

SHOW OPEN



19,580 strong in Boston, Massachusetts welcome ACTS of DEFIANCE to the TD Garden!

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!

***NIGHT 1 CHANGED ME ON A METAPHYSICAL LEVEL AND I'M SCARED HOW NIGHT 2 WILL IMPACT ME,
MY RELATIONSHIPS, AND MY PROFESSIONAL LIFE***

THE D PUT THE D IN THE D

WAIT... NO, THAT ISN'T WHAT I MEANT

RAIN CITY OR BUST

MONEY SUCKS

ALL SATO, ALL DAY

THE FRENCH CONNECTION ARE NEITHER FRENCH OR A CONNECTION; DISCUSS!

ELISE IS THE ONE TRUE QUEEN OF THE RING, I SAID IT

BURNS BLOOOOOOOOOOWS (blows is spread across seven signs held by seven fans)

TYLER IS MY LEAST FAVORITE FUSE

NO BRUV, NO LUV

MP1 IS THE LONELIEST NUMBER

CORVO-CUT THAT HOE

OH BROTHER vs BROTHER

DR. SATO IS MORE OF A DOCTOR THAN NED REFORM

OSCAR SUCKS

KLEIN IS MY SPIRIT ANIMAL

IF MALAK IS A SNOWFLAKE, WHY HASNT ANYONE USED A FLAME THROWER!?

STRAIGHT VIBIN'

WHAT IF I TOLD YOU UNDER THE MASK MIL IS UGLY?

YOU CANT GET BLOOD FROM A DIAMOND. STUPID

ALL BRUV ALL LUV

CORVO ALPHA > MP-WHINE

SIGNS ARE CURRENCY

AND WE ARE RICH

THE BLOOD DIAMONDS ARE BAD FOR BUSINESS

We go to the announce team, Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

FAVORED SAINTS: THE D (C) vs. LONNIE LUCK

DDK:

Night One was off the charts for ACTS of DEFIANCE but tonight's action can certainly top that! To kick off the show we have the Favored Saints Title on the line! The D has been a fighting champ, but he has a challenger that has been demanding his respect. The D will defend the title against Lonnie Luck of the Lucky Sevens!

Lance:

The rivalry between the Phenoms and the Sevens goes all the way back to 2020! Tiger encampment matches! Unified Tag Titles! Madison Square Garden! Mexico! They've fought everywhere! Both teams are tag team icons in DEFIANCE Wrestling, but tonight, it is Lonnie Luck who is after a championship to call his own!

DDK:

When PCP was defending the Unified Tag Team championships against both the Sevens and M4NTRA, The D practically ignored Lonnie Luck during that whole time. But after The D won his first singles title in DEFIANCE Wrestling, Lonnie made it known he'd come after the title and win the veteran's respect by winning the title!

Lance:

Lonnie and Mason Luck beat Klein and The D in a tag team match for him to earn the shot, followed by Lonnie scoring a singles win over Mark Shields. He is primed and ready to go and it would be a bad move if The D continues to underestimate the kid called the Pocket Ace!

The introduction of the Lucky Sevens plays on the DEFIatron and the fans are going crazy!

LUCK DYNASTY
2X DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions
2X DEFIANTS of the Year
DEFIANCE'S Hottest Tag Team
&

YOUR NEXT FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPION!!!

♪ "Desperado" by Me First and the Gimme Gimmes ♪

The individual theme plays for the third member of the Lucky Sevens! Lonnie Luck jumps out from behind the curtain and lands with both feet on the stage to kick off Acts of DEFIANCE night two! Behind him, the Twin Terrors of DEFIANCE, Mason and Max Luck, are in their fancy green and red plaid suits and sunglasses. Lonnie is wearing new shiny white tights with varying playing card designs running down both legs. Lonnie earns dabs from both of his cousins and then he flies down the aisle at a breakneck pace to end up sliding inside the ring!

♪ "Return of the Mack" by Mark Morrison ♪

The lights dim to reveal just a light pink hue on the DEF curtain. Stepping out from the back moonwalking is The D, Favored Saints Championship wrapped backwards on his waist so it faces the camera. As the D spins, he spins the belt around his waist, and then unravels it, raising the belt high to the Faithful. Klein steps out behind cheering and waving as the D saunters down the entrance rampway, oozing Mack Daddy energy.

DDK:

The D here opening up Night 2, it's a tone setter to open a show, isn't it?

Lance:

Without a doubt. Both men have a lot to prove tonight. The D is criminally underrated in that ring, and Lonnie has a lot of promise. This could be a coming out party for the youngest Luck.

The D climbs up onto the ring apron and moonwalks a few steps, then turns to Lonnie in the ring. He blows him raspberries, as Klein holds open the top and middle ropes. The D slips inside and climbs the hard camera's

turnbuckle. He raises the FS title high.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is the opening bout of ACTS of DEFIANCE Night 2 and this match is for the Favored!!! Saints!!! Championship!!!

The D rolls his eyes hearing DARREN announce. He hops off the buckles and clutches his FS title to his chest.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first the challenger! He represents the Lucky Sevens! Accompanied to the ring this evening by Mason and Max Luck! From Sin City weighing in at one-hundred and seventy-one pounds ... "The Pocket Ace"
LOOOONNNIIIIIEEEEE!!! LUCCCCCK!!!

Lonnie Luck holds out an Ace of Spades card in his hand. He looks at The D and throws the card hitting him right in the chest!

The D shouts that he should be disqualified. Darren ignores him.

DDK:

Can Lonnie Luck follow in the footsteps of his cousins and continue to be a thorn in the side of the Pop Culture Phenoms? Or is The D remaining in the director's chair?

Lance:

Not bad.

DDK:

Thank you. Right off the cuff tonight!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Portland, Oregon.

The D shouts and tries to get Quimbey to adjust but Darren ignores him.

DDK:

The D, is typically billed from California...

Quimbey:

The Director of one of the worst movie franchises of all time!

DDK:

That's fair.

Lance:

It really is.

Darren Quimbey:

And the least effective member of the Pop Culture Phenoms, yet... The Favored Saints Champ, SOMEHOW! HE IS.
THE DICK JOKE!

The D looks wide eyed at Quimbey who quickly exits the ring. The D grabs at his hair and tugs as he drops the FS title to Klein. Klein catches it and rushes to the time keeper's corner, as the D turns to face Quimbey, before looking straight at Lonnie.

DING DING

DDK:

POCKET ACE! POCKET ACE ON A STUNNED D! Fastcounini slides in!

Everyone is in shock! Every single person! Mason! Max! The audience!

DDK:

WHAT A START TO NIGHT TWO WE COULD HAVE TONIGHT!

Lonnie jumps over and right into the cover!

One!

Two!

TH-NO! Foot on the ropes!

DDK:

Oh boy! We almost had a new Favored Saints Champ!

Lance:

If it wasn't for Klein putting the D's leg on the bottom rope, we would have!

The D slips out of the ring and is held upright by Klein as they regroup.

DDK:

You noticed that as Lonnie hit the buckles the D grabbed the top rope too. That kept him from impacting closer to the center of the ring and may have just saved his championship reign!

Lance:

That's the significant advantage of experience the D has, coming in clutch!

Klein shrugs at Lonnie as Lonnie laments pinning the D so close to the ropes. The Lucky Sevens on the outside shout and encourage him on. The D slips back into the ring and fights to his feet. Lonnie leans in, and the D rolls him in a small package.

One.

Two.

Kickout! Both men rush to their feet and the two men lock up right away but The D takes a fired up Lonnie over with an arm drag having some extra snap on it. Lonnie is back up off the mat but a second arm drag takes The D to the mat.

Lance:

You can feel how much these two do not like each other! This has been brewing for months now and tonight, something has to give!

DDK:

That it does! The D hits a third arm drag!

The D holds Lonnie in place by trying to secure an arm bar but the Pocket Ace rolls up and then goes the scrappier route by getting up and then taking The D off the mat with a back heel trip going right into a headlock that ranks an 8 on the Butcher Victorious scale. He squeezes The D with a pun that is very much intended by the Director of DEFIANCE gets a leg up for a leg scissors around Lonnie's head forcing him to break.

