

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

BOSTON welcomes DEFIANCE as the TD Garden is hyped for DEFtv 182! Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway. There's a giant FIST logo to walk out from and the DEFatron above the entrance.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

DON'T TELL TERESA AMES ABOUT THE GREEN MONSTER

EYE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN

NO MORE NED

MV1FALL2FEW

LET MALAK'S LOVE OPEN THE DOOR TO SIOBHAN'S HEART

MALAK, TAKE IT FROM ME... SIOBHAN CASSIDY WILL BREAK YOUR HEART LIKE SHE BROKE MINE

DEAR PAT CASSIDY, PLZ SETTLE YOUR BAR TAB @ THE BLARNEY STONE - IT'S BEEN EIGHT YEARS

I TOOK THE T HERE AND SAT IN VOMIT, AVOID THE 3RD CAR ON THE REDLINE

MAKING MY WAY IN THE WORLD TODAY HAS TAKEN EVERYTHING I'VE GOT

TAKING A BREAK FROM ALL MY WORRIES SURE WOULD HELP A LOT

YES, I'D LIKE TO GET AWAY

SOMETIMES I WANT TO GO WHERE EVERYBODY KNOWS MY NAME AND ARE ALWAYS GLAD I CAME

I WANNA BE WHERE I CAN SEE OUR TROUBLES ARE ALL THE SAME

I WANNA GO WHERE EVERYBODY KNOWS MY NAME

IM FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE BUT THIS WAS AS CLOSE AS I CAN GET

IM FROM VERMONT BUT THIS WAS AS CLOSE AS I CAN GET

IM FROM MAINE BUT THIS WAS AS CLOSE AS I CAN GET

PUNJABI DHABI WE LIKES TO PARTY IT IS THE ONLY INDIAN FOOD I WILL EAT DON'T TELL ANYBODY

I LIVED IN SOMMERVILLE WHEN IT WAS TRASH LIKE ME

JEREMY FROM SURVIVOR IS MY NEIGHBORHOOD FIREFIGHTER

GOD DO BU STUDENTS SUCK

DEFCON WILL BE 17 HOURS LONG

THE BIG DIG REPRESENTS THE MOST FORMATIVE YEARS OF MY LIFE

I SAW A RADIOHEAD CONCERT HERE A FEW YEARS AGO

DEFCONCON 2023!

GARY'S OLDE TOWNE TAVERN BLOWS
SAM MALONE WISHES HE HAD MY HAIR
COME BACK, DIANE!
NOOOOOOOORM!
INSERT ADDITIONAL CHEERS CLICHE HERE
(MV)1 MOAR SIGN
SORRY, BILL SHATNER - NO ONE WATCHED BOSTON LEGAL EXCEPT MAYBE LINDZ, I'M LEARNING
TERI IS BOSTON UNCOMMON
MV1 IS MVP
DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS
WE DID NOT LAND ON PLYMOUTH ROCK BUT HOPEFULLY PLYMOUTH ROCK WILL LAND ON NATHAN
EYE'S SKULL
MINUTE TO WIN IT
EYE THINK NATHAN SUCKS
DEX WREX NECKS
SNS IS BEST
DENNY CRANE, NAME ON THE DOOR
BOSTON LEGAL IS A TOP 10 TV SHOW, PAUL, QUIT PLAYING
THROW TOM MORROW OFF THE ZAKIM BRIDGE
THROW TOM MORROW OFF THE SALT AND PEPPER BRIDGE
THROW TOM MORROW OFF A DUCK BOAT
LEAVE TOM MORROW IN REVERE WITHOUT HIS WALLET AND PHONE
TOUR FOREVER, CLAP CLAP! CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!
IF YOU CAN'T TONE IT TAN IT
THEY STILL HAVE DUCK BOATS IN BOSTON?!
NO SNAFLAHKES IN BAHSTAWN
BAHSTAWN ACCENTS RULE
WHERE WE DRINKIN TONIGHT
IF CASSIDY DOESN'T WIN, WE RIOT
BACKCHECK, FORECHECK, PAYCHECK BOYZZZZ
MAKE THE BREWINS GREAT AGAIN
I WAITED MY WHOLE LIFE FOR THIS MOMENT
GOT ANY MORE OF DEM MATCHES?
GET YOUTUBE PREMIUM TODAY FOR \$11.99/MONTH OR \$119 FOR A WHOLE YEAR
I WANNA BE ON DEFARDY!
ILL TAKE ASSHOLE WRESTLERS FOR 500
P/PO/B ĩ½" DEX, MV1, VV
GO ORANGE SOX (I'M COLOR BLIND)

The scene goes to the announce both with "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

We are on the road to DEFCON, our biggest event of the year and we're here in Boston for Night Two!

Lance:

Tonight in our main event, Boston's own Pat Cassidy goes one-on-one against the man that deserted his team at DEFIANCE Road, Malak Garland!

DDK:

BFTA tries to go two for two with big wins in as many nights when Nathan Eye takes on Titanes Familia member Minute, who we can confirm is here tonight after Team HOSS assaulted Uriel Cortez and Titaness!

Lance:

We have TWO title defenses tonight! Rumor is that Ned Reform is in the house and will address his recent victory at DEFIANCE Road and perhaps looking for another defense? And we have Henry Keyes to defend the Southern

Heritage Championship against... a Reaper?

DDK:

All this and more on tonight's show!

IMMENSE PRESSURE

The lights dance around as the televised broadcast of DEFtv carries on.

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv, folks! DDK alongside Lance Warner and I believe what's coming up next should be very interesting.

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

Boos immediately pour down from the rafters as a surprisingly confident Malak Garland marches out on stage. Not far behind him lags none other than Siobhan Cassidy.

DDK:

Well this young man certainly has a lot of explaining to do. He left his team high and dry in the middle of the main event of DEFROAD and he has the audacity to come out here looking like everything is peachy keen.

Malak's sporting one of the variations of his new "FRETTING HARD" t-shirts as he grabs his girlfriend by the wrist so she can do a little twirl atop the ramp. Once in each other's embrace, they begin smooching in a raunchy style. You know, the way that would put the Hallmark Journey to shame. The kissing gets some extra heat as it's clear Malak is literally trying to play tonsil hockey with Pat's baby sister. She's loving it though. She reciprocates despite everyone being totally grossed out.

DDK:

Oh my goodness. That's disgusting! Get a room!

Lance:

Her family is in the front row. Have a little class.

They finally come up for air but not before Malak has a light shade of red lipstick smeared across his mouth. The duo chuckle as they saunter down to the ring and grab microphones. The crowd refuses to settle as the new power couple find solace in the square circle.

Malak Garland:

Bae, thanks for accompanying me to the ring tonight. Your unbridled love and support encourages me to be strong and not to FRET HARD. EAT? FRET? REPEAT? No, not me. Not now at least.

The people hate it. A quick shot of Siobhan's father at ringside, shaking his head in disgust, but Siobhan lovingly smiles.

Malak Garland:

Anyways, truth be told, I might look fine on the outside but these last few weeks have had me shook on the inside. I've been depressed. I admit it. I was struggling mightily.

The crowd tries to jump on Malak's words but the resilient one powers through.

Malak Garland:

I had to take a sabbatical in order to find myself and I know what everyone here is wondering and don't worry, I'll address it head on. You all want to know why I soft exited the match at DEFROAD, right?

The crowd reacts positively but only because they're bloodthirsty for some answers. Malak lifts the microphone closer to his face, opens his mouth but the words just don't come out. He lowers the mic and looks troublingly at Siobhan.

Malak Garland:

I can't formulate my feelings right now. I'm FRETTING HARD! I can't articulate it.

DDK:

Malak certainly is running the gamut of emotions. He'll probably need some form of mentorship from Percy Collins to get through that, I can assure you.

Calm, cool and collected, Siobhan approaches her man's side. She puts a hand on his shoulder and gently pecks his cheek before whispering something in his ear.

Malak Garland:

You're right, hun. I am strong and brave and I can get through this. That's why you're my rock! Bae! Love you!

The rollercoaster of erratic emotions continues as Malak looks like he's back to his chipper self.

Malak Garland:

Anyways, as I was saying, I didn't quit on anyone at DEFROAD. What I did was completely different. I soft exited which is an action that keeps my integrity intact, something you BAHSTONIANS have no idea about.

Lance:

He's just using different words to mask how he feels and deflect responsibility for his ridiculous actions.

Malak Garland:

But why did I soft exit? Will I ever do it again? Well heck, you can bet on it that I reserve the right to soft exit from whatever I want whenever I want. But why? Why why why why why why? The answer is actually simpler than you know.

He takes a breath.

Malak Garland:

I wasn't being true to myself. Siobhan showed me that. I'm a really terrible person at heart. I want to lean into that HARD. Being good was collapsing my spirit and it's time to embrace who I really am.

DDK:

There it is. Conor's attempts at making Malak a half respectable person finally caught up with Malak. He just couldn't take it anymore and finally broke when he saw LT coming down the ramp to get him at DEFROAD. I hate to say it but I think we all saw this coming, even if we were hoping it wouldn't come to fruition.

Malak Garland:

Furthermore. I conducted a dEeP DiVe of my most trusted colleagues, including cOnOr only to find out he was previously affiliated with the fWo. That was the absolute final straw. Trying to be good is one thing but having a history, being affiliated with the fWo, well, that info just doesn't sit warmly with me because I yearn to eradicate everything fWo from existence. I saw Lindsay Troy, holding the FIST of DEFIANCE and it all made sense in my head! All they do is take every opportunity from a "young gun" like myself. I despise the fWo because it's clinging to nonsensical nostalgia which hasn't been relevant in years.

Red faced, pouty cheeks and tender watery eyes, Malak white knuckles the microphone with an unforeseen intensity.

Malak Garland:

I FUCKING HATE EVERYTHING EFF DOUBLE YOU OHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

He screams at the top of his lungs, pulling the microphone away from his gaping mouth as he shouts. It's clear he still has some rage issues. Poor guy. The rest of the arena just sort of watches on as if this is the moment of the house party where that one dude loses his shit about someone touching his mom's fine China which creates a really awkward situation.

DDK:

Okay then. Message received. But was it really worth it to straight up quit on a match? Why not use it as motivation to

beat Lindsay Troy? To be Henry Keyes and take the SOHER? Do something more constructive with these feelings rather than just shut down? Is this really what the next generation is all about?

With his chest swelling for air, Malak slowly looks around and realizes the scene he's causing. He immediately looks at Siobhan for support. She comes running to his aid, capturing his head into her bosom but not for long. Much to both Malak and Siobhan's surprise, the crowd starts to explode in a positive reaction. The camera zooms out and we see why... Pat Cassidy has appeared on the DEFiatron! With the Boston crowd losing its shit for the hometown boy, Cassidy grins into the camera as he cracks his knuckles. By his side is Ophelia Sykes, looking into the lens with a wicked smirk. Malak and Siobhan break their embrace to point at the screen and yell in anger.

Pat Cassidy:

Hey! What's up, sis? What's up, the little brotha I nevah wanted?

Malak shakes his disgust at how triggered that statement makes him.

Pat Cassidy:

Fah be it from me to interrupt this disgusting show of bullshit, but I thought I'd bring ya some good news, Gahland: you don't have to worry about the fWo tonight!

This does seem to slightly brighten Malak's spirits.

Pat Cassidy:

In fact, you don't have to think about the past at all! Tonight, my friend... is all about the futuah. Cause you see, I saw how yah bitchass walked out on us at DEF Road. I saw how yah let Vae Victis win because you have NO BALLS. I've had to stand by ya side for MONTHS, swallowing the overwhelming desire to remove your head from your body... but now, our little alliance is over, isn't it? But now... I get what I want.

Cassidy pretends to check an imaginary watch.

Pat Cassidy:

In about two houahs, I'm walking down that ramp in the Boston Gah-den...

Ophelia whispers in his ear. Cassidy shakes his head.

Pat Cassidy:

It's always gonna be the Boston Gah-denn to me. Anyway... I'm gonna walk to that ring, I'm gonna be surrounded by MY PEOPLE... and I'm gonna have a soft exit of my own! My foot is gonna go soft exit into your ass!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Despite the crowd loving that line, Ophelia frowns. She again whispers into Pat's ear. Cassidy shrugs.

Pat Cassidy:

It don't have to make sense, Ophelia! Tonight I'm coming home! And tonight, in our MAIN EVENT, I'm wiping Malak's face all over every inch of that hallowed ground! Oh... and Gahland? This is how you do it, kid.

With that, Cassidy grabs Ophelia roughly and leans her down. He follows, leaning down himself and planting a big wet one. The two exaggeratedly make it out in a similar fashion to Siobhan and Malak before Cassidy breaks the lip lock, raises back to his full height, and throws Malak a wink. Infuriated, Malak wrings his hands through his hair as he points to the screen and shouts obscenities off microphone until the broadcast transitions elsewhere.

DDK:

PAT CASSIDY VERSUS MALAK GARLAND, TONIGHT IN THE MAIN EVENT!

SOHER: HENRY KEYES (C) vs. REAPER... RED SOX?

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Two words occupy the super-sized DEFIATron:

V A E V I C T I S♪ Stranger fruit, how it grows and grows,
We all saw the shoot, but we tend to the rose... ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Here we go again, Lance.

Red and white beacons (with one stray pink beacon, all hail the Pink Posse) flood the arena. Henry Keyes is flanked by Vae Victis's ever-present advocate, Sonny Silver. Henry is smiling wider than we've seen in a long time, SOHER strapped tightly around his waist as his long red and white admiral's coat flows behind him.

Lance:

Echoes of Night One to be sure, Keebs...last night, Lindsay Troy and company came out, and it wasn't long before fireworks erupted - both on the microphone, AND with the bombshell announcement: L-T versus A-D-V for the FIST at DEFCON!

DDK:

Oh great, Henry has a mic too - time for more gloating about the events of DEFRoad, I guess.

Indeed, Keyes and Silver look pleased as punch as they make their way down the ramp.

Henry Keyes:

AHOYYYYYYYYYYY, BOSTONNNNNN!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Keyes turns to Silver and points to his eyepatch, and the two share another laugh. Lip readers can catch Silver's "What a pirate!" quip.

Henry Keyes:

There was a time in my career where I could've had you all eating from the palm of my hand by posting up my ship in your piss-covered Boston Harbor and throwing crates of Lipton overboard, wasn't there?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Damn it, I still miss the Airship Pirate.

Lance:

You and me both, partner.

Henry Keyes:

Miss Troy would have been there too, of course, and she'd try to explain something that makes a lot of sense, and I'd have told her "THE STAMPS ARE NEXT", and you fools, you CHILDREN, would have laughed and laughed and bought your commemorative Plague Doctor masks as some new fresh hell would step into the ring and wipe me out, wouldn't you? WOULDND'T YOU?

More and more boos rain down as Keyes and Silver step through the ring ropes. Silver assures Keyes that “oh yes, it’s fucking true, they’re children”.

