

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

Uncasville, Connecticut welcomes DEFIANCE as the Mohegan Sun Arena is hyped for DEFtv 209!

Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway as the camera reveals there's a giant FIST logo to walk out from.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

BROCK/CORVO 2024

THE GEMS ARE TARNISHED AND UNPOLISHED SWINE

MAKAYLA HELPED ME FIND MY CENTER IN THE BACK OF A 2020 SUBARU FORESTER

I DON'T THINK THAT WAS ELISE ARES

BBY

NIGHT TWO, DON'T LET ME DOWN LIKE THE END OF NIGHT ONE DID

DON'T CARE WHAT MONEY TALKS, RCR AIN'T HEARING IT

MIL-LIONS OF DOLLARS (AND EXCUSES)

BUTCH VIC DON'T QUIT

I LOST MY INVITE TO THE FAMILIA DINNER

To the announce team in Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

BROTHER VS BROTHA

DDK:

Welcome ladies and gentlemen to our final DEFtv before ACTS of DEFIANCE! Before we get to that mega event, the Defiants will roll the dice one final time here in the Mohegan Arena surrounded by slots and blackjack!

Lance:

Good wordplay, Darren.

DDK:

Thanks, Lance. And folks - if you've been following our program, you know that our ACTS of DEFIANCE main event is deeply personal!

As Keebler speaks, the ACTS of DEFIANCE graphic promoting Malak Cassidy (c) vs. Pat Cassidy for the FIST of DEFIANCE fills the screen.

Lance:

That's putting it lightly. I'm not sure ever before has the champion divorced and degraded the challenger's sister in the span of a few weeks.

DDK:

When this program went off the air two weeks ago, we saw that very same champion, FIST of DEFIANCE Malak Garland...

Lance:

Malak Cassidy.

DDK:

Right. We saw him bloodied and beaten at the hands of not only Pat, but the entire Cassidy family. And we now know that...

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

RAAAA!

DDK:

...well, I think we might be about to hear from the challenger!

The Connecticut Faithful roar their appreciation as Pat Cassidy, dressed in jeans and black SNS shirt, appears from the back. (Notably he's left his Boston Red Sox hat at home - might not be a babyface move here). Despite his fierce demeanor last time we saw him, Cassidy is in fact all smiles as he marches toward the ring with a smile on his face and a twinkle in his eye. He even reaches out to slap the hands off some of the ringside Faithful.

Lance:

Last time we saw this man he was standing side-by-side with his brothers as they got into a scuffle with New York's finest!

DDK:

You'd never know it by looking at him.

Cassidy enters the ring and immediately hops up to the top rope, throwing a single arm into the air and soaking in the cheers of the people. As his music fades out, he hops backwards into the ring and grabs a mic from a ringside attendant. Not standing still, Cassidy constantly moves around and walks in a circle around the ring as he cuts his promo.

Pat Cassidy:

Mohegan Sun, how the hell ah yah!?

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Pat Cassidy:

[BLEEP] yeah you ah. Befoah we get down to business, I gotta mention how this place holds a special place in my heart. I lost my first hundo heah at the ripe ol' age of sixteen. And for my twenty-second birthday, I sat right ovah there...

Cassidy points out into the stands.

Pat Cassidy:

To watch The Dropkick Murphys tear it up. Me and Mohegan... yeah, we go way back. So it's my genuine honah to stand in front of you... with a smile on my big Irish face... to talk about beating Malak Gahland within an inch of his pathetic life two weeks ago!

The fans like that!

Pat Cassidy:

I've heard that I went overboard. I've heard that the violence was a wee bit graphic. Do I think I went too fah? [BLEEP] no I don't. In fact, I wish I'd done moah. If I had my way, I would have blinded the bastard. But good news!

Cassidy briefly stops marching around the ring to lean on the top rope, motioning as if he's speaking to someone who isn't even there... or as if he's imagining what he's going to do.

Pat Cassidy:

I'm gonna get my chance! At ACTS of DEFIANCE, right there in the heart of Boston, I get my hands on that spineless little [BLEEP]er again.

RAAAAAA!

Cassidy holds out his right arm.

Pat Cassidy:

Now, I know what a lot of yah are thinking: "But Pat, aren't yah still busted up?" It's true: I'm not gonna pretend I'm back to a hundred percent. But here's the real kickah - I don't feel a God damn thing. Turns out adrenaline is a hell of a drug... especially when you're fightin' for yah family.

Pat begins pacing again.

Pat Cassidy:

And so last week I went down to New O'lins. And I signed one of them... what you call it... hold hahmless agreements. See, if any shenanigans go down at the Pay Per View and I bust my ahm up again... DEFIANCE is not responsible. And so the match is on.

Pat stops walking. He steps up to the closest camera, looking directly into it.

Pat Cassidy:

And I need everyone to understand something about this match. Being FIST of DEFIANCE has always been my goal, ain't no doubt about that. But winning the belt? Kid: as great as it's gonna feel, it's not going to feel as great as taking the belt away from Malak. That little [BLEEP] did the one thing you don't do: he went after my family to get to me. And yeah, I beat his ass, but that ain't good enough. I need to hit him where it hurts, too. The problem is... Malak doesn't give a [BLEEP] about anyone. It's not like I could go after anyone he loves, could I? So I'm gonna take the one thing in the world he cares about. At ACTS of DEFIANCE, I am taking away his...

Suddenly, the lights in the area darken to a cold blue tinge, cutting Pat off completely.

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

Lance:

Here we go, Darren! The FLAKE of DEFIANCE is here! I thought he was still in the hospital!

DDK:

He did post a rather ambiguous picture on social media earlier in the week. I must say, it is shocking to see him here tonight knowing his track record and typical recovery rate!

Malak Cassidy limps out on stage with the help of a crutch under one arm and leaning on Cyrus Bates with the other. He looks like a wreck. Half his head is wrapped in bandages and his right eye sports a Henry Keyes SHOP DEFIANCE Wrestling dot com eyepatch. Lip quivering, the champ stands straight as best he can. Thurston Hunter lags behind, holding up a microphone from down and under the champion's armpit so he can speak freely atop the stage.

Malak Cassidy:

Brother. Brother, I am going to stop you right there.

SHUT THE BLEEP UP!

CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP!

SHUT THE BLEEP UP!

CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP!

SHUT THE BLEEP UP!

The crowd lays into an already shaken champion. In the ring, Pat leans on the top rope and grins up as he listens to what the champ has to say.

Malak Cassidy:

Pat. Look. I don't know who pissed in your corn flakes but what you've just said is not very nice at all and, like, bro, when is enough ENOUGH!?

His triggering is more than apparent.

Malak Cassidy:

Lots to unpack here. You get adrenaline pumping when you're fighting FOR your family? It's a hell of a drug? Ummm bud, how about when you're fighting IN your family?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Malak Cassidy:

Last time I checked, my last name is still Cassidy. Therefore you're fighting your own flesh and blood as far as I'm concerned and it most certainly looked like you were getting off on it during carjitsu, bro. Bro, come on. I've done nothing to you to deserve this kind of treatment. I did it all to that fall down slutbag of a sister of yours! Get off my rizz, bro! YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY CRAZY! YOU SHOULD STILL BE LOCKED UP!

Cyrus Bates nods his head emphatically while the crowd groans. Pat betrays no emotion.

Malak Cassidy:

But Pat, Pat. Listen. No need to get riled up right now because look at the condition I'm in. I had to pee through a straw, Pat. A straw. Who would love that for me? No one. Exactly.

He takes a beat.

Malak Cassidy:

Let's dissect the other thing you said. You've signed a liability waiver. Wow, okay. Shit guy, shit. Good for you, I guess. Welcome to the future, where you risk your own health and wellbeing in your own hands for once. I have news for you. I've been blindly accepting end user agreements to all the sketchy apps I download for a long time now, so this is nothing new to me. I even let my apps track me on my phone so you coming out here, proclaiming you've signed a hold harmless agreement and that you're solely responsible for yourself if anything irreversible happens to you at the pay-per-view means absolutely nothing. Oh, yeah and by the way, I haven't forgotten about the proposal I made to you before you concussed me during carjitsu. I am a man of my word and you will get your title shot at ACTS.

The crowd pops because they like the idea of watching Pat pound Malak into oblivion again, this time for the title.

Malak Cassidy:

However.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Malak Cassidy:

I take your threat that you're coming for my head VERY seriously. Look at what you've done to me already.

Malak points to his bandaged head, especially the boo boo on his eye.

Malak Cassidy:

I don't know if I can truly manifest the energy to get in the ring with you and trust you'll protect me. Therefore, Mark Shields will be the referee for starters.

DDK:

What the hell is he talking about, protecting him? Isn't it clear Pat wants to DEMOLISH Malak?

The champ's voice crackles with emotion.

Malak Cassidy:

Knowing you and your volatile attitude, you will become completely unhinged at our match. You will relentlessly attack me at the pay per view. You will not stop. You will hurt me beyond repair and it won't be any fault of yours or DEFIANCE or these inbred people. Then the same thing that happened at carjitsu will take place. America's finest will detain you and your little skeezy scumbag friend in Brock Newbludd will bail you out of prison AGAIN and I just can't have that. Or can I?

Malak gazes out to the capacity crowd.

Malak Cassidy:

I need to look out for myself despite my willingness to go through with this match. Heck, Pat, I know you wouldn't understand this but I've got kids on the way. MULTIPLE! They are part of YOUR family too. They will carry the last name of Cassidy because it was my last name when they were conceived or just about. I can't remember. Minor details. Anyways, do you really want to hurt the father of the future Cassidy clan? Didn't think so, but it's okay.

Malak continues his tirade.

Malak Cassidy:

I can't wait to fight you in your hometown. Embarrass you in front of all those Boston imbeciles. I destroyed Dex Joy in his hometown of LA to win my belt and come ACTS, I will retain my title in front of the filthiest crowd in wrestling history. Look at what I've been through. You nearly maimed me at carjitsu. You earned a shot at the title at ACTS IN YOUR BACKYARD for crying out loud. How much more can the deck be stacked against me?

Redness assembles around Malak's only visible eye.

Malak Cassidy:

HOW IS THAT FAIR TO ME, PAT!? WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE BROTHERS AFTER ALL! IS THIS HOW YOU TREAT YOUR LITTLE BROTHER!? BY PUSHING HIS HEAD BETWEEN THE COUCH PILLOWS WHILE LAUGHING AT HIM!? EATING ALL HIS SOUR CREAM AND ONION CHIPS!?

He takes a calming breath.

Malak Cassidy:

By destroying his prized possessions? By physically scarring his body?

Malak, once more, points to his eye.

Lance:

I think Malak has some deep rooted issues here, folks.

Malak Cassidy:

So Pat, if it's a fight you want. It's a fight you'll get. I'm not supposed to be cleared anytime soon but that doesn't matter to me anymore, either. You see, I just signed the very same agreement you did but I upped the ante. I told the Favored Saints I was good to go IMMEDIATELY because my inner chakras were aligned throughout space and time according to the astrology app on my phone!

