

Mini Story #5



Dennis Kevin Gregory

THE MOST UNUSUAL BOXING MATCH IN HISTORY

An excerpt from **The PIT**: The Road to Salvation.

Scene description:

All the transported guests have been introduced and seated around the table to begin the discourse. Adolph Hitler alone refuses to be seated and to participate. His complete disrespect for Dennis and the event has invoked a serious confrontation. In an effort to get things moving, Dennis, working with Socrates and Milton, attempts a compromise by sending for Adolph's admin Eva so that he can speak through her. This only served to heighten the intense dislike between them. Fed up, Dennis tells Eva that if Adolph still refuses to come to his senses and speak to him, that we would come around the table and give him a true smack-down. Eva asks Dennis what a smack-down is. Dennis decides to show her instead as he quickly walks around to the side of the table where Adolph was standing and without uttering so much as a single word, uses the back of his hand and smacks Adolph to the ground. Adolph, completely red-faced and totally embarrassed in front all the famous guests, jumps up to his feet and through Eva,

calls Dennis a '*Black Animal*'. Prepared for this, Dennis tells Adolph to meet him in the next room where a fully functional boxing ring is set up for occasions such as this. All the guests are invited to attend the match.

[The curtains rise in the boxing ring. The present day audience from **The PIT** is seated in a special section of the ring to protect their invisibility. Adolph's entourage will consist of Field Marshall Idi Amin, Attila the Hun, Marquis de Sade and Brutus. Dennis' entourage will consist of Malcolm X, Sun Tzu, Socrates and Albert Einstein. The rest of the guests, with the exception of Mother Theresa and Mahatma Gandhi, who both have understandably refused to participate, have taken seats inside the ring.

As we begin, the ceiling of the ring turns a solemn grey with faint sounds of thunder; the way the sky looks right before a serious lightning storm or impending tornado. Adolph and his entourage begin stoutly marching down the aisle with their high kicks from the visitors' dressing room to his corner. His favorite Nazi theme song is playing loudly for the crowd as a soldier carrying a giant Nazi flag leads the procession. Adolph has on black leather shorts with a large red, black and white swastika sign on the belt buckle and on the wristband of each boxing glove. He has a proud and confident look on his face with that dreadful inch wide moustache looking like the very essence of arrogance. As soon as he arrives at his corner, they begin to huddle together to strategize about the first round.

All of a sudden, a loud whistle sounds as everyone stops in his or her tracks looking around to see what is going on. Within a few seconds, the ceiling quickly brightens from its dark and somber grey to a brilliant white as a large strobe light descends from seemingly nowhere, creating exotic disco flashes of color exploding through the air, while Mary J. Blige's "Real Love" begins to blast and fill the room. The audience in the gallery section of the ring seems to forget where they are and begin to dance and boogey all over the place as they wave their hands in the air as Mary rocks the house.

Then, Dennis and his entourage appear from the dressing room. He is wearing a light blue silk hooded robe, dark blue silk shorts with a large light blue and white

sign on the back of his robe and on the belt buckle of his trunks, which reads... **'Armour'**. The entire entourage begins to rock and party their way down the aisle, grabbing and dancing with a few guests along their way to his corner, as the audience continues their dancing and fist waving in the gallery section. He too, has a confident look and begins to discuss strategy for round one with his entourage as soon as they arrive at his corner. [the music ends]

Brutus: [speaking from a stool in Adolph's corner] Adolph, selecting me to be part of your entourage was the first good move you made. In my opinion, you need to remember that anything goes. I say forget whatever rules they announce. This is not the time to act like you know how to fight fair. I suggest slipping this knife under your belt in case he turns his back on you. Aim for his spine and puncture him in one of the lower vertebrae. Believe me, the fight will soon be over, and you can then claim your superiority for all to see.

Adolph: [looking at Brutus] Good suggestion, but do not forget that I am fighting an inferior being, so I will not need it.

Attila the Hun: [speaking from his stool] Adolph, I have learned never to underestimate an opponent. I almost got slain by a man half my size once until I decided to take him seriously.

Adolph: [appearing angry and looking straight at Attila] But you are not the Fuhrer!

Marquis de Sade: [sitting on his stool looking at Adolph] I should not have to tell you this, but if by some slim chance you do not realize this, morality has no place here. Have absolutely no mercy on him. I overheard you calling him a 'Black Animal' to your secretary. If that is how you feel, I say good. My suggestion then is to get vile with him. You might as well have some fun since you are being forced into this anyway! I know that the more vile and loathsome I think, the more I am able to pleasure myself. The referee here calls himself Geronimo. I say totally disregard his presence.

