyman and Level-One immediately offer up blows to each other. The crowd breaks the sound barrier with cheers as fists come flying in all directions. Level-One nails Crazyman with a right; Crazyman comes back with a left and then a right for good measure! Level-One answers back with three right hands of his own; Crazyman answers back with a load of body shots, trying to wear down the big man early! Crazyman whips Level-One into the ropes, but Level-One catches him with a Lou Thesz Press. He begins to throw down a volley of the head shots, the crowd letting out a furious boo with each and every blow. Crazyman is able to shift his weight, tossing Level-One to one side and gaining the mounted position. A string of rapid blows rain down on the Canadian as the crowd's boos turn to cheers! Level-One is able to squirm out of the position and scatter across the ring. Using the turn-buckle, Level-One gets to his feet and eyes down Crazyman, who throws up his hands ready for a fight. President Jeff: You have to give Crazyman credit, it

s been about three minutes and Crazyman hasn't even uttered the words

I quit

yet. Ian Trumps: I was just about to say the same thing about Level-One! Not wasting any time, Level-One charges towards Crazyman carrying all 273 pounds with him. Level-One locks Crazyman like a bull pushing him back into the turn-buckle. Crazyman sensing Level-One closing in on him immediately begins to rein down a storm of desperate blows on the back of the head and neck of Level-One. This doesn't faze the former True Expert, who drills Crazyman's gut with repeated shoulders to the stomach. Crazyman hunched over the back of Level-One is then forcefully lifted over his shoulder crashing into the mat! Crazyman recoils from the impact, but quickly makes it back to his feet, catching Level-One with a vicious rake to the eyes. Crazyman is disappointed when he finds none of Level-One

s facial features in the palm of his hands. Crazyman winds up drilling Level-One with right hands sending him back into the ropes. As Level-One comes back he

s taken down with a stiff back elbow to the face. Level-One scrambles back to his feet only to taste a series of knife edge chops that force him into the corner. Crazyman begins to stomp a mud hole into his opponent's stomach, before Level-One catches his leg, spins him around, then takes him down with a clothesline. Level-One clutches his stomach, using the ring ropes to pull himself back up to a vertical base. Crazyman

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rolls over onto his hands and knees, rolling his neck. He doesn't

see the kick coming before it

is already landed in his ribs, knocking him back to the ground. Level-One follows it up with more kicks and stomps to the stomach, followed by a big elbow drop to the sternum. Level-One pulls Crazyman to his feet, whipping him across the ring and catching him with a knee to the gut on the way back, flipping the man from Akron head over heels onto the ring mat. As Crazyman staggers back to his feet, Level-One sneaks up behind and locks in an abdominal stretch. Crazyman grimaces and groans as Level-One orders the referee to ask if his opponent quits. Crazyman simply shakes his head and yells out in pain as Level-One drives a fist

into his ribs. Hurricane Jeff: Level-One is wearing down Crazyman. I don't

think you can come with a game plan any better than that in a match like this. Ian Trumps:

It

is not just about dishing pain, Jeff. It

is also about resisting it.

Level-One rears back on the hold, trying to tear his opponent in two, but

Crazyman refuses to submit. Finally managing to make some room, Crazyman flips

Level-One over with a hip toss before dropping down and wrapping his legs around the Canadian

is ribs to lock in a body scissors! Level-One tries to pull Crazyman

is legs apart, but has to shield his head when hammer fists start raining down on his face. As the bigger man,

Level-One is able to turn his body around and begins landing punches of his own to Crazyman

is face. Crazyman doesn't

even bother covering up, preferring to hit back with punches of his own. The two men trade mean, closed fist punches back and forth until they finally break free from one another. Their ribs aching, their faces

bruised, the physical pain only strengthens their resolve as they stand up. Hurricane Jeff: These two have

started this match in a brawl. Ian Trumps: Well, they haven't

been in the ring with each-other in a long time, and this has been building for ages, I can only imagine

these two want to tear the other apart. Crazyman throws a wild punch that Level-One easily blocks before

answering with a kick to the gut. Level-One lifts Crazyman up with a suplex, holding it for at least twenty

seconds before driving his opponent into the canvas. Picking Crazyman up, Level-One repeats the move,

holding Crazyman in the air for even longer before bringing him crashing back down. Level-One signals for

one more suplex, but third time isn't

a charm as Crazyman slips out behind and reverses the hold into a neckbreaker!

As Level-One holds his neck and gets back to his feet, Crazyman rolls to the ring

ropes, using them for leverage as he stands up. Level-One charges forward, but Crazyman drops down,

bringing the top rope with him. Level-One saw it, though, and stops himself before he sails over the top,

instead dropping an elbow on his opponent. Crazyman rolls to the outside, holding his chest. Level-One steps

out onto the ring apron and leaps down onto his opponent with a double axe handle to the back of the head.

He raises his hands in victory to the booing fans. Ian Trumps: Level-One doesn't

want to get too cocky here. President Jeff:

I don't

see him out doing you anytime soon, Ian.

Level-One picks up Crazyman and whips him towards the ring steps, but Crazyman reverses and Level-One

feels the hard steel. Crazyman pulls Level-One to his feet and lifts him up into a suplex position before

dropping him ribs first on the crowd barrier. Level-One falls off the barrier and lands at the feet of the front

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row, who are cheering wildly for Crazyman. Crazyman reaches over the barrier to grab Level-One, but the Canadian stops him in his tracks, grabbing him by the head and pulling him face first onto the crowd barrier. Crazyman staggers back, holding his face, as Level-One clammers back into the ring side area. Level-One charges at Crazyman, who deftly sidesteps, but the Canadian is still fast enough to stop himself from running into the ring apron, instead sliding under the bottom rope. He runs across the ring and bounces off the ropes, coming back with a baseball slide to the outside. Crazyman manages to dodge that, too, but he misses a clothesline and pays for it with a super kick to the back of the head. Level-One rolls Crazyman back into the ring before heading over to the timekeeper and pulling him off his chair. With the metal chair in hand, Level-One makes his way back towards the ring, but gets caught with a leg drop to the back of the head as he tries to enter. Crazyman drags Level-One into the ring and whips him into the corner. He measures a few steps back before charging forward, but Level-One sees the attack coming and catches him with a back body toss, sending

Crazyman over the top rope. Crazyman however is able to grab the top rope and land on the apron.

However, Crazyman isn't

able to take advantage of

this, as Level-One notices him. He lands a stiff shot to the face of Crazyman and follows it up with a high impact snap suplex back into the ring. Level-One holds onto Crazyman

s neck and rolls backwards into a mounted position, cranking on the neck with a modified headlock.

Level-One demands the ref check up on Crazyman, as he wrenches the manoeuvre. President Jeff:

Crazyman is locked in a manoeuvre I don't

think I have ever seen used before. One thing about Level-One is his athletic ability. His ability to also think on his feet, and create opportunities as the match progresses. This is exactly why he is APW world

champion. Ian Trumps: And Crazyman is one of the toughest S.O.B.

s in the business. That

s probably why, when given the choice, he signed with the TFWF. Level-One tugs and pulls on the neck of Crazyman, his face twisted, his eyes burning, knowing that he could very well end Crazyman right here. But

Crazyman, isn't

as worn out as Level-One would have liked. Crazyman swings his free hand into the ribs of Level-One in an attempt to weaken the death grip. Level-One refusing to give up leaves Crazyman with only one option for

escape. Crazyman, not wanting to pass out, begins to squirm and turn Level-One over onto his back.

Crazyman, battling the limits of his body, uses all his strength and is able to lift Level-One off the ground,

while the Canadian still has the modified front head lock on his opponent! Level-One, realising that his

manoeuvre is going nowhere fast, abandons it, giving Crazyman a release. Crazyman then slams Level-One

to the mat with a spine buster! The blow rattles the ring, and Level-One immediately exercises plan B:

escape. He rolls under the bottom rope, and collapses to the outside ring apron for cover. Crazyman lays on his back taking deep breaths, trying to regain lost energy.

Not wanting to waste too much time, Crazyman hurries back to his feet. The former True

Expert, utilizing his surroundings once again, retrieves the steel chair he had taken earlier and hides it with

his back turned away from Crazyman. Ian Trumps: Looks like Level-One has a nasty surprise in store for

Crazyman! President Jeff: Yeah and there won't

be a bow on this one! Crazyman

s eyes flare up to the sky, knowing exactly what

s coming next.