Henry Keyes:

Five of your most offensive clowns, five of your most cherished gosh-darn Charisma Machines stepped up against the might of Vae Victis, and there’s only one question left to ask...WHO IS YOUR HELL NOWWWWWWWW, DEFIANCE?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Yes, yes, we heard this LAST night...Troy and Keyes were the last two standing. They walked in and walked out with the two top championships of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

And you could easily argue that the biggest deciding factor was Malak Garland walking out on his team!

Henry Keyes:

And it’s not only important to understand that Vae Victis is on top of the food chain today...it’s important for Vae Victis to leave a real lasting legacy on this company. Miss Troy has already proven that she’s the greatest and best FIST of DEFIANCE ever...thus, it is my privilege and honor to prove my own greatness. To become the GREATEST AND BEST SOHER IN THE HISTORY OF DEFIANCE!

Lance:

What the hell does THAT mean?

DDK:

I’m sure he’s about to tell us.

Keyes unstraps the SOHER from around his waist and hands it to Sonny Silver before continuing.

Henry Keyes:

And on that note, here’s a special treat for you, Beanston! Fresh off a dominant title defense at DEFRoad, I’m putting my title on the line RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW!

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Lance:

It’s the first good news of the night! Someone PLEASE shut Vae Victis up!

DDK:

Hang on, he’s smiling too much...

Henry Keyes:

And my good man, Mr. Sonny Silver, has found the PERFECT opponent for all you disloyal-ass Bostonians! Take it away, Sonny!

Keyes hands over the mic and proceeds to remove his Admiral robe and do some deep and powerful stretches in preparation for his match.

Sonny Silver:

That’s goddamn right, and you can sit your ass right back down Quimbey, or I’ll MAKE you sit! Your opening contest tonight is for the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP, and already in the ring - a man among men, already the greatest SOHER in the history of DEFIANCE who’s BENDING OVER BACKWARDS for you Massholes out of the goodness of his pink beating heart...HE’S THE GODDAMN KRAKEN! HENRYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!

DDK:

This...this can't be real, can it?

Lance:

Keyes is warming up like he's expecting a fight! Who could his opponent be - someone from the Elimination Match at DEFRRoad, maybe?

DDK:

I know I'd be up for that!

There's a buzz in the arena as the Faithful hope that whoever comes through that curtain is someone, ANYONE, who could shut these assholes up. And then...a new song.

A local favorite.

♪ "Dirty Water" by The Standells ♪

Cheers erupt from the local crowd at the first few guitar notes.

♪ I'm gonna tell you a story
I'm gonna tell you about my town ♪

DDK:

Is that...the Red Sox victory theme?

Lance:

You know, I think it is, who the hell...

Across the DEFIATron we see scattered Reaper masks of all colors and hues, until finally words form across the screen:

REAPER RED

...a pause.

...a dissolve.

SOX

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

And indeed, we see a man emerge from the back in an apparently-discarded-and-modified Red Reaper mask complete with the trademark "B" of the Boston Red Sox emblazoned on the forehead. He plays up to the cheering crowd, waving his arms frantically and pumping his chest, before the cheers quiet down a LOT as the tattoos are immediately recognizable...

DDK:

No...you don't think...

Lance:

If that's not Butcher Victorious then I'm Dex Joy.

Reaper Red Sox:

I'M REAPER RED SOX AND I'VE GOT YER...COCKS? COCKS! YEAH, GET 'EM!

Sonny Silver is now rubbing Keyes's shoulders and giving some VERY dramatic and serious coaching tips as his challenger approaches. Keyes, ever the "student of the game", nods at every word and gets into a grappling pose as his opponent enters the ring.

DDK:

Really? We're doing this?

Referee Mark Shields has somehow found himself in the ring, and here we are.

DING DING

Lance:

I guess we're doing this.

Boos rain down on both men. They circle each other, both with super-exaggerated Prowling Grappler Looking For Openings stances. Reaper Red Sox SWINGS FOR THE FENCES~!, and Keyes dramatically ducks, giving a point and a nod to Sonny Silver for his apparent coaching wisdom.

DDK:

This is a farce.

Lance:

Surely this isn't sanctioned, is it?

DDK:

Whether it is or not, we have too much talent on this roster for this to take up valuable television time.

Boos haven't stopped. Sonny Silver hasn't stopped chuckling, either. The two men circle each other once more, and soon, Keyes shoots in and locks in the most over-exaggerated bullshit cartoon-ass collar-and-elbow tie up you've ever seen. "Struggling", the two men find their way to a corner, with Keyes pressing the "advantage". Keyes dramatically winds up for a Propellor Edge chop, but before he can launch it, we see Reaper Red Sox frantically slap the turnbuckle and start screaming to Mark Shields.

Reaper Red Sox:

I SUBMIT! I SUBMIT! HE'S TOO POWERFUL!

Shields, all too eager for an easy shift, points to the timekeeper.

DING DING DING!

DDK:

Are you serious??

Lance:

I've been an admirer of Henry Keyes for a very long time, Keebs, and I've got to say - this is embarrassing, not only for him, but for DEFIANCE as a whole.

Sonny Silver is already in the ring and Butch Vic's mask is already off as the Vae Victis trio laugh and lock arms.

Sonny Silver:

YOUR WINNER BY SUBMISSION, and STILLLLLLLLLL the Southern Heritage Champion of your stupid bro-fest college-town asses, HENRY KEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

I don't think we can really call that a "title defense".

DDK:

I don't know what we're supposed to take from this, Lance. Congratulations, Henry, look at you now! Everyone hates you, great! Enjoy your championship! Honestly, when it comes to Vae Victis, all we really want-

♪ "Emperor's New Clothes" by Panic! At The Disco ♪

Lance:

Oh... WOW.

DEFIANCE's longest reigning Southern Heritage Champion of all-time struts out into TD Garden now washed in a sea of blue-violet and golden lights. The surprised Faithful let out a roar as she's flanked by The D, Klein, and Flex Kruger. The Pop Culture Phenoms gather on the ramp as Sonny Silver, Henry Keyes, and Butcher Red Sawks look back puzzled. The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style adjusts her purple crop-top leather jacket before pulling her LED sunglasses reading "BOW" "DOWN" in flashing lights off her face and holding her hand out for a microphone. Klein gladly obliges.

The music stops.

Elise Ares:

Hey BBY, did you miss me?

The Boston Faithful show their appreciation as a cocky smirk crosses the face of the woman formerly known as the So-HER.

Elise Ares:

The D and I were talking backstage and we TOTES realized that after I took Lindsay Troy to the limit that the "powers that be" [air quotes and all] or whoever seemed to have forgotten who the fig newton I am. SOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO-

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE's eyes look around the arena before fixating on Henry Keyes.

Elise Ares:

-OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO, I figured it would be a great time to reintroduce myself. Or, like, I was... but then I figured y'all don't seem to comprehend things like the rest of the roster, so my bestie The D and I came up with a way we think you'll understand.

Ares hands the microphone back over her shoulder to The D who takes a step around the former champ and motions for the spotlight on him. The crew obliges and he holds the microphone above his head with eyes closed, staring directly into the spotlight.

The D:

It's me... it's me... it's the The D and it's TIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIME to reintroduce you to the best damn DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion of ALLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL TIME. She is an in-ring ICON of both stage and screen. She's starred in such films as The Tiger Queen, Lake Placid Eye Vee, Vee, Vee Eye, Vee Eye Eye, and THE HOTTEST GODDESS to ever grace the squared circle... unlike the Murder Harlet, Ms. El Tee AKA See-Eye-Dee-Double Ewe-Eff, a CIDWUF, Cougar I Don't Wanna Fuck. Elise is too charismatic for Vee Vee and jumps out of the SILVER screen. The KEY to DEFIANCE. She's KERRY-ied this place since 2016, and about to take her rightful place BACK as THE Cee Aitch Aay Em Pee-EON! She is the QUEEN of Sports Entertainment Style. She is the LEADING LADY. OF. DEFIANCE. Eat your goddamn heart out, Sonny. It's EEEEEEEEEELIIIIIIIIIIISE
ARRRRRRRRRRRRR-[excessive tongue rolling]-RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRESSSSSSSSSS!

The South Beach Starlet tosses her hair back with a smile and shakes her hips while making a "money" motion with her hands. The D places the microphone back into Elise's hand over her shoulder and she takes a couple steps

forward. The Boston Faithful are firmly eating out of the Pop Culture Phenoms' hands.

Elise Ares:

I meeeean, it looks like you're ready to go. And BBY, I'm ALWAYS ready to go. So what do you say, Zaddy Hank? Is The Kraken ready to tangle with the Siren of the Squared Circ-

Sonny Silver:

NO.

The Faithful respond with a chorus of jeers.

Elise Ares:

But I tho-

Sonny Silver:

HELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL No. N. O. No no no.

Elise Ares:

Oh. I think I understand. Does The Kraken need a little time? Does he not like being put on the spot? BBY, performance anxiety happens. I totes get it. If you need a few minutes to get your airship up and running we could do this later tonight. I have a 1.75L Kraken I need to fight myself at some point in time to honor just such an occasion.

Keyes snatches the mic from Sonny Silver and steps towards the ring ropes facing the Pop Culture Phenoms.

Henry Keyes:

Noooo, no, no, little lady, you don't get it at ALL. You've had your time in the solo sun, haven't you? Chance after chance, opportunity after opportunity...and sure, some would say your 366-day reign as SOHER might make YOU the greatest champ ever, eh?

The Faithful roar their approval while Elise cups over her ear and shrugs with a smile.

Lance:

It's an undeniable fact - Elise Ares holds the record for the longest single reign of the Southern Heritage Championship in DEFIANCE history.

DDK:

Seems like she's the perfect target for Keyes then, no? Why are they turning her down?

Keyes paces back and forth as he continues.

Henry Keyes:

You know who you've been holding back the entire time, you selfish little princess? The person who, to ME, should get a shot WAYYYYYYYY before you get yet ANOTHER goddamn chance to Sports Entertain your way into the hearts and minds of these idiots...

Keyes points down the ramp.

Henry Keyes:

Him.

Elise Ares:

Flex? Klein? D? There's a lot of "hims" down here, so if you could be a tad more specific any of the boys here would love to punch any of you in the throat.

Henry Keyes:

I'm saying next week, in Milwaukee, DEFtv 183...I WANT THE D!

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Are we still doing "phrasing"?

Lance:

...we could.

HE WANTS THE D!

HE WANTS THE D!

HE WANTS THE D!

The D steps forward in front of Ares who looks disappointed but steps aside for her bestie. The Director of DEFIANCE points to himself in confusion. The chants throw Keyes off for a second, until Silver whispers something in his ear. Keyes's good eye shows the lightbulb turning on, and then, some serious blushing. Butch Vic is IRATE at the suggestion.

Elise Ares:

SON OF A... I should've known. All the Zaddy's always do.

Reluctantly she hands the mic over to her long time tag team partner.

The D:

I mean... if you want The D, YOU GOT IT ZADDY HANK!

The PCP to celebrate with the acceptance of the Boston Faithful on the ramp before there is a slight interruption.

Henry Keyes:

There's just one catch, Little Miss Sunshine...you and your two pretty little friends there, Klein and Flex?

Klein takes the "pretty" as a compliment in the background and clutches his fist in success.

Henry Keyes:

You get to watch from the back. I want The D and ONLY The D next week...the rest of your soggy gang of miscreants are banned from ringside.

We see Sonny mouth "soggy? That's what we're going with? Ok, soggy."

The D:

So let me get this straight. On DEFtv 183. Henry Keyes wants The D and nothing else? No ménage à trois or quatre?

Henry Keyes:

Get the biscuits out of your ears - I said the Pop Culture Phenoms are banned from ringside. Period, and end of story...now, does The D have the balls to take this once-in-a-lifetime shot? Or will he go back to making sixth-rate softcore porn for the Roku Channel or whatever the hell he does when he's not cratering in the tag division?

DDK:

So Vae Victis isn't banned?

Lance:

Of COURSE they're not. Keyes isn't interested in fighting fair.

Elise gives The D some words of encouragement as Flex In A Box eggs him on. Feeling motivated, The D screams

back a response.

The D:

Of course the D has balls! What a stupid question! You're stupid, and you're on, Zaddy Hank... After I take the Southern Heritage Championship from around your waist, you're going to be an asterisks on the second best SoHer reign of all time, as nothing but a footnote to the D's glory! Then, I'm going to celebrate by cratering your mother worse than DEFIANCE Tag Team Division has EVER seen.

Klein shrugs but Elise gives The D a high five with a "BOOM. Roasted."

Lance:

We have a Southern Heritage Championship match set for next week - and this time, it should be a REAL title defense!

DDK:

What an opportunity! And who knows...maybe one day, we see Elise Ares and The D face off for the gold with the Faithful cheering both competitors!?

Lance:

Don't jinx it, Keeps! We'll be back for more, but first - this!

COMMERCIAL: BALLYHOO BREW



SHADOWY EYES

A camera crew seemingly sneaks up behind Teresa Ames, who sits in a faux directors chair as she is getting her makeup done by one of the DEFIANCE artists backstage. She leans close to the hand mirror she's holding and puckers her freshly painted lips as a roar from the crowd can faintly be heard.

Teresa Ames:

Lush, plump and ready to tear the night sky apart. I like this choice of lipstick, Sherly. I really do. You do a great job of making a girl feel ALIVE. Now, what else ya got? I need to look fly AF for all The Faithful out there tonight.

Sherly begins to dig into his makeup bag as Teresa curiously tries to take a peek.

Teresa Ames:

Got any glossy eye shadow? That shit is the bomb dot com. I am going to look so hot tonight. My fans are going to love it and I love them equally. Shit guy, shit. This is the time of my life.

Suddenly, Teresa feels a tap on the shoulder and she spins around. The ASMR Star is caught off guard seeing someone The Faithful and for that matter everyone else backstage hasn't seen in a while, Princess Desire.

Princess Desire:

Wow, what a trash panda hoe we have here...

Ames looks instantly shook until Desire places a hand on her shoulder and starts laughing.

Princess Desire:

I'm kidding, you look amazing. Tyler trash talks too much, I was merely trying it out.

Pause. Finger on chin.

Princess Desire:

Not sure I like it.

Changing gears.

Princess Desire:

Anyway I love that shade of lipstick on you.

Teresa is taken back again, this time realizing what a nice compliment she received.

Teresa Ames:

What a nice compliment I received. Thank you so much.

Desire stares at Ames with Ames smiling back at her. There seems to be an awkwardness between them but Teresa hasn't caught on.

Princess Desire:

You know, it's cute you use the term "AF" and don't say it, either. My brother-in-law does the same.

Princess tosses back her long blonde hair.

Princess Desire:

You internet folk, you're hard to follow with all the abbreviations. IMO. DIY. AYOR. DTF. I can't keep up, LOL.

Teresa Ames:

Oh, TLDR is my favorite but since turning over a new leaf, I read everything now! Even end user agreements! But

enough about that. I led a pretty intricate online life. I am more interested in living in the real world. For right now, at least.

The Princess nods along like she's engaged... although a yawn seems to slip out in there for some reason. Maybe it was a yawn. Teresa doesn't catch it and Desire keeps nodding.