Idi Amin: [sitting on his stool looking at Adolph] My suggestion is this: imagine yourself already in hell and you are master of all; a scenario not all too unfamiliar to you. In this setting, you have the ability of inflicting extreme pain and punishment on anyone with ease and can make it last for as long as you desire. I therefore say use that imaginative ability to knock him out immediately to erase any doubts about your superiority.

Adolph: [standing in his corner looking at Idi] Best idea yet. You may be inferior, but I like the way you think.

Attila: [looking at Adolph] He's right. Go for it all at once and do not let up. That is what I would do. If you claim to be of a superior race, then you must prove it. The longer the match goes on, the less superior you will begin to look to everyone watching, including me.

Adolph: [once again looking at Attila angry at the last remark] Are you trying to insult the Fuhrer?

Attila: [looking back at Adolph defiantly as if he were about to stand and confront him] Call it whatever you want, I could care less. For all I know, you may think that I too, am an inferior being. If that is indeed your thinking, I can assure you that such a conclusion by you may prove fatal, if you are not prepared to back it up.

Marquis de Sade: [beginning to see the crack in the team] Let us all stop this squabbling at once! That is just what those bastards over there want us to do. Adolph's claim of superiority is what is on trial here, not our differences or even our opinions. I therefore say that it is time to shut up and get this claim verified one way or another. Let Adolph simply choose whatever suggestions we come up with or choose to neglect them all. The truth will face us all quite soon, regardless.

Adolph: [looking at his team as they pick up their stools and find seats in the first row behind his corner] Do not worry. I'm ready.

Meanwhile, over in Dennis' corner:

Malcolm X: [speaking from his stool] The first thing you need to remember is that losing this fight is not an option. I know Adolph. If he wins, we will all witness an incredible marketing campaign that the German/Arian race is the clearly superior race on this planet. They will use this bout solely for that purpose. I therefore implore you to look at this bout as a potential turning point in history. The world really needs to see that the German people are simply just like everyone else, not superior or inferior. You are in a position to get that image across.

Dennis: [standing in his corner looking at Malcolm] Understood.

Albert Einstein: [looking at Dennis from his stool] Let us refer to one of my favorite sayings: "It is in the gut, that man should realize that he is not GOD". My conclusion from this is that hard solid body punches to his gut area should, at least theoretically, knock the stupidity out of him. After listening to Zao, who provided us all with a brilliant insight into Adolph's basic personality, I say that his head may be too full of pride for you to inflict a lot of damage there. From a physics perspective, I would add that your feet should be firmly planted before launching those body jabs, as doing that will create the most force in each jab. Do not lunge at him, as your feet in the air will cause the impact of your punches to dissipate the quickest before they reach him.

Sun Tzu: [looking at Dennis sitting on his stool begins to speak] Albert's suggestions are valid and should prove quite helpful. Definitely use them. My suggestions are more tactical in nature. I think we all agree that their strategy will be to go for the knockout right from the beginning bell. Let's use that knowledge. I say let him think that his superiority is indeed showing itself. Since you know that he will be attacking you with a reckless abandon, allow that to take place as if you are surprised, and act as if those punches are about to make you fall.

The success of such a tactic is based wholly on deception. The art of deception in war is fundamental but rarely used effectively. If executed correctly, it will provide you with the intellectual high ground; a position too few understand during conflict. It gives you much more time to think while the action is taking place. It will be necessary for you to protect your vital areas from that initial

onslaught, as the sheer number of projected jabs will require this, lest you get annihilated.

Dennis: [smiling at Sun Tzu] The tactics you describe are already known to me. They were beautifully executed by one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest boxer who ever lived. His name is Muhammad Ali. He is also one of the greatest human beings I've seen in my lifetime; as I believe him to be, besides a great boxer, a true man of GOD, or as he would call Him: Allah. In any event, he used it in one of the biggest fights in boxing history. It has become quite a famous tactic in my time. It is known as the 'Rope-a-Dope'. His opponent, George Foreman, was at the time, the most feared boxer alive. I remember George in a fight against Joe Frazier, who himself was a great boxer, where he used the enormous power of his punches to bounce Joe's head off the canvas like he was playing basketball! Even I, as a loyal Ali fan, was worried for him in this fight, as George looked totally mean, fearsome and unbeatable. Needless to say, using that genius tactic, he slew the beast in one of the most memorable sporting events in history.

Sun Tzu: [smiling back at Dennis] Hmmm. I see.

Malcolm X: [looking at Dennis] I vote you use this tactic.

Albert Einstein: [looking at the whole team] I agree.

Dennis: [looking at his team as they stand off their stools and get seats in the first row behind his corner] Enough talk. Let's get it on.