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Crazyman looks at his surroundings measuring his pre-planned flight. Taking a few steps back, Crazyman rushes forward throwing his body through the ropes.

Level-One, cold and calculated, expected this of Crazyman. He turns around, swinging the chair indiscriminately, connecting with the skull of Crazyman. Crazyman crashes to the ground like a sack of potatoes, his body limp and lifeless. The crowd isn

t happy, a few take a swing at the Canadian as he makes his way to the announce table. Ian Trumps: That chair shot rocked Crazyman, his own momentum only adding to the impact! President Jeff: It

s amazing just how quick momentum can change. Level-One dumps the time bell keeper out of his way, stealing the microphone in the process. Level-One then heads towards Amy Rosen, an old time acquaintance of sorts. Seemingly forgetting the history between the two, he treats her similar to anyone else who he had roared past on his search for a microphone.

Amy, give me the fucking mic!

Amy utters the words

not cool

as Level-One rips the microphone right out of her hands. Amy Rosen sticks her tongue out at Level-One as he makes his way towards the downed Crazyman. As if to taunt Crazyman, Level-One drops to a single knee right beside him. Level-One lifts one microphone to his mouth, and taps

Crazyman in the temple with the second one.

Joel, I really want you to look around tonight. The crowd. The lights. The chants.

Joel, I want you to look at us right here, right now, and evaluate this situation. I can promise you, if you don't quit right here and right now; things are going to get a whole lot worse. You will never wrestle another match again.

Crazyman manages to rise to his knees. He spits a bloody gob of saliva onto the floor and grabs the microphone.

"Joel

s not here right now

and I ain

t done with you yet, boy." Crazyman catches his cocky rival with a shot to the face with the microphone. Level-One grabs at his face as he curses on the microphone. Level-One turns back around, and is rocked in the stomach with the butt of the microphone, collapsing to his knees. Crazyman, stumbling back to his feet, charges

Level-One and scores a mounted position on top of him. With his fist wrapped around the microphone, Crazyman rains down thunderous blows to the face of his

rival, the impact echoing through the PA system and almost drowning out the cheers of the audience.

President Jeff: Level-One gave Crazyman that microphone, and now he

s using as a weapon against Level-One! I can

t believe these fans are cheering; their ignorance makes my skin crawl! Ian Trumps: All

s fair in love and wrestling, Jeff! Crazyman grabs Level-One

s head with one hand and with the other puts the microphone to his lips.

"You wanna play with these toys?"

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He smashes Level-One's head against the floor.

"You wanna play, you pissant son of a bitch!?"

Crazyman reaches for the chair and gets to his feet. Level-One stands up and rolls back into the ring, but Crazyman is close behind. Level-One turns around and eats a chair, sending him down to the canvas. Crazyman isn't done yet, though; kicking Level-One's legs apart, he places the chair over the Canadian's groin, and without a second thought drops an elbow on the steel. Even the highly partisan crowd can't help but groan as Level-One rolls across the ring, holding his groin and grimacing in agony. Crazyman shows no expression whatsoever, tossing the chair out of the ring before rolling out himself. He spits more blood onto the floor, the result of a cut somewhere in his mouth. Crazyman first walks over to the announce table, where he politely asks Amy Rosen for a microphone. Then he walks back to the ring and lifts up the apron. The buzz of the crowd increases in volume as he reaches underneath the ring, finally exploding in a blood-crazed cheer as Crazyman pulls out a baseball bat! But there's no barbed wire around this bat; this particular baseball bat has lots of small, broken shards of glass stuck into it! Ian Trump: That's not exactly Barbie, but it might be something even more violent! President Jeff: Is that really possible? Crazyman rolls inside the ring, where Level-One is sitting in the corner, still nursing his bruised crotch. Level-One raises a hand to hold Crazyman off for another moment. Crazyman stands in the centre of the ring and begins to speak.

"Right about now would be a good time to offer you one chance. Before I ram this baseball bat up your ass, I should give you the opportunity to quit.

"But I ain't gonna do that."

And with that, Crazyman tosses the microphone far out of the ring.

Level-One frantically shakes his head as Crazyman advances. In a last ditch effort, he swings with a low blow that doubles Crazyman over and makes him drop the bat. Crazyman drops to his knees as Level-One picks up the baseball bat. He begins chastising Crazyman, insulting him with every name he can think of, before swinging down with the bat. But Crazyman manages to block the shot, grabbing the bat and keeping it away from his face by only inches! Level-One pushes down as Crazyman pushes back, each man trying to win this latest battle of wills. Crazyman roars and pushes himself onto shaky legs. They appear to be at a stalemate until Crazyman kicks Level-One in the stomach and takes full control of the baseball bat. He swings, but Level-One manages to duck, and when Crazyman turns around all he finds waiting him is a Pele kick to the face! The shot sends Crazyman back with feeble footing, Level-One gripping the Louisville slugger, gets to his feet and rocks Crazyman with a shot across the stomach, the sharp glass cutting into his stomach with little remorse. The baseball bat sticks to Crazyman like glue; as he falls to a single knee. Level-One extends a foot against the upper chest of Crazyman, ripping the bat from his flesh, Crazyman falling onto his back as a result of this. Ian Trumps: The baseball bat hitting Crazyman in the gut!

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Holy shit

President Jeff: He just got rocked!

Holy shit

Holy shit chants continue; while Level-One hoists the bat over his head like a coveted trophy, before carelessly, tossing it over the top ring rope to the outside. Crazyman rolls along the mat with sharp shards of glass still embedded into his torn stomach. Feeling in control, Level-One slips under the bottom rope, retrieving the same microphone Crazyman had tossed away. Just as quickly as he left the ring, he rolls back in. Crazyman pulls himself towards the ropes, as Level-One stomps on his back, before grabbing his legs, and placing him in the centre of the ring. President Jeff: Crazyman better quit if he knows what's good for him!

Hey, Crazyman. Remember that time when you decided you wanted to carve your initials into my chest? Vowing to burn the dirt, grime, and sin right off of me?

Well, I

am going to burn the sin off of you too.

However; I

am not going to brand you with some silly initials. No, of course not.

Crazyman, I

am going to take your face. I

am going to make sure nobody ever recognises it again. So let me start the fire

Level-One lowers the microphone, slipping through the middle rope, and then slipping under the ring, where his search through a plethora of weapons begins. Ian Trumps: This doesn't sound good at all, Jeff! We knew this was going to be violent, but Level-One sounds like he's ready to disfigure Crazyman for life! Retrieving a large red canister of lighter fluid, he slips the big red container into the ring, and follows it in. Crazyman manages to claw himself to the nearest rope; getting a single hand on it. Level-One untwists the cap, and then approaches Crazyman grabbing a clump of his hair, thrusting his head backwards violently. Level-One lifts the canister but is caught by a quick low blow by Crazyman. Falling to his knees he drops the large red canister, allowing Crazyman to get his hands around it. Wasting no time, the pyromaniac splashes lighter fluid in the face of Level-One, blinding him momentarily in the process. Level-One springs up to his feet, like a chicken with his head cut off, stumbling around the ring unable to see a thing.

Reserving the lighter fluid, Crazyman is sure to close the

lid, keeping the highly flammable liquid inside. Level-One still swiping at his eyes, stands no chance to defend Crazyman

as onslaught, as he rushes forward with the canister in hand, smashing it against the face of Level-One, sending him right through the ropes, onto the outside! President Jeff: Very cheap of Crazyman! You can't attack blind people, it

is a moral code. Ian Trumps: If Level-One didn't

want to risk it, he should have kept that lighter fluid out of the ring! Level-One knows his in trouble; his eyes still burning from the liquid, he is barely able to see anymore, and continues to stumble, this time towards the ramp. Crazyman, believing he has exactly what it takes to beat Level-One grabs a microphone in one hand, and holds the lighter fluid in the other.

Not wanting to give his rival breathing room, Crazyman is sure to stalk

Level-One up the mat, swinging at him with the microphone in hand as hard as he can as Level-One

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continues to stumble up the ramp, with fragile attempts to defend himself.