Lonnie jumps at The D and uses a flying snap mare to roll him over and when he gets up, a hammerlock is placed on

him. He holds the hammer lock tightly but The D starts to wiggle around. Luck holds him but The D runs a circle around the ring and then sends Lonnie for a spill through the ropes and then he lands on the floor outside the ring.

DDK:

Great mat wrestling by these two men but that was an even greater counter by The D to escape that hammerlock!

Lance:

The D has something up his sleeve now!

The D jumps and slides through the ropes and hits Lonnie Luck with a baseball slide. Lonnie is down at ringside but the Director of DEFIANCE has something for him and that is an asai moonsault off the middle rope!

DDK:

That was a great asai moonsault from The D! Lonnie Luck started things off as fierce as can be with the Pocket Ace cutter so The D is doing the same!

Lance:

I think you're right on that! He's got Lonnie back in the ring and he's going up top!

Lonnie Luck is laid out in front of the top turnbuckle and The D is there to greet him up top. He looks over to Max and Mason Luck outside the ring, waves, then hits the B Movie frog splash!

DDK:

You weren't kidding! These are big moves this early in the match and The D covers to retain the Favored Saints championship!

The D has a leg hooked as well!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Lonnie kicks out first!

Lance:

The D has spent the last four months dismissing Lonnie Luck but he knows how serious he is about his first title.

DDK:

The fact he went for these moves first tells us all we need to know.

The Director of DEFIANCE has Lonnie to his feet. A whip is waiting for Lonnie and The D goes up after him, but Lonnie is able to jump on the middle rope and then jump backwards and that sends The D face first into the turnbuckle. Lonnie runs up the corner and when he gets to the top rope he jumps with a high angle moonsault and he lands directly on ... his opponent!

DDK:

Now it's Lonnie's turn to get some big air off a big move! That's the Super Satellite!

Lonnie hooks both legs after the high angle moonsault crossbody!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

The D kicks out of the Super Satellite! But wait! Lonnie is at it again!

When The D crawls to all fours to get up, Lonnie cuts him off first and uses an Oklahoma roll first!

One ...

Two ...

Kickout!!!

The D kicks out again! Mason and Max watch their cousin look at the referee and question the count.

DDK:

Lonnie is doing his best, but The D has that much more poise as a big-match player. He's gotta stay on offense and not question the referee.

Luck gets cheers from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful when he grabs The D's wrist to maintain control of the situation. He snaps the champion over onto his back, but The D flips forward to reverse the momentum to give it back to himself. Now The D is in control of the wrist again and then uses a hair pull to drag Lonnie back to the mat!

Lance:

You may question his tactics, but that's always how PCP play whether they are cheered or hated!

DDK:

But wait!

Lonnie nips up to his feet and then impresses even the twins when he grabs the arm ... and *bites!* The D's arm to cheers as well! The D shouts about cheating.

DDK:

But Lonnie fights like a Luck, too! His cousins have taught him this! It's what ultimately turned the tide for Lonnie in that tag match where he pinned Klein to earn this title shot!

He kicks The D with a low back kick, spins around and then plants him face first with a jumping sit-out face buster!

Lance:

Lonnie's unorthodox offense of brawling and flying may be the X-Factor he needs!

DDK:

That kid's trying to get the 1-2-3!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Another kickout shocks Lonnie!

Lance:

A lot of near falls to open tonight's show, but this is what is important to both men. Both men want to show what they can do and this is how much the Favored Saints title means to the both of them!

The D is picked up by Lonnie, but the D stuns him with a knife edge chop to the chest! Two more chops land right smack dab into Lonnie's chest. The D sends Lonnie for the ride against the ropes and he strikes the buckles hard. He turns and is met with D in your Face! The stinger splash leads to Lonnie being pulled from the corner and then getting hit with a corkscrew vertical suplex out of the corner!

DDK:

Great combination, but will it be enough to keep the title?

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Luck kicks out again in a flurry, then boxes his arms in the air before he falls to the mat. The D looks at Jonny Fastcountini, and then dive son top.

One...

Two...

Kickout! The D spins Lonnie onto his back and wrenches in a rear headlock, slowing down the tempo. He looks out at the cheering Faithful, all who feel behind the Lucks and Lonnie in particular. They roar as the Lucks cheer on Lonnie, and the FS challenger rises and fights to his feet. Elbow, another, and then a third breaks the now side headlock. Luck off the far ropes, baseball slides underneath the D's legs. Lonnie's quicker to his feet than the D is to spin, as Luck hooks the D in a $\frac{3}{4}$ facelock. He charges to the corner.

Only for the D to shove him chest first into the buckles.

DDK:

Lonnie was going for another Pocket Ace, but the D had it well scouted!

Lance:

Lonnie is just hung up to dry!

Luck back bridges from the buckles and winds up in a second rope pseudo tree of woe. Quickly, the D pounces, stomping the chest and head of Lonnie repeatedly. After a few moments, in a fit of habit, The D makes the blind tag above his head. And then he continues stomping.

DDK:

The D doing his version of the Blacklist, a move made infamous by PCP throughout their careers. They'd routinely fake a tag behind the official's back.

Lance:

You can't take the tag team outta the tag team wrestler Darren.

The D does another clap above his head, and as he tries to stomp Lonnie, Luck back rolls out of the way. The D stomps nothing, and turns and eats a dropkick. And then another. And finally a third sends the D into a seated position.

DDK:

Triple Barrel from Lonnie! And now he's sizing the D up!

Lonnie Luck charges toward the D in the corner and just sits on him in an ode to a bronco buster. No bucking like riding an ox, just straight up impact as the D's breath is taken out of his lungs. Lonnie pulls him out of the corner and dives on top, hooking the leg.

One.

Two.

This time, the D gets his own leg on the bottom rope.

Lonnie slams his palms into the mat. Mason and Max from the outside urge him on to stay on top of the fallen defending champ. Klein reaches out to try to communicate but he only sees the D with stars and birds floating around his noggin.

Klein climbs onto the apron to tell Jonny to take a look at the D. As Lonnie takes a few steps forth, the D just uppercuts his balls.

Taking the air out of the Faithful.

DDK:

Oooh!

Lance:

Da-Dick-Punch-ah! With... a most tepid reaction.

DDK:

The Faithful did not like that and they are letting the D know.

Now Mason and Max are on the apron, shouting at Klein to get down and for the official to gain some order. The D looks over and sees Klein hop off the apron, and sees what happened. He goes over to the Luck twins, and tries to explain that he was trying for a blatant low blow.

Which, is still not okay.

But it doesn't matter as the crowd is swept up when Lonnie Luck school boys the D from behind!

One...

Two...

Thr-NO! The D powers out. Lonnie is quick to his feet and races off the far ropes. He hits the D with a wheelbarrow headscissors and lands in front of the D, hooking him for the STO. The D hits an elbow to break up the Burn Card, spinning and hooking Lonnie for Contractual Obligation. Luck with an elbow of his own to break the hold, and, BOTH MEN poke each other's eyes!

Blinded, the D swings wildly, missing, and Lonnie does the same. After a moment, the two rush toward one another, but Lonnie avoids a grapple from the D. He leaps onto the middle rope for an asai moonsault, but the D does a SPLIT to avoid the aerial assault as Lonnie splats face first on the canvas. As Luck rolls onto his back, the D moonwalks to him and splashes with a moonsault into a cover!

One.

Two...

No! Luck gets his shoulder up as Fastcountini's not exactly his namesake. The D makes him know it, trying to show him how to count to three.

DDK:

And now the D is probably wondering what it's going to take to put down a motivated Lonnie Luck. He's tried just about everything Lance, and the kid just keeps coming!

Lance:

This is an opportunity of a lifetime for Lonnie. It's going to take more than ever to keep him down for three!

The D lifts Lonnie to his feet. He hits a standing ddt, then lifts Lonnie and hits a lifting DDT. The D hooks Lonnie again and lifts him, dropping him in a quick brainbuster for the Triple D-DT. Lonnie sprawls out in the vitruvian pose as the D dives on top.

One.

Two.

Kickout! Max slaps the canvas edge in adrenaline as Mason claps Lonnie on. The Faithful swell as Luck fights to his feet. The D goes for a right, but Lonnie blocks it, and catches the D with a quick jab. The D tries another right, but Luck blocks and hits another jab. And another. And another, sending the D into the ropes. Irish whip off the other side, drop toe hold by Lonnie. Luck off the far side and hits a dropkick just as the D raises his head. The D clutches his jaw and rolls completely out of the ring. Luck measures him up, and rushes toward ropes facing the D.