Malak throws the crutch down and moves away from Cyrus, to stand on his own. Thurston still has his arm wrapped around Malak's waist, holding up the microphone though.

Malak Cassidy:

Unfortunately for you, Pat, I can't have my last name changed back to Garland in time for our battle. The legal system takes longer to get divorced than it does to get married so our match will be billed as BROTHER VERSUS BROTHER, for the first time ever in DEFIANCE history for the FLAKE OF DEFIANCE!

DDK:

I would truly fact check that if I were you, watching at home.

RAHHHHHHHHHHH!

LET'S GO PAT!

LET'S GO PAT!

LET'S GO PAT!

The fans firmly stand behind The Saturday Night Special. Cassidy acknowledges the people and brings the mic up for a rebuttal when...

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

DDK:

Wait a minute!

Lance:

That's the SOHER's music!

Cassidy rolls his eyes nearly out of his head as the fans begin to boo. On the stage, Malak's eyes go wide in surprise as he and his entourage turn to look behind them, expecting the impending arrival of Ned Reform. They wait as the music plays... but suddenly the camera cuts to another part of the arena... the part wide enough for vehicles to enter. And backing into the Mohegan Sun arena, with siren wailing and lights flashing, is an ambulance!

DDK:

If you missed the announcement this weekend, Ned Reform will be defending the SOHER against Rezin in an

Ambulance Match at ACTS of DEFIANCE

Lance:

After Rezin defeated Ned in the center of the ring two weeks ago at the conclusion of that gauntlet match I think this student right here may be the Good Doctor looking to send a message!

DDK:

But why now of all times?

The ambulance, sirens blaring, screeches to a halt. The back doors of the ambulance burst open to reveal the Southern Heritage Champion Ned Reform! The Sage on the Stage poses dramatically with the championship firmly around his waist. The music fades as he hops down out of the ambulance - mic in hand.

Ned Reform:

A moment of your time, please!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

Mr. Cassidy... and of course, but that I mean you, Malak... I do apologize for the untimely intrusion.

Cut to Malak on the stage, who doesn't seem offended...he seems intrigued.

Ned Reform:

I have made my appearance tonight for reasons that are twofold: first, I know that the Connecticut fans in attendance tonight paid much of their disposable income to see their home state hero.

The Faithful seem to disagree with that. As he speaks, Ned walks his way closer to the ring in which Pat Cassidy still stands.

Ned Reform:

And I arrived here in this vehicle from a nearby local medical facility for what is likely a quite obvious reason: I have come to remind you all that at ACTS of DEFIANCE, I will toss Rezin into said vehicle and ship him off to rehabilitation - where he truly belongs.

DDK:

The rules of an Ambulance Match state that you must incapacitate your opponent long enough to put them in the back of the ambulance... but were I Ned, I would NOT be so sure of my victory!

Lance:

The stipulation WAS Ned's idea, Darren - although Rezin has agreed to it.

Reform stops at the barricade in a section of the arena with no fans sitting and he is now very close to the ring. Pat has turned attention away from Malak to look toward the SOHER.

Ned Reform:

But there is another reason I am here: to offer my sympathies to you, Malak. Two weeks ago you were viciously assaulted at the hands of a brute. You see, Patrick and I have a bit of what you'd call a history. And it pains me to say that he has always been a savage. A man prone to losing all control at the drop of a hat. And not only did he turn his mindless rage on you, Mr. Malak, but what's worse: the people are cheering for it!

The Connecticut Faithful cheer and Pat encourages them to get louder. On the stage, Malak cries out and shakes his head in agreement with Ned - he is a victim!

Ned Reform:

But I have a proposition for you, Mr. Malak... seeing as I, as always, am a champion of justice and defender of the downtrodden - I am here to help you make this right. Why **SHOULD** we allow this barbarian to attack you again at **ACTS** of **DEFIANCE**? Why **SHOULD** he be rewarded?

On the stage, Malak nods aggressively with every word.

Ned Reform:

Here is what we should do: you and I - the **CHAMPIONS** of this organization - should make an example of this walking **AA** poster. Let us put a stop to this menace right here and right now!

Sensing where this is going, Cassidy tosses his mic and moves to the center of the ring, taking a defensive stance. He tries to keep his eyes on both Malak - at the top of the ramp - and Ned - standing near the barricade - but it proves difficult. On the ramp, Malak is grinning from ear to ear and standing a bit taller.

Malak Cassidy:

YES!! YES!! I like your energy, Doctor!!

With a grin, Malak and his goons begin to walk down the ramp. The Good Doctor, meanwhile, hops the barricade. Cassidy looks from Malak to Ned to Malak to Ned.

DDK:

I can't believe this! Our **FIST** of **DEFIANCE** and **SOHER** are seemingly about to team up to attack Pat Cassidy!

The fans begin to stir as the bad guys close in...

Lance:

Not looking good for Pat!

...and like a bat outta hell, a fourth body suddenly hits the ring, brushing past Malak and halting Reform in his tracks.

DDK:

Wait! Somebody in the ring... IT'S **REZIN**!!

FWOOOOSSSHH!!!

Lance:

REZIN'S GOT A FLAMETHROWER!!

FWOOOOOOSSSSHHHH!!!

Rezin:

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!

A column of fire erupts from the incendiary device gripped within the Goat Bastard's tar-stained hands. In a heartbeat, Malak scampers back up the ramp clutching his heart and Ned leaps **BACK** over the barricade to safety. For his part, Cassidy slides out of the ring and to the safety of the apron while the pyromaniacal pugilist spins around and becomes a human roman candle.

DDK:

REZIN IS CLEANING HOUSE! Who gave that maniac a **FLAMETHROWER** of all things?!

The crowd is roaring! Malak and Reform are thrust into a complete panic! The **FIST** scurries back up the ramp to the safety of his entourage in tears already. In the ring, Rezin pulls a mic out of his back pocket and points down the Good Doctor.

Rezin:

RUUUUUEEEEEEFEFFFFWWAAAAAAAAAARRRRMMM!!!!

FWOOOOOSSSSHHHHH!!!

Despite being away from the ring, Reforms blanched face turns orange from the light of the fire.

Rezin:

So my memory's been sketch as of late, I'll admit, but ya know what, gang?! I think THIS Doc is long past DUE! Due... for an ASS-KICKIN'!!

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

Rezin:

And as for YOOOU, Snowflake!!

Malak, true to his popular nomenclature, freezes in place the moment he's called out.

Rezin:

I GOT A TRIGGER WARNIN' FOR YA!! HAHAAHAHAHAAA!!

The Escape Artist aims his weapon high, cackling and unhinged.

FWOOOOoooooosshhhhpffpffpffffff...

Rezin:

HAHAHAhuuhhh whuh...?

The fire peters out. Rezin gives his flamethrower a shake.

Rezin:

SHUCKS!! The Anarchist's Cookbook didn't say anything about a short fuel supply!

Pat climbs up to the apron, nonchalantly putting out a small fire on the top turnbuckle, and warily steps through the ropes. Rezin relaxes, seeing he's not a threat.

Rezin:

Oh hey, sup Pat? When'd ya get here?

Pat Cassidy:

Hi, Rez. Thanks for the back-up. Hey, do you think... do you think I could take a closer look at your badass [BLEEPING] toy?

The Goat Bastard realizes he's referring to his homemade incendiary device.

Rezin:

Sure, man! Check it out, made it myself! I'd let ya give 'er a whirl, but I think she's spent!

Pat Cassidy:

Cool, cool...

Rezin hands over his oversized lighter. Pat almost immediately throws it out of the ring.

DDK:

Finally, the weapon is out of the madman's hands, and we're all safe again!

Lance:

For now...

With a grin, Cassidy leans over the rope to point out in the stands toward The Good Doctor... and he gives him a particular single finger salute. Turning to the entranceway, he does the same to Malak.

Pat Cassidy:

So how 'bout it, you two? Still want to try and make an example of me? Step up. I dare yah.

Rezin taps him on the shoulder.

Rezin:

PAT! PAT! Ya thinkin' what I'M thinkin'?

Pat Cassidy:

That you and I beat their asses?

Rezin:

...oh, well, actually I was thinkin' we grab fish tacos after the show, BUT YEAH, THAT SOUNDS PUNK ROCK AS FUCK!! Let's FIRE IT UP in here! Where the heck is my flamethrower?!

♪ "MacMartial" by John Jimston ♪

All eyes go to the stage as unfamiliar and legally distinct music begins playing. Much to everyone's surprise, Chris Trutt comes out with his patented Trutt Strut, dressed to the nines in a suave silver suit and sporting small circular sunglasses.

DDK:

What do we have going on now?

The junior reporter comes out wielding a mic.

Chris Trutt:

Sup, playas? I just got off the phone with Favored Saints. They said... y'all got a tag match tonight in the main event! Anywhoozle-whoozle-whoozles, playa...

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

Rezin:

AAWWWW SHUCKS, PAT! I dunno 'bout you, but I'm thinkin' TONIGHT'S GONNA BE A PUNK-OUT!!

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

The FIST and SOHER are livid. Pat Cassidy scales a turnbuckle, pumping up the crowd and pointing toward the hastily departing Malak. Meanwhile, The Escape Artist and The Good Doctor continue jaw-jacking through the ropes.

DDK:

Things are HEATING UP tonight for this second night of DEFtv -- both figuratively *AND* literally! And now we have what promises to be a WILD and UNPREDICTABLE main event as the FIST, Malak "Cassidy", and the SOHER, Doctor Ned Reform, join forces against the team of their respective challengers, Malak's "brother" Pat Cassidy, and Ned's presumed patient, Rezin!

Lance:

There's no telling what's going to happen when all four of these personalities get in the ring together. Can the FIST and SOHER maintain their uneasy alliance? Can Pat Cassidy rely on someone as unhinged as Rezin as a tag

partner?

DDK:

For now, ladies and gentlemen, we need to take a quick break to check on the condition of our ringside fire extinguishers! When we come back, we'll get right into the wrestling action!

COMMERCIAL: ACTS of DEFIANCE 2024**FIST of DEFIANCE****Cassidy vs. Cassidy****Malak Cassidy (C) vs. Pat Cassidy****UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS****M4NTRA (C) vs. Dan Ryan & Conor Fuse****SOHER****Ambulance Match****Ned Reform (C) vs. Rezin****FAVORED SAINTS****The D (C) vs. Lonnie Luck****Corvo Alpha vs. MP1****OSCAR BURNS vs. Elise Ares****Handicapped Match****The Hollywood Bruvs vs. The Blood Diamonds (Bronson Box & Ed White) & Tyler Fuse****Mil Vueltas vs. Butcher Victorious****“Sub Pop” Scott Douglas vs. “The Man of the House” Uriel Cortez****The Lads (Dex Joy & Punch Drunk Purcell) vs. The Blood Diamonds (Ed White & Nicky Corozzo)****Tornado Tag****Rain City Ronin vs. Money Talks**



THE PARTY ANIMALS

We find Christie Zane standing in front of a DEFtv backdrop, the white of her dress standing out starkly against the vibrant red tableau. She flashes her perfect teeth, bringing the microphone into view.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and Gentlemen... the unlikely tandem of Brock Newbludd and Corvo Alpha.