"Children shouldn't

play with fire, Lester!" Crazyman untwists the cap to the lighter fluid, and begins to slowly pour it up and down the ramp. Crazyman slipping in-front of the still blinded Level-One, dashes liquid fluid in-front of his feet, causing the former champion to lose his footing, and clash against the steel ramp, stopping him in his foot steps. Crazyman standing over the former true expert, eyes the set up that awaits just off the stage, it is a solid 15 foot drop from where they currently stand. Looking down at Level-One, it isn't hard to see Crazyman isn't thinking about twice of killing him tonight.

"They only get burned."

President Jeff: Come on! This is just going too far! Level-One is helpless, and a big part of my promotion. The last thing I need, is the nutcase to have him injured or worse off killed! I would've never allowed this to go through if I knew what a sick nutcase Crazyman really is. Ian Trumps: Why do you think I allowed it to happen? Crazyman grabs the arm of Level-One dragging him across the ring ramp, which has the crowd immediately stirring with anticipating. Crazyman rocks Level-One across the forehead with shots to the face, further to wear down the former True Expert. Crazyman lifts the microphone to his mouth, giving Level-One the ultimatum.

You want to quit you son of a bitch? Or am I going to have a bit more fun with you?

Squinted eyes and all, Crazyman doesn't

expect a

reply, but this is what exactly he gets. In more ways than one.

They have fun

Level-One replies, a smile crossing his face. His eyes open up, leaving Crazyman stirring with urgency.

You don't

need wings to fly

Level-One whispers into the microphone, letting out a fit of laughter. Crazyman his face contorted with frustration thrusts Level-One to his feet, grabbing hold of his neck; he

is going to launch Level-One right off the stage! Ian Trumps: Level-One just raked Crazyman

his eyes, he

is one dirty S.O.B! Level-One rocks Crazyman with a knee to the stomach, sending Crazyman to his knees, his back towards the 10 foot drop. Level-One stumbles across the slippery ramp, back into the guard rails.

With his signature taunt, he runs his thumb across his neck. Level-One runs forward, upon approaching Crazyman, he hooks Crazyman

back with his arms, and launches himself overboard taking the man whom he hates the most down with him

Cracking tables

Rumbling electricity

The crowd is off their feet

HOLY FUCK, HOLY

FUCK, HOLY FUCK! Pyro shoots wildly into the air; but this was clearly no celebration. President Jeff: Oh

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my god! Level-One just hit the Canadian destroyer on Crazyman, off a 15 foot drop! Ian Trumps: That could have broken his neck! That could have broken both their necks! Crazyman and Level-One both lay in a heap of broken tables and strewn cables; bruises are already worn proudly on both men. Although Level-One stirs, the story is written on his face. He knows that Crazyman

s words were quickly becoming a reality, and it scares him. Crazyman is not moving, but his brain steadily flips through the motion. He wonders if Level-One is thinking about anything he had said over the past few years, but he doubts it. Although both questioned themselves on whether or not they would survive, quitting isn

t even a thought in their minds. No, not now. Ian Trumps: Someone is going to want to get some medical help out here. Paramedics begin to dash out from the back to check up on the two men. The crowd watches on in shock & awe; wondering if either man would emerge from the wreckage. Paramedics reach both men, checking up on them. Level-One rolls over onto his stomach and begins the slowly crawl out of the wreckage; Crazyman takes a bit longer, his limbs slowly rising and falling as he tries to regain his bearings. Two paramedics walk in front of Level-One, asking him if he wants to quit; Level-One replies with a solid right hand, knocking a paramedic to the concrete floor. Level-One growls at the second paramedic, who quickly staggers away. Falling to his knees; he begins to search through the paramedics pockets; retrieving a zip tie!

President Jeff: It looks like Level-One just retrieved some type of weapon from the EMT but I can

t see it from here. Ian Trumps: Whatever it is; a weapon is a weapon. I have seen people disfigured by spoons before! Level-One reaches the entrance ramp and somehow manages to pull himself up onto it. He rests for a moment before getting to his knees, then slowly climbing to his feet. Still a little out of it, he starts walking back up the entrance ramp, seemingly oblivious to the noise and chaos around him. Crazyman pulls himself up with the help of the entrance ramp. The cuts in his belly leave streams of blood running down his legs. From a pocket in his tights he removes a small silver object. Level-One barely notices his rival down on the floor and continues to stagger back and forth up the ramp, before settling against the barricade. Turning to the crowd Level-One demands a weapon, being splashed with beer & coke from the younger fans in the crowd doesn

t faze him, a worried fan gives up one of his seats. Crazyman flicks open the silver object, revealing a small yellow flame. Holding the flame Crazyman advances towards Level-One, but is rocked with a swinging steel chair, sending Crazyman to the ramp, the silver lighter falling onto the ramp beside his body. Ian Trumps: Crazyman rocked with yet another steel chair swung by Level-One! President Jeff: I know Level-One better than anyone. It

s not fancy, it

s nothing special, but it is his weapon of choice. Level-One

s eyes expand as he sees the silver lighter on the ramp. The former True Expert kicks the lighter down the ramp, the lighter fluid on the ramp splashes up from the force. Grabbing the steel chair; he folds it open placing it on the top of the ramp. The ref appears on the scene, and Level-One demands him to find a microphone immediately, shutting the referee down the ramp. Approaching Crazyman he grabs his hair, dragging him up the ramp, before throwing the barely conscious Crazyman into the chair. Level-One fighting his exhaustion begins to take deep breaths as he circles his rival seated in the chair. Level-One raises his hand showing the white large zip tie to the crowd, failing to observe their jeers. Grabbing Crazyman

s arms he pulls them behind his back, before tying Crazyman

s arms behind to the chair. Crazyman

s head slumps to the side, as Level-One sits back and admires his work, especially when he receives a

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microphone from the referee.

s wrong Crazyman?

Level-One asks, slapping Crazyman across the face.

How does it feel to be slapped in the face, and you can

t defend yourself?

Crazyman leans his head back and launches a kick, catching Level-One in the gut, sending him to his knees.

He curses into the microphone, recoiling from the shot.

You dumb son of a bitch!

Level-One begins to file in right hands, punching Crazyman, who can

t defend himself from the attacks. Blood pours from Crazyman

s mouth, dripping down his chin. Level-One doesn

t stop, until he can

t fight back the urge of taunting Crazyman further.

Crazyman, now you know how my father feels. Now you understand how it feels to be exploited in front of the entire world, and have no means to defend yourself. Crazyman there are only two options, the first being you utter the words, I quit. The second option being, you simply don

t, and I burn you alive. So what

s it going to be?

He says, shoving the microphone into the face of Crazyman, who can barely keep his eyes open. Ian

Trumps: I thought Crazyman was the pyromanic? President Jeff: All I know is that it is best for Crazyman to utter those magical words, the last thing I think the wrestling needs is another death. Crazyman, beaten and bruised, looks up at Level-One with squinted eyes. Despite this Crazyman hawks a wad of bloody spit onto the cheek of Level-One.

How about option three?

Crazyman asks, before cracking a bloody smile.

you quit

Level-One closes his eyes and takes a few steps back up the ramp, wiping the bloody spit particles off his cheek. Reaching into the stitches of his tights, he pulls out a match. Not saying a word; nor showing the least bit of emotion, he brings the match across his boot, and tosses the match on the ramp, the flames immediately shoot up in the air. President Jeff: Level-One just set that ramp on fire, and Crazyman is seated tied to a chair right up to the top of the ramp! Ian Trumps: We need paramedics and fire fighters! The flames creep up further and further up the ramp, the flames reflecting off the eyes of Crazyman as they taunt him with death. The heat of the fire brings Level-One back to his senses, causing him to scatter down the ramp for safety, after it had almost backfired on himself. Crazyman struggles in his chair, as the liquid of the flame begins to slow down, the closer it gets, having no liquid placed where he is currently seated.

Crazyman, you are going to quit!

Level-One demands to Crazyman who continues to struggle in the chair.