DDK:

Bank Roll! To the outside takes The D out! Lonnie lands on his feet and throws his hands skyward!

Klein stands there and looks down Lonnie. Luck has a grin on his face, and extends his hand to Klein. Klein takes it and shakes his hand to a roar of approval! Quickly, Lonnie grabs the D and tosses him under the bottom rope. Luck climbs onto the apron and awaits for the Director of DEFIANCE to rise to his feet. Once he does.

Lance:

Lonnie just sprang into the ring, on the middle rope, and caught the D with a beautiful Bluff Catcher! That might be it Darren!

One...

Two...

Thr-NO! The D barely gets a shoulder up. Now, Lonnie questions Jonni's count, slapping his hand three times. The Lonni Dart lifts the D to his feet and hooks him in a $\frac{3}{4}$ headlock. He rushes toward the turnbuckle.

But the D school boys him.

One.

Two...

Three!

DING DING DING

Lonnie barely kicks out a second late as the D scrambles out of the pin. Stunned, he facepalms his own forehead as his music begins to play.

♪ *"Return of the Mack" by Mark Morrison* ♪

The D stands to his feet as Jonni Fastcountini retrieves the Favored Saints Championship. Lonnie Luck stares up at the D, despondent. Mason and Max try to cheer him on the outside, but he seems to have none of it.

Until the D leans in, and extends his hand.

Lonnie reluctantly takes it, shaking and nodding to the D. The D raises Lonnie's hand to the Faithful and spins to the camera.

DDK:

An incredible show of sportsmanship from the D here tonight Lance.

Lance:

Lonnie earned it Darren. He took the D to the limit from the jump and demanded respect. Then he earned it.

Mason and Max hop onto the apron, as Klein does on the opposite side. The Lucky Sevens look at Lonnie, enter, and Max grabs him into a noogie. Mason looks at the D, who tells Mason Lonnie's a star. It's just, easier to mess with the young bucks.

Mason smiles, as the D extends his hand. The two embrace, hugging in the ring. Klein does the same to Max, before all four men turn to Lonnie. Klein, Max and Mason lift Lonnie up onto their shoulders, as the D claps and points to the Pocket Ace.

DDK:

He may not have won tonight Lance, but this was definitely a coming out party for the youngest Luck Brother.

Lance:

Lonnie has not only shown his colors here as a true talent, but he's united two of the most diverse teams in this organization. PCP and the Lucky Sevens have never been on the same page, but tonight? It's all water under the bridge.

The D looks over to see Lonnie held up by his best friend and the Lucks. He just smiles, and clutches the FS title close to his chest. The rest of the focus is on Lonnie Luck, celebrating his big time moment on the grandest stage, carried and paraded by his cadre of supporters.

RAIN CITY RONIN vs. MONEY TALKS

DDK:

The action continues on this second night of Acts of DEFIANCE as we move into tag team action! The rising Rain City Ronin look to settle their grudge against a team of BRAZEN champions, Felton Bigsby and Adrian Payne, better known as Money Talks!

Lance:

This all kicked off after a flagrant backstage attack following a match involving both of these teams. Since then, the animosity has only amplified every time these two teams cross paths. It came down to DEFIANCE legend Bronson Box and the returning Kerry Kuroyama to step in on behalf of both teams and set up a tornado rules tag match for both sides to finally settle their differences.

DDK:

The Ronin, Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett, have demonstrated strength through silence. But this could be a chance for the Blood Diamonds for flex their growing strength in DEFIANCE with a win from their prime enforcers! Let's head down to the ring, where Vince Jacobs is standing ready!

The houselights come down, enshrouding the stage in black. Then, a familiar arpeggiating guitar lick hits the PA.

♪ "Nobody Speak" by DJ Shadow feat. Run the Jewels ♪

The beat hits, prompting a single bright overhead light to shine down on a fixed point on the stage. The light reveals the outlines of three figures standing in a row, backs to the audience and heads tilted down. Slowly, they turn to face the camera... revealing the trio of ZACK DAYMON, LEO BURNETT, and KERRY KUROYAMA

"Picture this, I'm a bag of dicks, put me to your lips
"I am sick, I will punch a baby bear in his shit
"Give me lip, I'ma send you to the yard, get a stick,
"Make a switch, I can end a conversation real quick"

Daymon and Burnett are wearing new tights with the Doug tree color trio of green-white-and-blue on the regular black. Kuroyama is wearing a tracksuit in the same palette. Taking in the cheering crowd for a moment, they slowly raise their right fists into the air in synchronized movements.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is a TORNADO TAG TEAM MATCH scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, accompanied by "The Pacific Blitzkrieg"... they weigh in at a combined four-hundred and fifty five pounds... they are ZACK DAYMON and LEO BURNETT... the RAIN CITY ROOOONIIIIIIIIIIIN!!

"I am crack, I ain't lying, kick a lion in his crack
"I'm the shit, I will fall off in your crib, take a shit
"Pinch your momma on the booty, kick your dog, fuck your bitch
"Fat boy dressed up like he's Santa and took pictures with your kids"

Daymon and Burnett break free from their flanking positions at Kuroyama's shoulders and begin striding down the rampway, side by side. They extend arms to either side of the barricade, slapping hands while staying focused. The intensity etched in their faces doesn't falter for even a second.

"We the best, we will cut a frowny face in your chest
"Little wench, I'm unmentionably fresh
"I'm a mensch, get correct, I will walk into a court while erect
"Screaming 'Yes! I am guilty, motherfuckers! I am death!'"

Daymon and Burnett hop to the apron together and step through the ropes.

“Aye... you wanna hear a good joke?
“Nobody speak, nobody get choked!”

Practically mirror images of one another, Zack and Leo drop to single knees and FLEX, while green, white, and blue fountain pyros erupt in the ring behind them.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, it would appear we are being joined right now by Kerry Kuroyama!

We cut over to the commentation station for a moment to witness Kuroyama putting himself into the empty seat and putting on a headset.

DDK:

Kerry?

Kerry Kuroyama:

Darren. Lance. Figured I'd pick up Angus duty tonight. Unless I'm intruding?

Lance:

Not at all. In fact, it might be beneficial for us to have some speak on behalf of the masters of the “shut up and wrestle” philosophy.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Well... I wouldn't think that's the kind of philosophy that would require much explanation. Unfortunately, there are some people in DEFIANCE who need it spelled out for them.

♪ “C.R.E.A.M.” by Wu-Tang Clan ♪

DDK:

And here comes the opposition!

The Blood Diamonds' regular video package hits the DEFIATron while the stage lights up in sanguine red. Spotlights hit the entry-way. In the ring, Zack and Leo stand ready for anything. Quimbey allows a few moments to pass before raising the mic to make the introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponents, representing the Blood Diamonds organization... they are the team of BRAZEN Champion, “Houston Strong” Felton Bigsby, and BRAZEN Onslaught Champion, “The Problem Solver” Adrian Payne... please welcome, MONEY TAAAAAALLLS!

The crowd jeers at the name mention, but there's nobody to hear it. Felton and Adrian have yet to step through the curtain, while their music continues to play out.

DDK:

Am I missing something? Where are Bigsby and Payne?

Lance:

A bit slow getting from the Blood Diamonds suit to the stage entrance, I'm assuming.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I don't know, something smells like Pike Place here...

Daymon and Burnett pace the ring and stare at the entrance, getting increasingly impatient. But by the time they realize what's afoot, it's too late: Felton Bigsby and Adrian Payne slide into the ring behind them, blasting the back of their heads with running forearms.

DDK:

Oh wait, BLOOD MONEY FROM BEHIND following the sneak attack! Navarro is cueing for the bell!

DING DING

Bigsby and Payne continue their assault, peppering both Daymon and Burnett with heavy overhead strikes and splitting the two of them apart. "Houston Strong" forces Zack into a corner and goes to town on his face, while across the ring, the Onslaught Champion takes Burnett by the head and chokes him down over the top rope.

DDK:

Money Talks is already starting things off with the upper hand after blindsiding the Ronin before the bell!

Kerry Kuroyama:

Typical cowardly tactics...