Milwaukee's Beast steps into frame to an instant pop from the arena crowd—

Brock Newbludd:

BAAAAAALLLLYY—

Suddenly, from the opposite side, Corvo Alpha bursts into view. He HOWLS.

Corvo Alpha:

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

The crowd roars in surprise. Visibly startled and equally surprised, Christie fumbles the microphone. Brock steadies her with practiced hands, chuckling to himself.

Brock Newbludd:

He's been dying to do that. And my man nailed it!

Clapping Alpha on the back as he stomps around, Brock smiles at the camera while Christie recovers her balance.

Christie Zane:

Uhh... B-brock, it's been two weeks since JJ Dixon, Madame Melton and her Most Precious Gems launched their horrific assault on you, Corvo, as well as the Atomic Punks and some BRAZEN talent. Are you able to update us on your condition coming out of that event? Obviously you're fit enough to compete tonight.

Brock Newbludd:

My condition? Physically, I'm fine. A little blood loss comes with the territory, Zane. The Gems got their licks in, no doubt about it and...

Brock stops himself and chuckles again, raising an eyebrow to Zane.

Brock Newbludd:

Well, I mean, I guess I technically got my licks in first, though. And let me tell ya, if Margot Garland was sour grapes then Madame Melton is a basket of moldy fruit. Ain't nothin' golden about that girl.

Alpha let's out a low growl and Brock nods his head in agreement and bumps fists with the animal.

Brock Newbludd:

Truer words have never been spoken, my friend. The Most Precious Gems *are* about to get their shit royally pushed in. Make no mistake about it, we're gonna have some fun tonight, Christie. Me and this crazy sonuvabitch next to me are about to paint Uncasville red, baby. Tell em', Corvo!

Another menacing growl from the wildman is all the confirmation the Mohegan Sun Arena needs and they erupt in another cheer.

Christie Zane:

JJ Dixon has proven himself to be one of the most unpredictable and dangerous competitors in DEFIANCE—

Behind her, pacing back and forth, Alpha snorts and loudly SPITS on the ground.

Christie Zane:

–and Madame Melton continues to antagonize and seduce her way across the company–

Another snort and *TUAH*. Brock smirks as he glances over her shoulder at his new buddy.

Christie Zane:

–it seems the two of them have it out for you and in a big way. Is tonight the night when you finally settle the score?

Corvo barks out a guttural laugh and slams a fist into a palm while Brock smirk morphs into an evil grin.

Brock Newbludd:

You better believe it, Christie. I...no...*WE* are gonna take care of Melton and her little troll in just a few short minutes here. I suggest the folks at home and in the arena make sure they have a fresh beer cracked and snacks at the ready because they are not gonna want to miss this. I never like breaking a woman's heart, Christie, but I'm not gonna lie and say that I'm not looking forward to this because I AM.

Christie Zane:

And then there's the matter of MP1–

Behind her, Corvo Alpha stops in his tracks, turns, and PUNCHES the red backdrop, leaving a yellow pigment splotch (and a sizable dent). Spinning towards the camera, we're finally able to see the yellow, blue and red paint smudged across Alpha's face like haphazard warpaint. He snarls at the camera. Newbludd steps in, putting a reassuring hand on Alpha's arm and offering another out to Zane to keep her somewhat back.

Brock Newbludd:

Yeah, uh, we don't talk about THAT guy.

Christie Zane:

Oh! We don't?! Certainly he can't wait to get his hands on him!

Brock shakes his head before jabbing a thumb towards his interim tag partner, who rages behind them both.

Brock Newbludd:

C'mon, Zane! We'll say what we gotta say about THAT guy... TO that guy later on tonight when we get them in the ring, ain't that right, big man?!

The shorter Alpha wheels towards the camera once more, saliva thick in his beard. He roars indecipherably towards the lens. Seemingly getting each hand on the cameraman's shoulders, our view shudders and momentarily shakes before Alpha sets him (and us) free, stumbling backwards. Alpha goes back to a blind rage, stomping and swiping behind Newbludd and Zane.

Christie Zane:

This... this is certainly an unconventional tag team, Brock. And it seems as though you're something of a Corvo whisperer! Is there a name for this pairing?! A name for your team?!

Milwaukee's Beast manages to get an arm over Corvo's shoulder and the sneering man from PARTS UNTOLD calms down enough to look at the camera. Smartly, Christie maintains a safe minimum distance.

Brock Newbludd:

Corvo whisperer? I don't think so, Christie. I'm just a man who knows how to talk to people, no matter who they are or what they do. And this man right here saved me from complete ruin a couple of weeks ago.

Brock shakes Corvo's shoulder in appreciation and the wildman grunts in approval.

Brock Newbludd:

There I was. Beat to shit by JJ Dixon, without a friend in the world, I was shambling around the outside of the arena like the pathetic drunk I was. Some big hollywood movie star, huh? Over the Top? Not so much, Christie.

Corvo and Brock both shake their heads in unison. Then, Brock suddenly slaps Corvo on the chest and raises a finger up.

Brock Newbludd:

Then...THEN...I ran into this man and he pointed the way for me. Not only did he point the way, he led me there. He led me to the closest bar, sat me on a stool, and gave me the talkin' to that I needed. Remember what you told me, Corvo?

Corvo's eyes light up and beats on his chest triumphantly before pantomiming a beer being slammed and a face being punched. The wildman than throws an arm around CHRISTIE and snarls in the most seductive way possible. Taking his arm off her, Corvo looks up to Brock and pounds his chest one more time and nods his head a single time.

Brock Newbludd:

That's right! I'm not here to be a sadpants bitch boy! I'm here to have a good time and PARTY! And any problem I have can be solved with violence!

A cheer is heard from inside the arena as the fired up Brock turns to face the equally as excited Corvo. The wildman let's out a howl and the Faithful's cheering intensifies.

Brock Newbludd:

Mr. Alpha here showed me the light, Zane. Underneath the dim of those blessed neon lights I was born again! The first thing I did was grab Corvo by the shirt and asked him why the hell he was wearing one! He's not the type of man who sits around at the bar listenin' to other people's problems and offering wise words wisdom! NO! He's Corvo F*ckin' Alpha and he's no man...he's an ANIMAL!

Another howl from Corvo punctuates Newbludd's point.

Brock Newbludd:

And he just so happens to be one helluva a tag team wrestler, Zane. JJ and that scumbag, MP1, are about to find out just how good when that bell rings and they're standing toe to toe with THE PARTY ANIMALS!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!

Stepping between Christie and Brock once more, Alpha leans back and HOWLS, feeding off the energy!

Corvo Alpha:

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Brock Newbludd:

Hang on, hang on! I've gotta do my part first! I love the enthusiasm, bro!

Corvo blinks, taking a step back. Brock clears his throat.

Brock Newbludd:

BAAAAAALLLLYYY-

Corvo Alpha: *[along with the Faithful]*

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

The Party Animals share a resounding high-ten as The Faithful continue to rumble in the background. Corvo storms off camera, full of adrenaline and ready to go to war. Newbludd grabs the camera and looks into it with a wild look in his crystal blue eyes.

Brock Newbludd:

Let's f*ckin' get some, baby! We're coming!!!

With that, Newbludd let's go of the camera and stomps off in the same direction as the roaring wildman. Zane takes a deep breath and raises the mic up one last time.

Christie Zane:

There you have it guys! Brock Newbludd and Corvo Alpha, The Party Animals are headed your way, ready to do battle!

BROCK NEWBLUDD & CORVO ALPHA vs. JJ DIXON & MP1

Cutting to the ring, where Darren Quimbey steps into the center-ring spotlight.

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team contest is scheduled for ONE FALL... introducing first...

Our ring announcer pauses.

♪ "Bally-Bang Your Head" by Quiet Riot ♪

The fans crane their heads towards the entranceway as the telltale "BALLYHOOOO" rings through the cavernous building once more. Time passes. But no Newbludd.

DDK:

Standby, folks... we are awaiting the arrival of-

Lance:

Hang on! LOOK!

The camera does so, pivoting and turning away from the entranceway and towards the opposite side of the arena.... Where eventually we spy two figures stomping down a set of concrete arena steps, surrounded by surging fans. When they reach the bottom of the steps, Newbludd throws a leg over the guardrail and follows it with his other, bopping his head to the music.

Corvo Alpha vaults over the rail in one motion, smoothing the yellow paint on the right side of his face into place with his right hand and the blue paint on the left side with his left as he wildly glares at the camera.

Newbludd grabs the nearby cameraman on the ringside floor and gestures for him to point the lens at Alpha's feet. When he does so, we see that Alpha has yellow, red, and blue boot tassels, taking a page from his new drinking buddy.

Darren Quimbey:

With a total combined weight of five hundred and twenty seven pounds... They are the team of BROCK NEWBLUDD and CORVO ALPHA... Call them... **THE PARTY ANIMALS!**

The Innovator slides into the ring and hits the turnbuckle with confidence and swagger, both arms raised to a colorful, amphitheater-wide lightshow all around him. Still on the arena floor, the primeval brute prowls around ringside, fists balled and spoiling for something to collide with.

Lance:

These two men, united by a common foe and, perhaps, a love of frosty alcoholic beverages, have found each other at a most fortuitous time. Outnumbered, outmuscled, outmaneuvered... this unique pairing may have unlocked a cheat code to overcome these Most Precious Gems.

DDK:

Between the choice of entrance and the tassels on the boots... I'd say these two are shockingly very much on the same page!

Frothing, Corvo Alpha whips the hair from his eyes and feeds off of the energy in the building, becoming more incensed. As the music fades, Alpha finds himself at the bottom of the ramp. Awaiting his opponents. Referee Rex Knox is already visibly annoyed, barking out of the ring for Corvo to get in the ring and in his corner. He doesn't.

DDK:

Alpha lies in wait! He is POISED for a fight!

The lights dim.

♪ "How Soon is Now" by The Smiths ♪

Melton is the first to step through the theatrical haze of smoke, a cunning smile on her porcelain face. Dixon flanks her, sneering through his leather-weave mask. His gray tanktop reads "Learn To Love Me". Trailing behind them both, looking as though he'd rather be anywhere other than here, is their Most Precious One, MP1, dressed in his new gray, black, and white mask and matching singlet.

DDK:

It was two weeks ago that these two men, along with the French Connection, took their enemies out in a chaotic backstage fracas! Tonight, the Most Precious Gems look to keep that trend going!

Melton produces a microphone and hands it to Dixon, who taps it three times. Their music lowers, but isn't completely podded down.