If you don

t quit, I will make sure not a single person puts out those flames

Level-One tosses the microphone to Crazyman; but with tied hands it simply hits Crazyman in the stomach and falls to the floor; the fans boo. Ian Trumps: I don

t think Level-One is even giving Crazyman the option of quitting anymore! President Jeff: Well if he wanted the option, maybe he should

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ve caught the microphone! The fires creep close, fans in the stand cry out in horror. The reflection of the flames bounces of Crazyman

s eyes; his face contorted with desperation, he can feel the heat of the flames. Crazyman struggling slowly begins to turn his chair around, trying to put his back to the flames. Level-One can no longer see this through the flames of fire and thick layers of smoke. A camera angle catches the flames just inches away from Crazyman, who reaches his hands back into the flames, the flames consuming his hand!

Crazyman pulls his hands away from the fire immediately. After pulling his hands out from the burning inferno, Crazyman staggers off to the side of the ramp hidden behind the wall of flames. Crazyman had burnt the zip tie

off, but his hands weren

t able to avoid the burning hot flames. The skin is peeled off; it

s raw, and bloody, he finds it hard to even close his fist. Level-One watches the wall of flame expand further of further, until he drops to his knees, placing his hands behind his back. President Jeff: What the heck is Level-One doing? Ian Trumps: He believes he has killed Crazyman, and I think he

s ready to be arrested for it! President Jeff: Arrested? He has a world title to defend. How much am I going to have to pay for bail? Level-One stares emotionless at the flames; as they have consumed the entire ramp.

The flames begin to work their way up the set; ultimately catching fire is the large poster of he and Crazyman promoting the event. The flames consume the picture of both men in its entirety, which really has him

questioning what he had just done. Fire sirens begin to cue off; as the Legacy Plaza, is quickly in danger. A

few fans with young child can be seen walking up the steps, avoiding the gruesome events, others question whether or not they should leave. However, the crowd quickly begins to stir with excitement, as Crazyman comes stumbling through the crowd. He can barely hold himself up, blood still dripping from his lips.

Crazyman approaches the barrier and instead of climbing over it, he simply topples over chest first. Having made it this far, he is not willing to give up, slowly pulling himself back to his feet. President Jeff: Why hasn t anyone told Level-One that Crazyman isn

t dead, this is hardly fair. You can

t fight an opponent who you technically believe is no longer alive! Ian Trumps:

Well, I have seen weirder

things, mate. Crazyman is handed a set of crutches by one of the very few Level-One fans; in attempts to mock him; but Crazyman can

t help but use it to his advantage. Level-One shakes his head; the sirens pound his ears, as fire fighters begin to make there way out onto the scene. Crazyman comes charging forward like a mad man, catching

Level-One on the back of his shoulder blades with the crutch, breaking it in half! Level-One gets back to his

feet but walks straight into a suplex on the outside apron! He rolls over and tries to crawl away, but Crazyman

is on him in a flash! Crazyman picks Level-One up and whips him towards the flames! But Level-One

reverses and hip tosses Crazyman into the fire! Crazyman

s lower body gets caught and his legs start to light up! He rolls across the entrance ramp as the ring crew

frantically douse him with fire extinguishers. Level-One grabs one of the extinguishers and brings it down on

the head of Crazyman! Ian Trump: What the hell is wrong with Level-One? There was absolute no need for

that! President Jeff: Jesus Christ, we heard that impact from here! Crazyman is getting his ass handed to

him, he isn

t going back to TFWF the same, mark my words. As the ring crew and fire fighters try desperately to control

the fire on the ramp, Level-One drags Crazyman back down to the ring. He rolls Crazyman back inside before

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searching under the apron for more weapons. There

s no point asking if Crazyman quits - even if he wanted to, that shot with the fire extinguisher has knocked him silly. Level-One smiles as he pulls a table out from under the ring, the sirens cutting through the crowds chants, which with the fire fighters attacking the flames, feel much more secure. Crowd:

The roof, the roof, the roof is on fire! We don

t want no water, let that motherfucker burn!

Level-One brings the table into the ring before setting it up, while Crazyman pulls himself back up. Level-One stops him in his tracks with a series of forearm strikes before leading him over to the table. Laying Crazyman across the table, Level-One raises a fist in victory, much to the annoyance of the fans. He climbs the nearest corner and readies himself to fly, but Crazyman rolls off the table. Level-One shakes his head and climbs down. Crazyman grabs the table and hurls it at Level-One, who gets caught in the chest and is left winded!

Crazyman picks up the table again and drives it into Level-One

s stomach before setting it aside. Ian Trumps: An interesting way to use that table, wouldn

t you say, Jeff? President Jeff: I much rather see someone go through it to be quite honest. Crazyman whips

Level-One across the ring, but Level-One grabs hold of the ropes. He isn

t fast enough to dodge Crazyman, however, who rushes forward and nails him with a clothesline that sends them both over the top rope and out onto the floor! Crazyman looks around and finds his baseball bat lying on the floor. It

s in his hands quickly, and as Level-One turns around Crazyman swings it at the Canadian

s head, cracking him across the skull! Level-One drops like a shot, clutching his face. Crazyman raises the bat in the air, and the crowd goes wild! Level-One tries to crawl away, blood seeping from several cuts on his forehead, but

Crazyman grabs him by the back of the neck and pulls him up straight. With Level-One on his knees, Crazyman pushes the bat into his face and grinds the broken glass against his already bleeding

head! Level-One screams in agony as Crazyman gouges into his skin, before finally breaking free with an elbow to the bleeding gut of his nemesis. Crazyman doubles over in pain and Level-One takes advantage, clambering to his feet and attacking with a running knee to the face. Deciding that he

s had enough of the bat, Level-One picks it up and violently throws it over the crowd barrier, where it barely misses injuring one of the fans. This only makes the crowd boo even harder, but Level-One has already

tuned them out, focused as he is on destroying Crazyman. He wipes the blood from his eyes and smears it across the face of his rival before beating him down with a series of stiff punches. President Jeff: You

ve got to love the ruthlessness in Level-One! That

s APW world champion! Ian Trumps: You love it unless you

re on the other side of it, let me tell you that much. Level-One throws Crazyman back inside and grabs a chair before getting back into the ring himself. Crazyman is stirring and is on his knees when Level-One

blasts him with a brutal chair shot to the head. Crazyman is down and seemingly out, but Level-One doesn

t halt his attack, raising the chair high above him and bring it down on the prone body of Crazyman. He swings again and again, so many times that those watching lose count. Level-One punctuates each blow with an inaudible word that grows louder with every strike of the chair, before he

s screaming it until his throat is ripped to shreds.

"Quit! Quit! Quit! QUIT!!"

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The referee standing nearby has a microphone in his hand, and Level-One snatches it from his grasp. With his face a bloody mess and his breathing heavy, he yells into the microphone, "I told you to quit, you bastard!"

One more strike from the chair sends the backing flying off, before Level-One tosses the dented weapon aside and collapses in the corner. His body is stiff, the exertion of his violent attack leaving him exhausted.

Ian Trumps: I don

t know if Crazyman is still alive, never mind conscious. President Jeff: For the past twenty minutes, Level-One has been in solid control of this match. Crazyman will not be able to endure much more of this, mark my words. I think he

s done! The crowd are cheering wildly, but as the seconds pass they become quieter and quieter. Level-One just sits in the corner and stares at the beaten body in front of him; the referee doesn

t dare step near Crazyman for fear of discovering the worst. Over a minute passes and there

s still no movement from Crazyman. Level-One slowly rises to his feet. Cautiously, he takes a single step towards Crazyman, followed by another. He inches his way closer to the body lying in the middle of the ring.

And then

a hand moves! An arm swings around and rests by Crazyman

s head! Level-One screams out in frustration and falls to his knees as Crazyman begins to move. He slowly pushes himself up onto his knees, his arms shaky but the expression on his bruised face defiant. Level-One stands up and measures himself before running forward. He attempts a punt kick, but Crazyman dodges it and responds with a low blow! Level-One falls to the canvas as Crazyman leans back on his knees. His eyes are glazed over as he moves his head slowly back and forth, staring at the fans now on their feet. He blinks and, as he comes back to his senses, a smile creeps across his face. He looks down at Level-One and begins to chuckle to himself, before throwing his head back and laughing loudly into the air. President Jeff Jeff: He

s out of his mind! Ian Trumps: Well, duh! Crazyman crawls out of the ring and falls to the floor, but pulls himself back up to his feet. Reaching under the ring apron, he

s still laughing as he pulls a bag out and rolls back inside. Giggling away, he sets the table up once again, then picks up the bag. With a broad smile across his bruised and beaten face, he tips the contents out onto the table. Ian Trumps: Glass! More broken glass! Crazyman goes back to Level-One and picks him up, but

Level catches him with a rake of the eyes. Crazyman staggers backwards as Level-One reaches for the first weapon he can find - a shard of the glass from the table! Level-One brings it down on the head of Crazyman, opening up a gash on the top of his head! Hurricane Jeff: Heh, that

s the second time Crazyman brought glass into the match and it blew up in his face. Ian Trumps: Not yet, but I wouldn

t be surprised if we see that too. Level-One blasts Crazyman with an elbow strike to the face before leading him over to the corner. He lands a knee to the gut before lifting Crazyman up onto the top turnbuckle.