Lance:

This match is beginning the same way this drama began, with Money Talks attacking without warning.

Payne throws Burnett from the ring, leaving Daymon alone for a double-team assault. The powerhouses work him over with an assault of rights and lefts from every angle. With Zack sufficiently dazed, Felton and Adrian take him by the arms and send him across the ring with a double Irish whip.

DDK:

Daymon collides with the corner off the double whip... and a double CLOTHESLINE puts him to the mat!

Lance:

Oof... something tells me Money Talks are going to take every advantage of these tornado tag rules.

DDK:

Payne makes the cover while Bigsby keeps watch!

One!

Two!

Daymon kicks out!

Burnett manages to roll back into the ring, but is immediately stomped upon by "Houston Strong". Felton picks him up as Payne does the same with Daymon. Bigsby scoop slams Burnett onto his back, followed by Payne scooping Daymon and dropping him across his partner's chest. Bigsby and Payne flex to the crowd, drawing heavy jeers.

DDK:

Money Talks have been on top of things since the beginning. What do the Rain City Ronin have to do to turn this match in their favor, Kerry?

Kerry Kuroyama:

...honestly? I couldn't tell you. I think my boys are in some serious trouble here.

DDK:

Really?!

Kerry Kuroyama:

Look, you can believe me when I tell you that Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett are two of, if not the best tag team wrestlers in DEFIANCE right now. But that, of course, is in a typical tag setting. This... isn't quite their forte.

Lance:

You make an interesting point, Kerry. In a tornado rules setting, a pair of savage pitbulls like Bigsby and Payne might have the advantage over a disciplined and methodical team like the Ronin.

Money Talks work together, pulling Burnett off the mat and sending him to the corner with a double Irish whip. Daymon comes up next and gets sent the same way... only for Leo to duck at the last second and send his partner safely to the apron with an overhead throw.

DDK:

Burnett sends Daymon out of harm's way, but now Felton Bigsby sends Payne in after him... BIG SPLASH HITS NOTHING BUT BUCKLES!

Burnett drops down and rolls to the apron at the last second, leaving Payne staggering and clutching his chest. Bigsby hurries to him, but before he gets there, Leo and Zack slingshot themselves off the apron and come diving back into the ring together.

DDK:

STEREO DROPKICKS by the Rain City Ronin, catching Adrian Payne right in the chest! Payne falls into Bigsby, and they go down!

Kerry Kuroyama:

Now's their chance!

Felton and Adrian push away from one another and scramble to their feet. They look up in time to see an airborne Zack Daymon pouncing at them, and quickly snatch him out of the air. But while they hold him in place, Leo Burnett suddenly torpedoes himself under his partner's legs with his arms outstretched, cutting Bigsby and Payne down to size.

DDK:

Daymon with a DOUBLE FLATLINER on Felton Bigsby and Adrian Payne, with the assist from Leo Burnett!

Lance:

The Rain City Ronin might be finding their groove here.

Kerry Kuroyama:

They have. But they've still got a long road ahead of them.

Bigsby and Payne roll either way off the impact. Zack and Leo see how they're positioned, look to one another, and without a word, run in opposite directions. They rebound just as Money Talks are pushing their way to their feet, Daymon delivering a double-stomp to Payne and Burnett delivering the same to Bigsby. They use either man as launching pads, with Zack coming down with an elbow across the back of Felton's head and Leo dropping one of his own on Adrian.

DDK:

DOUBLE STOMPS and DOUBLE ELBOWS!! The Rain City Ronin are working like a well-oiled machine in there! Daymon makes the pin on Bigsby!

One!

Two!

Kickout! But now Navarro sees Burnett covering Payne!

One!

Two -- ANOTHER kickout!

Kerry Kuroyama:

Too bad the ref can't be in two places at once.

Burnett and Daymon realize they have to isolate one, and choose Adrian to send through the ropes to the outside. Unfortunately, they don't see Payne's hand grab the bottom rope before he spills out onto the floor. Zack and Leo redirect their attention to Bigsby, who rises up and comes at the former with a big running lariat!

DDK:

Daymon ducks a clothesline... Burnett catches Felton with a boot to the gut! He hoists HOUSTON STRONG UP for a POWERBOMB --

Lance:

Eyes on ZACK DAYMON!

Daymon springboards off the ropes just as Burnett brings Bigsby down with the powerbomb, dropping him into a picture-perfect CUTTER that gets a massive pop from the crowd.

DDK:

WHAT A DOUBLE TEAM MANEUVER! A powerbomb-cutter combo that has laid out the BRAZEN Heavyweight Champion FLAT in the ring!

Kerry Kuroyama:

To be honest, that's a new one to me. These guys are pretty adept and coming up with something on the fly.

DDK:

Burnett rolling Bigsby up into a double-leg cradle... and Daymon STACKS UP ON HIM!

ONE!

TWO!

BROKEN UP by Adrian Payne! That was a close one!

Lance:

They mistakenly thought professional powerlifter was out of the picture, but that was not the case.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Still, smart thinking by stacking up on the pin. Every last pound counts against these guys.

Burnett and Daymon rally themselves back up, but Payne knocks Leo aside with a back-handed chop and puts Zack to the mat with a stiff headbutt. With Daymon on the mat, Adrian seizes him around the waist and lifts him up...

DDK:

Adrian Payne is looking for a DEADLIFT SUPLEX here! Look at that strength!

Daymon slowly comes to, but finds that his feet have already left the mat. Much to Payne's surprise, his feet leave the mat as well..

DDK:

Hold on, now LEO BURNETT has Adrian Payne around the waist... and HE'S GOT HIM UP!!

Kerry Kuroyama:

Look at that strength.

The crowd is roaring at the sight of Burnett holding up the weight of two people... until Felton Bigsby slips up behind him and joins in

DDK:

NOW BIGSBY!!

Kerry Kuroyama:

Looks like we have a Human Suplexipede on our hands, gentlemen!

SLAM!!

DDK:

FELTON BIGSBY GERMAN SUPLEXES THE WHOLE CONGA LINE! BODIES ARE ROLLING EVERYWHERE!

Lance:

Unreal!

"THIS-IS-AWE-SOME!!" CLAP! CLAP! CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!!

"THIS-IS-AWE-SOME!!" CLAP! CLAP! CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!!

Bigsby is the only man left standing. He is spent, but still powering on, taking a bounce off the ropes and dropping right into a lateral press across the chest of Zack Daymon.

DDK:

"Houston Strong" with the SPLASH, and he hooks the LEG!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE--

NNNNOOOO!!! Daymon pops the shoulder up!

Lance:

The Rain City Ronin aren't out of this yet.

The camera cuts briefly to the commentation station. Kuroyama is silent, watching the action play out with intense focus.

In the ring, Bigsby helps the Onslaught Champion up to his feet, and the two come up with a plan of action on the spot. They go after Burnett, while his partner Daymon is far away on the opposite side of the ring, fumbling for the ropes to pull himself up. Leo is brought to his feet and sent in motion with a double whip.

DDK:

Money Talks are in a prime position once more! Here goes Leo Burnett into the ropes... and Bigsby and Payne greet him with a DOUBLE FLAPJACK to drop him on his chest! Payne making the cover now, while Bigsby goes to deal with Zack Daymon!

ONE!

TWO!!

THR--NO!! Burnett kicks out!

Kerry Kuroyama:

Come on...

Zack has rolled out to the apron and managed to pull himself back up. He looks in time to see Bigsby bearing down on him, and NARROW ducks in time to avoid an axe-handle coming for his face. He counters instead with a high kick that catches Felton on the bridge of the nose, sending him reeling. Seeing an opportunity, Zack goes to the top rope.

DDK:

Daymon with the kick, and now going up top... jumps off with a DIVING BULLDOG --

...but Bigsby doesn't go down! He holds Daymon in place, ready to bring him to the mat... but at the last second, Zack's free legs scissor around the head of the nearby Adrian Payne! But either of Money Talks can react, Daymon twists, and sends both sprawling to the mat!

DDK:

DOWN GO Bigsby and Payne! Zack Daymon is single-handedly turning this around!

Zack helps Leo to his feet. They quickly go to work, bringing the BRAZEN Heavyweight Champion to his feet and leaning him up against the ropes.

DDK:

Daymon and Burnett could be thinking to--

Kerry Kuroyama:

Look out!