JJ Dixon:

Brock Newbludd, your 80s movie star bravado despite tasting your own blood just two weeks ago tells me one thing — that you are nothing more than a spoiled brat! Ask your tag partner in between his grunts what he thinks about me! Because while I may not have taken away his title, I took him beyond his limits! You're looking at me as who I was before I met Mommie Dearest and donned this mask to become The Fatal Attraction. Now? Now I am a monster I no longer recognize because The Faithful deserve true heroes like myself, and that means I have to lead the golden calves they worship to the slaughter. You, Brock? You're nothing more than a parasite who has been handed everything in DEFIANCE on a silver platter! These people are still whining about the embarrassment you felt at The Wedding of the Century just a few weeks ago... yet nobody, NOT ONE PERSON, cared at all when my ex-fiance Caitlyn Kinsey broke a vase over my head right instead of saying 'I do!' Well, MY PAIN and MY PATHOS are very real things to me. What's also very real to me is the lack of respect you hold for me as a competitor. Because anyone who has witnessed the carnage I'm responsible for these past few months should be a quivering mess and not calling himself a Party Animal! Brock, after tonight, you'll realize that I'm the most dangerous man you'll ever face in your life... and I will put you down for good!

Dropping the mic onto the entrance stage with a resounding *THUD*, Melton whispers in Dixon's ear. JJ laughs as they slowly start their parade down the aisle, the song's levels rising once more as she whispers her famous catchphrase to the camera.

DDK:

As the Most Precious Gems make their way down the aisle... we see MP1 trailing several lengths. And – hey, WAITASECOND!

In a blur of motion and violence, two silhouettes are suddenly leaping from the crowd on either side of the aisle. They catch Alpha by surprise, lambasting him.

Lance:

It's the French Connection! Raiden and Reeves are here! And they are laying WASTE to Corvo Alpha!

Before Newbludd can process this turn of events, JJ Dixon is suddenly in the ring and is all over him. Frustrated beyond repair, Knox signals for the bell.

DING DING**DDK:**

This is absolutely ridiculous!

Lance:

This is absolutely on-brand, Keebs! Madame Melton and her puppets always seem to be one step ahead of everyone

they face! This is just another example of their depravity and penchant for ultra-violence!

Halfway down the ramp, the camera catches MP1 frozen in place, watching Raiden hurl Alpha into the steel railing for a third time. Meanwhile, in the ring, Dixon plants a picture-perfect Lou Thesz Press on Newbludd and rains down fists.

DDK:

Jean-Pierre de la Reeves is towing Alpha around the ring by the hair – OH! Plants him with a ringside DDT! Melton is screaming orders! It's complete pandemonium, folks!

Lance:

Brock is trying to elbow his way out of a rear-waistlock! And he is successful! Bounds off the ropes – WHAT A CLOTHESLINE! He just caught JJ with a bit of an equalizer there!

DDK:

Might be enough to let him catch his breath and find his bearings!

Back on the floor, Alpha is also in the midst of turning the tide.

Lance:

DAGGER KICK!

DDK:

Corvo nearly decapitated Raiden with that well-placed superkick!

On the rampway, DEFsec brush past MP1, streaming around the ring. They come between the French Connection and Alpha, doing their damndest to try to remove the dastardly pair from ringside and keep a raging beast at bay at the same time. In the ring, Dixon fights out of the corner, BLASTING Brock across the jaw with an elbow before trading places with him, sending JJ into the corner instead.

DDK:

RUNNING CORNER KICK BY DIXON! My goodness!

Lance:

A *hell* of a kick!

Newbludd staggers out of that corner, ducks a clothesline from Dixon and catches the maniac with a Hangman's Neck breaker!

As DEFsec drag the Connection away from ringside, Melton orders MP1 into the ring. Grudgingly, he climbs the ring steps to a flood of boos. Looking out at the crowd with something between shock and sorrow, MP1 finally takes a spot on the apron.

DDK:

HERE COMES CORVO!

Lance:

Wait!

Across the way, Alpha springs up to the apron and storms into the ring - eyes locked on his former friend and partner, MP1. But... Knox is immediately there to cut him off, ordering the wildman out of the ring and onto the apron. Snapping, biting and spitting, Alpha does his best impression of "arguing"... until Newbludd, who is shaking out some cobwebs, waves Alpha off.

Alpha takes that spot on the apron with rancor and hostility. His eyes never leave MP1. Snatching the tag rope and tugging on it, looking for a little give, Corvo Alpha does something he likely can't recall doing for more than 7 years. He

leans over the rope and reaches out for a tag.

Lance:

And finally, Referee Rex Knox has imposed order to this tag contest! A tall task for any official, but it's a mountain he has successfully climbed here tonight!

A tight shot captures the 5'3 official wiping a line of sweat from his brow. Newbludd irish whips Dixon across the ring. On the rebound, Newbludd ducks down to back-body drop Dixon, but Dixon instead puts on the brakes by wrapping both arms around the top rope. He POPS Brock in the gut with a stiff kick.

DDK:

Dixon applies a side headlock. Look at this, just cranking and continuing to apply more and more pressure!

The crowd starts clapping a rhythmic ovation, all as one, in support of Brock. JJ's face is panicked.

JJ Dixon:

WHY DON'T YOU PEOPLE LOVE ME?

Lance:

Newbludd... responding to the overwhelming approval of this capacity crowd... trying to fight his way outta this!

DDK:

SHOVES Dixon across the ring, off the ropes, RUNNING LEG LARIAT BY DIXON!

Lance:

Flawless execution by a painfully flawed individual in JJ Dixon!

A replay shows Dixon hurling himself off the ropes and through the air, aiming his knee at Newbludd's face in the process, to great impactful effect.

DDK:

Brock Newbludd, crawling across the ring, looking for that tag – BUT DIXON IS THERE! He stomps Brock before yanking him back towards a Gem-friendly corner and applying a quick legbar!

Corvo stalks around the apron, agitated. Knox orders Corvo back to his corner and he eventually complies. Newbludd grits his teeth as Dixon strains to inflict more pain and damage.

Lance:

Brock Newbludd has faced stiff odds before! But time after time he has overcome them all! Will tonight be any different?! He is struggling right now! Look at this! HE TURNS THE HOLD OVER! He's DRAGGING JJ towards the ropes!

Newbludd stretches as far and as hard as he can...

DDK:

HE'S GOT THAT BOTTOM ROPE!

Dixon quickly releases the hold, before Knox can even order him to, and is instantly upright! He drags Brock away from the ropes towards his own corner. Stomping a few times on that same left leg before willing Newbludd to his feet, Dixon HOISTS Newbludd up and DROPS him with an atomic shinbreaker across his own knee. He reaches out to MP1 for a tag.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

MP1 wilts under the torrent of disapproval before finally slapping Dixon's hand and hesitantly stepping through the

ropes.

DDK:

OH WAIT, LOOK OUT!

Again, Corvo Alpha roars into the ring and again Rex Knox bravely steps in his path. MP1 slides under the bottom rope and to the floor, eyes wide. Madame Melton slithers to his side, offering soothing and reassuring words of encouragement to him.

Corvo gives Knox a little shove. Knox tries to give a little shove back, but Corvo doesn't budge. Eyes still locked on MP1, Corvo relents and steps back onto the apron, snatching the tag rope with his left and reaching out with his right. He howls.

Corvo Alpha:

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

The Faithful echo him as Newbludd clutches his knee, using the ropes to regain his footing. Knox starts to count MP1 out and, at the *THREE*, DEF's Masked Marvel starts up the steel ring steps. Madame Melton politely applauds him. She is the only one in the entire building, and perhaps anywhere, who is doing so. Again, Alpha stalks on the apron.

MP1 is back in the ring at the count of *SEVEN*.

DDK:

Newbludd meets MP1 on the way in! Newbludd is on fire! Firing rights and lefts! But MP1 cuts him off with a well-timed knee to the midsection!

And another. MP1 hooks Newbludd and LIFTS him—

DDK:

MP1 has him up for a powerbomb!

MP1 charges forward and releases his opponent.

Lance:

Powerbomb right on that top turnbuckle!

Clutching his lower back with one hand, Brock limps out of the corner and begins to fall forward as MP1 surges towards him. Stopping Newbludd's descent with a front face lock, the masked grappler promptly sends him to the mat with a DDT.

DDK:

Followed by a devastating DDT! That was one heck of a one-two punch by The Most Precious One!

Bouncing off the ropes, MP1 comes in with a full head of steam and leaps into the air to crash down on Brock's lower back with both of his knees. As Milwaukee's Beast cries out in pain, MP1 works efficiently and immediately flips him onto his stomach. Raising both of Brock's legs up, the former Masked Violator steps through.

Lance:

Looks like MP1 is looking for a figure four here to punish Brock's knee.

MP1 spins to finish locking in the hold but his plan is thwarted when Newbludd manages to wriggle his good leg free. Cocking it back, Brock kicks MP1 squarely in the rear and sends his masked opponent flying face first into the turnbuckles.

DDK:

Milwaukee's Beast resists!

Bouncing chest first off the turnbuckles, MP1 stumbles backwards as Newbludd manages to prop himself up on a single knee. Shooting an arm up between MP1's legs, Brock forces him down to the mat and rolls him up!

Lance:

School boy by The Innovator and Knox is there!

ONE!

TWO!!

MP1 kicks out with authority!

DDK:

Newbludd's veteran instincts kicked in and he almost stole the match!

Visibly angry from his opponent's pin, MP1 beats Newbludd to his feet and immediately cracks him in the side of the head with a knee.

Lance:

MP1's been around the block too, DDK, and his instincts kicked in just in time to break the pin. Now Brock finds himself back at square one.

Frustrated, MP1 yanks roughly up by an arm and immediately snatch a side headlock. Keeping his grip tight, MP1 drags Newbludd towards The Precious Gems corner and Dixon's outstretched hand.

DDK:

MP1 looking to make the tag here and maintain control for The Gems.

The masked man stretches his arm out to tag in Dixon but comes up inches short as Brock stomps his feet into the mat and stops all forward momentum.

Lance:

Hang on now! Brock's hit the brakes!

A roar erupts from Milwaukee's Beast as he lifts MP1 off the mat. The masked Gem kicks his legs in protest but his resistance is futile as Brock sends them both crashing down to the mat with a high impact belly-to-back suplex!

DDK:

There's still some fight left in Newbludd!

Rolling onto his stomach, Brock prevents MP1 from rising up by lunging at him and clocking him with a forearm to the face. Following through to land across MP1's torso, Milwaukee's Beast grabs an arm and locks in an Anaconda Vise!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

Lance:

Anaconda Vise outta nowhere! He's got him dead to rights!

Referee Knox dives down to check the hold as Brock lets out another roar and wrenches on MP1's elbow, causing him to scream out in return.

DDK:

Newbludd's got the leverage! It's only a matter of time!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Watch out, here comes Dixon!