Level-One climbs up after him, pointing to the table and smiling. The crowd

s boos turn to cheers as Crazyman fights back, both men trading punches on the top turnbuckle. Level-One gains the advantage and gets Crazyman in a front face lock. But Crazyman holds on, blocking the superplex attempt with everything he

s got. Level-One releases the hold and Crazyman spits a bloody gob in his face!

With Level-One temporarily blinded, Crazyman attacks with a Bionic Elbow to the

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head, followed by another, and a third, before he shoves Level-One off the top turnbuckle. Level-One sails through the air and crashes through the table! His eyes go wide as glass pierces his skin and the fans chant "Holy shit! Holy Shit!"

Ian Trumps: Holy shit! President Jeff: Holy shit!

As Level-One lies in agony among the wreckage of the table, Crazyman steps up and jumps off the top turnbuckle. He lands with both knees planted into the chest of his enemy! Level-One coughs and splutters with Crazyman steal leaning on top of him. Crazyman grabs Level-One's head with one hand and a piece of glass with the other. Holding Level-One's head down, he brings the glass to his rival's cheek.

"Now you won't forget!," he yells as he pushes the glass into Level-One's skin.

"Now you

ll never escape me!" Level-One screams out as Crazyman carves a into his cheek! President Jeff: He's trying to scar Level-One for life! Ian Trumps: This is just something physical to add to all the emotional ones. Level-One manages to raise a hand and tries to swat Crazyman away, but to no avail. In desperation he digs his thumb into one of the wounds in Crazyman's stomach. Crazyman roars and backs off of Level-One, who scrambles away with blood streaming down his back. Ian Trumps: I can't believe either of these men aren't dead yet. Level-One, with his back towards the turnbuckle, grits his teeth with anger and frustration, staring at Crazyman, who collapses into his own pile of broken bones and misery. The sirens continue to blast off; the repetitive sounds simply scream the words mental asylum to both men. The sirens however aren't loud enough to drown out the cheers of the fans, especially as waves of water attack the still burning stage; a good amount has been contained but the damage has been done. Level-One wields a microphone after being asked if he wants to quit, the referee exercising his best judgement with what has occurred before him. Quit!?! I am NOT quitting! he screams, his voice a loud shriek; his voice shakes with doubt. He begins to run his hand down his back, pulling out shards of glass from right out of his back.

For two years I have waited for this day, and you want me to quit!?

Throwing the glass against the wrestling mat, and dropping to a single knee, Crazyman rests his back against the turn-buckle in a seated position watching Level-One systematically break apart.

Quit?

he laughs.

I am LEVEL-ONE! I am the TRUE fucking Expert!

he roars to his feet; the blood flowing through his creating an internal crimson mask; with adrenaline pumps

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through his veins, as he begins ripping glass out of his skin and back, tossing it to the floor. The blood gushes from his wounds, creating a pool of blood below him. Crazyman pulls himself back to his feet; and Level-One comes rushing forward. President Jeff: I have never seen a match like this in my life, and I don't think I

ll ever witness the passion that these two men have shown tonight. Ian Trumps:

These two have defiantly revolutionized the old age idea of a feud, I

ll give you that much. Crazyman is able to slip

out, as Level-One crashes chest first against the turn-buckle. Level-One swings his fist violently with over hand rights and lefts; cracking his knuckles against the metal ring post over and over again, while Crazyman stands back watching his opponent slowly break down and lose his cool. The crowd can only watch in dismay, as Level-One rips around, roaring like a beast out of his cage. Crazyman winds up catching Level-One with a few right hands; but Level-One shakes all of them off. He shakes his fist, he stomps his feet, and let

s out a furious roar. President Jeff: Jesus Christ, Level-One has just levelled up! Charging forward with a clothesline; Crazyman avoids it and comes thrashing back with a flying fist, taking Level-One to the mat. Crazyman hits the deck rolling out of the ring. Level-One snapping to his feet just as quickly as he falls; begins to stomp his way around the ring, the effects of his wounds, seemingly not wearing him down.

Crazyman reaching under the ring begins to wheel out a huge ladder, while Level-One parades around the ring like a beast that is on his last legs. Ian Trumps: There it is, that

s a twenty foot ladder. President Jeff: They call that the huge fucking ladder! Crazyman places the large ladder through the middle rope, in attempts to base it before pulling it all the way up. Level-One however sees this and his eyes widen. Reaching over he grabs the large ladder; and begins to pull it into the ring and away from

Crazyman. Not wanting to give away his weapon, Crazyman grabs the end of the ladder as the two men engage in a battle of

Tug-of-war! The veins pop out of Crazyman

s neck; as he tries to hold on. Level-One however with his new breath of induced rage; in addition to the strength has over Crazyman ends up winning the battle; however Crazyman refuses to let up, even as he bleeds profusely from his stomach. His body is dragged into the ring along with the ladder. Level-One, letting go of it, snaps off a string of kicks to the hands and neck of Crazyman before grabbing full possession of the twenty foot ladder. He hoists it up onto his shoulder as Crazyman climbs to his feet. Level-One rushes forward, but Crazyman sidesteps and Level-One finds nothing but the corner. Still holding the ladder, he turns around and tastes a kick to the stomach. Crazyman grabs the ladder from Level-One

s grasp and then hurls it at him like a basketball, smashing it against Level-One

s face! Level-One falls to the canvas, and the ladder lands on top of him! President Jeff: That ladder might have shattered every bone in Level-One

s face! Ian Trumps: Huh, might be an improvement. Level-One rolls over and tries to crawl out from under the ladder. Crazyman, smiling broadly as he wipes the sweat from his brow, picks up the ladder and brings it down onto the shredded back of his opponent.

Level-One

s face is frozen into an expression of pure agony as Crazyman lifts the ladder up and slams it down again and again. Finally dragging the ladder to the opposite side of the ring, Crazyman balances it on the top turnbuckle before lifting it back over his head like a

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suplex, the bottom smashing into Level-One once more! The Canadian lays on the canvas, blood pooling around his head, his body shaking uncontrollably. Crazyman tosses the ladder to one side before returning to his fallen foe. He drags Level-One into the centre of the ring and rolls him over onto his back before picking up his legs. The buzz of the crowd erupts into a roar as Crazyman twists Level-One's leg into a figure four shape before turning him over. Ian Trumps: The Cuyahoga River Fire! Crazyman's inverted Texas Cloverleaf is locked on! President Jeff: I don't even want to imagine what that's doing to Level-One's back! Level-One screams out as incredible pain surges down his spine. Crazyman pushes forward, practically folding his opponent in half as he groans with the strain. The referee asks Level-One if he wants to quit, but he shakes his head as he frantically claws at the canvas. Crazyman roars at him, "Tap! Tap, you son of a bitch!"