At the last second, Leo looks behind him, and shoves Zack aside while also falling out of the way... just as Adrian Payne comes charging in! Before he can stop himself, his running shoulder tackle DRILLS his partner Bigsby right in the breadbasket, sending him spilling through the ropes!

DDK:

Bigsby and Payne COLLIDE...

Lance:

And there goes Felton to the outside!

Kerry Kuroyama:

Move! Move!

Payne stands stunned... leaving himself open to Burnett hooking both of his arms behind him. "The Iceman" shows he's quite a lifter himself, bringing him into the air with a double-chickenwing lift. A moment later, Daymon throws himself into the ropes and springboards himself up to Payne's level...

DDK:

RAIN CITY REVENGE!!

Kerry Kuroyama:

Got it!

DDK:

Daymon with the cover on Payne! Burnett on his BACK! Bigsby is NOWHERE close to breaking this up!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Nobody Speak" by DJ Shadow feat. Run the Jewels ♪

Burnett and Daymon roll off of Payne. They take a moment to sit on the mat and stare at each other, completely exhausted. Navarro helps them to their feet and raises their arms in victory, followed by the two embracing.

DDK:

A triumphant and emotional victory for the Rain City Ronin here tonight, getting sweet retribution against the team that's been hounding them these recent months!

Lance:

Credit to the defeated here, Felton Bigsby and Adrian Payne brought all of the power and savagery that made them champions in BRAZEN here tonight. But the synergy and strategy between Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett overcame everything they threw at them.

DDK:

I'm sure you're pleased with this result, Kerry!

Kerry Kuroyama:

"Pleased" doesn't do the feeling justice, Darren. I'm ecstatic! Zack and Leo have become everything we could have ever wanted to produce in the Dojo. I'm glad they're finding their way together... and I have no doubt that it will one day take them straight to the top.

Lance:

Does this settle things between the three of you and the Blood Diamonds organization?

Kerry Kuroyama:

...I think that remains to be seen, Lance. But what's clear tonight, however, is that while money may talk, the Rain City Ronin wrestle. And if either Bronson Box or Edward White have anything to say about that after this result... my door is

always open. Now, if you'll excuse me, guys... I have a celebration to get to.

DDK:

Naturally!

Kuroyama removes his headset and stands up from the commentation station, going to the ring to join the victors. Bigsby and Payne regroup at ringside, trying to figure out what went wrong and leaving in disgust.

DDK:

The Rain City Ronin put another notch in their belts with this victory tonight! Where do they go from here, Lance?

Lance:

It's been a steady climb so far for Leo Burnett and Zack Daymon. I can't help but think they have eyes for the Unified Tag Team Championships.

DDK:

I'm inclined to agree. It will be interesting to see how the Ronin and Kuroyama move forward after this win. For right now, ladies and gentlemen, let's keep this show rolling!

ATOMIC PUNKS vs. THE FRENCH CONNECTION

♪ "Le Boob Oscillator" by Stereolab ♪

The crowd boos as the 90s indie pop anthem (the antithesis of wrestling fan taste) plays. The DEFiatron shows imagery of French at its finest -- baguettes, the Eiffel Tower, those shirts with the stripes, Napoleon, before ending with the flying tri-colored French flag.

The French Connection -- "The New Flying Frenchman" Jean-Pierre de la Reeves and Raiden -- come out alongside Madame Melton, waving miniature French flags while wearing a gown in French flag colors. Raiden wears his usual snarl and sleeveless shirt that reads "CAUSE OF CONCUSSIONS" on the front.

Reeves, tonight, is decked out. To the nines. He's wearing a beret bedazzled in the French flag colors, a go-tee that screams extra annoying, shirtless, French flag trunks, French flag colored boots, and a French flag-themed cape with a lengthy 10-foot trail best fit for a royal wedding.

DDK:

Melton looks like the cat ate the canary in her starlet's glory!

Lance:

But she's truly dangerous -- especially after the results of last night's thriller in JJ Dixon's loss to Brock Newbludd that saw her placed in a cage above the ring! You know she wants revenge.

♪ "Atomic Punk" by Van Halen ♪

The familiar "brushing" sounds from the guitar of the late Eddie Van Halen fill the TD Garden, as do the glowing spotlights amid the darkness that come with the arrival of DEFIANCE's resident Mad Science Queen and her band of brolic beastly brawlers.

Lance:

And here comes a team with no love lost for Madame Melton or the Gems!

Emerging from the smoke are the irradiated warriors themselves, Fission and Gigaton, looking ready for battle, and flanking them, of course, is their ringleader, Dr. Ayumi Sato herself. But this time, she is not her usual grinning, cackling self.

This time, she is absolutely PISSED.

DDK:

This match has been in the making for some time, as Dr. Ayumi Sato and Madame Melton have been at each other's throats for many reasons, and at long last, their respective teams will settle their differences.

The Punks steadily march to the ring, as Dr. Sato keeps a death glare on Madame Melton at ringside.

Lance:

Their rivalry came to a head at DEFtv 208, in which the Atomic Punks AND Dr. Sato were ambushed by the French Connection; and thus, the challenge was laid, which brings us to tonight, at Acts of DEFIANCE!

In the Punks' corner, Fission talks strategy with Gigaton, who is standing on the apron, while Dr. Sato dramatically gestures and gesticulates to her men, while Reeves sees an opportunity as referee Hector Navarro calls for the bell.

DING DING

Reeves STORMS out of his corner towards Fission, who almost nonchalantly steps out of the way, causing Reeves to eat turnbuckle! Seeing an opening, Fission gets low and rolls Jean-Pierre Reeves up by the legs, putting his weight over the legs for a roll-up as Navarro rushes in to count the fall!

ONE!

TWO!

...

...

...THREE?!

DING DING DING

Reeves manages to kick out just a *little* too late, as Madame Melton looks on in horror. Hector Navarro raises Fission's hand, the smaller Atomic Punk looking up at him in a mix of confusion and satisfaction.

DDK:

The Atomic Punks have stunned the match in the early goings!

Dr. Sato can be heard cackling with glee, sneering at Madame Melton as she rolls into the ring to celebrate with her Punks! Gigaton lets out a triumphant roar as "Atomic Punk" begins to play once more!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, your winners... THE! ATOMIIIIIIIIIIIC... PUNKS!!!

Melton's mouth drops wide as she slithers into the ring. Reeves has tears on his eyes as he's claiming he got the shoulder up. Raiden falls in line and is making gestures about slitting Navarro's throat. Navarro disagrees. Dr. Ayumi Sato and her (literal) charges are standing ringside.

Madame Melton:

NO! NO! NO! That was two! This entire promotion has it out for me! Has it out for The Gems! I... I DEMAND a 2 out of 3 falls match! Now!

Navarro shakes his head as Dr. Ayumi Sato remains her aloof self.

Madame Melton:

DID YOU HEAR ME DR. AYUMI SATO? GIVE US A 2 OUT OF 3 FALLS MATCH! I AM THE 2023 MANAGER OF THE YEAR! DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

She remains aloof. Melton has steam almost literally coming through her ears. Tears start to well in her eyes.

Madame Melton:

Come on! Wipe that non-emotional look off your stupid scientist face! You know that you'll never beat us again!

The crowd is saying: No! No! No! No! No! No! In mocking Melton's demand. She and The French Connection are in dismay at their chants.

Madame Melton:

Shut up! All of you! Please! Please! I don't deserve this treatment! I'm deep down inside fragile!

Dr. Ayumi Sato and The Atomic Punks just remain at ringside, staring. Melton's now weeping.

Madame Melton:

Please... Please... We... we need this! I... I need this.

She then cups her hands. And then she falls to her knees.

Madame Melton:

Please, Dr. Ayumi Sato... I... I am begging you. Please... please give us another shot!

Yes! Yes! Yes!

DDK:

Dear god... Melton has become so desperate that she's begging for a rematch!

Lance:

There's probably a plot afoot knowing her... but I do think we're all enjoying seeing this monster resort to groveling!

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

...YOU'RE ON!