[Geronimo climbs into the ring and goes to the center after he is announced as the referee for this bout]

Geronimo: [waving to both fighters in their corners to come to the center - Dennis comes to the center after a few waves to the crowd]

Geronimo: [seeing that Adolph, who is facing the crowd with his back to him, is ignoring him] Adolph, what seems to be the problem?

Adolph: [defiant as ever says and does nothing]

Dennis: [seeing this familiar scene with Adolph, whispers to Geronimo] Sneak up behind him and ask him politely if he would like another smack down.

Geronimo: [looking at Dennis smiling] Thought you might say that. [goes over to speak to Adolph][Adolph decides to come to the center]

Geronimo: [looking at both fighters, finally in the center, to explain the rules] Gentlemen; I want a good clean fight. [in Adolph's section, Idi Amin and Marquis de Sade have a big private laugh between them at the very thought of a clean fight] When I say break, I want each of you to go to your respective corners. This bout will last twelve rounds. All rounds will last three minutes each. I will score using the ten-point must system. You will have until the count of ten to rise from a knockdown or the bout is over. In the final round, you cannot be saved by the bell. Do each of you understand these rules?

Dennis: Yes

Adolph: says nothing and quickly runs to his corner.

Geronimo: [tried to have them both hit gloves together in the center to signify the gentlemanly beginning, but to no avail since Adolph has left] So be it.

LET THE FIGHT BEGIN!!

ROUND ONE

Remembering his team's suggestion that anything goes; before the bell even rings, Adolph, in true WWF fashion, comes rushing from his corner like a bat out of hell, with a supremely vicious look in his eyes. Dennis has barely returned to his corner to take off his robe when he fortunately turns around to see Adolph preparing to clobber him. He quickly tosses the robe aside and puts his arms up

just in time to avoid a smashing overhand right jab to the head. Adolph, smelling an early knockout, shoves Dennis in his corner hoping for him to open up for a left uppercut. Sure enough, Dennis opens up his arms slightly in an attempt to try to straighten up and spin out of the corner. Adolph reaches back and is able to get a hard left uppercut through and land it straight on the jaw of Dennis. **WHAM!** Dennis looks straight at Adolph with a smile, takes out his mouthpiece and screams: **YOU HIT LIKE A SISSY!**..... upon hearing this, Adolph gets incensed and re-doubles his efforts and begins wailing jabs at Dennis like there was no tomorrow. Dennis begins to employ the agreed upon rope-a-dope defense. Punches were flying in from everywhere. Adolph was surprisingly fast with his jabs. He even had, while no Sugar Ray Leonard, pretty smooth footwork. His punches were straight, flush and powerful, even though they could not land on any vital areas as a result of the defense used. Adolph continues his onslaught by overpowering and punching Dennis back into his corner once again. Dennis begins to look as if he were absorbing more and more increasingly devastating blows. Adolph, confidence now regained, begins to feel as if he were just about to take this 'black animal' down with a first round knockout. There are about twenty seconds left to round one. Adolph once again has Dennis tied to his corner almost kneeling to protect himself from the onslaught. The powerful multiple jabs continue without end. **WHAM, WHAM, WHAM, WHAM.** Then, with about 6 seconds left in the round, and with split second military precision, Dennis uncoils from his kneeled position in his corner and sends a ghetto-powered left hook directly to the right temple of Adolph. **BOOM!**

Adolph's entire body, back arched, gets lifted about two feet off the ground. He lands flat on his back, eyes pointing upward and inward and completely dazed. Dennis, looking very angry, again takes out his mouthpiece, this time with sweat pouring off him like Niagara Falls, as he looks down over a totally stunned Adolph and screams: **THAT was for all the victims of the Holocaust! Now get your punk self up off the canvas and get ready for round two!!**

From now on, it will be personal; so may Heaven, even with your pathetic soul, have mercy on you.

DING! [The bell rings, signifying the end of round one]

[Adolph slowly rises to his feet after the bell and staggers back to his corner. His team picks up their stools to gather around and assess the fight]

Idi Amin: [looking at a dejected Adolph] I hope you are not going to give up. This fight is, in my opinion, still winnable. You were the clearly superior fighter until the last few seconds when he somehow got in one hell of a lucky punch.

Adolph: [feeling a bit better after Idi's analysis] You know, you're right. As a matter of fact, he only landed that one single punch throughout the entire round! He kept kneeling over because he knew that I was the superior fighter and he just was trying to protect himself.

Attila: [looking sarcastically at Adolph] Because of the knockdown in a ten point must system, he won that round even though you threw by far the most blows. That means, at least to me, that the knockout that we planned for round one is now even more imperative for round two.

Marquis de Sade: [speaking from his stool looking at Adolph] I hate to admit it, but Attila is right.