Level-One slams the ring with his fists as he tries to break free. He digs his fingers into the canvas and drags himself towards the edge of the ring. Inch by inch he moves forward, all the while his spine is twisted and bent by Crazyman as the man from Akron holds nothing back. Level-One reaches desperately with his outstretched hand and slips his fingers around the bottom rope - but it makes no difference! The referee shakes his head and tries to explain that rope breaks don't count! Level-One's face is a picture of terror as Crazyman drags him back to the centre of the ring, all the while the crowd's cheers fill the air. President Jeff: These sick fans want to see Crazyman break Level-One's back! Ian Trump:

Level-One never showed much appreciation for the fans, I doubt they'd miss him! Level-One is barely moving as Crazyman's body shakes with the pressure he is applying. Level-One wipes his face against the rough canvas, leaving a streak of blood in the ring. He raises his head and emits a horrifying, primeval roar, his eyes shut tight as he struggles with everything he's got left. His face is bright red as he pushes himself up onto his hands, trying to relieve some of the pressure. Ian Trumps:

Jeff, I think Level-One yes, my God! Level-One is crying! President Jeff: He's in so much pain, there are actually tears running down his cheeks! But no, those aren't tears! Ian Trumps: That's blood! Jesus Christ, he's crying blood! Maybe one of those shots to the head burst a blood vessel in his eye. Maybe the pressure and the pain has caused some kind of internal injury. Maybe the man just isn't able to cry like a human being. For whatever reason, two streams of blood run down Level-One's cheeks as he continues to fight back the encroaching darkness, the enticing comfort of unconsciousness. After an eternity of agony, Crazyman finally gives him a reprieve, dropping Level-One

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s legs and staggering back towards the ring ropes, which hold him up. As Crazyman catches his breath Level-One slowly crawls to the nearest corner. He doesn't get very far, as Crazyman staggers over and drops an elbow on his broken back. Level-One rolls over to protect his shattered spine from further damage as Crazyman kneels next to him. Crazyman waves the referee over to him, taking the microphone from the terrified official. He looks down at his fallen foe and breathing heavy breaths addresses him.

"Lester, it's over.

You can barely move. Lester, I broke your back. Just just quit

already." He holds the microphone to Level-One

s mouth. Incoherent noises come from his mouth, nothing that no one should understand. But Crazyman understands perfectly; somewhere deep inside, he knows exactly what level-One is saying, because he'd say the same thing in this position.

"OK, then."

He tosses the microphone back to the referee and struggles to his feet. Stumbling over to the ladder, he drags it into the centre of the ring and sets it up. He takes one more look at Level-One, still lying on the ground, then turns to the ladder and slowly begins to climb. Ian Trumps: Crazyman

s taking a huge risk here, and he doesn't

have to. The referee should end this match - Level-One is clearly unable to continue! President Jeff: I don't

know about that, Ian

- look! Somehow Level-One is able to dig deep and slowly start to move. He pushes himself up to his knees and crawls towards the ladder. Grabbing the rungs of the ladder, Level-One forces himself up onto shaky legs, then follows Crazyman up the ladder! Crazyman is waiting for him at the top with a fierce right hand. Both men trade sloppy punches back and forth with one hand while the other grips the ladder fervently.

Level-One begins to gain the advantage, slamming his fist into the face of Crazyman. He grabs his opponent by the face and begins to push with everything he

s got, trying to force Crazyman off the ladder. One finger slips into Crazyman

s mouth and finds the cut Level-One caused earlier with that first brutal chair shot. He digs into the cut and Crazyman screams, but the pain seems to give him the adrenalin rush he needs to fight back. The easiest way of doing this? Clamping his teeth down on that same finger. Ian Trumps: He

s biting him! He

s going to bite his finger off! President Jeff: They

ll do anything to maim each other! Crazyman lets go of the finger in his mouth and attacks with chops and punches to the face. His hands still burn and the pain shoots up his arms, but it only seems to strengthen his resolve as he leaves bloody hand prints across the chest of Level-One. Level-One begins to wobble on top of the ladder before one last shove sends him off! He drops to the ring, hitting a corner and smacking his head off the top turnbuckle! The impact sends him staggering backwards into the ladder, which tips over! Crazyman flies through the air and lands stomach first on the top rope!

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Both men lie almost motionless in the ring, Crazyman in the foetal position, clutching his stomach, and Level-One stuck in the ladder! Ian Trumps: Someone should put a stop to this! These men will die if they aren't stopped! President Jeff: You want to throw in the towel for Crazyman, be my guest! Both men begin to stir; Crazyman rolls slowly out of the ring and lands with a thud on the floor. Level-One pulls himself out of the ladder and struggles to his feet before collapsing back to the canvas. Crazyman sits leaning up against the ring apron, his body racked with pain, exhaustion threatening to overcome him. Level-One forces himself to move, despite the agony he feels in every muscle. He crawls out of the ring and lands near Crazyman. Crazyman struggles to his feet and advances on his opponent, but Level-One stops him with a low blow. It gives the Canadian enough time to make some space; he staggers over to the announce desk. Ian Trump: Oh dear. President Jeff:

I was kind of hoping they'd leave us alone, Ian.

Level-One grabs one of the monitors as Crazyman gets up and stumbles after him. Level turns around and wildly swings the monitor, managing to lamp Crazyman in the face. As his opponent lies dazed on the floor, Level-One sets about stripping the announce table of the other items on it. Grabbing a length of wire, he descends upon the prone body of Crazyman. He wraps the wire around his rival's throat and begins to squeeze with all his might, dragging Crazyman to his feet. Crazyman claws at the wire around his neck, but Level-One's bloody face bears a look of unflinching determination. He uses the wire to swing Crazyman face first against the table; there is a loud thud as he hits the wood and falls back to the floor. Level-One trudges away from the announce table, searching for another weapon. He soon finds a chair and turns around to see Crazyman back on his feet, using the table to keep himself up. Level-One roars and charges with as much speed as his legs will allow, but Crazyman ducks a chair shot and catches Level-One with a back body drop onto the table! The table manages to take the impact as Level-One lays across it with his head hanging over the edge. Crazyman picks up the chair and swings down with all his might, smashing it against Level-One's face and leaving his rival barely conscious. Ian Trump: That chair shot echoes around the arena! President Jeff: God damn it, how am I supposed to market a champion with a face like that!? Crazyman turns back to the ring; one can see his mind at work as he walks towards it, dropping momentarily to one knee as his legs give out from under him. He regains his footing and reaches into the ring, dragging out the ladder! The crowd are going insane as Crazyman sets the ladder up just outside the ring. He hits Level-One with another chair shot for good measure before setting foot on the first rung. Suddenly there's a hand on his shoulder. Crazyman turns around and, through bleary, blood-filled eyes, he can make out the figure of his old foe and good friend Amy Rosen. Amy is shaking her head and waving her hands frantically.

"You don't have to do this! He's done - don't do this! Just stop! Just end it now!" Crazyman stares at Amy's concerned face. For a moment, the better side of him comes through - the side that knows this has gone too far, the side that tells him it's time to go home to Lily and let this war go to the sands of time. But it

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s only for a moment. He gently pushes Amy away, leaving a bloody handprint on her shirt, and begins to climb the ladder. Ian Trumps: Jesus, don't do this! President Jeff: Twenty feet up and only a table to break his fall! I can't watch! Step by step he climbs the ladder as the crowd scream and shout. He doesn't know if they're cheering him on or begging him to stop - maybe a bit of both. He reaches the top of the ladder and looks down to his fallen rival so far below. Level-One starts to move and rouse himself. It's now or never. He raises a hand to the crowd, and then he flies. After an eternity falling, he crashes back down to earth, his elbow slamming against Level-One's chest as wood explodes underneath him. He rolls away from the destruction and can hear someone screaming in agony; it takes him a moment to realise it's him. Level-One, meanwhile, is lying immobile among the broken announce table. The referee checks both men and asks them each the all-important question; but after this much violence, this much pain, the idea of actually quitting seems ridiculous. Crazyman rolls to his knees; there was no mistaking the familiar one-two crack of ribs breaking, and breathing has suddenly become incredibly difficult. He crawls towards the ring as Level-One lifts a hand to his chest and holds the spot where Crazyman put all 240lbs of his body behind the point of his shoulder. He too struggles and moves back for the ring. The fans applaud both men for their guts and determination, despite all that may have happened in the past. President Jeff: The fans appear to be giving both men their due here tonight! Ian Trump: Well, Jeff. That just means we have a very smart crowd in attendance here tonight. Crazyman pulls himself to his feet and turns to see Level-One kneeling down by the ring apron. He reaches through the ropes to grab his opponent, but Level-One strikes out with a roll of barbed wire! Crazyman falls back as Level-One climbs inside. He attacks with the wire, grinding it against Crazy man's face, before turning his attention to the ring ropes. He wraps the barbed wire around the top, stopping only to cough up a mouthful of blood - he could have swallowed it, or it could be from internal bleeding. Taking just a moment to catch his breath, Level-One grabs Crazyman by his head and pulls him towards the ropes. Crazyman struggles against his rival's grip and breaks free before catching Level-One by the throat and shoving his face against the barbed wire! Level-One cries out in pain but quickly reacts with an elbow to the injured ribs of Crazyman. Crazyman staggers backwards, but Level-One takes his hand and whips him into the ropes. Crazyman falls forward, catching his head between the top and middle ropes before the momentum sends his body flying over the top! Crazyman dangles from the side of the ring in a hangman, one of the ropes wrapped in the razor sharp barbs! The referee rushes forward to help Crazyman, but level-One grabs him and shoves him away! Ian Trumps: Those barbs could cut through Crazyman throat, and Level-One doesn't care! President Jeff: These men are beyond caring, Ian! It's all about just surviving! Crazyman kicks at the air as he struggles to get any oxygen into his body. His eyes meet Level-One's, the Canadian's malicious smile beaming out through his crimson mask. Drawing on the last of his strength, Crazyman grabs the two ropes and pulls them slowly apart. The barbs cutting into his flesh don't come out without a