DING DING

Almost as if on cue, Jean-Pierre Reeves gets back to his feet and rushes in at Fission, while Yoshihara Raiden runs in, booting Gigaton in the face... which only makes the big man mad! Gigaton roars defiantly and clotheslines Raiden over the top rope and onto the floor, following suit as Fission and Reeves jockey for position, Fission getting the higher ground with a front headlock, underhooking the far arm and rolling Reeves to the mat, but Reeves manages to break free before Hector Navarro can get a count in.

DDK:

Surprising display of technical skill from Fission, usually known for his aggressive style of brawling!

Meanwhile, at ringside Raiden and Gigaton are squaring up, Gig showing a surprising skill at checking Raiden's roundhouse kicks to the legs, but can't seem to reach the striking expert with his meaty bear paws! Raiden gets some distance, and rushes in for another front kick, but Gigaton manages to sidestep him, and get his arms around the Eurasian striker, before lifting him up and down **HARD** on the ring apron!

Lance:

The hardest part of the ring!

Gigaton climbs back up to his corner, where Fission casually strolls up and tags the big man in! Gigaton wastes no time rushing in and rattling Reeves with a shoulder tackle that sends him to the mat! Frustrated by Fission's surprise grappling and the impact of Gigaton's tackle, Reeve tries to rush into the big man...

WHAM!!!

...only to get brought back down to the canvas with a Black Hole Slam! Wasting no time, Gigaton bounds off the ropes, and **FLOPS** right onto Jean-Pierre Reeves with the Atomic Splash! Hector Navarro rushes in for the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREEEEEE!!!

DING DING DING**DDK:**

And a more **DECISIVE** victory by the Atomic Punks this time!

Dr. Ayumi Saito smiles (albeit aloofly) and holds the hands of Gigaton and Fission triumphantly at ringside before walking up the aisle.

Raiden stands in his corner, kicking it profusely. Reeves again implores Navarro that he was only down for a two count, and he clearly wasn't. Melton rolls into the ring, again with tears in her eyes.

Lance:

The event of hell for Madame Melton has just somehow gotten even worse!

Melton again falls to her knees, this time clutching at her well-tended hair. She lets out a giant scream towards the heavens.

Madame Melton:

WHHHHHYYYYY? WHHHHHYYYY DOOOO YOUUU FORSEESAAAKKKEEE MEEEEEE??????

She starts balling her fists. Her breath is heaving mad. Then she falls down face first, pounding and kicking the mat in rage. Reeves tries to attend to her, but there's no use. She then flips over like a fish and does the same, on her back and having the tantrum of a toddler.

Madame Melton:

WHYYYY? WHHHHHYYY??? WHYYYY? WHYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!!!!

The kicking and screaming only continue. It doesn't end. It just gets worse and worse. Raiden now looks on with concern for her health, as Reeves sits slumped in the corner crying. And Melton's kicking and screaming and crying just continues.

DDK:

I mean, I know that losing a match hurts... and losing two matches this quickly at a major event has to be very hard to cope with. But this is just...

Lance:

Somewhere between embarrassing and deranged!

Melton begins to get up with the assistance of The French Connection... only to collapse on the mat once again as her scream can be heard across several continents.

Madame Melton:

NOOOOOOOOWWHHHHHYYYYYYYYNNNOOOOOOOWWHHHHHYYTHHHERRREEISSSNOOOOOGODDD!!!

Finally, her tag team manages to roll her out of the ring. She clutches the bottom rope to try and not leave the ring. They pry her away, and now she goes for the ring apron. Raiden carries her over his shoulder as she continues to kick and pound at the air crying her eyes out.

WHO'S AFRAID OF LITTLE OLD ME?

"It wasn't that long ago when people like Oscar... and ONLY people like Oscar were allowed to walk into the doors of DEFIANCE Wrestling."

A black laced boot is shown on the concrete floors of the dressing room for just a moment before a black kickpad is pulled up over it with hot pink and baby blue accents. The scene shifts to show a blurred image of a woman sitting on a locker room bench with her long brown hair down over her face. She looks up and the image comes into focus to reveal Elise Ares.

A quick edit flashes the Amethysta mask across her face before doing the same with the facemask she was forced to wear after her face was broken by 24K. The background of a song begins to play.

*The who's who of "Who's that?" is poised for the attack
But my bare hands paved their paths
You don't get to tell me about "sad"*

"It wasn't until we came along that changed everything about what this place was and what it could be."

A video of the debut of the Pop Culture Phenoms to a spattering of jeers and a tidal wave of apathy plays. The video quickly rewinds through the career of Elise Ares up to that point. A run as a Miss Hawaiian Tropic bikini model. A small part in a movie that a few hundred people saw in Miami, Florida. A teenage professional wrestler pretending to be nearly a decade older than she really was wearing the PRIME 5*Star Championship over her shoulder.

Cut to a home video recording of a match in a federation called BACW at a high school gym. A purple blur flies through the air at a Mexican show completely missing her mark to the jeers of a hostile crowd. A purple masked tween makes her debut at an outdoor music festival somewhere in Mexico as people ignore the spectacle on their way to rides and music, getting applause from under a dozen people paying attention. A little girl looks up at her father, a highly decorated luchador with a giant gold championship around his waist. He reaches down to rub her head for the camera. She flinches. He looks around embarrassed.

*If you wanted me dead, you should've just said
Nothing makes me feel more alive
So I leap from the gallows and I levitate down your street
Crash the party like a record scratch as I scream
"Who's afraid of little old me?"
You should be*

"A girl no one wanted and her mentors who never made it. There was nothing that was ever more DEFIANT."

Blogs from the prominent members of the IWC, smart marks, question the decision of DEFIANCE to bring on a failed professional wrestler turned bikini model/aspiring actress and even more baffling without a stint in BRAZEN. The scenes of every post-match celebration of every DEFIANCE Tag Team Championship win and successful flicker by like a flipbook before changing to Ares defeating Jay Harvey for the Southern Heritage Championship. The same blogs post articles of Elise's unfathomable record breaking championship reign, some impressed by how much she'd improved since her signing. Others are still very skeptical, keying in on sentences such as "who did she sleep with to get to the top?" and "DEFIANCE has hit a new low and I'm done."

A clip plays of the now former Southern Heritage Champion coming out to challenge Mikey Unlikely for the FIST of DEFIANCE. The montage shows the back and forth struggle as Elise comes just seconds away from reaching the peak of DEFIANCE, only to be struck in the face by Kendrix with his cast. They celebrate in the ring as a defeated Elise Ares seethes and tries to face them 4-on-1 before Flex and The D pull her from the ring.

*The scandal was contained
The bullet had just grazed*

*At all costs, keep your good name
You don't get to tell me you feel bad*

"When you come so close to the top and you fail... you try to act like you did your best and it doesn't bother you, but it does. It eats away at you a little every single time you step into the ring or have to look at someone else walking around with the thing you wanted."

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE has a distant look in her eye staring into the Faithful as The D and Klein play up to the fans around her. With a giant smile across her face Elise holds the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championship high above her head from the top rope during an entrance but points to a member of the Faithful holding up a sign in the crowd that says "ELISE for FIST." Backstage in medical after a disappointing loss to Titaness, Ares talks with The D about challenging Dex Joy for the FIST of DEFIANCE.

The FIST of DEFIANCE is held high into the air pre-match vs Dex Joy. In the background Elise is shown staring at the title and her eyes narrow, she closes them and takes a deep breath before putting on a confident smile. Back and forth action is shown before Titaness attacks Ares behind Dex's back and costs her the match. Elise is forced to watch the FIST of DEFIANCE be awarded back to Dex Joy and heartbreak takes her before Malak Garland I Trigger's him in the face and he is swarmed by the entire Comments Section.

Cut to Maximum DEFIANCE where Elise reaches up for the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championship only to be attacked by High Flyer IV after a distraction from Archer Silver. M4NTRA takes her tag team championship. Backstage Ares looks on after leaving medical on a television as Malak Garland defeats Dex Joy for the FIST of DEFIANCE. Holding the back of her neck, the FACE of DEFIANCE seethes.

*Is it a wonder I broke? Let's hear one more joke
Then we could all just laugh until I cry
So I leap from the gallows and I levitate down your street
Crash the party like a record scratch as I scream
"Who's afraid of little old me?"
I was tame, I was gentle 'til the circus life made me mean
"Don't you worry, folks, we took out all her teeth"
Who's afraid of little old me?
Well, you should be*

"But it's not something that I just wanted. It was something that I'd spent eight long years scratching and clawing for. A model who never belonged in the ring overcoming preconceived expectations and EARNING the FIST of DEFIANCE. I busted my ass for this. I DESERVED this, but others get handed opportunities like fucking pamphlets because of connections and pedigrees."