Brutus: [looking at Adolph] NOW will you take this knife? I originally stated that it should be used only in case he turns his back on you. That was a mistake. You need to use it up front. You did quite well being able to pound him into his corner and into a totally defensive posture. I say do continue with that tactic. When you get him in his corner again and you are in very close contact, pull the knife out and cut his stomach area. If done correctly, the referee will not be able to see what you've done, since your back should be facing him. Once you cut him, slide the knife back inside your trunks. He will very soon be forced to drop his guard to tend to his wound. At that moment, you can then launch the necessary blows to

knock him out once and for all and finally claim the righteousness and authority of your superiority.

Adolph: [looking at Brutus with a renewed confidence] Agreed. Long Live The Fuhrer!![Adolph takes the knife and slides it in his trunks]

Attila: [looking at Adolph] I feel better now. The plan is a solid one and should be easy to execute. Adolph, you and I can straighten out our differences later, after your superiority has been clearly established.

Adolph: [looking back at Attila not so angry now] Attila, who knows, you may just make a fine Nazi yet!

Idi Amin: [addressing the team] I am not quite as confident as the rest of you. I would feel better if we had a backup plan just in case using the knife and cutting him does not work. While I continue to believe that you are the superior fighter, my gut is telling me something else.

Adolph: [looking at Idi, angry once again] Telling you what?

Idi: [looking at the team with a confused look on his face] I am not sure. I've never had this feeling before and my gut has never let me down. If I were to make an educated guess, I'd say that he has something on his side that we are totally unaware of, cannot understand and may indeed have the potential to make any tactics we employ completely useless.

Brutus: [looking at Idi somewhat in amazement] You will absolutely not believe this, but that same feeling just came over me too! A feeling I've never experienced. I have no explanation. I would not have said anything if it were not for your statement.

Idi: [looking at Adolph] Adolph, what say you about the feeling both Brutus and I shared?

Adolph: [looking at his team now really angry] Get off your stools and take a seat. **Witness the Fuhrer in action!** Your silly childlike feelings are laughable. I say it's

the coward in each of you that has surfaced. While Attila and I may disagree on some things, at least he is not afraid of battle, as you two have clearly shown.

Attila: [picking up his stool looking at Adolph] You're right, I have never been afraid of battle. However, I continue to warn you not to underestimate him. The only thing I remember from that first round was your entire body two feet in the air. I've fought hundreds if not thousands in my time, and I tell you that he is not big enough nor strong enough to have done that. Something I cannot explain is present on his side. I did not have the same feelings as the other two, but if I were you, I would not outright reject what they say as mere cowardice.

Adolph: [clearly ready to dismiss his entire team now] Once this bout is over, I can see each of you looking to kneel before me begging me to forgive you for your weaknesses. If you all promise to keep your mouths shut from here on in, I will consider it.

Attila: [he too is now very angry and looks back at Adolph from his seat] I cannot tell you how much you better win this fight. After that last remark, if you lose, I will personally knock you out **again** just as soon as you recover; just for GP. I suggest you keep that in mind as you fight your 'inferior' opponent.

[Meanwhile, over in Dennis' corner]

Albert Einstein: [sitting on his stool looking at Dennis] I know the science of physics as well as most and for the life of me, I cannot understand where the force of that punch came from. Calculating the mass of your frame, the distance that punch needed to travel, the mass of Adolph Hitler, the speed of your punch and factoring in the gravitational constant; I say that the resultant force coming from you was not enough to have lifted him two feet in the air: a feat we all witnessed just a few moments ago. That is a scientific fact that is irrefutable; for the math is what the math is. What say you to this?

Dennis: [looking at Albert smiling] Do you think for one moment that *I* would question **your** calculations? How dumb would **that** be? I will simply assume that you are correct.

Albert: [looking a bit insulted] I'm surprised at you. You patronize me!

Dennis: [looking at Albert no longer smiling, but looking apologetic] Forgive me, my old friend. That was not meant to be patronizing. However, in retrospect, it indeed was. Again, I'm truly sorry. Often, I 'know and feel' things that are not easy to explain without a very long and potentially boring discourse that would more often than not, leave things not only unanswered, but the effort pointless. Many times this 'knowledge' which resides deep within, leaves me smiling, with what seems to anyone looking at me, without cause. Such a smile can easily be mistaken for a smugness or even, heaven forbid, an arrogance.

Truth be told, it is my letting go of my current puny abilities and letting in something far, far more capable; just in time for the task at hand. The result of this is a pleasant and confident disposition. It is a disposition that allows me to move forward when my normal abilities would most likely be insufficient, which happens often. Let us suppose that you knew with certainty, that a serious problem you are facing will be worked out to your benefit very soon and all you needed to do was to be patient. Such knowledge may very well leave you with a smile on your face that would appear inexplicable to all; wondering why you are not more concerned with the problem at hand.