Princess Desire:

Well take it from someone like me who's been on the sidelines for too long, you are rocking it.

Teresa does her usual valley girl double take, eyeing Desire up and down.

Teresa Ames:

Shit girl, you like fine for someone who has been off for so long. In fact, I absolutely adore the eye shadow you wear! I think it would be so fitting for a FACE like mine to wear the same thing. Got any extra? Could I borrow some? Not going to lie, you're kind of like the Rhianna of DEFIANCE and I know you saw that halftime show. Girl, preg or not, both y'all know what kind of makeup to use. That's why I admire you so much.

The Princess seems unsure of herself, she needs to run a finger through the top of her right eye in order to even realize that she is, indeed, wearing eye shadow.

She lets out a huff in joking frustration.

Princess Desire:

Jeesh, I haven't dolled myself up in a while. You know, being preggos and all. Then I had injuries. It's taken me a while to recover but I do have some good colours I would suggest, I'll get them to you-

She pauses, she remembers something else.

Princess Desire:

Oh that's right, I have a match coming up, I'm back in action. Either way, after my match I'll be sure to get that little mug of yours some eyeliner suggestions.

It's unclear if Desire is saying this like she means it or not. Her voice remains rather coy and her body language suggests indifference...

But then she smiles politely and it comes across as genuine. Either way, it looks like Ames isn't able to tell the difference as she slips out of the chair and stands directly across from Princess Desire.

Teresa Ames:

That would be great! Thanks so much! I'll just be in my locker room, trying different clothes on! Feel free to stop by later and good luck with your match.

Ames departs with a wave, leaving Desire standing there. The Princess isn't alone for long as none other than Tyler Fuse enters the scene. The elder Fuse simply stands beside his wife, as he and The Princess watch Teresa Ames walk down the hall and make her exit.

Princess Desire:

TTYL.

The scene fades.

STORY TIME WITH DEXY BAY BAY

One by one in the TD Garden, the lights go dark. Section by section of the arena the lights start to fade out. They keep going dark until there is nothing left. The lights start flickering on one more time....

BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!!

The beeping continues and then two words back up from opposite sides of the DEFIA-tron ...

DEF TV

A time bomb graphic appears just below ... three ... two ... one ...

BOOM!!!

DEX TV!!!

“YEEEEAAAHHHHH!!!”

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

Stepping out for the first time for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful since his triumphant return at DEFIANCE Road, Dex Joy is center stage and the cheers are deafening ... DEFening maybe?

Lance:

There he is, Darren! Just a few months ago, hm being on the shelf indefinitely was very much a possibility thanks to a number of issues. First, vicious battles with Kerry Kuroyama and Henry Keyes during the Acts of DEFIANCE Tournament. Then two run-ins with Corvo Alpha. But thankfully ... those injuries were able to heal without surgery!

DDK:

Thankfully so! And because of that, Dex Joy was able to strike back with a vengeance at DEFIANCE Road where he was able to finally get the duke over Corvo Alpha and put Lord Nigel's monster in the rear view mirror!

Dex Joy kisses a fist and then throws a huge punch in the air, sending one last BIG BURST of pyro on the stage! Tonight, he isn't dressed for competition, instead wearing blue track pants and a new bright yellow sleeveless Dex Joy "DANGER: BIG DEX ENERGY" shirt! Now available on defiancewrestling.com! Dex walks around the ring, handing out high fives and fist bumps to anyone and everyone that wants one from The Biggest Boy!

DDK:

And what a major announcement that closed last night's show! Due to their placement in that tournament as semi-finalists as well as recent in-ring successes, Dex Joy will go one-on-one against Conor Fuse at DEFCON! The winner will become the Number One Contender to the FIST of DEFIANCE at whoever walks out of DEFCON between Lindsay Troy and Alvaro de Vargas!

Lance:

Look at Dex! He's feeling this crowd tonight of over 14,000 strong! Sold out here at the TD Garden! We'll see what he's got to say about that match with Conor Fuse at DEFCON!

He completes his circle around the ring, then hops in place to get himself fired up. He stomps so hard up the steps, the camera "shakes" as he enters. The three-hundred twenty-pound ball of endless energy jumps into the ring. Mic in hand for The Biggest Boy.

Dex Joy:

BOSTON PALLIES!!! WELCOME TO DEX TV!!! MAKE SOME NOISE! MAKE THEM CALL THE COPS ON US!!!

"YEEEEEEAAAAAHHHH!!!!!"

Dex hops from one side of the ring to the next trying to make each side louder than the last! When he gets done playing around he stands in the ring.

Dex Joy:

Gather round, pallies, cause right now, Dexy Baby has got a story for you! And this story is about a different version of that confident, handsome man with that Biggest Boy Magic you all love so much! This is the story of an insecure, 400-pound tub of goo that squeezed his way through the doors of DEFIANCE Wrestling back when we were just wrestling in front of the same crowds in New Orleans. Bless their souls.

Dex starts to lean up against the corner looking out to the TD Garden fans.

Dex Joy:

Before DEFIANCE Wrestling finally picked up that kid ... they rejected him. They told him get some experience under your belt and then come see us in a couple years. That funny fat kid spent a few years on the indies honing his craft. He studied. He watched tape. He took notes. But he didn't take care of himself at all. He couldn't look down and see Dex Jr without a mirror. He was agile and he could do some cool moves but it was going to take a lot more than that to survive in a cutthroat promotion like DEFIANCE Wrestling. Two guys - one who doesn't even work here anymore named Shooter Landell showed him that. That thought he would come in and be everyone's friend but that idea went out the window on the first night when he and Gunther Adler made fun of that funny fat kid.

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful hang on his every word.

Dex Joy:

That fat kid barely made it past a guy like Shooter Landell and over time he realized that if he was going to survive or have any chance in a place like this, he'd need to take himself more seriously. He would need to put in that work. It wasn't going to be an overnight thing, but that kid decided to make changes to his life. They were small things at first. Eating less. Working out more. Putting his big old self on a treadmill. Adding new moves in his repertoire. Taking moves out that didn't work. Little things. But eventually those little things started to add up. Little things added up to bigger opportunities in this company. Then that fat happy kid was going places!

The trip down memory lane has Dex feeling nostalgic.

Dex Joy:

But no matter how many little things he tried to do, there would always be those people trying to tear him down cause he didn't look like your typical male model. Cause he wasn't on the cover of GQ! Cause he was a big guy that did flips instead of doing some quote "mat wrasslin!" Cause he talked funny about himself! Cause he called everyone "pally" and some people don't want to be your pals! That's when that funny fat kid had to realize that you can't please everybody ... but that the only people who were actually worth pleasing! The ones who mattered the most were the ones sitting in those stands, watching your every move. Call them whatever you want. The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful! The Wrecking Crew! The fans! Paying customers! They ... matter. And I don't care what any bozo looking to make themselves laugh for kicks says. You all matter. Big, small, short, tall, fatty, skinny, everything in between. You all matter!

Applause rings out when Dex gestures to all sides of the Garden around him.

Dex Joy:

Now back to that kid. That kid's journey to the top wasn't an instant overnight sensation. That kid's journey to the top is still going today, and that story is still ongoing. He's trying to do the best that he can despite recent setbacks. He got injured. He got depressed. It wasn't a very Happy Thanksgiving or a Merry Christmas for him, but ... I know for fact that funny fat kid right now is going to make 2023 the Happiest of the Happy New Years ever! He's in the best shape of his career both mentally and physically now and you keep motivating him to climb higher and higher! He's done the best for himself out of any wrestler in DEFIANCE Wrestling not holding the FIST right now but now's not the time to look back on what he's done. He knows the real work is still to come ... but that funny fat kid is now willing to put up his last

year's body of work against anyone else's and he dares anyone to tell him that he's not ready to be the face of this company!

Dex runs them down one by one!

Dex Joy:

Corvo Alpha! Got him! Kerry Kuroyama! Got him twice and one of those was a Match of the Year candidate thanks to all of you! Henry Keyes! Got him! Oscar Burns! Got him ... twice! And won Match of the Year thanks to all of you!

"WRECK EM, DEX! WRECK EM, DEX! WRECK EM, DEX! WRECK EM, DEX!"

Dex Joy:

Like I said earlier in the story, that rise didn't happen overnight and that rise to the top is still going ... but that kid knows what he can do now. That kid grew up. That kid leveled up. That kid toughened up. That kid got a little more svelte. That kid got a little more mobile. That kid got way more comfortable between these three ropes. Now that kid knows he owns this ring and all he needs is the FIST of DEFIANCE to make it nice and official like!

"WRECK EM, DEX! WRECK EM, DEX! WRECK EM, DEX! WRECK EM, DEX!"

Dex Joy:

That kid lost out on one chance to get that title because some other kids got jealous and didn't want him anywhere near their pretty little title ... but after getting a second chance at his career and overcoming even more adversity, he's now got a second chance to give that story the happy ending that he's still working for!

He gets big laughter and cheers from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful.

Dex Joy:

You heard it here first last night, pallies! DEFCON! Number One Contender's match! That kid with a dream takes on another kid with a dream. Another kid that's come so close, but come so far. Conor Fuse!!!

"!RANK! !RANK! !RANK! !RANK! !RANK!"

Dex acknowledges the chants.

Dex Joy:

We'll have to pause the story because right now, that story is still being written, but I'll end it with this pallies. ... Conor ... from one kid with a dream to another ... the only thing I have to say to you at DEFCON is may the best man win!

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

Dex Joy gives the microphone back and he poses on each of the buckles one by one for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful!

DDK:

What a match that promises to be! Conor Fuse! Dex Joy! Two of the most beloved stars in DEFIANCE Wrestling having to go through one another to earn a shot at the FIST! Already we have two major matches set for our biggest show of the year!

Lance:

Conor has come so close that he can taste it! Dex Joy is arguably on the top of his game! Only one man is going to come out on top when the smoke clears, but we have a ways to go until DEFCON and anything can happen on the last shows there!

FAVORED SAINTS: NED REFORM (C) vs. ???

Back to the arena.

DDK:

Well, ladies and gentlemen...

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

DDK:...I guess we're being joined by our Favoured Saints Champion.

BOOOOOOO!

Without the usual pomp and circumstance, Ned Reform - dressed in his wrestling singlet and ready for competition - appears from the back with the Favoured Saints Championship slung over his shoulder.

Lance:

Despite all the odds, Ned Reform walked out of DEFIANCE Road with his championship in tact. The five other competitors ... oh!

The Good Doctor did not walk down the aisle, but instead made a sharp right turn and walked over to the Commentation Station! And in fact, he SLAPPED Warner's headset off his head mid-sentence! Reform has a mic and he doesn't even wait for his music to die out before launching into a tirade.

Ned Reform:

Oh, I'm sorry! Did I interrupt what was surely another eloquent nugget or brilliance on your part, Mr. Warner!?

DDK:

Now, listen -

Ned Reform:

NO!!

Reform SCREAMS as his music finally stops.

Ned Reform:

You do not speak! Neither of you buffons have anything of value to add!! The FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION is speaking now, fools.

DDK:

Look at his eyes... Ned... are you... are okay?

Ned Reform:

Don't condescend to me, you unworthy simpleton. I listened to the tape. I heard what you said. In my moment of triumph - on the night I not only repelled all three Titanes, that unstable wench Teresa Ames, AND the treachery of a man I thought I could trust, but I proved beyond any iota of a doubt that I, DOCTOR Ned Reform, deserve the very gold I hold before you now! And what did you both have to say about such a monumental achievement? You were both shocked... SHOCKED I TELL YOU... that I won, and I quote, "legitimately." As I have not been over coming the bias and odds that have been ruthlessly stacked against me since the day I walked through the door of THIS PISSANT EXCUSE FOR A WRESTLING COMPANY.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, I apologize... we've never seen Ned in this state...

Ned Reform:

DON'T TALK TO THEM, KEEBLER! TALK TO ME! Because YOU WILL RESPECT ME! I WILL LEAVE YOU NO

CHOICE! I will leave you...

Reform turns and points around to all the Boston Faithful.

Ned Reform:

And ALL OF YOU... no choice!

Reform steps up on top of the announce table, now ranting and raving directly to the fans in attendance.

Ned Reform:

It doesn't matter whether it's the DEFIANCE drones... or the aptly-named knuckle dragging PRIME-ates... or especially you pieces of human garbage that inhabit this little slice of hell on Earth they call Boston... I continue to be doubted. To be belittled. WELL IT ENDS TODAY!

Reform, still on top of the announce table, holds the championship high into the air.

Ned Reform:

I thought I could trust Levi Cole. And yet, in what should have been our moment of triumph, he STABBED me through the HEART. Mr. Cole has been placed on academic probation. You will not see him tonight, nor any night soon. And frankly, he is not needed.

Reform jumps off the announce table, walks up the ramp, and then begins to walk toward the ring.

Ned Reform:

For tonight, I officially begin my long overdue rise to the top. In a moment's time, I will again successfully defend my championship. And then I shall again. And again. And as many times as it takes to earn the opportunity to wrestle for the Southern Heritage Championship at DEFCON. Which I will win, cementing myself on the biggest stage DEFIANCE has to offer.

Reform marches up the ring steps and into the ring.

Ned Reform:

So it matters not... I know there is some lowly put-upon in the back who would give their left pinkie toe for a chance to wear gold...

DDK:

Are you okay?

Lance:

I'm fine. Goodness... he has really snapped, hasn't he?

Now in the ring, Reform turns to the entrance, snarling.

Ned Reform:

And I invite that poor soul to come out right now. You surely can put up a decent fight if you put your mind to it, although my victory is all but assured.

Reform begins to pace around the ring impatiently. Hector Nevarro, caught off guard by this challenge but always ready for duty, sprints to the ring. Reform growls in anger and walks to the ring ropes closest to the ramp, leaning over the top rope.

Ned Reform:

Come, now! Surely there is someone willing to be my first victim on the journey to DEFCON...

♪ "Ultimate Battle" by Fredriech Habetler ♪

A collective GASP fills the arena! Ned Reform looks stunned for the opening theme to “Ultimate Battle” right into...

♪ “Stranger Fruit” by Zeal and Ardor ♪

The lights dim to a simple red and smoke starts to pour out from under the entryway, covering the stage quickly. Out comes Oscar Burns! He wears a burgundy red and black coat with long black tights with “DEFIANCE” down one leg and in red and “FAVOURED SAINTS” on the other in blue, but both stylized in the familiar DEFIANCE logo. Behind him, Butcher Victorious follows and looks pretty smug!

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! OSCAR BURNS?! FOR THE FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP?!

Lance:

I... I DON'T BELIEVE THIS! THIS WAS THE LAST PERSON I'D EXPECT TO BE ACCEPTING THIS!

The man who put the proverbial screws to Rezin just one night ago now has only Butcher in his corner, but the two-time former FIST of DEFIANCE approaches the ring! Ned isn't sure what to make of this, but Oscar waits at the steps and greets him with a nod. Butcher uses a towel to quickly wipe down the steps like an expert pit crew member putting a car back together. When Butcher gives it some fast elbow grease and pats the steps, Oscar slowly walks up the steps. He takes his coat off and hands it to Butcher before wiping his feet and then climbing into the ring.