Vaulting into the ring, "The Fatal Attraction" moves like a bullet to save his partner. With only a second separating his boot from Brock's face, J.J. Dixon is CRUSHED in the side of the head by Corvo's boot!

DDK:

What a Yakuza kick by Corvo for the save! He nearly beheaded Dixon!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!

As J.J. spills through the ropes and down to the floor, Referee Knox pulls his attention away from the submission to once again berate Corvo. With the ref's attention fully on the irate wildman, Madame Melton slides into the ring just as Corvo begins to step back out onto the apron.

Lance:

What the hell!? What's in her hand!? Is that a shoe!?

Moving like a feral cat, Melton pounces on Brock and stabs him in the eye with one of her heels!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

Are you kidding me!? Turn around Knox!

He does turn around but the wily Melton is the quicker, sliding back out of the ring at the last second. She smiles wryly at the referee while Brock thrashes in pain behind him. Meanwhile, MP1 uses the most of the opportunity and rolls away from Newbludd as he holds his freshly twisted arm.

Lance:

Wow, Melton was terrifyingly quick there. I would not want to have her breathing down my neck!

DDK:

That she was, partner. Once again, Madame Melton proves she's a master of her craft. Like it or not.

With his freshly stabbed eye closed, Newbludd pushes himself up on all fours and locates Melton on the outside of the ring. She grins and blows him a kiss.

Lance:

I think if you ask Brock, that craft would be witchcraft.

Teri's smirking ways causes Milwaukee's Beast to SNAP and he punches a fist into the mat in anger before rising up off of it. He immediately begins to limp in her direction with a murderous look on his face.

DDK:

I don't think I'd like to ask him anything right now, Lance. He's going after her!

Before Brock can make it to the ropes, MP1 grabs him from behind in a rear waistlock.

Lance:

Which is exactly what she wanted! He needs to focus on the match, not her!

MP1 tries to lift Newbludd off his feet but is quickly stunned by Brock who throws his head backwards, smashing the

masked man's nose. MP1 stumbles backwards into his own corner and is tagged by Dixon, who haphazardly springboards himself off the top rope and CRASHES in a rolling somersault into Newbludd.

DDK:

What an impact! Dixon, sitting on Newbludd's chest, has his shoulders down!

ONE!

TWO!!

TH— KICKOUT!

Lance:

A MIGHTY kickout from Newbludd, sending Dixon reeling! He stumbles through the ropes and out to the floor! Hey, what is SHE doing NOW?!

Melton is back on the apron, barking mad about something or other. Meanwhile, Newbludd crawls, his hand extended. Corvo stomps a foot as he gets closer...

DDK:

TAG! Corvo is in!

The crowd goes as wild as the man they cheer for as he bursts into the ring — and right into Rex Knox.

DDK:

What the... did Knox not see the tag?!

Lance:

He must not have! Madame Melton providing an artful distraction!

At his wits end, Corvo loses it, shoving Knox aside. Charging, he SPEARS MP1 through the ropes, off the apron, and onto the floor to a MASSIVE ovation!

DDK:

MP1 and Alpha are BRAWLING on the floor! This contest has broken down once more!

Dixon sprints up the ring steps, up the turnbuckle and nails a flying leg drop across the back of Newbludds head.

Lance:

He just DROVE Brock's face into the canvas! Dixon is reckless and unhinged!

Likely running off instinct and adrenaline, Brock rolls out of the ring out of self-preservation. Behind him, Corvo CLOTHESLINES MP1 over the guardrail and into the crowd. The pair is quickly swallowed up by the raging masses.

Lance:

Alpha and MP1 are due to square off, one on one, at ACTS of DEFIANCE in a few short weeks! That is, if both men can SURVIVE long enough to get there! OH MY!

The camera cuts to JJ.

DDK:

Again, Dixon - like a tight-rope walker - ascends to the top rope and WALKS the line! OH MY! Inside out Arabian Press to Newbludd on the outside!

The Dastardly Daredevil goes down in a heap with Newbludd. A violent replay shows Dixon hit the back of his head on the ring apron on the way down, as well as Newbludd catching a knee to the side of his head.

Rex Knox leans through the ropes, one eye on the brawl in the crowd and the other on the car-crash on the floor in front of him. He starts his mandatory count as tension builds.

Lance:

The ref is up to four! And neither man is moving!

Knox signals for five. Then six. At seven, Newbludd stirs...

DDK:

This crowd is WILLING Newbludd to his feet! But look! Dixon is also moving!

At *EIGHT*, Knox enunciates loudly to ensure both men know how close they are to having this hard fought match ruled a draw.

When Knox yells *NINE*, Dixon has used the ring apron to nearly regain his footing. He launches himself under the rope, running off of pure competitive intuition! Newbludd does the same — but is abruptly and inexplicably halted, before he can fully get under the rope and back in the squared circle!

Rex Knox:

TEN!

Knox signals for the bell!

DING DING DING

The cameraman on the floor rounds the ring steps to find Madame Melton hanging on to Newbludd's leg like a persistent STD, preventing him from beating the ten count!

DDK:

It was Melton!

Lance:

Of course it was!

DDK:

She found another way to deliver victory to her Gems! I can't believe it!

♪ "What Time is Now" by The Smiths ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this bout as a result of a count out... the team of... "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon and MP1!

In the ring, an exhausted Dixon lays slumped in a corner, his head lying on a turnbuckle. He cackles to himself as Knox raises his arm, the referee still looking out to the crowd for Corvo and MP1 and not finding them.

On the ringside floor, Newbludd clutches his ribs, in visible pain. A front row fan pats him reassuringly on the back.

DDK:

I'd say it's safe to say that this war between the Gems and all the enemies they've made is only JUST heating up!

Lance:

What happened to Corvo and MP1?

DDK:

They're still out there somewhere!

Lance:

Fans, don't go anywhere. We'll be right back!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



CONOR FUSE vs. DECLAN ALEXANDER

The match graphic shows as the crowd readies themselves for a good one.

DDK:

Excited for this contest, Lance. To the passing Faithful, some might say Declan Alexander is a younger Conor Fuse. To the more hardcore Faithful, they know Conor and Declan already spent time with each other. A couple years ago they won the BRAZEN Tag Cup, teams competed with one DEFIANT and one BRAZEN star. Level 8 won the whole thing but since then, DEC4L has gone down a different path.

Lance:

Different? I'd say it's similar. Just now he has "wrestling" fame, he's been called up. He already had online support. He's got some fortune, too, in the form of the UNIFIED Tag Team Championship belts he and Nathan Eye own. Either way, this is going to be a great match. You're right, though. This is one of those "dream" contests I've seen online. Fuse and Alexander, let's get it on!

To ringside we go and the ring announcer, Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for ONE FALL!

RAH RAH RAHHHHH everyone loves it's for one fall and not seven or eight.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... being accompanied by Dan Ryan... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing in at two-hundred pounds... he is THE ULTIMATE GAMER... CONOR FUSE!

♪ "King Dedede Remix" from Kirby's Dreamland ♪

Conor Fuse strolls out sporting his typical lime green attire, shooting sleeve and bandana with the crowd singing his theme. Trailing behind is the malicious looking Dan Ryan with a scour on his face. The two make their way down, albeit Fuse is much happier and peppier than his counterpart, as he slaps the hands of Faithful before arriving at the bottom of the rampway. One look at Ryan with an expression such as "watch this", and Fuse leaps perfectly onto the apron and then clears the ropes with another jump, flying through the air and landing smack-dab in the center of the squared circle.

Dan Ryan performs a singular, solo clap of the hands. Fuse simply grins in reply, considering that's good enough as he poses and waits for his opponent.

M A N T R A

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent... being accompanied by "Good Vibes Only" Makayla Namaste, Archer Silver, High Flyer and fellow UNIFIED Tag Team Champion, Nathan Eye... from Brookline, Massachusetts... weighing two-hundred-thirty-one pounds... he is the other half of the UNIFIED Tag Team Champions... DECLAN AL-EX-AND-ERRR???...

But Quimbey's voice trails, as everyone he mentions walks out from behind the DEFIANCE fist logo.

All except the man he was supposed to announce at the end.

There is no DEC4L.

Fuse walks over and snatches the mic from Quimbey's hands as he points towards the top of the rampway. For the first sentence Conor speaks, the M4NTRA theme plays and then it shuts off.

Conor Fuse:

Hold on a second, I knew this was coming. What happened to DEC4L? He end up with the same papercut sickness you had last week, Nathan?

The Faithful boo as Conor hangs his head. He brings his attention to the crowd.

Conor Fuse:

Hey, I wanted this one-on-one “dream” match everyone’s been calling for since the second DEC4L stepped into DEFIANCE. I’ve seen the online discourse on the discord. It’s a billing of future FIST against future FIST. I, of course, being the one who gets there sooner. Eh, um... I think. I mean, it’s been a struggle for me lately but...

Realizing he’s losing himself, Conor finds Dan Ryan standing at the apron. Ryan nods like what Conor’s saying is correct.

Conor Fuse:

Right, that’s why I’m teaming with the killer, to gain the serious instinct. Oh yeah, and subsequently take those belts from you nimrods up there.

The crowd cheers, Fuse is back on track.

Conor Fuse:

So what’s the excuse now and who are you sending to wrestle?

Good Vibes Only spins a microphone around in her hand as she listens to the jeers of the Faithful trying to drown out her voice.

Makayla Namaste:

Actually... we’re just as frustrated by this situation as you are.

“KONICHIWA!”

The image of “DEC4L” Declan Alexander comes onto the screen wearing a pair of mirror aviator sunglasses and a dark blue dress shirt. The background behind him appears to be unfamiliar as he waves back into the camera. The scene pans out to unreleased Amiibos of Zelda, Nintendo’s heroine princess in the upcoming title The Legend of Zelda: Echoes of Wisdom.

DEC4L:

Saaaaaaalute, DEC4LLION! It’s your boy DEC4L here LIVE in Japan with NDA in hand to have an exclusive, invite only demonstration of the Switch 2 and upcoming Nintendo blockbuster The Legend of Zelda: Echoes of Wisdom coming out September 26. Let me tell you, when Nintendo approached me with this opportunity I tried to reschedule because I knew I had a match and I didn’t want to let the fam down... but this is a once in a lifetime opportunity. No cap, I’m literally standing in Nintendo HQ!

The scene of the DEFIatron pans out further to show Declan is correct. He is, in fact, standing in the middle of Nintendo headquarters. Conor looks rather dejected.

DEC4L:

So DEC4LLION, and especially Conor, I am sad to tell you that I’m not going to be able to make it to my match tonight. Business calls. So if you’ll excuse me, your boy has some one-on-one time with a certain princess and Conor, IYKYK...

Alexander takes off the sunglasses and puts them into his front pocket. He looks directly into the camera with a smirk.

DEC4L:

Subscribers only.