I can only imagine how crazy this is coming across to each of you. All I can say is that it is true, and I have no other explanation outside of my apology.

Albert: [shaking his head showing he actually understood] Apology well accepted. Let's move on.

Sun Tzu: [looking at Dennis, speaking from his stool] I applaud your execution of the agreed upon strategy. Muhammad Ali should be proud of you. That round is now over. Round two should be looked at in a whole new light. We need to begin to attempt to think like them. Do not think for one moment that they took that round lightly. Their strategy will by necessity, now become a radical one; especially given what is at stake.

Dennis: [looking at his team] Sun Tzu is right. I will abandon the rope-a-dope defense for this round as I feel that the core of their counter strategy is to either circumvent it, or use it to their advantage. It would therefore be incumbent on us to shift our strategies altogether for this upcoming round.

Malcolm X: [speaking from his stool] I am in agreement. However, here is where we may part: If I were a betting man, which I am not, I would bet that, regardless of how ridiculous this sounds, Adolph will resort to a weapon of some sort right here in front of this crowd.

Sun Tzu: [looking at Malcolm] I can see that you've read some of my writings! In my opinion, you would make a fine general, as your assessment of this conflict is right on target. [now looking at the team] Fellow team members, war is just that,war. If we don't realize this, we are setting ourselves up for failure. I was not sure how you good folks would react to such an analysis as the one Malcolm is presenting us. He is right and I am in complete agreement with him.

Albert: [looking at the team from his stool] Count me in. Now what do we do about it? Do we counter by giving Dennis a weapon? I'm a bit out of my league on this. Sun Tzu, this appears to me to be well within your sphere of knowledge as I too, have read much of your works. Any suggestions?

Sun Tzu: [looking pensive]..... This is a difficult one. Ordinarily, I would adopt a strategy that would easily counter a move with a weapon. For example, I may conclude that a strike first strategy with a weapon of our own, may prove to be a viable counter strategy to what we all agree Adolph will use. However, if my analysis is correct, it is also important for Dennis not to be seen as someone who would resort to a weapon during a 'clean fight'. We are not only looking for victory, but victory within the rules. Although I don't fully understand much about this '**Armour**' he speaks of, I do know that is it very important for him to win, but to win fairly, with just resources that are within his spirit. As a result, I would not devise a strategy that will include a weapon.

Malcolm X: [looking at Sun Tzu] That is fine but, returning to Albert's question, it still leaves us without an agreed upon strategy for round two. That makes me feel a bit uncomfortable, as I always like to know precisely what I am doing when it comes to conflict before it starts. I would think that Dennis would agree.

Dennis: [staring at his team with a very confident look] Again, I agree with Malcolm. All of you have given me excellent suggestions right from the beginning. I pat myself on the back for choosing the best team for this fight. However, for round two, I'm afraid that I will not need any more of your good suggestions. My strategy for round two will be a simple one: as soon as the bell rings, I will move quickly to the center, 'open up a can of whoop-ass' and proceed to beat the crap out of him.

Sun Tzu:[looking directly at Dennis] 'Open up a can of whoop-ass'?? That is a strategy that I am unaware of. Can you be more specific?

Dennis: [responding] Sure, it's nothing complicated. I told Adolph at the end of round one, that from here on in, it would be personal. I'm not sure if you all know this, but he called me a 'black animal'. There is a saying in my time: "stick and stones may break my bones, but words will never harm me".

Sun Tzu: [looking at Dennis] While not a completely developed strategy, that phrase makes sense to me. Words are not weapons, so why should one **act** on them?

Dennis: [addressing Sun Tzu] This is a racial thing. As formidable a strategist as you obviously are, and the fact that you are a member of the racial *majority* in your own time, my guess is that you cannot understand the level of personal insult such a statement represents to me.

Malcolm X: [jumps in speaking to Sun Tzu] He's right. You don't understand. While I agree with you that it still is not a strategy, I am not at all certain that a strategy, in and of itself, is what is required here. We have an excellent case here for all to see: I myself firmly believe that a man, particularly a black man in the racist environment of *his* time, must stand for something; lest he fall for anything.

Furthermore, a man who falls for anything, is a pitiful sight indeed. Such an 'emotional rationale' will, by its nature, supersede strategy. In short, it's a street thing. I therefore fully support what Dennis has in mind for round two. Since we are both products of the same background and environment, I know precisely where he is coming from.