Lance:

Imagine this, Darren... Lindsay Troy has the FIST. Henry Keyes has the Southern Heritage Championship! If Oscar Burns wins this title tonight... that's all the singles gold in DEFIANCE in the Vae Victis camp!

DDK:

We know Burns made himself a major shareholder of Favoured Saints, the parent company of DEFIANCE and... that has to be what this is! He wants to truly BE Favoured Saints!

Lance:

...Are we allowed to root for neither guy?

Burns steps into the ring and shoots a smug look at Ned Reform, who does his best to not be so put off by this surprise. Reform paces, muttering to himself, as Burns prepares for the match. Hector Nevarro walks up to Ned, gesturing for the belt. Reform is clearly having second thoughts, but Darren Quimbey does not give him the chance to back out.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL and is for the DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Championship! Introducing first, the challenger: from Wellington, New Zealand, and weighing in at 237 lbs... OSCAR BURNS!

The fans jeer, but Burns' eyes narrow. He marches up to Quimbey and says something to him, prompting Quimbey to offer a quick retraction.

Darren Quimbey:

And he... is... *DEFIANCE*.

Burns whispers again.

Darren Quimbey: (annoyed)

...AND Favoured Saints!

Burns smiles at that.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Litchfield, Connecticut and weighing in at 226 lbs... he is the Favoured Saints Champion... Ned Reform!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Just like Burns, Reform also stomps over to have a little chat with Quimbey:

Darren Quimbey (sigh):

That is... DOCTOR Ned Reform.

DDK:

Can the ring really contain these two egos?

Nevarro is finally able to pry the belt away from Ned, and he holds up it before signaling for the bell.

DING DING!

The two men meet in the center of the ring... and Reform offers his handshake in friendship. Burns looks suspicious, but Ned vehemently professes his good intentions. Burns considers... shrugs... and takes Reform's hand...

Lance:

Well, nice to actually see some good sportsmanship... aaaand he just kicked Burns in the junk. Wonderful.

Burns falls to the mat in pain, and Ned immediately points to his fallen opponent and gets in Hector Nevarro's face.

Ned Reform:

That was a disqualification! Rules are rules!

Hector isn't biting though. Reform gets more aggressive, backing the official into a corner. He does this for too long, however, taking his eyes off the prize and getting rolled up from behind!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Reform powers out!

DDK:

Ned almost cost himself the match trying to be clever!

Reform gets back up, but immediately walks into a Burns trap: the Kiwi hooks his leg, bringing The Good Doctor down to the mat with a heel hook! Reform's eyes bug out and he howls in pain, but he's close enough to the ropes that a good lung and he is able to reach them! Burns keeps the hold on for as long as he can without getting DQed and then releases. Reform, for his part, rolls under the bottom rope to safety of the floor. Burns shakes his head in disappointment at this display.

Lance:

Ned talked a big game... and now he finds himself in there with, whether you like him or not, arguably the greatest bell-to-bell technician in the sport.

On the outside, Butch Vic is having big laughs at Ned's plight. Reform pulls himself up, sees the Vae Victis tooge having a grand time at his expense... and the Philosopher King grabs Vic and shoves him face first into the steel steps! Reform receives what might be his first ever babyface reaction!

DDK:

Hyper aggressive Ned Reform has no time for Butch Vic!

On the outside, Ned is clearly weighing his options. In the ring, a hungry and dangerous Oscar Burns waits impatiently. This is the part where he generally would take a walk... but not today! Instead, he furrows his brow, pounds his fist into his palm, and charges into the ring!

Lance:

Is this a new Ned Reform?

His newfound attitude doesn't seem to help, however, as he runs right into a European Uppercut that rocks him! He falls back into the corner, where he eats four more from Burns that puts him on his ass. Burns brings him back to his feet. DEFIANCE smiles at the disheveled Doctor, pretending to fix his collar and dust off his shoulders... before taking him up and over with a sudden Exploder Suplex! Burns shakes his head in amusement as he goes in for what appears to be the easy victory.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE - NO!! Reform gets a shoulder up.

Lance:

Burns looks mildly impressed.

Impressed or not, that doesn't stop DEFIANCE from going right back on the offensive. He swoops in on The Pedagogue of Pain, kicking him square in the head to ensure he stays down. Burns again grins at his handwork and points to the downed Reform, drawing a fresh round of boos. Everytime Reform tries to get back up, Burns kicks him in the head. He circles him, clearly toying with his prey.

DDK:

Ned was full of fire tonight, but I wonder if maybe that might be clouding his judgment too much. You can't take your eyes off the prize when you're in there with Oscar Burns.

And now DEFIANCE chooses to have some fun. In what has become a regular spot, Burns begins to unload on Reform with stomps to the body as he circles the Good Doctor's form.

Oscar Burns:

LET'S GO BURNSIE!

OS - CAR- SUCKS!

Oscar Burns:

LET'S GO BURNSIE!

OS - CAR - SUCKS!:

Oscar Burns:

LET'S GO BURNSIE!!

OS - CAR - SUCKS!!!

Of course, it sounds more like "Os-cah"... but we get the idea. Burns stops his stomping to jaw jack with the crowd a bit... and that's when something amazing happens. It's small, but it's there.

A "Let's go Ned" chant!?

DDK:

Wait... are they cheering for Ned Reform!?

Lance:

It sounds like a few are... probably just to mess with Burns. Although my sources tell me that Ned did live in Boston for a period in his youth, so maybe he does have some fans?

Whether he's just angry or just fueled by what might be the first positive response he's gotten in his entire career, Reform chooses that moment to strike - he brings an unsuspecting Burns down with a drop toe-hold, and then hopes right on Burns and unloads with mount punches! DEFIANCE, caught completely off guard, can do nothing but cover up to the onslaught - and the fans are getting behind this!!

DDK:

I. Don't. Believe. This.

Lance:

And they say Canada is Bizzaro World!

With Burns stunned, Reform brings him up, sends him into the ropes, and catches him on the rebound with a spinning wheel kick! Ned covers - and some of the people count along!

ONE!

TWO!

Burns kicks out! Ned gets a running start and puts a knee right into the face of the man formerly known as Twists and Turns. He covers again!

ONE!

TWO!

Burns again gets a shoulder up. Ned rolls off him and makes his way toward the top rope! Ned climbs somewhat slowly, but he does reach the top and steadies himself... but we'll never know for what, as Burns crotches him on the top. With the fans giving the Vae Victis member hell, Burns climbs up to the top as well, hooking The Good Doctor for a Not-So-Good Superplex!

Lance:

And... REFORM TAKEN DOWN TO THE MAT! WHAT FORCE!

Burns covers, this time it's not nonchalantly and he hooks the leg...

ONE!

TWO!

THREEE ... NO!!!

DDK:

Reform kicks out!

Oscar Burns did not expect to have this much trouble. He shakes his head in mild annoyance as he lifts Ned back to his feet. The fans begin to sense the end is near as Burns hooks The Favoured Saints Champion for the Head-Drop-O-Matic.

Lance:

Well, at least Ned Reform can be proud of his efforts here!

DDK:

NOT SO FAST!

Somehow, somehow, Reform is able to escape the set-up... and float over behind Burns... and lock on the AD HOMINEM!!! Now there is no more annoyance in Burns' face... this is pure panic!

Lance:

The Crossface Chicken Wing is an extremely dangerous hold and Burns knows it!

For the first time tonight, Oscar Burns fears he is in danger of losing this contest. But, even a panicked veteran is still a veteran, and despite Ned's best efforts, he reaches the ropes. Reform milks the hold for as long as he can before letting go - apparently his earlier desire to be disqualified all but forgotten! Ned is fired up in a way that we've never seen him before as he grabs Burns and plants him dead center in the ring with a body slam! Ned looks around to the Boston Faithful... and my God, more of them seem to have gotten on his bandwagon, as he gets an even bigger positive reaction than before! Reform points out a single finger... and many of the fans cheer, knowing what's coming next!

DDK:

The fans are looking FORWARD to the Thinking Man's Elbow Drop!? What a world!

Reform uses his finger to point out into the crowd as he spins in a full circle. Finally he stops above Burns... uses the finger to point to his big brain three times in rapid succession... and then leaps high into the air, looking to drive an elbow right into the heart of DEFIANCE...

...but no such luck, as Burns rolls out of the way and Ned's elbow meets canvas. Ned doesn't even have time to react: Burns is like a sudden predator as he leaps, looking Ned in the Fruit Roll-Up and bringing his shoulders down to the mat!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING!!

DDK:

He did it! Reform made one mistake and Burns capitalized!

Lance:

Not only is he A Favoured Saint... he's now THE FAVOURED SAINT!

Oscar looks up at the official and his eyes grow wide! Hector Navarro grabs the Favoured Saints title belt from ringside and then awards to Oscar!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner and the NEWWWWWWW Favoured Saints Championship! He... is... DEFIANCE... AND Favoured Saints... **OSCAR BURNS!**

Lance:

That Fruit Roll-up is one of the best moves in Oscar's arsenal! He's pinned Lindsay Troy with it! Mikey Unlikely with it! And now, he uses it to win his first championship in over two years after Ned Reform came out here to talk up a big

game!

DDK:

And speaking of... look at Ned...

Reform is simply sitting up in the ring, his hands gripping his head in disbelief. His eyes appear ready to bug out. Without saying or doing anything, he rolls out of the ring and briskly makes his way to the back.

DDK:

After Ned survived the toughest defense of any previous Favoured Saints Champion at DEFIANCE Road, his road to the Southern Heritage Championship has been cut off.

Lance:

Oh, God... and think about this... Vae Victis now hold all the singles gold in DEFIANCE!

And sure enough, the crowd realize this as well! Burns holds the title high up over his head on top of the ramp with Butcher still feeling groggy after being shoved into a buckle. He yells at Butcher to get up and put the Favoured Saints Title around the waist of DEFIANCE... and he's just barely up now and seeing stars, but he does so at the top of the ramp, starting to fasted the the belt around the waist of Oscar! The Faithful are livid, but not much they can do about it!

DDK:

As if Lindsay Troy and Henry Keyes weren't already throwing things in people's faces with their titles... this... this is huge. Vae Victis now have all of the singles gold in DEFIANCE!

And as Burns is about to get strapped, Butcher gets tapped on the shoulder.

Henry Keyes. Southern Heritage Champion.

Lindsay Troy. FIST of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Oh, no... another gloat sesh, as Sonny called it last night?

Lindsay gestures to Oscar Burns and then to Henry Keyes. In a nice middle finger to all of DEFIANCE, all three raise their respective titles in the air on stage to throw it in the faces of the crowd!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

They are really milking the moment, but they can't underscore how big this win is... Vae Victis!

Burns speaks to the camera in front of them.

Oscar Burns:

VAE VICTIS... IS... DEFIANCE! AND FAVOURED SAINTS!

COMMERCIAL: ON THE ROAD AGAIN



THROWING DOWN THE GAUNTLET

Backstage.

The Dangerous Mix make their way through the halls, pacing deliberately, with a purpose.

David Fox:

Travesty, big man. A complete travesty.

Mushigihara:

Here, here, man.

David Fox:

Those tag team titles were OURS, Mushi. We held them in our HANDS! And all because of some legalese, it's like we never touched them!

Mushigihara:

So what do you suppose we do about it?

The pair stops on a dime, and the camera zooms in on David's face.

David Fox:

I say we go on out there and stake our claim again. Lay down the challenge, SOLO, this time, and tell them WE WANT THOSE TAG TEAM TITLES. WE WANT A MATCH!

"WE ACCEPT!"

Shouting off screen, and rushing in, is none other than the box clad Klein! The fans cheer, as Klein nods toward Fox and Mushi. Mushi nods back in response. Flex appears behind Klein, rolling his shoulders.

Klein:

You want a match! YOU GOT ONE!

Mushi gets confused. Fox tries to say something but Klein talks over him.

Klein:

We'll take on the rightful tag team champions of DEFIANCE any day of the week, won't we Flex!

Klein shoves Flex to get him hyped. Flex doesn't react to Klein except to grunt in annoyance. Klein turns back to the Dangerous Mix, who just look at him confused.

Klein:

What. You want a match? You got one. See you next week! C'mon Flex. We gotta edit a superfans cut of Hugo and Pirates of the Caribbean to make the Henry Keyes bio pic Elise wants...

Klein rushes off, leaving only Flex in frame. Both Mushi and Fox stare dumbfounded. Flex just flexes each pec, right, then left, then right, and walks off. Fox looks to Mushi and rubs his head.

Mushigihara:

He ain't THAT impressive. I got muscles too! See?

Mushi starts flexing on his own, which draws a chuckle from his partner as they depart.

PRINCESS DESIRE vs. CRESCENT CITY KID

With the Crescent City Kid already in the ring, referee Benny Doyle enters and Princess Desire's theme song begins on the PA.

♪ "Final Battle" by Waterflame ♪

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for ONE FALL!

The Boston Faithful shout back "ONE FALL".

Darren Quimbey:

Already in the ring, the Crescent City Kid. And his opponent... from Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada... weighing one-hundred-twenty-eight pounds... PRINCESS DESIRE!

No one appears just yet.

DDK:

We haven't seen Desire in action since October of 2020. A pregnancy, injuries that followed upon training to return to in-ring action... but it sounds like she's ready to make a real attempt at a return tonight. This is proof.

Lance:

Great to see her back. She's 4-0 in DEFIANCE but this will be a legitimate test.

DDK:

Gulf Coast Connection and the Crescent City Kid are no strangers to Desire or the Fuse Bros. for that matter. It was in 2020, DEFCON to be exact where these teams battled each other. Beforehand, it was Crescent City Kid who had a "crush" on The Princess... until she revealed who she really was... Tyler Fuse's husband.

Lance:

A long time ago.

Finally, a rather disinterested Princess strolls out from behind the back. She sports golden wrestling tights and a golden top. Small golden sparkler pyro shoots off behind her as Tyler Fuse also appears. He's dressed in black jeans and a shirt, seemingly looking indifferent himself. Desire begins her walk down the rampway as Tyler makes his way over...

To the announce table.

The camera follows Fuse. He takes a seat beside Darren Keebler.

DDK:

Well, hello Tyler.

The elder Fuse says nothing. He simply keeps his eyes on the ring while the announcers attempt to engage with the wrestler but to no avail.

The Princess casually walks up the steel steps and onto the apron. She takes one look at the Crescent City Kid and rolls her eyes before entering. She immediately walks over to Benny Doyle and asks for her theme music to come to a close and for the bell to sound.

DING DING

DDK:

We're off!

Crescent City Kid begins hopping around the ring and Princess' eyes follow him as he looks for an opening to pounce.

Lance:

Tyler, we were just saying how the Fuse Bros. and your wife are no stranger to Gulf Coast Connection and in particular, the Crescent City Kid.

Tyler Fuse:

...