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struggle, but he eventually manages to release himself from the hangman, collapsing to the floor. Level-One stares at Crazyman who lies on his stomach beneath his feet. His stature is contorted; he can barely remain vertical over the Akron Ohio native. The referee forces a microphone into his hand, demanding that he ends the match immediately. Level-One staring at his rival nearly lifeless himself; his arms hangs beside his body, as if hangs by a thread; his face telling a story of bodily harm, as he lifts the microphone to his lips; and doesn't

say a word; sending the crowd into a frenzy of boos. President: It looks like Level-One has run out of things to say, what more really needs to be said? Ian Trumps:

I don't

know, Jeff. After following these guys feud since day

one; I

couldn't say it

was impossible for them to run out of things to say. Level-One drops the microphone and falls to his knees, grabbing his bloodied rival by his hair. Crazyman's once dark black set of hair is now crimson red like the rest of him. Pulling at his hair and cursing incoherently, Level-One manages to get the dead weight of Crazyman to his knees. Pulling back his head, Level-One leans into his face.

"Your chance to quit has passed a long time ago, Joel. You die tonight."

He delivers the message and without the microphone only he can hear it this time. Crazyman is violently forced to his feet. As Level-One hooks Crazyman

with his own arms, he turns him around and scoops him up with his nearly broken back. The pain shoots through his face, yet he manages to lift Crazyman up off the ground and drops him to the mat with a huge Level-Advance, also known as the vertabreaker. A splash of Crazyman

blood squirts into the air from the impact, causing the fans in the front row to gasp in horror. Level-One keeps the hooks in the manoeuvre, leaving Crazyman

with his legs to remain in the air lifelessly, with the pressure remaining on what now is a fragile neck. President Jeff:

Level-One just hit the Level-Advance! Crazyman is over and done with! Ian Trumps: Level-One still hasn't

let go, what the hell is wrong with your guy? The referee drops down beside the lifeless, bloodied

Crazyman, sticking the microphone into the crimson mask. The referee pleads with Crazyman to quit. After a few moments, he opens up his eyes. He doesn't

know where he is

not after being dropped on his neck the way he did, and instincts kick in.

"

I will not quit!" Level-One

eyes expand, as he slowly begins to rock back and forth, side to side trying to gain the strength, to carry out his evil set of plans. With the hooks still wrapped in, Level-One is able to roll over onto his side and somehow struggle to his feet!

Level-One carries Crazyman in yet another Level-Advance set up, Crazyman hanging on his back like a back

pack! Level-One takes two steps forward, before jumping into the air, dropping Crazyman with a Level-Advance that quiets the house immediately. Crazyman lies on his stomach; he isn't

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t moving. President Jeff: DOUBLE LEVEL-ADVANCE!

I have seen it all, Ian. I have seen it

all! Crazyman does NOT have it in him to go any longer; someone needs to call this off. Ian Trumps:

Someone is going to have to say I quit; I don

t think either of these two men will settle for a draw. Level-One, lying on his back from the manoeuvre, begins to crawl over to Crazyman with the microphone in hand. He

s exhausted and the only thing he can taste now is blood; victory had left him along time ago. Crazyman is rolled onto his back, as Level-One collapses right beside him. The two men lie in the middle of the ring, staring up at the lights, but Crazyman can

t see past the blood in his eyes. The crowd watches as the two men lay in the middle of the ring. By now the fire fighters had put out the stage fires, and they stopped hearing the sirens when the buzzing came into their ears. The stage is burnt; the arena is a mess; they tore each-other apart, and neither Lester Only nor Joel Bryant have anything left in the tank. Staring up at the arena lights, wiping the blood from his face, Level-One holds the microphone above his head. Crazyman begins to show slight signs of life; perhaps it s because the sound of his rivals voice - what else could carry these two any further than the lengths they have walked together?

"Joel... what more do I have to do to you? What more do I have to do to you to make you just say 'I quit?' We have been here for over an hour, beating the crap out of each. other. Fuck

I don

t even know if this is a reality anymore. Feels so much like a dream... mortal men would ve been done after the first 15 foot drop

Level-One says, as virtually every fan in the arena quiets down to hear his tone.

"Crazyman, I don

t know where we are going to go from here once we get back to our feet. But I just want to tell you wherever we

re going, apart of me is going to enjoy it, the other part of me is going to hate it. You know, things could ve been so much different

we would

ve never had to do all this tonight. It would

ve been easier to let our hate die out, pass course, move on

he says, as Crazyman sticks out a hand, grabbing the microphone right out of Level-One s possession. Level-One is too hurt and exhausted to feel slighted.

"Would've, should've, could've, Lester. Time to let the past be the past. Now... get on your fuckin' feet and fight me."

The crowd begins a loud "Level-One, Crazyman" chant, no longer allowing their brutal fight and tactics to get in the way of respecting what they had done here today. Level-One slowly stirs to his feet; Crazyman grabs onto the tights of Level-One in attempts to harness himself up. They both use each other to mount themselves back to their feet, until they rise vertical, crimson mask Vs. crimson mask

a sea of fans going absolutely ape shit, no longer divided for their favourite or whom they disliked the most.

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The two stand face to face
and we

re right back at the start again. President Jeff: Jesus, this match has been going on for over an hour, and they both have gotten back up to continue to fight. Ian Trumps: Those fans are shaking the very foundations of this arena right now; it may just collapse on us all tonight! Crazyman swings with a wild forearm; Level-One answers with one of his own. Back and forth they trade sloppy strikes before Level-One kicks Crazyman in his mid section. Level-One snakes his large hand around the wrists of Crazyman pulling him in for the Darkness Shine! Level-One stumbles around the ring, he can feel the pressure on his back. Crazyman is able to throw lifeless elbows into the cheek of Level-One. This sends Level-One back into the ladder, allowing Crazyman to get his feet up on the rungs. Level-One falls to his knees but knows that
s in trouble, his body being systematically destroyed. Perhaps it
s instinct when he catches Crazyman flying off the ladder with a cross body. Level-One launches Crazyman onto his shoulders, and gives him everything he has - Darkness Shine! The ring rattles as both men lay with their backs to the mat. The sea of thousands rise to their feet, letting out a roar that wakes both men up, even if it only momentarily. President Jeff: Crazyman is in trouble - Level-One has just hit three of his finishing manoeuvres in the last few minutes. I think he
s throwing everything he has left at him! Ian Trumps: It's because he knows he'll never win otherwise! Level-One sits up, the blood still draining from his face. The referee is checking on Crazyman when Level-One reaches over, grabbing the referee
s shirt. Pulling him close to his face, Level-One demands that the referee gets him a microphone. The ref searches around frantically, picking one up that laid in the corner of the ring, rushing back to the scene. Level-One grabs the microphone
he says, his voice shaking with anticipation, as he slowly pulls himself to his feet.

"You don
t want to do this anymore. I don
t want to do this anymore
He slowly pulls himself up to his feet.

"Why can
t you say it? Why can
t you man up and just admit I
m better than you, damn it!," he whines. It's clear that even as Level-One is on the offensive, it's taking its toll on him.