Socrates: [looking at the team] I've earned my living in the pursuit of intellectual discourse and ultimately, understanding. Many have followed me in this quest. During that span, I have fortunately learned the limitations of such a course. I therefore agree with Malcolm. Times such as this call for a completely different dynamic; one in which the intellect must take a back seat to something else. That something else, if I am interpreting the occasion correctly, is brute force. I am not pleased to tell you good folks this, but I do know when to shut up. There have been many occasions where I wish that I possessed the required physical strength and abilities to combat those who not only opposed me, but threatened to do away with me as well. Albert's technical analysis of round one pointed out something quite remarkable. Force beyond calculated resource ability is a mysterious concept. For some reason, I think Dennis knows this and can explain the delta between the two. I think our team's needed support for this match has run its due course. I therefore would like to simply have him tell us whatever he thinks we need to know and await the outcome; as the rest of the spectators will.

Dennis: [looking at the team as they prepare to stand and remove their stools in preparation for round two] Gentlemen, I am proud and honored to have each of you in my corner. A 'can of whoop-ass' is a slang term used in the street during my time. There is no physical can at all. It is more of a mental determination to do something quite specific: beat your opponent into submission with your hands alone; i.e., mano-a-mano. All the gentlemanly nuances of a fair fight, like listening to the referee to return to your corner, are disregarded. Pure offense; no defense. Brain activity halts. Time itself loses a certain reality. The only thing that matters is seeing your opponent flat on his back COMPLETELY defeated. It borders on a maniacal endeavor.

If you guys are concerned for my welfare, I suggest that you worry about something else. Trust me; I will be fine. This fight will end this round, regardless of whatever strategy Adolph employs. I, in the spirit of the great Joe Namath before Super Bowl 3; guarantee it.

[his team moves to their seats behind the corner]

Round Two

DING! [bell rings signaling the beginning of round two]

Confident and determined, Adolph, equipped with a knife hidden in his trunks, comes directly to the center of the ring prepared to continue his tactics where he will once again back Dennis in a corner: this time to get into a position where his back is facing Geronimo so he can cut Dennis in the stomach as directed by Brutus. To his great surprise, as soon as he arrives at the center, Dennis launches a series of jabs that reach Adolph so fast, that he is hit three times in the head before he even blinks..... **BAM;BAM;BAM.**

A staggered and dazed Adolph at once begins to get nervous at the quicker than lightning speed of those jabs. He was totally unprepared for this. Clearly he is far, far too slow to put up a credible defense. He then decides, which was somewhat of a smart move, to turn himself into an NFL linebacker and boldly bum rush Dennis with his shoulders with the hopes of forcing him into a corner to execute his monstrous strategy. Dennis somehow is able to read Adolph's mind and allows him to proceed. Adolph, true to form, forces Dennis into his corner. As soon as he has Dennis against the ropes and realizes that Geronimo cannot see what he intends to do, he prepares to pull the knife from his trunks. Dennis, way ahead of him, opens up completely, and simply stands there in the corner against the ropes with both arms dropped to his sides almost as if he was saying to Adolph, **GO AHEAD..... STAB ME!!** Adolph, with his enormous evil pride and lust seizing the moment, takes out the hidden knife and proceeds to cut Dennis in the stomach area from one side all the way to the other! As soon as he completes this

despicable and cowardly act, he cannot believe his eyes, as there is not a drop of blood anywhere and no wound in sight! Dennis is not only still standing, but totally unharmed and unfazed. There is not so much as a scratch on him! Adolph, in total disbelief, looks at the knife and runs his finger along the edge only to see it bleed from the superb sharpness. He turns to his corner to look at his team only to witness each member with their jaws dropped; as amazed as he is. Suddenly, with about ninety seconds into the round, Dennis decides to end it right here. He proceeds with a series of jabs and uppercuts so fast and powerful that Adolph actually becomes a spectator to his own whooping while it is taking place!! **WHAM; WHAM; WHAM; WHAM!** Dennis, appearing very angry, once again takes out his mouthpiece, looks directly at Adolph and screams: **GET READY; THIS IS FROM THE INFERIOR BLACK ANIMAL!** [suddenly, a thunderous left hook from deep inside the heart of Soweto, and carrying the anger and power of every minority on this planet who has ever felt the hurtful sting of racism, lands on Adolph's chin] **KABOOM!!**

This time, the force of this enormous punch does not lift Adolph in the air. Instead, it completely turned his eyes all the way upward and inward to the point where, if he had two holes in the back of his head, he would have been able to see his head hitting the canvas. He just slowly fell stiffly backwards like a sawed off tree trunk, right after the lumberjack yells: **TIMBER!**

Geronimo: [after the loud thud, quickly moves over on top of Adolph and, after verifying that he is still breathing, begins the count] **ONE..TWO..THREE..FOUR.....NINE....TEN... YOU'RE OUT!**

Geronimo: [then brings Dennis to the center and raises his arm in the air signifying the knockout victory] The winner by KO in two minutes and twenty five seconds of round two and the undisputed champ of this once in a lifetime event, with an unblemished record of 1-0, **DENNIS!**

Liz: [watching everyone in the gallery rising to their feet giving high fives to each other in celebration] OK all; calm down. That was indeed wild. We will return to **The PIT** after a twenty minute break.