A news article celebrates Oscar Burns' record breaking contract for signing back with DEFIANCE. Wearing his cape, Oscar announces the formation of the GC Universe making himself something larger than DEFIANCE. Slowing down the scene stops and flickers into Burns laying in a puddle of his own blood backstage. In the ring, Butcher Victorious looks on as the FACE of DEFIANCE walks out holding Oscar Burn's bloody shovel over her shoulder.

The video rewinds again to show a pre-FIST of DEFIANCE Oscar Burns teaching Elise Ares how to do the submission maneuver she later perfected into the Sunset Stretch. Then Oscar Burns makes his very first title defense as the FIST of DEFIANCE defending against Elise Ares, reaching out his hand to the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE who shakes it as a sign of respect and sportsmanship at a fork in the road that took two careers in entirely different directions. Ares goes to hit Burns with Amethystation but Jack Harmen knocks her off the ropes, leading to her defeat.

She watches in frustration as Oscar Burns celebrates with the FIST of DEFIANCE high above his head. This is the first of three times she comes short of the top prize in DEFIANCE due to interference.

*So tell me everything is not about me
But what if it is?*

*Then say they didn't do it to hurt me
But what if they did?
I wanna snarl and show you just how disturbed this has made me
You wouldn't last an hour in the asylum where they raised me
So all you kids can sneak into my house with all the cobwebs
I'm always drunk on my own tears, isn't that what they all said?
That I'll sue you if you step on my lawn
That I'm fearsome and I'm wretched and I'm wrong*

“Some people may never see me as anything more than a teenage girl who failed at wrestling and is better off in a centerfold... and I've been forced to accept that, but they're wrong. Oscar Burns wants to make you believe that. That I'm just a pretty little girl who doesn't deserve to be in his ring, but I can see it in his eyes. He knew. He knows. He's scared.”

Back in the locker room, the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style laces up her arm band. Pulling it with her teeth she gets it nice and tight before punching her own hand to test it. In the ring, Butcher Victorious watches seething as Elise Ares answers his call for revenge. The two battle in the ring before Ares is flipped with a massive lariat. Oscar Burns stomps down on Elise. Then the entire GC Universe joins in on a beatdown before holding her beaten and helpless for Burns to scream into her face.

Cut to the ring where Oscar Burns gloats about his ambush of Ares and Butch Vic. Suddenly the FACE of DEFIANCE erupts from the backstage area being held back by The D, Klein, and several members of DEFsec. She wields the same shovel she used to leave Oscar in a pool of his own blood, but is finally contained. As she's ready to retreat, Burns ramps up the taunting and Ares strikes Wyatt Bronson. She's detained and dragged away as the GC Universe share a song, singing to Elise as she's pulled away from DEFIANCE kick and screaming.

*So I leap from the gallows and I levitate down your street
Crash the party like a record scratch as I scream
"Who's afraid of little old me?"
I was tame, I was gentle 'til the circus life made me mean
"Don't you worry, folks, we took out all her teeth"
Who's afraid of little old me?
(You should be) You should be
'Cause you lured me (You should be)
And you hurt me (You should be)
And you taught me
You caged me and then you called me crazy
I am what I am 'cause you trained me
So who's afraid of me?
Who's afraid of little old me?*

Standing up from her locker room bench, Ares slides her crop top black leather jacket over her shoulders and pulls a pair of LED sunglasses out of her pocket.

“Are you afraid of little old me?”

Elise slides the glasses over her nose and the LED lights spark to life displaying the word “GOOD” in neon pink.

“Good. You should be.”

Who's afraid of little old me?

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style walks past the camera and out of frame as the scene fades to black. As does “Who's Afraid Of Little Old Me?” by Taylor Swift.

OSCAR BURNS vs. ELISE ARES

DDK:

We're coming up to our next match of the evening and for Elise Ares, this is easily one of the biggest opportunities to come along for her as a singles competitor in some time. Let's talk about how we got here, Lance.

Lance:

It all started with OSCAR BURNS making his return after a three-month layoff at MAXDEF. Unfortunately, when we thought his ego couldn't be any more out of control... he proved us all wrong. He signed a new contract, the man who claims himself to be DEFIANCE stated he was now BIGGER than DEFIANCE, then dared any member of the roster to step up to him. It would be Elise Ares who answered that call on DEFTv 206.

DDK:

Indeed. In what was supposed to be a match against Butcher Victorious, OSCAR BURNS was attacked backstage by none other than Elise Ares! Finally having a chance to speak, Elise Ares let her feelings come out to The Faithful. She wants the chance to prove herself and has promised that by the time her contract runs out with DEFIANCE in 2025, she will either win the FIST or walk away from DEFIANCE.

Lance:

Take nothing away from Elise: she is a very decorated star in DEFIANCE. Multiple records set as both a multiple-time Unified Tag Team Champion as well as one of the longest reigns in Southern Heritage Championship history, but has yet to reach the heights that OSCAR has. With a win tonight, she can very well be on her way!

DDK:

But look at everything OSCAR has done in retaliation since Elise attacked him... he attacked her and Butcher Victorious, with the help of Mil Vultas and DLJ. He goaded Elise into attacking him, with our Head of Security Wyatt Bronson caught in the crossfire, getting her suspended for a month in the process. He had DLJ come out and impersonate her. He signed FLEX... formerly Flex Kruger of the PCP as his bodyguard now, knowing just where to dig. He's got hell to pay if Elise Ares has her way.

Lance:

Can Elise Ares start her climb up the mountain with a win over one of DEFIANCE's very best? Or has OSCAR BURNS done too much in recent weeks to throw her off her game? We'll find out soon enough. This match is up next!

The camera pans to the ring where the opening bell rings to signify the introductions for the next match.

Darren Quimbey:

And here to introduce his opponent... the OFFICIAL Spokesperson for the GC Universe... and it is contractually obligated per one OSCAR BURNS, to remind you that this man is a Wrestling Hall of Famer, multiple-time World Heavyweight Champion and has an AMAZING head of hair and pleasing baritone voice...

Darren Quimbey rolls his eyes at the introduction he's been asked to read as Nicky shakes his own head.

Darren Quimbey:

SONNNNNNNNNYYYYYYYYYYY... SILLLLLLLLLLLVVEEEEERRRR!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Strutting his stuff to no music at all, the 6'3" former wrestler in the charcoal-colored suit grins and smiles. Once arriving on the stage, he holds out his hand and waits as the OLD SKOOL MIC~! Is lowered from the rafters, landing in his hand.

Sonny Silver:

Ladies... gentlemen... save your tickets. Save your stubs. Remember where you were October 3rd, 2024... because tonight will be the night! You know, the night that you have been waiting for! The night where your hero... YOUR FACE of DEFIANCE...

He stops talking with all the exaggerated bass and happiness in his voice.

Sonny Silver:

...Will just come out here and let you down again. Meanwhile... if you are in need of a REAL hero. A man who not only represents all the GOOD qualities of DEFIANCE... a man who represents this generation, the last generation, the New Generation, The Pepsi Generation... ANY AND ALL generations in DEFIANCE because he's not just a generational talent, he's THE talent! He is **DEFIANCE!!** He is **FAVOURED SAINTS!** He is **PROFESSIONAL GODDAMN WRESTLING ITSELF**

He points to the DEFIatron...

Sonny Silver:

There goes... your hero...

The DEFIatron lights up and walking down a hall, a familiar man in white and green pants-length tights, a green cape and intense gaze behind green shades is seen walking down a hallway, with his mind solely focused on the match at hand. A young redheaded child that appears to be ten or eleven is being walked around by his dad.

Dad:

Son, we gotta get back to our seats! The next match is about to start.

Child:

Wait! Dad! Look! It's Oscar Burns!

OSCAR continues walking until he reaches the end of the hallway...

Child:

BUUUUUUURRRRRRRNNNNSSSSSS!