Meanwhile in the ring, the Kid makes a play for the Princess. He rushes and clubs her under the chin with an elbow. She staggers back as the Crescent City Kid shoots off the ropes and looks for a high angle dropkick. It connects!

DDK:

A little ring rust for Desire to work off in the early stages.

The Kid with an arm drag hip toss, turned into an armlock. For the first time since appearing, Princess has a look of pain on her face. She fights to a knee... then a foot... then both feet. She breaks free, hits the ropes but she's met with a knee to the chest by Crescent City. CCK hoists Desire up and connects with a ligar bomb but doesn't pin. Instead, he runs to the corner, hops onto the second rope and leaps off with a headlock scissor takedown the moment The Princess gets to her feet.

The camera switches to the announce team for a brief moment. Tyler looks exactly the same as he did when he walked out. No concern or care whatsoever.

The Kid hurls Desire into the ropes and then leaps up, sending her to the mat in another headscissor takedown. He finds the ropes, bounces off them and performs a springboard leg drop the second Princess shows signs of life.

Crescent City Kid doesn't look to pin yet. He Irish whips Desire into a corner and comes racing in with a splash that connects. Then he mounts The Peach Puroresu with punches to the skull. The Boston Faithful count along... one... two... three... four...

And suddenly Desire wraps her arms around Crescent City Kid's legs, lifts him up and moves towards the center of the ring with a powerbomb!

DDK:

What a great counter!

Tyler Fuse:

...

Desire pins.

ONE.

TWO.

THE KID KNOCKS HIS LEGS TOGETHER AGAINST THE PRINCESS' HEAD, BREAKING THE COUNT.

Back to work both wrestlers go and the Crescent City Kid is up on his feet first. He connects with a roundhouse kick, working The Princess back. CCK leaps in the air but his next kick is blocked. Desire returns with a forearm smash... but Crescent City moves out of the way.

CCK shifts behind his opponent. He latches onto her skull and then performs a snap dragon suplex!

The Kid shoots to his feet. He's feeling it and trying to get the crowd into things. He throws Desire into the second rope as she rests across it... then the Crescent City Kid connects with a 619!

Princess Desire fumbles back in the ring, on her two feet but has no clue where she is. She swings wildly... and Crescent City Kid goes to the second rope.

He leaps off with a flying elbow that lands!

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

DDK:

I have to say, Crescent City Kid is on his game right now!

Tyler Fuse:

...

The Kid keeps the crowd involved by pumping his arms up and down. He finds the ropes and then finds Princess Desire with a flying tornado DDT!

DDK:

This could be over! The Kid is going to the top rope!

Lance:

He might be looking for the Hurricane Press!

Crescent City Kid measures, jumps but nobody's home! CCK eats the mat as Princess Desire struggles to get to her feet and then rests in the corner.

DDK:

She has an opening here.

Desire shakes the cobwebs out and once the Crescent City Kid shows signs of life... she takes aim.

She looks for a Pele kick but The Kid ducks, takes hold of Desire and lifts her in the air for a backbreaker...

But The Origami Queen slips away. Crescent City Kid bounces into the ropes as Desire finds her feet.

THUMP.

DDK:

Oh my!

The Kid runs himself right into a spinning elbow straight into his mouth! Desire doesn't waste a second. She takes hold of Crescent City's head and runs up the turnbuckle padding.

DDK:

There it is! The All Hail, the backwards running neck breaker!

Tyler Fuse:

...

The Princess isn't done. Instead, she finds Crescent City Kid's feet, tangles her legs around his and shows tremendous flexibility by applying the muta lock, or otherwise as it's known The Princess' Regnant!

The Kid is forced to tap.

DING DING DING

DDK:

A very impressive victory, considering the warm up time it took for The Princess to get going.

Tyler Fuse:

...

Tyler drops the headset and wanders down to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... PRINCESS DESIRE!

Benny Doyle wants to raise Desire's hand but she doesn't care. She drops to her knees, rolls out of the ring and calmly runs a hand across her forehead. She meets Tyler Fuse at the bottom of the rampway and the two of them make their way to the back.

DDK:

I really don't know why you'd join commentary, only to say nothing...

Lance:

Maybe that was the point? Let Desire's wrestling do the talking?

DDK:

With that Fuse brother, I have no idea.

DEFtv goes to commercial as Tyler and The Princess vanish behind the FIST logo.

NO 1 TO BLAME BUT YOU

♪ "The Fixer" by Pearl Jam ♪

The Faithful hit their feet amidst a wash of sweeping blue and yellow beacons. Masked Violator #1 bounds onto the stage as if shot out of a cannon, arms flailing to hype the crowd. They respond appropriately. Smiling under his bright red mask, dressed in a form fitting blue t-shirt bearing the image of a "We Are #1" stylized foam finger in a mix of yellow and red, a pair of worn blue jeans and brown faux snakeskin cowboy boots – #1 is all energy.

DDK:

Bean Town has COME ALIVE as MV1 has ARRIVED at TD Garden!

Striking down the aisle and sliding into the ring, MV1 quickly hits his feet and vibes to the music, the smile crinkling his mask somehow even wider than before. Pumping a single finger in the air along with the crowd to every "YEAH!" in the titular "YEAH, YEAH, YEAH, YEAH!". Red & yellow "#1" foam fingers can be seen sprinkled throughout the arena, waving and thrusting towards the sky.

Lance:

Masked Violator #1 nears almost a full year since returning to DEFIANCE and week by week, match by match, he has earned the respect and adulation of the DEFIANCE Faithful in an inspiring way! At DEFIANCE Road, we bore witness to a star-making performance in the guise of JJ Dixon when he overcame MV1 in one of the most thrilling and pulse pounding ironman matches I have ever witnessed.

DDK:

Taking absolutely nothing away from JJ Dixon... but that match could have easily gone a different way.

Perched on the second turnbuckle, MV1 takes a long moment to applaud the fans back. He gestures for, and quickly receives, a house mic, dropping out of the corner and finding the squared-circle's-center along with the hard camera. His music fades under the timber of his voice.

MV1:

I've gotta tell you... It's an honor to stand here tonight in the cradle of American liberty.

#1 holds the mic overhead and the Boston Faithful scream to be heard. The camera finds two fans in the nosebleeds lofting a large American flag before them.. They are visibly giddy and become more animated when they realize they are on-screen and the Boston fans join them in their jubilation. We cut back to MV1.

MV1:

The very *birthplace* of independence!

Pacing the ring, mask creased in perplexion, the Red Rocket of DEFIANCE opines.

MV1:

If you look back at American history, at the American story... The dream that unites us all. Take a look and you'll find that so much of it starts right here: Boston, Massachusetts.

Not allowing that ember to catch wind and build, MV1 plows forth.

MV1:

Well, these two nights, DEFTV 182, this also feels *historic* to me and I am honored to be here and be a part of it. Just as honored as I was to share the ring with JJ Dixon at DEFIANCE Road a few weeks ago.

The crowd alights again, this time at the mention of Dixon. MV1 offers a lopsided grin and allows the support to build. He rounds the ring with a wry smirk.

MV1:

Hey. You ain't gonna find a bigger booster for JJ this side of Miss Melton. That man gave me everything I knew he had - and then some. I'm incredibly proud of how I wrestled at DEF Road. And I'm just as proud of the FIGHT that JJ Dix-

The lights abruptly cut out, prompting a speedy torrent of boos from the Olde Towne Faithful. A series of random fan's flashbulbs pulse throughout the arena before the first note of the music strikes.

♪ *"Electric Funeral (Instrumental)" by Black Sabbath* ♪

And then it's all pulsing red strobes.

A collective groan grips the former Boston Garden. That audible displeasure escalates as a figure is slowly and deliberately carted onto the stage.

DDK:

Oh my... Is that Lord Nigel?

Vulnerably slumped atop himself in a wheelchair, arms awkwardly folded across his lap, is the erstwhile venerable and stately Lord Nigel of House Trickelbush.

No trademark black bowler cap atop his head, instead his thinning white hair has degraded into a mess of snarls and curls. The lapels of his coal black suit are stained and crumpled and his tie hangs lazily and loosely from his pencil neck.

Lance:

It is. And... he looks heinous!

He does. The unfortunate soul trudging Trickelbush forward looks worse. Ancient, withering and a weedy and gangly figure of more than 80 years, the tall, spindly man seemingly ages with every step. Dressed only slightly better, Nigel's wheelman labors at his effort, finally bringing his Lordship to a slow rest at the very apex of the stage.

In the ring, MV1 has the presence to quickly survey ringside, alert for an ambush that hasn't come.

DDK:

Nigel Trickelbush is a despicable human being... and all I can say is... it seems like KARMA has been catching up with him as of late! And who is this character pushing him out here?!

The music fades, the lights return to a hazy normal, and Lord Nigel seems to struggle to raise a microphone from his lap to his lips. It trembles in his hand for a moment before he steadies it.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You people are horrible...

Nigel's thin voice is eaten whole by the resentment of the Faithful. He bristles, eying them with annoyance before raising his inflection to match them.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

And you, Number One, you are somehow worse.

Straining to press over them, Nigel does so.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

The effort that it has taken me to present myself before you today would kill a normal man, I'd have you know-

More boos.

Lance:

It was his own charge, Corvo Alpha, who laid Lord Nigel out at ringside just a few short weeks ago at DEFIANCE Road... which lead to Trickelbush being stretchered out of the arena!

DDK:

Wait... he was stretchered out?!

Lance:

He looks to be in rough shape right now!

He does. Nigel's desiccated manservant slowly blots his Master's chin with a folded linen handkerchief. Shoving the crusty geezer away, Lord Nigel tightens his grip on the mic.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

AWAY, Mr. Barnaby!

Trickelbush swats weakly at the air. His reaction time stunted by age, the octogenarian Mr. Barnaby finally blinks backwards, apologetic. With beady, bloodshot eyes darting around the Garden, Nigel's bottom lip quivers as his pupils finally rest on MV1 in the ring.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You could be so much more... and yet here you are wasting your time waxing poetic before these plebeians. Seeking the approval of *lemmings*!

Indignantly glancing briefly over his shoulder at Mr. Barnaby, Nigel gesticulates wildly with an arm and on cue, Mr. Barnaby slogs the wheelchair forward a bit. Sitting on his bedsores, Nigel adjusts what little weight he has and sits up fully – defiantly – eyeing the crowd.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Hear me now; I neither DESIRE... nor REQUIRE your approval.

Lucky for him, every soul in the building despises him and sounds happy to let him know it. Turning his weary attention back at MV1 in the ring, Nigel's voice turns to gravel.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

What I *do* require is a course correction. Things haven't been "going my way", in the common parlance. I've been robbed of my money. I've been shamed by a heartless, washed up *harlot* in front of the world. My sweet boy, Corvo, has had his ascension hampered, hindered and impeded time and again. And I blame YOU.

In the ring, MV1 shakes his head, reacting incredulously along with the fans.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

It all comes back to YOU. *You* who colluded with that WHORE, Teri Melton, and her whelp JJ Dixon to embarrass me on what should have been the evening of my greatest triumph! *YOU* who have been a nagging thorn, a lingering, ever-present *distraction* to Corvo Alpha. An irritating reminder of unfinished business. A loose end begging to be SNIPPED! And do you know–

MV1 cuts through the BS.

MV1:

Okay, that's enough. Do YOU know who **I** think is to blame for all of your troubles? I'd say it's YOU, Nigel! You are the one that put a price on my head to try and take me out of DEFIANCE! You had me where you wanted me... I was holding up my end of our deal. But you couldn't leave well enough alone, could you? MAXDEF 2021! YOU set the terms for that match! Me against "Corvo"! If I lost, we'd walk away from each other and let it be. But you COULDN'T let it go, could you? You could have made it so that if I lost, I'd be GONE from DEFIANCE, but you didn't! You–

Now it is Nigel who interjects, his once abrasive tone suddenly softened and sing-song.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Ahhhh... What a novel idea. To be rid of you, fully and finally. You speak of “freedom”, of “liberty”, of “independence”... I can think of no freedom greater than to be FREE of YOU. What if we made a NEW deal, Masked Man? A NEW contract... What if... One more, one LAST time... You step in the ring with my Corvo and when he DEFEATS YOU AGAIN... you leave DEFIANCE, NEVER TO RETURN!

Boston simmers like a pot of baked beans, bubbling and sputtering. In the ring, MV1's knuckles are white around the mic in his hand. The expression painted on his mask almost implies he has Lord Nigel where he wants him. Our masked hero paces a few times, measuring the reaction of his fans and supporters, and then turns back to the twisted, small man seated in a wheeled chair atop the entranceway, the Lord's peculiar, fossilized servant behind him.

MV1:

No, you dictated the terms last time. This time, I'm having my say. You want this fight? You want me to put my CAREER on the line? I'll do it-

A rising fervor from the Faithful.

MV1:

I'll do it, but ONLY if you put YOUR DEFIANCE career on the line too. If I win, WHEN I win... You leave DEFIANCE behind, you leave CORVO behind! You roll away into the sunset “never to return”!

Lord Nigel Trickelbush doesn't blink, doesn't hesitate, eyes suddenly alive and vital once more.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

At **DEFCON**! The event where your incursion to my plans and efforts began just a year ago! At DEFCON, you will be unmasked and undone, *BANISHED* forever!

Snickering underneath the red fabric of his mask, Masked Violator #1 leans on the top rope and levels his gaze at his tormentor.

MV1:

DEFCON is fine with me... but you've got details wrong, Nigel. It's going to be DEFIANCE that's liberated... it's MV2 I'm setting free when I rid this place of you!

Nigel tsks loudly into the microphone.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

NO, Child. Your story will end at DEFCON... and there will be no one to blame... but YOU.

Nigel drops the microphone on his lap and offers a vexed glance at his manservant.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush: *[just off-mic]*

Mr. Barnaby! Remove me from amidst this filth.

♪ “Electric Funeral (Instrumental)” by Black Sabbath ♪

The glacially slow Barnaby obliges, hurkily and jerkily wheeling his Lord backstage. Back in the ring, MV1 minds Trickelbush with suspicion and caution.

DDK:

And just like that... we've got a BIG match signed for DEFCON in two months! It's MV1/Corvo Alpha II, with STAKES, kids!

Lance:

Sounds like it's win or walk for Masked Violator #1 and Lord Nigel Trickelbush-

DDK:

You mean Win or ROLL in Nigel's case!

Lance:

-and once again, Corvo Alpha is just a pawn in Trickelbush's machinations!

DDK:

This is a story to watch! In the meantime, we've got two more HUGE matches tonight!

Lance:

What a show!

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

WORST NIGHTMARE

♪ "Immigrant Song" by Voodoo Prophet ♪

Heavy guitars and drums hit the DEFplex speakers as a familiar classic is covered brilliantly by the madman vocals from frontman "Sik" Tom Cole. Then, as if that wasn't enough of a jolt to the system, two letters appear on the DEFIAtron:

AP

Both letters have a bleeding effect after a machete slices through the bottom of them. It's almost as if we were watching the opening title sequence to a Friday The 13th Sequel.

DDK:

Oh.....no.

Lance:

Please, God no.