[the rest of the guests in the ring head back to **The PIT**]

[Meanwhile, the ring Doctor and Adolph's team are attending to Adolph trying to revive him. Dennis decides to join]

Doctor: [looking at the gathered crowd around Adolph] His vital signs have returned. Other than a completely fractured chin, he will make a full recovery. Look there, [pointing at Adolph] I think he is beginning to come out of it now.

Adolph: [eyes starting to look a bit coherent as he slowly begins to sit up] Why are you all looking over.....**WHAM!**

Attila: [pushed Idi and Brutus aside with his left arm and with a smashing right hook, delivered on his promise.....speaking over a now **re-knocked out Adolph**] **Did you think I was playing?**

Doctor: [totally shocked, looks at Attila] Are you crazy? You may have just killed this man! You *must* have seen the critical state he was in before you hit him!

Attila: [responds to the Doctor] Too bad! I told him what would happen if he lost. He got what he deserved. [turns around and heads back to The PIT along with the rest of the entourage]

Dennis: [after everyone leaves and only he, the Doctor and Adolph are left in the ring] Doc, how bad is he? Can you revive him once more?

Doctor: [looking at Dennis] This is one tough S-O-B. Amazingly, he will survive this third knock-out punch. I should put a neck brace on him just for insurance against further injury as he begins to walk again.

Dennis: [looking at the doctor] Please do not do that unless his life is threatened. All I need you to do is to get him up on his feet and prepared to walk on his own.

Doctor: [using several different instruments from his black bag tending to Adolph] Understood. [Adolph begins to recover. He is now coherent and able to stand on his feet]

Dennis: [addressing the doctor] Good job doctor. That will be all for you. Thank you for your services and you may send me the bill. [The Doctor departs. Dennis and Adolph are the only two left in the ring]

Dennis: [looking at a dismayed and emotionally wounded Adolph] Adolph, you and I are now alone. I planned it this way. Furthermore, as soon as the Doctor left, this room has become frozen in time. When we leave through that door, no matter how much time we spend here, it will look to everyone like we are right behind the Doctor so no one will know that we have talked.

There is absolutely nothing to gain by your continued intransigence. As you can see, I have the means to do some remarkable things. No doubt, I could have easily killed you in the ring if that is what I intended to do. My objective is straightforward and simple: I just want to know what it is you truly believe in, other than yourself. You have my word as a gentleman, that I will not reveal what you tell me to anyone. You have absolutely nothing to lose. I could care less that you think I'm an inferior animal. I don't think you want to hear what I think of you.

Adolph: [still remarkably intransigent] Why should I tell you anything?

Dennis: [staring directly into Adolph's eyes] Are you an idiot? Do you want to get back in that ring with me?

Adolph: [thinking for a second] Fine. I'll go along with this for the time being. What do you want to know? [He and Adolph return to their respective dressing rooms to change back into their clothing. After returning, they are now sitting on two random seats in the first row right in front of the ring.]

Dennis: I almost passed out when I read that you indeed believe in the Christian GOD. I also understand that you were a very fair painter, raised a Catholic, went to monastery school and as a young boy, wanted to become an architect. Are these things true?

Adolph: Yes.

Dennis: Is this an accurate quote from you in Mein Kampf Volume 1 Chapter 2? "Hence today I believe that I am acting in accordance with the will of the Almighty Creator: by defending myself against the Jew, I am fighting for the work of the Lord"

Adolph: Yes. Those are my words; but what do *you* care? You are not a Jew.

Dennis: That is true. Fortunately, I am well aware that real hatred has absolutely no logic or limit. It will therefore stretch its evil reach well past the Jews and onto other people; hence my inferiority in your eyes.

Adolph: [shaking his head] Have it your way.

Dennis: Fine, after all is said and done, I intend to. Are the teachings of Martin Luther about the Jews central to your understanding of what GOD really wants you to do?

Adolph: Of course. He was truly brilliant. Since he is one of the founders of your own religion, I would think that you too would honor him as I do.