"Joel, I
m going to dive an elbow into your heart, and you
ll never see the light of day again!," he says. The fans simply watch, as Crazyman barely moves a muscle. Slipping the microphone into his rival's hand, Level-One begins to slowly climb the rungs of the ladder. Each step is a new fight, a battle he puts himself through for victory. Eventually he reaches the top, but even that isn
t high enough, so he harnesses his balance on the very top of the ladder. As the entire arena gets to its feet, Level-One threatens to put his rival away with his own signature manoeuvre. President Jeff: Level-One has

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some evil intentions in mind! Ian Trumps: I
m not sure he

s going to be able to carry them out - look at Crazyman! Crazyman, with his hands wrapped around the bottom of the ladder, is able to shake it, causing Level-One to lose his balance. Level-One manages to hang on, but his leg is caught in the ladder.

Pulling himself back to his feet with the help of the ropes, Crazyman stumbles forward. He realises he is holding a microphone in his hand, and tosses it across the ring, giving Level-One no option to quit himself.

"You want to play, Lester?,"

Crazyman asks as he picks up a discarded chair.

"Or are you done playing?," he shouts as he slams the steel chair against Level-One's knee. He lets out a painful roar as Crazyman winds up and hits Level-One in the knee with a second shot!

"Lester, you don

t need to tell the fans you quit," Crazyman assures him, rocking him in the knee yet again. Level-One lets out a painful cry. Crazyman lifts the twisted chair in the air, as the fans give him a huge pop.

"It can be just between you and me. You tell me that you quit, no-one needs to hear your submission," he says, winding up and smashing the chair against Level-One's knee yet again. Level-One nearly passes out due to the pain, or bloodloss, or both.

"You

ve always been a stubborn little child," says Crazyman, tossing the steel chair to the ground. Crazyman works his way up the ladder, slowly but surely. The fans are coloured red in his eyes, and it's hard to see a damn thing anymore.

Once he's up the ladder, Crazyman begins to reach

over, trying to grab the leg of Level-One that is stuck in the ladder. President Jeff: I have no idea why Crazyman is up there with him, but it doesn

t look good for Level-One. Ian Trumps: It looks like Crazyman is looking for some type of submission. Ian is right. Crazyman makes an attempt to get in between the ladder, where Level-One

s foot is hanging. Crazyman reaches out, touching the boot of Level-One and appears like he's ready to grip his leg, and hang in the air, looking to break every bone in Level-One

s leg. Level-One can feel the pressure of Crazyman grabbing his brutalised leg and begins to fight with everything he's got, trying desperately to kick Crazyman away despite being trapped. Crazyman decides to change tactics. Moving back around, he climbs to the top of the ladder, reaching down to strike Level-One's

knee from above. Level-One roars, pulling himself up, catching Crazyman with a vicious right hand. Then another one! This shakes Crazyman long enough to allow Level-One to grab the top of the ladder and tug his foot out from the ladder. It dangles in the air lifelessly; his knee has been separated from the bone. Level-One continues to rock Crazyman with right hands, long enough to score himself an upright position on the ladder. The two men begin to trade more shots on top of the ladder. Level-One catches Crazyman with a right hand; Crazyman, even with burnt fists, manages to rock Level-One with a few right hands of his own. He grabs

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Level-One's head and smashes his face against the top of the ladder, trying to shatter every bone in Level-One's skull! Level-One manages to block the attack and scoops Crazyman up onto his shoulders, putting him in the darkness shine position! Ian Trumps: Crazyman is in big trouble! This time it's going to be off a ladder! v President Jeff: But he isn't going down without a fight! Crazyman drives elbow after elbow into the side of Level-One's head, trying to break the death grip. Level-One however is willing to destroy himself in order to take Crazyman out of the equation for good. Level-One performs the Darkness Shine (F-5) but Crazyman grabs his arm, dragging him off the ladder, and both men fall to the ring! The ring gives way and the two vanish into a gaping hole! The turnbuckles have given in as a result of this and the ropes, some shrouded in barbed wire, come loose. The crowd has gone crazy - most fans cheer, the hardcore fans cursing and stomping their feet in rhythm. Crowd: WHAT THE FUCK! WHAT THE FUCK! WHAT THE FUCK! President Jeff: I marked. Twice. Ian Trumps: Jeff, I think we lost two great prospects here tonight. President Jeff: He's my world champion! This isn't right! Fans begin to throw their chairs towards the broken ring, further burying the two men. Two minutes pass before there is any sign of movement. The crowd chants both men on, wanting to see the end result of the chaos they had put their bodies through. A white hand reaches out from the wreckage, as the fans cheer. However a black glove, now stained with blood, also snakes out of the hole. It isn't long before both men pull themselves out of the wreckage. Neither man can stand, so they sit back on their knees, barely realising the other is right in front of them. Level-One scoops up a steel chair. Crazyman begins to sort his way through the massive amounts of discarded chairs himself, and both wield a weapon. The two swing their chairs, but the weapons simply hit each other, sending a large metallic clash into the ears of the watching crowd. The two men wind up again; again, neither one can land a shot. Level-One throws his chair at Crazyman, hitting his rival's burnt hand. Crazyman throws his own chair, the side of it smacking Level-One on the top of his head. They grab more chairs and throw them, most of them missing their mark by a wide margin, others hitting the spot perfectly. Level-One throws one chair, then another quickly afterwards. Crazyman takes a number of hard shots to the face and falls backwards, but his arms and legs swing back and forth as he tries to get back up. Level-One shakes his head. He slams his fists amongst the wreckage - he can't handle it anymore. He picks up a microphone, slowly lifting it to his lips.

"Goddamn it Joel QUIT!," Level-One demands, almost on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Level-One doesn't know how much further he can go; in fact, he's pretty sure he's here. The end.

"I can't!," Crazyman cries out. A single tear slips from his eyes before being mixed with his crimson mask. Rather than moulding with the blood, it streaks down his face, washing a thin line away. He came too far to turn away now. All the blades in his body, all the broken bones - to walk away, he'd be losing everything. They can't. They can

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t bring themselves to do it.

"QUIT!"

Level-One screams. Level-One tries to plant seeds of doubts in Crazyman's head, trying to rise to his feet, but he quickly falls back to a single knee again.

"I can go all night" he lies. He looks at Crazyman, who rises to his feet. Level-One shakes his head.

"

This is the end."

Level-One hits himself in the head with the microphone before mumbling, He says it again, slightly louder: Finally, unable to control himself, he screams, "PLEASE!!!"

Crazyman nods his head. He has nothing left.

"I quit, Level! I fucking quit!" he says, falling onto his stomach in the wreckage of the broken ring. Level-One too falls over, right by the body of Crazyman, as the crowd beings a "Thank you" chant. President Jeff: Crazyman has just quit! Crazyman has just quit! That makes Level-One the winner of the match! Level-One has triumphed over Crazyman again! Ian Trumps: But at what price, Jeff? Jesus... at what price? They lie motionless amidst the destruction they have caused. Finally, there is movement. Crazyman's arm moves slowly, reaching out, his hand searching for and eventually finding a microphone. he pulls it to his lips; his breathing his heavy and his words slurred.

"Now... now... can you?"

Level-One raises his head slightly and stares wide eyed at his rival, his most hated foe. Crazyman stares back. No - Crazyman doesn't stare back. That demon is exorcised, it seems. They lie in that ring, not as warriors or as wrestlers, not as enemies, but as men - men as broken and imperfect as those who fathered them, as the ancestors that first bore the names and Level-One can't breathe, but it isn't due to the injuries he has sustained. He's received everything he wanted. He wanted one last match, and he got it. He wanted to wound tear Crazyman's flesh and leave him bloodied and beaten, and he got it. He wanted to hear Crazyman say, "I quit," and he got it. But now, for the first time in what seems like a lifetime, he has no idea what he wants. Joel Bryant crawls away to the edge of the ring and falls out onto the floor. Lester Only follows after him, his leg giving out on him numerous times before he finally manages to stand. Each man stumbles and staggers towards the burnt out entrance ramp, far too dangerous to walk up. So they walk along the side of it, slowly making their way backstage. EMTs rush out but back off slowly, too horrified by what they see coming towards them. The two men do not look at each other, or at the cheering crowds. Blood fills their eyes and blinds them. Blood fills their ears and makes them deaf to the screams and cheers. They stare forward with lifeless eyes until eventually they disappear from sight... Together.

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