Seconds after Lance says this, Pleasant steps out from the guerilla position with his back facing the entire audience. Though he is showered with the usual number of boos, the frenetic energy coming from Immigrant Song has the Faithful splicing their vitriol with excited yells and ecstatic hoops and hollers.

Turning his head to the side, a grin is evident in a sadistic man making his return to DEFIANCE Television.

Lance:

No. God no, WHY.

DDK:

You literally sound like Michael Scott from the Office right now.

Turning the rest of the way around, Arthur Pleasant— adorned in black leather pants, a spiked leather jacket, and crimson red shoes— begins making his way down to the ring. A sizeable way into the famous lyrics, they show up on the DEFIAtron with a bouncing smiley with its eyes crossed out.

***Ah-ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh ah
Ah-ah ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh ah
We come from the land of the ice and snow
From the midnight sun where the hot springs flow
How soft your fields so green
Can whisper tales of gore
Of how we calmed the tides of war
We are your overlords***

Lance:

I don't know which hate is stronger— Michael's for Toby, or mine for Arthur Pleasant.

DDK:

I'd probably give you the nod, but it's close.

Pleasant, with a look of ill intent in his eyes, makes a beeline for the ringside area. His hair is as ravenlike as we all remember it, but the shaved part of his right temple seems to have a new tattoo on it with the letters "LFG" embedded in scratched letters. He turns to face the crowd with the ropes tucked under his arms. Cameras explode as the sick smile of Arthur Pleasant stares right into the camera, the gaps where his teeth were previously missing now seemingly fitted with dental implants of what look like sharpened wolf fangs.

Lance:

Good God. Just when I didn't think it was possible for Arthur to look any scarier or uglier... he goes and holds my beer. Sweet Mother of GOD.

DDK:

Yeah. This can't be good. For anybody.

Lance:

Pleasant's been gone for something like seven months. It's been peaceful. So, outside the possibility of announcing his early retirement, this can't be good!

DDK:

Unsurprisingly, it looks like he's asking for a microphone. Hoo boy. And here...we...go.

As soon as he steps into the ring, Pleasant removes a microphone from the inside of his jacket. Tapping into it a few times, he speaks to the Faithful.

Arthur Pleasant:

You brainless shit-worms up in production can shut my music off right now. It's been seven long ass months and I got a LOT to fucking say!

Some Bostonians are excited, but most of them are already booing. One thing's for certain— things are about to get interesting. 'Immigrant Song' fades and Arthur laughs before unloading into the mic.

Arthur Pleasant:

You boys, girls, and non-binary entitled fuck wagons out there in Beantown and in the back better listen to what I'm about to say, 'cause I don't make it a habit of repeating myself. EVER. Especially in a dumpster fire, fackin' jag-awf town like Bastin!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Arthur Pleasant:

Whether you hate me, despise me, want me dead, or all of the above... there's no denying when I walk out here, to this very ring, you listen. You ALL... listen. Like the obedient little dogs you are. Ready to beg and roll over on command. Ruff ruff ruff!

The DEFIANCE Faithful lambastes him once more with chants of "Shut The Fuck Up!" and the God awful, evermore dreadful and offensive "You Suck!"

Arthur Pleasant:

My point exactly! You hate to admit it, but it's true. Even through your deafening boos and harebrained chants, you manage to LISTEN to my every word. So, I want you to listen to this. I want all you goddamn Afflecks out there to look at my face when I say this: **I'm back.**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Well, 2023 officially sucks. Blargh!

DDK:

Can't say I'm surprised, though. There's been rumors for WEEKS about his return.

Arthur sneers out at the angry mostly-Irish mob, enjoying every second of their displeasure.

Arthur Pleasant:

That's right. I'm back, and after seven-months of rehabilitation, frothing at the mouth, more rehabilitation, drug-pushing doctors telling me I need to take this and that... I'm back with just a bit more than an axe to grind. And like it or not? I'm not going anywhere. EVER again. I'm here to stay like a fucking virus immune to your shitty antibiotics, plaguing one person after another. If you want to get rid of me, you're going to have to stand here in the middle of the ring and shoot me. Between the fucking eyes until you see the lights go out of them. Plain and FUCKING simple. But, much to the chagrin of those who would actually take me up on that, the last time I checked? The Favoured Saints frown upon in-ring murders.

The booing reaches a fever pitch.

Arthur Pleasant:

This isn't some wishy-washy return where I come back for a couple of matches and get taken out again because a paddling of quacks convene with concern about what they see on an MRI. No, this isn't some half-measure/sorta-promise where I stand here telling you that I'm going to stick around and set my 'Scourge' boys to wreak havoc and dispose of your Build-A-Bitch heroes and anemic fucking villains. Nope. Scourge is done. High Flyer, Aaron King? Not that they ever were, but they're not worthy of my leadership any longer. In fact, no one is!

Chants of "Shut the Fuck Up!" continue to ring out through Boston.

Arthur Pleasant:

No, I won't do that, actually. Thanks for the suggestion, though. See, this is my time. That means you DEFIACunts all trying to be seen on TV— just so you can ask your friends if they saw your shitty, dumb ass signs that no one really understands— can actually shut the fuck up right now. You're going to sit back and fucking listen. 'Cause this is ME... telling you ALL... OUT there... IN the back... watching at HOME... that I'm fucking BACK. I'm fucking BACK, and I'm... NOT. FUCKING. AROUND. ANYMORE.

Pleasant stands on the second turnbuckle, facing the hard cam. It zooms in on his eyes— which seem even blacker than usual. The "Shut The Fuck Up" chants have somehow pivoted into sporadic... cheers? Nah, can't be. In other news, pigs have grown wings, hell has frozen over, and No Fun Dean has actually won a match. Huh.

Arthur Pleasant:

Ever since I first stepped out in front of a DEFIANCE camera, I've had these, I guess you could say inclinations, to fuck with everyone. For those who have been watching me every show, judging my actions, criticizing my body of work, and WISHING for my demise, I've wanted nothing more than to play with you like a lion toying with its kill. And I have. Time after time. Hapless idiots who are an asterisk on DEFIANCE history like Scott Stevens. Close-To-Fifty-Year-Old, hair-dying hypocrites who wouldn't be a chamber maid, let alone a "Queen", were it not for the sycophants that surround her. Yeah. That's right. I've had my fun with, and beaten, them fucking ALL.

Pleasant pauses for a moment, allowing his words to sink in with the raucous crowd.

Arthur Pleasant:

It was fun for a while, but the games have grown tiresome. So, so tiresome. And now that I'm back with a second chance at this wrestling thing? It's time to start cashing in on some shit. It's time to show everyone what exactly's beneath this "niche" exterior bullshit you've all labeled me with. It's time to start winning me some titles and smashing your false idols. It's time to silence the insecure whispers of the hanger on's of the past with the undeniable action of the man of the future. It's time to make good on what I've always said I was, and that's being the PURE Fucking Wrestler of DEFIANCE.

Pleasant pauses, collecting himself and his thoughts. There's a fury about him that just feels... different, and everyone in the arena knows it. He sucks his teeth, grinning that vile grin for the first time in what feels like forever.

Arthur Pleasant:

So, that's why, after having a consultation with the Favoured Saints earlier in the week, I've been put in a MATCH at the next DEFtv. And at 184? It'll be me...

They all wait with bated breath.

Arthur Pleasant:

...versus the only Masked Violator still clinging onto his stupid mask, MV1.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The fans pop at the mention of MV1, to which Pleasant smiles, clapping sarcastically. Just as soon as it began, the clapping stops and the smile turns into a fang-bearing snarl.

Arthur Pleasant:

I am not here as your Provocateur. I am not here as some Plaguebeast. I am here... as Arthur Pleasant. Lucid. Focused. Ready to fucking WIN. Prepared to outwrestle every motherfucker put in my path. I am here...

... as DEFIANCE's Worst Nightmare.

See you soon, Masked Man.

Pleasant drops the microphone and then drops to the mat before rolling out of the ring.

♪ "Immigrant Song" by Voodoo Prophet ♪

Lance:

Well, I'll see it when I believe it, but... dare I say it sounds like Pleasant wants to actually wrestle this go around?

DDK:

To be fair, Pleasant has shown us numerous times he can wrestle with the best of them. His matches with Oscar Burns and David Noble are both fine exhibits of this.

Lance:

I will give him that. But, this is Arthur Pleasant we're talking about! One of the biggest manipulators and scumbags DEFIANCE has ever seen. Can we truly take him at his word that he's here to wrestle and not light things on fire while throwing people through them?!

DDK:

A great point, Lance. I guess time will tell whether the man formerly known as the Provocateur is here to show his mat prowess or play mind games once again.

Lance:

Here's hoping MV1 beats him back to whatever hole he crawled out of.

DDK:

I guess we all know who you're plunking money down on DEFIAdraft!

NATHAN EYE vs. MINUTE

Darren Quimbey:

The next match is scheduled for one fall!

♪ "Chase Me" by Danger Mouse and Run The Jewels ♪

Two big billows of smoke fire off from either side of the stage and fill it quickly... then leaping out of the smoke, Minute rolls through and leaps to his feet! He poses to the crowd and gets a great reaction! He points to the Boston Faithful and then SPEEDS towards the ring like a rocket!

Darren Quimbey:

Representing Titanes Familia... from Tijuana, Mexico, weighing in at 164 pounds... he is MINUTE!!!!

DDK:

Minute wasn't a part of last night's show when Uriel Cortez and Titaness were both attacked by a returning Team HOSS which now seems to include Strong AF!

Lance:

But whatever Minute is thinking, he needs to be able to concentrate on being able to defeat Nathan Eye! Nathan Eye took out Aaron King, one of the very men who injured him fourteen months ago. He also defeated Sho Nakazawa on Uncut a few weeks ago, so he's looking to start a winning streak here.

Minute scans the crowd as he climbs on the ring apron, then climbs upward. He leaps off the top rope, lands on one rope, then the adjacent side before backflipping into the ring to huge applause! Minute then looks out to the Faithful and waits for the arrival of his opponent. Out comes Tom Morrow on the stage with thunderous and resounding jeers.

Tom Morrow:

Minute, Minute, Minute ... you should have been there for your buddies last night! Where were you? Running scared? Afraid of being overshadowed? Cause you should be! But not from the rest of your large asshole friends.

The TJ Tornado leans on the ropes and opens them for Morrow and Nathan Eye daring them to step on through!

Tom Morrow:

You should be afraid of this man! He hails from San Francisco, California! And he weighs in at 251 pounds of pure perseverance! He overcame *two* career threatening shoulder injuries and one *life threatening* staph infection to come back and motivate all of you BAWSTON SLAWBS TO DRUNK TO PAWWWK YOUR CAAAWWWSSS ...

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Tom Morrow:

This man hasn't touched empty calories in years and unlike you, he could be a lawyer if he wanted to because he could actually *pass* a bar ... he's gonna help you all whether you want it or not! Please welcome BFTA's OWN... NAAAAATTTTHHHANNNN EYEEEEEEE!!!

Three words appear on the DEFIA-Tron in neon red:

CONCEPTUALIZE

ACTUALIZE

REALIZE

♪ "All Eyes On Me" by Jean Deaux ♪

Wearing a new white coat, white pants with the three words emblazoned all over in different colors, white wrestling

shoes and most importantly, a pair of Prince-inspired red-tinted “third eye” sunglasses! Out comes the brand new Nathan Eye! He raises his sunglasses to the ceiling and Tom Morrow hands him a microphone as he takes them off and tucks them into his jacket.

Nathan Eye:

DEFIANCE Wrestling! It's time ... it's time to Rise and Grind, everyone! Stand up from your seats to not only applaud me, but also so you can lessen your risk of cardiovascular disease! Let's go! Get that blood pumping! Let's get fired up! Come on!

He's only greeting with more booing as Minute has heard all he wants to.

Nathan Eye:

Minute ... I meant literally every word I typed on social media this week! I *want* my opponents to come out here and be their best selves because I want to show I'm better than *that!* I need to test my limits! I destroyed Aaron King and sent him to the ER! I helped our fabulous ring crew keep that ring clean when I mopped the ring with Sho Nakazawa's face on Uncut two weeks ago! And I know what you can do! Two time Unified Tag champ! Former Favoured Saints champ! You've been feeling lost and forgotten, Minute ... but we're all rooting for you, Minute! The Boston Faithful are rooting for you, Minute!

They get louder and Eye even seems to encourage it.

Nathan Eye:

Hell, champ ... *I'm* even rooting for you so you can be your best self against Natty Eyce! I'm sorry about what happened last night to Titaness and Uriel Cortez! It's a shame! It really is! It's a good thing you have that mask, buddy! Cause at least you have a reason to hide your face in shame after not being there for them! I mean, if I didn't have the brass to come out and help my friends from being beaten up by Team HOSS, I'd be hiding my face un ... OH SHIT!!!

That comes when Minute throws himself through the ropes like a bullet and crashes into Eye with a big dive so fast that it knocks Eye off his feet! Morrow hightails it up the ramp again for fear of what Minute might do in that moment! The crowd is all cheers when Minute jumps on the ring apron and then waits.

DDK:

This match hasn't officially started yet, but Minute is ready for action regardless!

Lance:

I can't stand this new Nathan Eye! He's just putting on airs! We saw what he really was when he spent weeks preaching this new self, but took out Aaron King by kicking his shoulder against the steel stairs! He's gonna be out for some time!

Nathan Eye is trying to stand and gets his jacket halfway off when Minute jumps to the middle rope and dives again on Natty Eyce with a springboard asai moonsault!

DDK:

Come on, Minute! Take it to the ring and make this official!

Minute is fired up beyond belief. Nathan scrambles to his feet and tries to get in the ring. Minute is behind him. Morrow panics when both men get to the ring. Eye is scrambling, but he tells the ref to ring the bell!

DING DING

Minute makes his first move by jumping over the ropes. He lands on the apron but then makes a second leap to the top rope and then hits a springboard drop kick on Nathan Eye that knocks him all the way back into a corner! The luchador nips up to his feet and then gets himself some loud, loud cheers from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful!

DDK:

And now look at Minute go! He has Nathan Eye in his sights!

Lance:

He's in the corner!

Minute charges square at Nathan Eye and hits him with a corner running double knees to the chest. He kicks at the leg of Nathan and then hits a tiger feint kick through the ropes to kick the leg out from under him. Eye falls to a seated position and then Minute leaps through the ropes. He rolls in and then pops Nathan with a big hesitation drop kick out in the corner! Minute rolls out and he poses for the crowd to big some big cheers!

DDK:

Minute showing Nathan Eye what for! Eye made fun of his entire situation with the rest of Titanes Familia and he's gonna pay for flapping his gums!

Holding a leg, Minute grabs the leg and then pulls him out of the corner. Tom Morrow is about to have a fit when Minute goes for his next move!

Lance:

Minute with the running shooting star press!

He hits the quick move and then tries to spoil the first DEF TV match of Nathan Eye since his return.

One ...

Two ...

No!

Eye kicks out at two!