Dennis: Let us look at this a bit more closely. You see, I once almost went down a terrible path in life listening to my own mind after a thorough reading and 'understanding' of the thoughts of others. This is an excerpt from a speech by Martin Luther on February 15, 1546; a few days before he passed:

"Worse than these sophists and casuists who deny the Gospel's teaching, are the Jews that you have in your land, and who do great harm. . . . This is how the Jews act: every day they blaspheme and insult our Lord Jesus Christ. If this is done with our knowledge, we should not allow it. So long as we tolerate those among us who defame, blaspheme, and curse our Lord Jesus Christ, we thereby participate in their sins. . . . Therefore you rulers should not endure them [the Jews] but instead drive them out. If, however, they convert, give up their usury, and accept Christ, then we should gladly consider them our brothers. . . . Nothing will come of it though, for they go too far. They are our public enemies. . . . if they could kill us all they would do so gladly. And often they do, too, especially those who claim

to be doctors, although they occasionally help. But it is the Devil who finishes up their work. This is what makes their practice of medicine so potent. And in foreign countries there are some Jewish doctors who can poison someone so that he will die within the hour, a month, or a year, even in ten or twenty years. This is one of their skills. . . . So don't get involved with them. For they do nothing among you other than horribly blaspheme our dear Lord Jesus Christ and exploit our bodies, our lives, our honor, and our possessions. He who will not do this, convert and accept Christ, let there be no doubt, is a malicious Jew who ceaselessly blasphemes Christ, impoverishes you, and when he can, kills you. I can have no fellowship or patience with these obstinate blasphemers and slanderers of this dear Savior”.

Obviously, this is ample cannon fodder for your intense and violent hatred against the Jews. Can I assume that deep inside, you truly believe this impious madness? Do you actually believe that Jesus Christ himself, the Gentle Lamb, would condone such violent thoughts and actions by his followers?

Adolph: [without hesitating] Yes I do; on all accounts.

Dennis: [knowing his ultimate plan for Adolph and some others at this event] Good! I am actually glad to hear you say that. However, your admission indicates that you are a far bigger fool than I first thought! Aren't you aware of the story of the arrest of Jesus? Listen to these words in Matthew Chapter 26 Verses 47 through 52(NIV) as they will highlight the massive error in your own admission:

“ While he was still speaking, Judas, one of the Twelve, arrived. With him was a large crowd armed with swords and clubs, sent from the chief priests and the elders of the people.

Now the betrayer had arranged a signal with them: “The one I kiss is the man; arrest him.”

Going at once to Jesus, Judas said, “Greetings, Rabbi!” and kissed him.

Jesus replied, “**Friend, do what you came for.**” Then the men stepped forward, seized Jesus and arrested him.

With that, one of Jesus' companions reached for his sword, drew it out and struck the servant of the high priest, cutting off his ear.

“Put your sword back in its place,” Jesus said to him, **“for all who draw the sword will die by the sword”**.

This is why I wanted to get you all alone, one on one, to see exactly what it is you believe in. You have not disappointed me.

Adolph: [with a surprised look on his face] I did not expect that response from you. With all the things you’ve somehow have been able to create, including this frozen in time room, I expected a far more robust reaction.

Dennis: [attempting to appear humble] You overestimate me.

Adolph: [not buying into that] Who are you kidding?

Dennis: [feeling powerful] I have nothing to hide from you. I do however, have something to prove to you.

Adolph: [with an inquisitive look on his face] What would that be?

Dennis: [speaking with the strength and assurance that his ‘**Armour**’ provides] That you are not only dead wrong, but that the source of your beliefs has absolutely **nothing** to do with GOD; as you can already see in the story I just read to you. I will prove that by revealing, in the most visible and dramatic way, the **true source** of your beliefs; and hence your sub-human thoughts and violent actions.

Adolph: [looking and acting as if he knows Dennis cannot prove a thing] That would be a neat trick:.....and how do you plan to do that?

Dennis: [with a very serious look on his face stares directly at Adolph] Here’s the deal..... take it or leave it:

You come back to **The PIT** with the rest of us, act cooperative; introduce yourself and tell about your life, and freely let your opinions be heard. No one will know about our deal. If you do this, I promise a very rare live demonstration that will prove my claim that I know the **true source** of your beliefs. Believe me, you will be unable to deny what you will see with your own two eyes.

If you reject this, I will instruct my armed guards to force you back through the vortex prior to us reversing the polarity for a return trip. Trust me, while the actual trip back will only take a few seconds, the pain from that will last for months on end and you will never be quite the same afterwards. The decision is yours and the deal is non-negotiable.

Adolph: [pensive at first then points towards the door] I accept your offer to cooperate and return to **The PIT**.

Dennis: Good! [He and Adolph open the door and appear to leave the ring right behind the Doctor. The Doctor leaves through a side exit. Dennis and Adolph walk down the hall alone, *both heads bowed*, on their way back to **The PIT**.]

[end of Act Two] [Curtains Lower]