Declan winks and leaves frame. The screen shuts off... leaving Fuse standing there, seemingly a little jealous, pissed off and also not surprised all at once. He looks over at Ryan again and mouths the words "I wanted to go there" with a frowny face but the reply from the legend is merely raising his hands slightly, making a fist with one of them and an open palm in the other.

Ryan smacks them both together.

As if that would solve Conor's depression.

Fuse grins and brings his attention back to M4NTRA. Perhaps Ryan is right.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, sure. Send whomever. What about that weird looking Sonny Silver wannabe? Sonny's Son. That's why you were going to send me, right? The hooligans, the pawns, the henchmen... before Dan and I get to you Nathan and DEC4L, we fight your newbies.

Silver looks a little offended but nevertheless, Conor was right as Archer is the one who starts walking down the rampway first, pointing to Fuse in the middle of the ring. He has a microphone as well.

Archer Silver:

Conor, Conor, Conor... or cOnOr? I've heard it both ways.

Fuse rolls his eyes and mumbles.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, I have a bunch of different symbiotes.

Silver slides under the ropes and enters the ring.

Archer Silver:

Sonny Silver's my uncle, but his career parth and mine are far different things.

Conor tries to make sense of the son/uncle thing, assuming it's the same relationship while Archer keeps talking.

Archer Silver:

He walked a path of vengeance, fury, wrath and any synonym in between. That's not me. I'm not some angry savage who isn't in control of his emotions...

He looks out to Dan Ryan, who would be in there, were it not for this being Conor Fuse's match...

Archer Silver:

This body is a weapon but it's a peaceful one. One that would never stoop to giving into rage and swinging his fists around like some idiot. I'm a pacifist and I'd never...

Archer spins around from his monologue and tries clubbing Conor with the microphone, only for Conor to duck and snap him over with a hip toss on the return! Silver drops the microphone as Hector Navarro calls for the bell!

DING DING

DDK:

And we are off! Archer's surprise attack failed!

Lance:

Not the match the fans wanted to see but it's a big stage for Archer, nonetheless!

Fuse immediately puts the boots to Archer and then peels him off the canvas. Fuse Irish whips Silver into the ropes and comes flying across with a leaping forearm strike, knocking the spit right out of Archer. The spit flies so far it lands perfectly at the bottom of the rampway, right in front of Nathan Eye and High Flyer. Actually, some of it landed on Makayla Namaste's shoes.

Meanwhile, inside the ring, Fuse hits a sheer drop brainbuster, slides into a corner of the ring and then bursts out of it with a running-up-the-body of Archer Silver, punting him in the face upon getting there and flipping backwards through the air as he does. Fuse lands on his feet, poses in the center of the ring like a bad-ass assassin and then blasts Archer with a superkick from out of this world.

DDK:

We might see the match over ASAP!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Fuse cranks his head to the left and then snaps it to the right as he kips up and pulls Archer off the ground. Conor lands a running Resolution 1080pDDT before leaping to the second rope, measuring Silver in a hurry and landing a perfectly placed elbow drop.

DDK:

Another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Fuse is pulled out of the ring via High Flyer!

Nathan Eye jumps onto the apron and this is the distraction Hector Navarro requires (or else he was probably going to figure out why Conor suddenly wasn't pinning Archer anymore and subsequently throw M4NTRA out of the building).

Dan Ryan glares bullets across the apron and into High Flyer and the rest of them.

High Flyer remembers dying at the hands of Ryan two weeks ago. He tries to hide.

DDK:

Does High Flyer have a death wish?

Conor stands in front of Flyer but waives his partner off as The Ultimate Gamer leaps onto the apron and then uses Nathan Eye as a springboard back into the ring! Fuse flies over Eye, over Navarro and, also, over Silver. He lands behind everyone and delivers a shotgun dropkick to Archer. Archer knocks into Hector, who knocks into Nathan, who knocks off the apron and onto Flyer and Namaste!

Lance:

Just like he drew it up!

The Faithful cheer as Conor is all grins. He takes a millisecond to look over at Dan Ryan while mouthing "told ya, I got this" and proceeds to hurl Archer Silver into the far corner of the ring.

Conor is going to sprint over there as quickly as possible...

He lands a big splash!

More spit flies out of Silver's mouth as Conor latches onto Archer's tights and lifts him up and onto the top rope. In a jiffy, Fuse is there with Silver...

SLAM!

Superplex!

DDK:

There's a move you don't see from Conor everyday!

Lance:

No, sir!

Fuse pops to his feet. He's waiting on Archer to get to a knee when The Power-Up King sends a pele kick to the temple!

Conor Fuse:

Think you're a good striker, boy!?

Conor winks.

Conor Fuse:

I'm Weapon Getting that!

The former two-time UNIFIED Tag Team Champion places kick after kick against the head of Archer Silver, as Sonny's nephew is reeling but seemingly can't move out of this seated position. The kicks are coming faster and faster and the grin on Conor's face is wider and wider. Finally, Fuse throws Silver into another corner, one far away from M4NTRA. Once the gamer makes his way there, he looks over to Nathan Eye and gives a thumbs up.

Conor Fuse:

This is YOU in two weeks.

WHAM!

Conor slams an elbow into the side of Archer's head.

WHAM!

Conor sends another one into Silver's skull.

WHAM!

Three.

WHAM!

Four.

WHA-

Wait, he stopped.

Conor has a shit eating grin on his face. Suddenly, he changes from hard, stiff as shit elbows...

SMACK!

To a chop across Archer's chest with his bare hand!

Conor can't stop laughing as watches Archer Silver in pain.

Conor Fuse:

Too good for the ol' slappy shit huh, Archie?

SMACK!

Fuse delivers another chop to Archer's chest.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

Conor is giggling like a little school girl/boy, thinking he's so very clever since Archer Silver doesn't do these kinds of slaps. Out of the corner of his eyes, though, Fuse sees Ryan's determined and serious demeanor.

Conor Fuse:

Right, right. Gotcha.

WHAM!

DDK:

Jesus, you could hear that one from the rafters! Fuse with an elbow into Silver's nose!

Lance:

I hope Conor didn't break anything.

The Character Formerly Known as Player Two sends Archer Silver for a overhead suplex ride to the center of the ring. However, Nathan Eye is back on the apron and this time High Flyer leaps into the ring himself-

WHACK!

Nailing Conor with a superkick!

The crowd boos. Dan Ryan is marching over to M4NTRA's side of the ring with no fucks given, he's going to crack some heads but Hector Navarro SCREAMS a blood thirsty cry for The Ego Buster to stay away or else he IS absolutely going to toss Ryan to the back!

WHACK!

This allows High Flyer to slip into the ring again and deliver a running Yakuza Kick to Conor Fuse!

DDK:

Well, damn!

Lance:

High Flyer, the son of Jack Harmen, Conor Fuse's childhood hero... might have cost Conor the match!

Archer Silver has recovered and Archer is none too happy with how the match has played out until now. He's sending kicks and elbows into Conor's body and head as many times as possible, working Fuse into a free corner. Silver snarls at Fuse before Irish whipping Conor across the way and follows him to the buckle. The second Conor meets the

padding, Archer also runs into a HARD, stiff as beyond shit elbow into the back of Fuse's head.

Conor goes limp.

Half-hatch suplex follows.

DDK:

Boy did this match change on a dime!

Lance:

You're telling me. The numbers game has caught up to Conor and Dan!

Archer aligns himself on the middle rope and waits until Conor is on one knee. Archer charges forward and lobbies what looks like a kick, but when Conor goes to block it, The Peaceful Weapon swings around and SMACKS him across the face with a brutal discus back elbow strike! Conor crumbles, then Archer falls to a seated position, trying to maintain his breathing!

DDK:

He ROCKED Conor with that move he calls the Eat, Pray, Elbow! And he's... meditating now?

Lance:

No, there's a cover!

He hooks the legs of Conor Fuse!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

When The Power-Up King kicks out, Archer goes right to the legs instead!

DDK:

Oh this is smart. I have to hand it to Archer... going for the legs. He's trying to work in that figure four.

Lance:

Yes. Not until now has Silver targeted the legs of Fuse but it's the time to go for it. Conor has to be the fastest athlete we have in DEFIANCE, or at least one of them. Take his legs out, take Conor's game away.

Archer works the figure four. He's just about to lock it in.

Conor is trying to break free...

M4NTRA cheers on the outside...

DDK:

The figure four is applied!

Fuse leans forward with pain shooting through his eyes and his body. He's trying to find the ropes but he's in the middle of the ring. Of course, M4NTRA think it's over already. In particular, Nathan Eye. Nathan pulls out his phone and starts dialing DEC4L for FaceTime.

But in a rush of adrenaline and whatever the hell else he's got going on, Fuse spins the hold around and now the pressure is applied on Archer!

However, Archer spins the figure four back to his leverage! The crowd boos!

Until Conor flips them over again and he has the hold sunk into place!

We're not done yet! You guessed it... Archer Silver rolls around on the mat again and he has the hold locked in-

Except one thing. They've moved so far across the ring that Conor Fuse has hold of the bottom rope!

DDK:

Clever use of reversals!

Hector Navarro starts his mandatory five count, which Archer Silver does not like at all. Nevertheless, Archer drops it at FOUR.

But he's on his feet first.

Axe kick as Conor was trying to get back up.

Silver hooks a leg.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The crowd comes alive as Conor not only kicks out but kips up all at once and is running off power-up energy as he shakes his hands in balls of fists and then shakes the ring ropes, too. He looks over at Archer Silver and screams at him to come his way.

Nathan Eye looks reluctant on the outside but Archer shows his fortitude as he runs forward-

CRACK!

DDK:

Oh my! Conor with a jumping cutter! I believe he just took DEC4L's finisher, Player of the Game!

Archer Silver is DOA as Conor falls to the mat and hooks both legs. As this happens, High Flyer runs by and tries to grab Hector Navarro's legs-

WHAM!

But Dan Ryan is there with the most brutal looking clothesline from hell! Namaste screams upon seeing High Flyer's head fall off his shoulders (not really, but the second generation wrestler does flip inside-out THREE times before hitting the floor).

And really, Nathan Eye isn't going to do anything other than clutch his new book.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

DING DING DING

Conor rolls of Silver and stares into the hard camera with a smirk and a wink.

Conor Fuse:

Didn't even need to Weapon Get that one, DEC4L.

Fuse rolls out of the ring and over to his partner, Dan Ryan, thanking him for the assist on the outside.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match-

But Darren's interrupted when he sees Nathan Eye finds his way behind Conor and Dan, knocking Fuse in the side of the head before scurrying away! The crowd boos heavily, as Ryan starts stalking Eye up the rampway-

WHAM!

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL!?

DEC4L. From under the ring.

Lance:

He was here all along!?

Alexander starts placing the boots to Ryan after he knocked the legend senseless with what looked to be brass knuckles in the back of the head.

DDK:

Oh yeah, NOW Nathan wants a piece!