Lance:

Minute is putting pressure on Eye! You know, I did my research for this match! They wrestled one other time when Minute was Favoured Saints champion! That was the first time that title main evented DEF TV.

DDK:

You know Nathan Eye has been on a mission to right past wrongs like he did with Aaron King!

Minute goes for a big kick and he hits Eye right in the chest. He reels back again for another kick, but this time Eye catches him. Nathan flashes a smile then flips Minute over ... but he is able to land on his feet and stuns the Californian with a flipping kick. With Nathan stunned, Minute makes the journey to the top turnbuckle. He gets up top ...

Lance:

We're about to go on another flight!

With the quickness he tries to jump off the ropes, but Nathan Eye moves. When The T.J. Tornado cannot stick the landing he is able to roll through it. He gets back to his feet and attempts a wheelbarrow ...

DDK:

No! Counter to the wheelbarrow bulldog!

Minute can't take him all the way down when Nathan uses his strength to drop him hard with a big spinning facebuster from the side! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cringe after Nathan finally takes over. The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful boo him when he gets back up.

Lance:

What a brutal counter that was, too! He hits that facebuster to perfection!

Nathan gets up and then looks among the massive arena. He picks up Minute by the waist. Minute tries to fight back from breaking out of his grasp with a suplex but Nathan takes him down with a big standing sidewalk slam in the center of the ring. He stands up and then points to the ropes. With a full head of steam he hits the ropes and then lands across Minute's chest with a standing somersault senton!

DDK:

Standing somersault senton lands! And ... he's not done?!

Nathan Eye stands up with Minute laying behind him. He points to the crowd.

Nathan Eye:

Eyes on the Prize!

The 250-pound Eye then wows the crowd himself with a standing moonsault!

DDK:

Eye-Popping is what he calls that standing moonsault! He's retained some agility with that amazing athleticism he already had when he came up from BRAZEN!

He covers Minute!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Minute kicks out so Eye takes the fight to him. Morrow watches and approves when he waffles Minute's chest with a big chop. A forearm then hits in the side of the head and has Minute taking a spill outside the ring and to the floor.

Lance:

We've seen Nathan Eye in competition using this new power with his previous high flying ability. What's he got now?

He measures up Minute on the floor and then tells Morrow to watch what happens next. Eye slides under the ropes. Nathan takes note of where Minute is standing ...

FOSBURY FLOP TO MINUTE ON THE FLOOR!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and even Tom Morrow look a little shook after that, but Nathan Eye lets out a booming cheer for himself and yells at the camera.

Nathan Eye:

Eyes on the Prize ... and you can do *anything* you want!

Lance:

HOW DID HE DO THAT?!

While the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful of the TD Garden are picking their jaws up off the floor, Nathan Eye takes the luchador back inside the ring. He pushes him away from the ropes and then puts the weight on with a pin across the shoulders.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

What a brutal spear on the floor! But he should have put all his weight on that cover! A leg hook might have made a difference!

Lance:

He did get a little too cocky there!

The Handsome Face of DEFIANCE Wrestling looks at Morrow for advice and Morrow advises for him to continue the pain. He strikes Minute with a punch to the stomach and then a side elbow. Minute has been taken to the ropes when he grabs him by the neck. He looks for a suplex ...

Lance:

No! Minute flips back and now he's behind Eye!

Eye goes for a back elbow, but Minute ducks. He slides between the legs of Eye to get behind him, pops up and hits a drop kick to the the back of the leg! Eye goes forward into the ropes when Minute runs off and hooks his neck to deliver a springboard tornado DDT!

DDK:

There is the Interceptor by Minute! He spiked Eye with that move!

Lance:

Does Minute have anything left though? Minute has been taking a beating!

With Tom Morrow beside himself in the corner, Minute gets up and throws all his weight into a sick running spinning kick in the chest that takes down Eye. He falls out of the corner when Minute climbs to the second rope for an amazing corkscrew Minute Detail!

DDK:

CORKSCREW 450 OFF THE SECOND ROPE!!!

Lance:

Minute with the cover!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Two and three fourths!

DDK:

I thought Minute had it there! Nathan Eye said he wanted a test, but Minute almost flunked him!

The Titan of the Skies goes for his next move and waits for a kick. He doubles over Eye using a spinning kick to the stomach. He hits the ropes, but gets a shock when Nathan counters right back with a powerful corkscrew back elbow smash!

Lance:

Counter by Nathan Eye!

He gets up and then hits a whip on Minute. He goes for the pop-up and then brings him back down with a huge power slam! Now he hooks a leg!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Nathan beats on the mat thinking that he had Minute beaten.

Lance:

What a match we're being treated to! I can say that up and down the card!

Morrow points at Eye and calls for him to finish the job. He picks up Minute and tries to hook his leg, but when he tries to score with back suplex, he backflips behind Eye. Eye gets hit with a rewind enziguri from the luchador. When Minute goes to the ropes, Morrow tries to pick a leg! Minute jumps, then turns to Morrow. He snatches his tie through the ropes!

DDK:

He's got Tom Morrow by his neck!

Lance:

No ... wait! WHAT?!

With Minute's head through the ropes, he gets the last thing people would expect ... Nathan Eye swings his legs through the ropes to hit a tiger feint kick to Minute! Minute is kicked back!

DDK:

A man that big just hit a tiger feint kick on MINUTE?!

Minute is on the mat when Nathan Eye cheers and then goes to the top rope himself. He winks for the crowd and then takes flight using a huge flying elbow drop with a twist!

Lance:

What does he call THAT?!

DDK:

Tom Morrow said he was calling that one "Eye's Up Here!"

Eye hooks the leg of Minute and bobs his head with the official's count!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "All Eyes On Me" by Jean Deaux ♪

The crowd jeers Nathan Eye for stealing one from Minute, but he is too busy celebrating the win with Tom Morrow to care about what the crowd thinks.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner ... NATHAN EYEEEEEEEE!!!

DDK:

Minute got distracted by Morrow and that was all she wrote! We saw Nathan Eye bust out some moves he's been holding back and that crazy athleticism combined with this new power of his will make him a bigger threat to anyone than ever before!

Lance:

And with the genius of Tom Morrow? That is a scary combination. This is a huge win for Nathan Eye and the biggest since he returned at DEFIANCE Road!

Nathan Eye checks on Minute.

Nathan Eye:

At least you tried, bud!

Nathan Eye leaves the ring with Tom Morrow behind him and Morrow cannot stop smiling right now after Nathan has picked up this win! Eye collects his sunglasses and leaves with Morrow.

And somewhere backstage...

Team HOSS watching.

Angel Trinidad. Aleczander the Great. Strong AF.

Angel has a chuckle.

Angel Trinidad:

THESE are the giants around here?

Strong AF:

Pfft.

COMMERCIAL: CLASH



THE DOCTOR IS OUT

Backstage in a hallway of the TD Garden. Christie Zane, mic in hand, is hurring down the hall with a camera close in tow. We see her target at the end of the hallway: Ned Reform, dressed in his regular clothes, wheeling his bag behind him.

Christie Zane:

Ned! Ned! Doctor Reform! Wait.

Reform nearly makes it out the door, but Zane is able to reach him in time. Reluctantly, he sighs and turns back to face her.

Ned Reform:

Yes?

Christie Zane:

It appears you're taking that tough loss pretty hard... I was wondering if we could have some comments.

Reform looks completely and utterly defeated.

Ned Reform:

You may not. In fact, DEFIANCE is unlikely to ever get a comment ever again. Goodbye. Forever.

Without a word, Ned turns and exits the building. Christie doesn't know what to say.

SOUTHIE'S SCRAPPER BRINGS THE FIGHT HOME

DEFtv returns after the quick break with a wide shot of the capacity crowd. Panning over them, the picture focuses on an exceptionally boisterous group in the nosebleed section of TD Garden. Led by a trio of drunk middle-aged men, the revelers look to be having the time of their lives as they party high above the ring.

DDK:

How about this crowd tonight, Lance? They've been electric all night long, and something tells me our next match will charge them up even more.

Noticing that the camera is focused on them, one of the middle-aged partiers gets his cohorts' attention and excitedly points toward the DEFTron. With the entire arena watching, as well as everyone tuning in at him, the three men all tear their shirts off. Written in big black letters across three big beer bellies are the letters "S...N...S". The TD Garden immediately explodes in cheers in support of their drunken brethren.

Lance:

You can say that again, partner. These people are chompin' at the bit for our next match, for obvious reasons.

The camera shifts from the rowdy group of fans over to a woman sitting ringside. Sporting an SNS t-shirt, she lets out an excited yelp and thrusts her homemade Pat Cassidy sign at the camera.

DDK:

And right there it is. Coming up in a few moments is a match that has all the ingredients to be special. Hometown hero, "Black Out" Pat Cassidy is finally going to get his shot at Malak Garland, the man who finds himself in the unfortunate situation of being Siobhan Cassidy's boyfriend.

Lance:

Unfortunate is one way to put it. I personally think Siobhan and Malak were made for each other in the worst way. Both have been nothing but thorns in the side of Cassidy, and Brock Newbludd, for what seems like forever now.

DDK:

And it's all led to tonight and this highly anticipated match-up. Hoping to get some final thoughts from Pat Cassidy before we kick things off is Christie Zane, who's standing backstage with...

Lance:

Hang on, Keebs. I'm being told Christie Zane has been replaced by...guest announcer and apparently guest interviewer now too...Brock Newbludd.

DDK:

Nothing wrong with pulling double duty! Correction, folks. Let's send it back to guest interviewer, Brock Newbludd. He's standing by with, you guessed it, Pat Cassidy.

Lance:

Take it away, Brock!

Things transition backstage and The Faithful erupt in cheers when they are greeted by the smiling face of Brock Newbludd. Mic in one hand, cocktail in the other, Brock tried his best to fit the part of guest interviewer by throwing a sleeveless navy blazer over his sleeveless SNS shirt. Taking a sip of his drink, Newbludd raises his glass at the camera.

Brock Newbludd:

Boston! Time to get up out of your seats! Let's give my guest the welcome he deserves! One time for the boys!
BALLY!?

The Faithful:

HOOOOO!!!

Newbludd laughs and takes a drink. Wiping his mouth off, Newbludd points a finger offscreen and raises the mic up.

Brock Newbludd:

The man who's come home to end Malak Garland for good! Pat Cassidy! That's who!

The camera zooms out and the Boston Faithful EXPLODE in cheers at the sight of The Scrapper from Southie. Pat can't help but break out into a wide grin at the reaction as he hops up and down in place, preparing for a big matchup. From behind, Ophelia rubs his shoulders and smiles herself.

Newbludd lets the crowd simmer down some and turns his attention to his friend.

Brock Newbludd:

Here we are buddy...you got Malak Garland right where you want him. There's nowhere to run for that little shit now. Oh man, this is gonna be great...

The excited Newbludd takes another drink and puts a hand on Cassidy's shoulder, pulling him in close.

Brock Newbludd:

Tell me...what's the plan tonight? Paint the picture of Garland's demise as violently and descriptively as you can...Are you going to crush him quickly like a can of cheap beer? Or are you gonna take your time and enjoy it, like a glass of good scotch?

Raising an inquisitive eyebrow, Brock tilts the mic toward Cassidy. When he speaks, his normally subdued accent has been turned up a notch. The man has come home.

Pat Cassidy:

...brotha.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Cassidy smiles. He begins to grow more animated, using big hand gestures to punctuate his words.

Pat Cassidy:

We'll get to Malak Gah-land in a sec. But first... Boston... how the hell are yah??

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Pat's grin grows wider.

Pat Cassidy:

I nevah... EVAH... thought this day would come. I got nothing but love for New Oh-lans. It's become my home away from home. And traveling the country has been fan-fucking-tastic... but baby, there ain't no place like home!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Cassidy looks directly into the camera, addressing the arena itself.

Pat Cassidy:

My guys... you wouldn't believe some of the wacky shit that goes on in the rest of the country... nobody... and I mean NOBODY... knows how to drive. It's fuckin' nuts. And... get this... in otha places... you'll be walking down the street, right? And people will make EYE CONTACT, SMILE, and GREET YOU. I'm not shittin' yah! What the hell kinda madness is that??

Cassidy looks to Brock, who chuckles at his friend.

Brock Newbludd:

And who wouldn't want to shake the hand of the man who's going to rid the world of Malak Garland?

Pat Cassidy:

It's wild. But I am back among my people... eating grindahs, banging, ueys, makin' packy runs, freezin my ass off, pissin' off the Summah Street Bridge... and most importantly... kickin some snowflake, whinin', little-bitch Mahlak Gahland ass all over BAWSTTTTAN!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Pat Cassidy:

So you ask me, buddy... am I gonna enjoy this? Am I gonna take my time dragging the bitchass face of the biggest creampuff this side of Wohstah across this holy ground? Am I gonna relish my fists pounding the face of his sistah's whiny little boyfriend until he can't chew solid food anymoah?

Cassidy leans away from the mic, letting the question linger in the air for a few seconds before...

Pat Cassidy:

...FUCK YEAH!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Newbludd takes a drink and raises his glass up again.

Brock Newbludd:

Oh f*ck yeah, bud! I can't wait to see the look on Siobhan's face...

Newbludd lowers the mic slightly and smiles at the thought as he stares off into space. He polishes off the rest of his cocktail and locks eyes with his partner.

Brock Newbludd:

I...WE...can't wait any longer. The people are hungry and it's feedin' time. Before you go have the time of your life, any last words for Garland?

Pat Cassidy:

Gahland... I sorta feel sorry for you. You're a pawn in the games of my dumbass sistah, who clearly is a criminal mastermind. But I can't take my anger out on her, can I? So you're gonna get it all. And I'm gonna do it in front of my friends. In front of my family. And in front of... my people. Let's do this.

Cassidy and Brock fist bump before Pat and Ophelia move out of frame. Brock looks into the camera with a grin.

Brock Newbludd:

Keebler, Warner... sounds like we're in for an epic ass kicking.

PAT CASSIDY vs. MALAK GARLAND w/ SIOBHAN CASSIDY

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen - it is time for tonight's main event!

Lance:

In the weeks building up to DEFIANCE Road, we saw the unlikely alliance of several people who were only united by their shared opposition to Vae Victis. The Saturday Night Specials found themselves teaming up with, of all people, Malak Garland - a man with whom they have a lengthy contentious history.

DDK:

And that contention only grew deeper when Vae Victis revealed that Malak was actually dating Siobhan Cassidy - sister to Pat and ex-boyfriend of Brock. She very publicly dumped him on Pay Per View earlier this year, so suffice to say tensions were running high.

Lance:

We've witnessed time and time again as Pat had to stifle his anger toward Malak and everything going on for the good of the team, but as we saw earlier tonight: now it's gloves off. We're here in Pat and Siobhan's hometown, and one has to wonder if Malak is fully aware of what he's gotten himself into.

The hard cam focuses on Darren Quimbey who stands proudly in the middle of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, this is your main event of the evening! Introducing first, from Cheyenne, Wyoming, he is the Total Troll, he is MALAK GARLAND!

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

Malak and Siobhan walk out on stage for the second time tonight. They rub hips as their closeness genuinely bothers the people in the front row. Garland gives his sweetie a kiss before speed walking down to the ring. Siobhan half smirks as she joins the commentary desk.

Siobhan Cassidy:

Hello, gentlemen. Quite the main event, huh?

DDK:

And who will you be rooting for as your boyfriend faces your brother?

Siobhan Cassidy:

My little M-Bear has a heart of gold, while Pat can be a huge dick... I always go for the underdog.

"GONNA BE A BLACKOUT!"

♪ "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" by The Dropkick Murphys ♪

As the voice and opening chords of the hometown band ring out through the Boston Garden, the arena EXPLODES!!

DDK:

This place is shaking!

Lance:

Boston has never gotten DEFIANCE live, partner, and they're loving every minute of it!

Siobhan Cassidy:

They're drunk. Let's not over-sell it, hmmm?

From the back appears "Black Out" Pat Cassidy, nearly exploding onto the scene with energy and fire. He rushes around the stage, bumping his fists and cheering back to the screaming Faithful. He cups his hand to his ear in an "I can't hear you" motion, prompting them to get even louder. Behind him walks Brock Newbludd and Ophelia Sykes, also smiling from ear to ear and taken aback by the power of this reception. A quick shot of Malak Garland in the ring reveals that this noise appears to be giving him a slight anxiety attack.

Darren Quimbey:

AND HIS OPPONENT... from BOOOOOOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Darren Quimbey:

"BLACK OUT" PAT CAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASSIDY!!!

Cassidy takes his time on the way to the ring, slapping hands and fist bumping both sides of the aisle. Ophelia follows close behind, while Brock takes a turn and heads for the announce table!

Siobhan Cassidy:

Wait... what is he doing here!?

DDK:

I think he's going to add his color to this match.

Siobhan Cassidy:

Gag me.

The sound of a headset rustling, and then...

Brock Newbludd:

I thought I caught a whiff of sulfur. Eat shit, Shiv, I hate you. DDK...Lance...how's it hangin' fellas? Is everyone excited for the sacrifice tonight?

Cassidy stops at the bottom of the ramp with a glimmer in his eye. He takes a few steps back... gets a running start... and then LEAPS into the front row, body surfing the eager fans who catch him! Cassidy cries out into the rafters as he's lifted into the air. Malak grabs the referee and pleads with him to start the match and count Pat out, or to at least make the showboating somehow illegal.

Siobhan Cassidy:

Seriously, grow up.

Brock Newbludd:

I'll grow up as soon as you give me my Xbox back.

Siobhan Cassidy:

I gave it to Malak as a Valentine's Day gift. What do you think about that?

Brock Newbludd:

I think your breath smells and no one likes you. That's what I think, sweetheart.

The fans plant Cassidy back on the ringside floor, and he makes his way over to his family in the front row: his father, mother, other sister, other brother, other brother... and other brother. He high fives them all, gives his mother a hug, and then turns to roll into the ring.

DDK:

And... Cassidy not wasting any time!

Before the bell even rings, Cassidy charges at Malak, taking him down with a spear-like move and unloading with right hands! Benny Doyle moves with the quickness to call for the bell.

Brock Newbludd:

Break his thumbs so he can't play Xbox! Get him, Cass!

DING DING

Not a soul is sitting as Cassidy unleashes months of pent up frustration via some stiff punches to Malak's dome. Cassidy gets off Malak, using the top rope to steady himself as he stomps away at the Snowflake's downed form. Garland reaches out and grabs the ring apron, trying to pull himself out of the ring and to potential safety, but Pat grabs him by the tights and pulls him back into the ring.

Brock Newbludd:

That your man, Shiv? That guy running away?

Siobhan Cassidy:

Turn around and kick his ass!!

Malak is brought back to his feet and Cassidy drives his head into the nearby turnbuckle... once... twice... three times! With Malak stunned in the corner, The Saturday Night Special mounts the turnbuckle in the classic "ten punches" position. Cassidy looks around to the Boston Faithful, grins, and then begins to unload as the crowd counts along...

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT!

NINE! TEN!

DDK:

Wait... Cass is not stopping!

ELEVEN! TWELVE! THIRTEEN!

FOURTEEN! FIFTEEN! SIXTEEN!

SEVENTEEN! EIGHTEEN! NINETEEN!

With that, Cassidy pretends to be holding an imaginary beer out into the fans.

Cassidy & The Faithful:

CHEERS!

...punch number TWENTY!

Cassidy jumps down off Malak, who stumbles out of the corner... and face plants to the crowd's amusement!

DDK:

Malak looks to be escaping again...

This time, Malak *is* able to roll out of the ring and he lands on the ringside floor. The Keyboard King gets back to his feet and looks to make a hasty exit... dare I say... a soft exit? Cassidy ain't having it, though, as he follows him through the ropes and to the floor, and before Malak can escape, Black Out throws him into the unforgiving steel barricade.

Pat gets a bit of a running start and then charges, sending Malak OVER the barricade and into the fans! Pat follows

and he begins to brawl with Malak through the people in the first few rows! With the people of Boston cheering him on, Cassidy walks Malak through the arena, peppering him with right hands.

Lance:

They're brawling all around the arena!

DDK:

I don't think Doyle is going to even bother with a count.

Siobhan Cassidy:

Why can't they settle this in the ring like men? Pat doesn't have to go this hard.

Brock Newbludd:

He said he was gonna whoop your little boyfriend all around the arena - and that's just what he's gonna do.

An eager young man in a Boston Red Sox cap hands Cassidy a beer. Cassidy tips toward the guy in appreciation before chugging the beer to the roar of the crowd. He doesn't swallow it all however, turning toward the groggy Malak... and spitting it in the Snowflake's face! The fans love it as Malak grabs his eyes and falls over dramatically as if someone had just thrown acid in his face. Cassidy holds the nearly empty beer up high and the fans raise their beverages in solidarity. A grinning Cassidy has a moment with his peeps... but then he turns into a Malak Garland clothesline that takes him off his feet!

Siobhan Cassidy:

YES! Show him who's boss, boo.

Cassidy is stunned and Malak is in control for the first time in the match. The Keyboard King looks around to the sea of hostile fans all around: some are yelling, some are making obscene hand gestures, but all are giving him hell. He begins to sweat and fan himself in anxiety.

Malak Garland:

YOU ARE MAKING THIS AN UNSAFE WORK ENVIRONMENT! I AM FRETTING HARD! STEP BACK!

Cassidy begins to get back to his feet, so Garland grabs him and hooks him for a piledriver!

DDK:

Malak is looking to take this up a notch! Cassidy's spine might meet concrete!

Malak tries to lift... but Cassidy is able to power himself back down. Another attempt... same result. Finally, to the delight of the crowd, The Scrapper from Southie is able to reverse the piledriver attempt and back body drop Malak on the cold, hard, unforgiving floor! Garland holds his lower back in agony as Cassidy fires up once again, pumping his fist in victory and relishing the approval of the fans who have gathered in a circle around the two Defiants.

DDK:

And Cassidy tosses Malak back over the barricade... we're back to the ringside area!

Lance:

Benny Doyle has been very permissive letting this match go... I think he knows how much the hometown crowd is into this... and how they'd react if he called it on a count out or DQ.

Brock Newbludd:

Hey... it's Doyle's hometown too, you know.

Having rolled his opponent back into the ring, Black Out hooks and executes a crisp snap suplex. Instead of going for the cover, he climbs to the nearby second rope, facing out toward the ring. He leaps off with a pointed elbow drop, connecting square with Malak's cranium.

Malak has gotten in the corner, searching for respite. He doesn't get any, though, as Cassidy gets a running start and leaps in with a big Splash of Jameson! Not content for one, he whips Garland into the opposite corner, looking to the crowd and calling for another. He gets a running start, and leaps, but...

DDK:

No! Malak grabs Benny Doyle and shoves him in the way!

Cassidy's two-hundred-forty-two pound frame collides with poor Benny Doyle, and the ref falls to the mat stunned. Pat looks down at his fellow Bostonian in apology, but when he turns to look for Garland... he's met with a mule kick low blow that also drops him to the mat, clutching his Boston beans!

Malak sees his first real chance in this match up and he takes it, choking Cassidy on the bottom rope with his boot and no referee to stop him. When he lets go and Pat hits the mat sputtering and coughing, Garland turns to the announce table and blows a kiss.

Malak lifts Pat up... atomic drop! Confident that he is now in control, Malak gets an... interesting... look on his face and he walks toward the corner. Reaching down on the mat, he picks up an item he must have put there earlier: his cell phone. His tongue comes out of his mouth in concentration as he begins furiously typing away. At the announce table, Sioban's cell phone goes off. The camera cuts to her as she looks at her screen and smiles. DDK and Lance attempt to remain neutral while Brock rolls his eyes in absolute disgust.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Boston Faithful are absolutely having Malak have it. He stops texting and turns to them, his face turning crimson and spinning in a circle to make sure the entire arena can hear him.

Malak Garland:

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND OUR LOVE!!! HOW COULD YOU?? NO ONE HAS EVER FELT THIS WAY!! I'LL SHOW YOU!!

Making good on his threat, Malak drops his phone and instead begins to undo one of the turnbuckle pads! Benny Doyle is just barely beginning to get his bearings, so there is no official to stop this blatant rule breaking. Garland throws the turnbuckle pad into the jeering fans... and turns into a series of right hands by Cassidy! The crowd comes alive! Cassidy has a brief flurry before hitting the ropes, looking to charge at Malak with an offensive maneuver, but that never happens as Garland catches the Boston native with a STIFF spinning heel kick! Pat hits the mat and Malak wastes zero time: he grabs the Saturday Night Special by the head, brings him to his feet, and drives him face first into the exposed turnbuckle!!

Brock Newbludd:

BULLSHIT!

Siobhan Cassidy:

Cover him, baby!

DDK:

He is... but Doyle is still out of it!

Malak cries out in frustration as he hooks Cassidy's leg and has him beat... but Benny Doyle is too slowly in sitting up and making his way over to the cover. Eventually, though, the senior DEFIANCE official is able to have his hand hit the mat....

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

...NO! Cassidy powers a shoulder up at the last second! The arena releases its collective breath.

Cassidy isn't out of the woods, however. Malak sends the former Unified Tag Champion into the corner. The Keyboard Master approaches with a smirk, looking into his would-be brother-in-law's eyes. Malak turns to the front row where Cassidy's parents, sister, and brother all watch with scowls. He slaps Pat across the shoulder.

Malak Garland:

wEaPoN gEt.

Garland climbs onto the second rope, with Cassidy's exposed head below him. He mocks Pat's "cheers" taunt that he performs before he does his signature ten count punches to the crowd's displeasure.

Malak starts to hammer away...

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

He doesn't get past four, though - Cassidy powers out and walks forward, bringing a confused and surprised Malak with him. With Malak in the air, Pat brings him down until he's hanging in place down his back... and drills him into the mat with an Alabama Slam!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

Cassidy makes Malak pay for his showboating... and now both men are down!

Lance:

All three men, Keebs. Doyle is still holding his arm and clutching the bottom rope. We really should get another official out here.

Suddenly, a ruckus amongst the Faithful... some of the folks in the front row begin moving out the way to make way for something... and it soon becomes clear what when CYRUS BATES hops the barricade!!

Cyrus slides into the ring... Doyle's attention is still elsewhere... and Pat Cassidy gets dropped with a URANAGE!! Brock, having sprinted down the ramp, slides into the ring, but just as Cyrus makes his exit. Bates jumps back into the fans and begins to sprint away, with Brock giving chase!

Cassidy is down, center of the ring, arms spread wide. Malak begins to slowly... ever so slowly... crawl toward his opponent. He is able to drape a single arm over Pat's chest. The fans LOSE THEIR MIND with jeers as Doyle is able to slowly... ever so slowly... make the count...

DDK:

We're going to have a riot on our hands!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

...

NO!!! At 2.999999, Cassidy kicks out!

Every single member of the Faithful are on their feet - high fiving, cheering, and screaming in joy.

Ophelia pounds the ringside apron, encouraging Pat to get back into... when from behind Siobhan grabs her by the hair and sends her face-first into the steel ringsteps!

Siobhan stomps over to the timekeeper - not even glancing at her family, who yells at her to stop - and roughly pushes him off his chair. She folds the steel chair up and slides it into the ring to her honey boo boo. She smirks, very proud of her handiwork... until she backs right into Brock Newbludd, arms folded! Siobhan does a comical "he's right behind me" gulp before slowly turning to face her ex-boyfriend. She tries to smile warmly... but Brock's scowl doesn't move.

Siobhan appears to actually be getting somewhat afraid of how this is going to go down... so she starts to backpedal... but she walks too far and hits the barricade. The barricade, it turns out, right in front of her family, and two of her brothers grab her and lift her up and over the barricade! Siobhan kicks in protest, but her family has effectively taken her off the board. Newbludd smiles and fist bumps one of Cassidy's brothers.

DDK:

Wait... in the ring!

With most people's attention drawn to the Siobhan/Brock drama on the outside, eyes have been taken off Malak... who has grabbed the chair Siobhan slid into the ring!

With rage in his eyes, Malak steadies the piece of steel as he waits for Cassidy to get to his feet. Pat uses the ropes to pull himself up, completely unaware of his incoming fate. Malak hovers like a predator stalking his prey... waiting... waiting... waiting. Finally, Pat is up to a vertical base, and Malak swings...

DDK:

NO!! Cassidy moves out of the way at the last second!!

Lance:

The chair bounced off the bottom rope and came back and clocked Malak!!

Garland is punch drunk, dropping the chair and stumbling around in a daze... and he walks right into Pat hooking him for the Reverse STO! The Scrapper from Southie drops backwards, diving Malak's head into the mat!

DDK:

Irish Goodbye!

Cassidy hooks the leg, and the crowd chants along...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING**DDK:**

Cassidy defeats Garland! He finally gets some vindication for the past few months!

The crowd is going nuts. Like, uncontrollable, as Pat gets his arm raised in victory. Malak limply rolls out of the ring and out of view as Brock slides in and embraces his longtime pal. They hug in the middle of the ring as the hard cam slowly pans outward, showing fans throwing streamers across the arena and similar friends clinking their beers in the stands before chugging them empty. It's a true Boston scene. It's an unforgettable Boston moment.

Lance:

Cassidy. Newbludd. Bonded through friendship and definitely won't be outdone by the likes of Malak Garland tonight.

DDK:

Wait... what are they doing!?

We see both Brock and Pat have moved to opposite sides of the ring, and they're gesturing to the ringside fans.

DDK:

Oh my... the fans are hopping the barricade!

Lance:

We do not condone this, ladies and gentlemen. Although... they do appear to be having fun.

The signature chyron for DEFtv appears in the lower middle portion of the screen as the first four rows of fans in every direction have entered both the ring and ringside area. Cassidy's family is there and even Benny Doyle, who should be against this, is having a good time. Cassidy and Newbludd hold their own beverages high as do the fans, as what is surely going to be a night of revelry begins. But for us... the show is over.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.