The other half of the Tag Team Champions makes his way down, grinning from ear-to-ear as both Alexander and Eye stomp the living shit out of The Ego Buster.

The Faithful cheer for a brief moment as Conor regains his senses but this is all for not when Archer Silver slides out of the ring and destroys Conor Fuse with a running heel kick!

Boos, boos and more boos, as the trio (not High Flyer though, he died) go to work on the upcoming challengers.

Finally, Hector Navarro is there and security are down as well, ordering M4NTRA to go back where they came from.

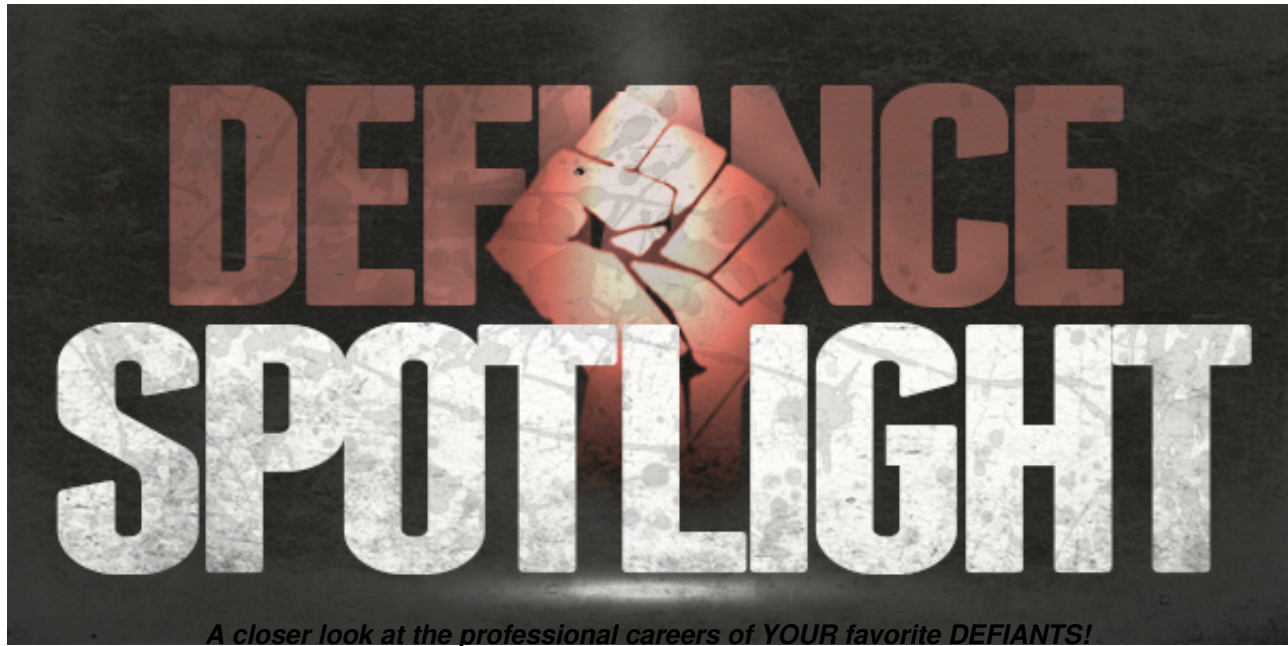
DDK:

Fuse and Ryan made their marks, they defeated Flyer and Archer. Obviously, the real test will be in two weeks. The numbers game, though, Lance. As we've seen just now. Conor weathered the storm tonight DURING the match... but not after.

M4NTRA walk up the rampway, hands held high (not High Flyer though, he still ded), as the refs and crew attend to Dan Ryan and Conor Fuse, who are struggling to make sense of what happened. Archer is holding his neck in pain, but limping away and helping High Flyer while Nathan and DEC4L raise their titles high in the air! Namaste claps along.

The crowd brings it home with continual jeering as DEFtv moves to a commercial break.

COMMERCIAL: SPOTLIGHT



PAT CASSIDY & REZIN vs. ANXIOUSLY INTELLIGENT

To the commentary station.

DDK:

Welcome back, ladies and gentlemen! To say this has been a wild night would be an understatement!

Lance:

We're getting word that MP1 and Corvo Alpha, after their wild brawl through the Faithful, have indeed FINALLY been separated!

DDK:

We'll have more to share on that deeply personal rivalry on defiancewrestling.com in the coming days, so be on the lookout! ACTS of DEFIANCE is shaping up to be wild!

Lance:

And we are NOT done yet!

♪ "Quitter's Fight Song" by Whores. ♪

The music hits, Faithful of DEFIANCE fill the Mohegan Sun Arena with a thunderous pop! Pillars of FIRE shoot up from the stage three words appear on the DEFIATron in jagged lettering:

**FIRE
IT
UP!**

REZIN storms out onto the stage, drawing another huge pop! He appears as focused as he is intense. A human powder keg ready to go off in a moment's notice. He takes a beat to walk to either end of the stage to charge up the fans, and comes jogging down the rampway.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, it's time for our MAIN EVENT! The following contest is a special tag team exhibition match scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, hailing from Indianapolis, Indiana, USA, and weighing in at two-hundred and five pounds... he is "The Escape Artist", REZIN!!

DDK:

We've reached our final match of the evening, ladies and gentlemen, and the audience is sufficiently fired up! It's challengers versus champions in this tag team battle that was set up at the beginning of the show! Out first on behalf of the challengers is REZIN, and he is looking primed for battle!

Lance:

Rezin unloaded many of his recent frustrations at the last DEFTv. How he's struggled to beat his opponents, and gotten lost in the smoke of his own stoner anarchist tomfoolery. But after learning of SOHER's plan to "institutionalize" him, and his survival of the Good Doctor's "Immersion Therapy" Rumble, the Goat Bastard may be poised to turn the corner.

DDK:

Much has been said in the years since his coming to DEFIANCE about the Escape Artist's full potential! Will it be enough to push him to winning the very championship that's always been out reach?

Rezin hits the ring, scales a turnbuckle, and throws up the horns for another pop.

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

Another roar from the crowd as Rezin's partner - and one half of The Saturday Night Specials - emerges from the back. Cassidy is all business as he walks with a combination of swagger and purpose toward the ring in his usual ring

attire (that we haven't seen since DEFCON): Black/blue short tights and "SNS" black vest.

Darren Quimbey:

And his tag team partner... from BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS and weighing in at 242 lbs... "BLACK OUT"
PAAAAAT CAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSSIDDDYYYY!!

DDK:

Pat Cassidy back in the ring in an official capacity for the first time since April!

Lance:

Cassidy of course one half of the longest reigning Unified Tag Champions of all time - the other being the man who teamed with Corvo Alpha earlier, Brock Newbludd!

Cassidy doesn't bother losing the vest as he marches into the ring and immediately gets into Rezin's face. Not in an angry way, but in that locker room "let's get fired up!" way. The two men bump fists as they hype each other up.

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The fan's reaction turns decidedly negative as the music of the reigning Southern Heritage Champion fires up throughout the arena. With the lights now taking on a purpose hue, The Good Doctor himself - Ned Reform - walks through the curtain with the bright pink championship secured title around his waist. Letting his yellow scarf sway in the wind, Reform turns around in a complete circle as he shows off the gold.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... introducing first, from New Haven Connteicut... he is the Southern Heritage Champion and he weighs in at 234 lbs... NED! REFORM!

If you listen closely, you'd hear a small section of fans chime in with "that's DOCTOR Ned Reform"... but it's very faint. Maybe Ned's family game? Either way, the majority of Ned's home state Faithful are not greeting him warmly. Ned doesn't walk toward the ring, opting instead to reaching behind himself and unhooking the belt. He holds it into the air as his music fades out and...

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie. ♪

DDK:

Only one man left, and that's the FIST of DEFIANCE!

Lance:

Hold on... we're not waiting!!

Warner is right: Rezin and Cassidy have jumped out of the ring and are sprinting toward Reform and Malak!!

Before we even see Malak, Reform is caught off guard by the Escape Artist and The Saturday Night Special! As the pair pummel The Sage on the Stage, our FIST of DEFIANCE takes the opportunity to sprint from the back, duck out of the way, and run toward the ring unharmed!

DDK:

Let it never be said that our champion doesn't have survival instincts!

Lance:

I highly doubt that WOULD ever be said, Darren!

In one smooth motion, Malak slides under the bottom rope and runs into his corner, barking at Mark Shields that now that's in his corner they need to follow the rules and not attack him. It's unclear if Shields has any idea what he's talking about.

On the ramp, Pat and Rezin notice Malak's timely escape. They look at each other and grin before each grabs a side of the back of Ned's neck, and they run the SOHER down the ramp and roll him aggressively into the ring! Reform stumbles into his corner and hugs the turnbuckle for safety. And Malak hugs HIM.

DDK:

And we're starting fast and wild, but now all four men are in the ring!

DING DING

The arena is roaring. The tension in the ring is so high it's escape velocity, as two of the most uncompromising DEFIANTs in the modern industry are fired up and raring to fight on one side of the ring, while on the other side, the unlikely pairing of flake and physicians are feeling fairly flummoxed.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, through a quickly escalating situation, we have a once-in-a-lifetime main event on our hands!

Lance:

I guess you could say there's a lot to unpack here.

DDK:

Too much to unpack, Lance!

Through rigorous negotiations and terse finagling, the pairing of Rezin and Malak start off for their respective teams. At ring center, they encircle one another. The Goat Bastard is lithe and livid. The FIST is pensive and persevering. They are about to collide into the lockup when Rezin suddenly hears the VOICES.

...which, I mean, Rezin hearing voices isn't anything new. But in this case, they happen to be real. As such, Rezin cups a hand over his ear and gives them a listen.

WE-WANT-PAT!! WE-WANT-PAT!! WE-WANT-PAT!! WE-WANT-PAT!!

Lance:

"We want bat?" What sort of skibidi Ohio youthspeak is that?

DDK:

I think the Faithful are eager to see a preview to the main event of Acts of DEFIANCE... and Rezin seems more than willing to oblige them!

Rezin TAGS to Pat!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

And Malak tags to Ned.

BBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Lance:

It was too good to be true.

Reform throws the FIST a glare of surprise, but nevertheless takes his place in the ring. He readies himself to lock-up with Cassidy, only to discover that Pat has absolutely no patience for good technical hand-to-hand wrestling right now.

DDK:

Pat Cassidy is coming out swinging! Ned narrowly ducks a hook from Pat! Counters into a waistlock... just barely DUCKS the back elbow, and goes right into the collar-and-elbow... Pat with a KICK--and Reform CATCHES it at the last second!

Lance:

Cassidy wants to scrap, but Reform is playing it defensive!

DDK:

Cassidy going inside with a Dragon Screw--Pat ROLLS WITH HIM!

Reform's counter backfires into another counter as Cassidy goes to the mat with him, and plants a boot to his exposed face once they roll over. Ned grabs at his nose and scrambles to a corner, immediately begging him off. Shields, showing a rare inkling of attentiveness, does his duty as an official and puts himself between Reform and Ned, calling for the rope break.

FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!!

DDK:

And now the fans are calling for Rezin! They want to see him get his hands on the Good Doctor!

Cassidy hears the calls, and obligingly tags Rezin back into the action!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

But before the Goat Bastard can get there, Reform rolls to his corner and... tags out to Malak.

BBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

Apparently, the Good Doctor isn't having it either...

Lance:

These two are doing everything they can to stall the action.

Malak looks absolutely OFFENDED that Ned would just turn around like that and tag him back into the action. But Reform insistently steps out to the apron and orders the FIST back into it. Shaking his head, "Cassidy" steps through the ropes...

DDK:

Tag back to Cassidy!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

...and Malak immediately tags back to Ned and hops the ropes to the apron.

BBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

What the hell?!

Reform shakes his head, and tags Malak back (even though both are now standing on the apron). Malak likewise shakes his head and tags him back. Reform tags Malak. Malak tags Ned. These are all apparently legal, because it's well known that in the world of Mark Shields, the rules are very fluid.

DDK:

Tag to Malak... tag to Ned... this is ridiculous! One of these two HAVE to start this match!

Lance:

Champions must not think alike after all!

Meanwhile, across the ring...

Rezin:

Dude, Pat... ya thinkin' what I'm thinkin'?

Pat Cassidy:

Fish tacos when we're done here?

Rezin snaps his fingers.

Rezin:

Heh heh... SPOT ON! Knew I could count on ya!

They charge across the ring. The arena EXPLODES!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

Fans are on their feet, proverbially throwing the babies into the air at the sight of Cassidy and Rezin hammering away on their respective Acts of DEFIANCE opponents! Malak and Ned can barely defend themselves while hanging onto the ropes.

DDK:

CASSIDY AND REZIN ARE BRINGING THE FIGHT RIGHT TO THEM!!

Finally, Pat and Rezin take either one by the back of the head and butt them into each other! Malak recoils off the impact of Ned's skull and spills out to the ringside floor! Reform avoids a similar fate, clinging to the apron thanks to an arm slung over the top rope. Unfortunately for him, Cassidy and Rezin don't intend to let him sit there, as they simultaneously grab him around the head...

DDK:

CASSIDY and REZIN with a DOUBLE SUPLEX to bring Doctor Ned Reform into the ring!

Reform gets absolutely no time to recover, as Cassidy hauls him back up by the neck and lets loose with a flurry of right hands that send The Good Doctor for a loop around the ring. All of Connecticut is cheering at the sight of their hometown representative getting the absolute tar beaten out of him!

DDK:

"Blackout" Pat Cassidy is beating the SOHER Champion from pillar to post!

Lance:

Knowing the history between these two, I have to imagine Pat is enjoying this quite a bit!

Another big right hand sends Reform rolling to canvas. As soon as he staggers back to his feet, Cassidy pushes him off the ropes and tosses him up and over with a classic backdrop! Ned's torso shoots up, his mouth agape with agony and clutching the small of his back! Pat leaves him there for a moment and walks to the ropes...

Pat Cassidy:

Malak...

The FLAKE of DEFIANCE is finally coming to on the ringside floor. As his eye comes into focus, he looks up and sees Pat sneering down at him...

...and giving him the middle finger!

DDK:

Pat Cassidy, giving his so-called "brother" a clear piece of his mind!

Lance:

Malak is fuming... but it may have been a bad idea to turn his back on Dr. Reform!

Cassidy appears to pay the price for his self-indulgence when Ned sees him with his back turned and makes a quick recovery to run up behind him and slap on a waistlock. But Pat is ready for him...

DDK:

BACK ELBOW! ANOTHER! ANOTHER! Pat slips behind... BACK BODY DRIVER on the SOHER Champion! He makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Reform kicks out!

Lance:

With absolutely no help from his partner, Malak.

DDK:

The challengers have the upper hand over the reigning champions, for the time being! Now Cassidy has Reform by the arm as he leads him over to his corner... and the tag is made to Rezin!

The crowd pops! Reform, seeing his situation devolve from bad to worse, shakes his head and waves frantically with his free hand. The Escape Artist pulls back on the top rope and SLINGSHOTS his way into the ring!

DDK:

SLINGSHOT CLOTHESLINE lays out the Good Doctor! He's back up... HIGH-ANGLE DROPKICK by Rezin puts him right back down!

Lance:

Rezin is house on fire right now, and Reform is getting a preview of what he signed up for at Acts!

DDK:

Reform back up again, but on rubber legs and in another world... and he walks right into a HURRICANRANA by Rezin that sends him head over heels! Shoudlers are down!

ONE!

TWO!

Reform gets the shoulder up!

Dr. Reform desperately claws at the mat to get away from the daredevil maniac, but Rezin has only just begun, taking by the head to bring him back up, taking him by the arm to send him in the ropes, and finally taking to the air for Ned's return...

...which, sadly, doesn't happen, as Reform hooks his arms over the top rope to stop himself. Rezin flails briefly through the air before taking a wicked landing on the mat. He shakes it off and looks up in time to see Reform taking a powder.

DDK:

Ned is getting the hell out of dodge! He just doesn't have an answer to this explosive evidence of the Goat Bastard!

Lance:

And with Malak thus far leaving him high and dry, he likely doesn't have any better option!

DDK:

Shields begins the ten count... a *very slow* and half-hearted ten count, but a count nonetheless. Reform is coming around to the other side the ring, hoping to buy himself a few second for--OH NO, MAYBE NOT!!
Ned doesn't get far. Suddenly, Rezin dives over the ropes and appears right in front of him! He tries to turn and run, but the Goat Bastard snags him by the straps of his singlet and yanks him to the ringside floor! With Reform stunned, Rezin scoops him back up and rolls him back in under the ropes.

DDK:

Dr. Reform hoped to get a breather, but his challenger at Acts of DEFIANCE wasn't about to let that happen! Rezin has him back in the ring, and now Ned desperately begs him off!

Lance:

I think they're well past the point of negotiations!

Ned backs up, his hands high in the air as he begs for mercy... but he backs right into the form of Pat Cassidy! Ned does the comical "gulp" as he realizes what's happening... and The Faithful explode as Cassidy and Rezin take turns rocking Ned with right hands! His bald head bounces like a pinball between them!!

DDK:

The SOHER is in a bad way!!

Finally, the pair of fan favorites stops their onslaught, allowing The Mad Gadget to stumble forward a few steps... and face plant into the canvas! The fans love it!

With Ned eating the ring, Pat turns to shoot daggers at Malak who is back in his corner. Malak's eyes go wide like a deer in headlights as Cassidy aggressively dares Malak to come inside and fight. Pat's brother in law teases that he's going to take him up on it... before jumping off the apron and sprinting away toward the back!

DDK:

And again, our FIST deciding to prioritize his own safety!

Lance:

But I don't think Pat is going to allow it!

Cassidy ALSO dives out of the ring and much to the delight of the fans he sprints right after Malak! The two disappear through the apron, leaving Rezin to circle the SOHer like a hungry... uh, guy who is really high.

DDK:

Two weeks ago, Rezin PINNED Ned Reform... and it looks like he might be about to repeat!

WEEOOOWEEOOOWEEOOOWEEOO!!

Rezin comes to a jolting stop as a piercing wail suddenly fills the air! Everyone looks to the ambulance driven into the arena earlier by the Good Doctor. The siren is blaring, and the lights are flashing!

DDK:

That's TA COLE BEHIND THE WHEEL!!

Back in the ring, the momentary distraction is all Dr. Reform needs to scramble up thrust his forearm up into the Goat Bastard's grisly undercarriage.

DDK:

Wait a sec... Reform with a LOW BLOW from behind, taking advantage of the distraction!

Lance:

Unbelievable...

While all this is happening, Malak reappears! He runs back DOWN the ramp with Pat in tow. The chase between Cassidy and "Cassidy" culminates with the FLAKE of DEFIANCE hopping the guardrail and streaking into the crowd. Pat is right about to follow him in and gets as far as a foot on the railing before he takes a final look back into the ring...

...and sees Reform lifting Rezin overhead, holding him for a few moments, and driving him straight down with the brainbuster!

DDK:

REFORM WITH THE SYLLABUSTER ON REZIN!!

Lance:

Cassidy has to give up this chase for now!

Pat pushes off the guardrail and hurries over to break it up...

DDK:

Reform HOOKS THE LEG!

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

NO! CASSIDY COULD NOT GET THERE IN TIME!

Lance:

Just a HAIR too late!

Cassidy dives in for an elbow, but Reform NARROWLY avoids it at the last second, powdering out the moment he hears Shields' hand slap the mat the third time! Pat powers up to his feet and kicks the ropes in frustration while an exhausted Reform stumbles away from the ring, gradually letting his moment of triumph sink in while still clutching at his back.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winners of this match, by pinfall... the team of the SOHER CHAMPION, DOCTOR NED REFORM... and the FLAKE of DEFIANCE, MAAAAAALLLAAAAAK... CASSIDYYYYYYYYYYY!!!
BBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

Ned Reform has become VERY adept at hitting The Syllabuster, his version of the brainbuster, when you least expect it. And he's pulled out another one!

Lance:

You have to wonder what this does to Rezin's morale... the champion just pinned his shoulders to the mat!

DDK:

But at ACTS of DEFIANCE, there will be no pinfalls, Lance... you have to beat someone so senseless that you can throw them in the ambulance.

Reform stumbles up the ramp, finding the SOHER laying on the ground and gripping it and throwing his head back and laughing. Malak, meanwhile, has made it nearly all the way up to the cheap seats. He stops, looking around and realizing that he's far enough away to feel safe. He suddenly hears the music playing and realizes that his team won... and his fear magically transforms into bravado. He folds the FIST high and he sees that a camera is close enough to hear him as he turns and speaks into it.

Malak Cassidy:

I warned him... this is just a taste of what I'm gonna do to my beloved brother!

Malak poses with the belt as the Faithful around him give him shit. In the ring, sitting next to Rezin, Pat catches sight of Malak's peacocking. Pat stands and sneers, nodding and talking shit that we can't hear as he stares holes through his arrogant brother-in-law.

DDK:

And we'll also see Pat Cassidy challenge Malak... Cassidy... for the FIST of DEFIANCE but also a whole heck of a lot more! Family pride is on the line!

Lance:

Cassidy/Malak! Reform/Rezin! Corvo/MP1! Burns/Ares!! Douglas/Cortez!! The Bruvs!! M4NTRA!! TOO MANY marquee matchups to name!!

DDK:

You CANNOT afford to miss ACTS of DEFIANCE, ladies and gentlemen! For Lance Warner, I'm Darren Keebler... we'll see you in BOSTON!

The final image of the show goes to the FIST... er, FLAKE... as Malak holds the belt high in all his glory as the fans around him pelt him with soda and popcorn.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.