The camera zooms in close on the face of OSCAR BURNS as he (twists) and turns to face the child shouting at him from the hallway. Apprehensively, the father and son watch as OSCAR walks slowly towards them. The sound of nothing but heavy footsteps fills the hallway until OSCAR reaches the family. OSCAR takes off his glasses and starts to hand them to the young man.

Child:

Go get em, Oscar!

He starts to hand the kid the glasses... then. stops.

OSCAR BURNS:

Wait... Did you say Oscar... or OSCAR?

Child:

What?

OSCAR BURNS:

You said my name with no bass in your voice. I don't you said it ALL CAPS.

OSCAR looks up at the child's father and holds them out.

OSCAR BURNS:

\$500 if you want these for the squib, GC... CASH ONLY.

Flustered, the father sees a kid about to cry, then pulls out his wallet. He thumbs through it, but it's empty.

Father:

Uh... I... don't carry that kind of cash on me.

OSCAR BURNS:

Bloody shite...

He simply puts them back on.

OSCAR BURNS:

I'm ALL CAPS, ALL GRAPS and I won't be seen with low class.

He walks off and heads towards the entrance.

Child:

What a dick.

The father pulls his son away for fear that OSCAR BURNS may have picked up on it as the DEFIatron fades out... and flashes words all across the screen.

OSCAR BURNS
ALL CAPS
ALL GRAPS

♪ "Presto" by Epica ♪

The symphonic rock starts to play and the entirety of the group part ways. Raising up from a platform beneath the ring, a familiar form begins to rise up! Wearing a green cape draping behind his back, brand new green and white tights with green boots and white wrist tape, surrounded on either side of him by white pyro...

DDK:

And here's all our pyro budget being used up.

Lance:

We thought Mil Vueltas' entrance last night was pompous.

OSCAR BURNS steps off the platform as behind him, Sonny Silver stands to his left and his new all-caps bodyguard, FLEX, stands to his right. Flanked by the rest of his group, he heads towards the ring with intent to make an example of a young rising star looking to make a name for himself. Once he reaches the ring, OSCAR climbs up the steps slowly. He surveys the jeering masses, wipes his feet on the ring apron and climbs inside. He holds out his left arm, then his right, then falls to his knees. A BIG explosion is heard and in the rafters behind him, a giant GC Universe banner unravels in the rafters as two more giant sparklers of pyro go off on either side of the ring.

DDK:

Look... despite how outrageous this all is... you can't take nothing away from OSCAR's in-ring ability. Elise Ares is a high-flyer and her best chance to win this match is going to be to avoid being taken to the mat. If that happens, this is game over.

Lance:

Indeed.

OSCAR takes off his cape and neatly folds it over before handing it to Sonny on the outside of the ring. He calmly waits with his hands behind his back in the ring for the arrival of his opponent. Just as he does, the lights dim except for a single spotlight shining down on the entrance. The Faithful roar in approval as OSCAR curls his lip asymmetrically in disgust. The "Paper Planes" introduction that has become the calling card for the FACE of DEFIANCE soon follows.

All I wanna do is...

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

Under the spotlight a throne begins to rise from beneath the aisle. A sparking crown hangs from one of the gaudy pillars as Elise Ares usually sprawled out on her throne sits uncharacteristically to one side, sharing her empire with a red-headed boy. The Faithful triumphantly cheer as OSCAR begins pacing back and forth, his screams to FLEX and Sonny at ringside silenced by his critics. Behind the throne, the boys' father emerges potentially looking down the criss-cross top of the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style. She looks up at him and he quickly turns his head to the Faithful and begins trying to hype up the crowd.

DDK:

Well it looks like that little boy is going to get quite the experience tonight, despite Oscar's best attempts to make sure that didn't happen.

Lance:

His dad is too! His boy might have said OSCAR's name in lower case, but he appears to be looking at Elise in ALL CAPS!

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE ascends from her throne, wearing a black crop top leather jacket atop her black criss-cross top and boyshorts with hot pink and cyan accents. Her LED sunglasses read "oscar" "burns" "sux" in lowercase letters. She takes the the LED glasses off and is just about to stick them on the little boys' nose when she stops suddenly and looks over at dad, who suddenly begins to scramble through his pockets.

He pulls out the same dusty wallet with no cash, but instead pulls out what appears to be an American Express card wish Ares takes with a smile before placing the glasses on the kids face. He and his dad both cheer enthusiastically and share a high five as they enjoy the view from the stage watching Elise swag her way down to the ring sliding the credit card inside of her shorts.

DDK:

It appears unlike BURNS, Elise Ares DOES take American Express!

Lance:

Is this part of some kind of sponsorship deal that I wasn't told about in the pre-show meeting?

DDK:

I do have a note here given to me by a stagehand right before this match started, so let's take a look. We're driven by our commitment to deliver exceptional products, services and experiences to our customers. We value our strong customer relationships, and are defined by how well we take care of them. You never know when a once in a lifetime opportunity will arise and that's why you never leave him without it. American Express: Membership Has Its Privileges. So, I guess so.

Lance:

Do we at least get a cut of this?

The former Southern Heritage Champion drops her leather jacket to the ground on the apron and then enters the ring as suggestively as possible before shooting a glare over at her opponent. She climbs the ropes to post for the Faithful before descending and retreating back to her corner. The pink and blue lights fade back into the arena lights as the Faithful fill in pregnant pause with a chant.

EL-ISE ARES! Clap Clap ClapClapClap

EL-ISE ARES! Clap Clap ClapClapClap

EL-ISE ARES! Clap Clap ClapClapClap

DING DING

The bell rings with a very loud crowd making noise all over the TD Garden. A very smug OSCAR gets a hand out, telling Elise to come try and wrestle with him.

OSCAR BURNS:

You wanted this, Elise. Here's your chance, GC.

Carefully, The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style tries to jump at OSCAR's left leg with a kick before she backs away! She goes for a second kick, but OSCAR is quick grab her in a headlock before throwing her across the ring with a standing headlock takeover! Instead of meeting her on the mat, DEFIANCE Himself simply walks away from her and gestures to both FLEX and Sonny in a "can you believe this?" kind of expression?

DDK:

I really don't think it would be wise for OSCAR to underestimate Elise like this at all. We've talked about her resume. She's tussled with the biggest names in DEFIANCE and has even defeated some of them, but this would be THE statement win Elise has been searching for.

Lance:

OSCAR looks like he's ready.

He dares Elise to come at him again and she lunges, but OSCAR grabs her and simply throws her face first to the mat again before standing over her.

OSCAR BURNS:

Get up.

Elise sits on the mat, visibly frustrated, but looking to come up with a new strategy.

DDK:

The last thing that Elise Ares needs to be trying to do is get involved in what OSCAR does. The mat is his realm. The sky is hers and she should be trying to find ways to build movement.

Lance:

Much easier said than done. OSCAR's ego has been out of control for the past couple years... but behind all of that, let's not forget, this is a man who has outwrestled the best competition in this company.

Elise gives OSCAR the slip when he tries to grapple with her, only to pop around and try a headlock of her own. BURNS shoots her off to the ropes and he knocks her down with ease via a quick shoulder block. The newfound power of BURNS is too much for her to contend with and he knows it as The Faithful let him have it.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

He takes another slow jaunt around the ring with Elise still down, still shaken from not being able to mount a proper offense against a bigger, stronger and more experienced opponent.

DDK:

This is OSCAR's second match since DEFCON. He defeated newcomer Dabney Doubleday by keeping things more grounded than we've seen him and that's exactly his key to victory tonight.

Lance:

I can tell you what won't get it done - not taking her seriously.

Behind OSCAR, The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style kips up, then as OSCAR (twists and) turns, he gets clipped on the top of the head with a pele kick! The Faithful ROAR as Elise kips up to her feet a second time with a staggered OSCAR by going after his leg, firing off a number of kicks to the leg!

DDK:

There you go, Elise! There you go!

Elise charges at OSCAR, who goes for a clothesline that she ducks. When she comes back, BURNSIE tries a back body drop, but The FACE of DEFIANCE rolls over the back of DEFIANCE Himself to land on her feet behind him to score with another jumping kick to the side of the head! OSCAR is stunned, but charges and she ducks another shot, then rolls backwards to try a headscissors...

Blocked...

Lance:

Oh, no! He's got Elise!

He puts Elise back on her feet out of the failed suplex attempt, then tries for a German suplex! He hits the mat, but Elise backflips through the suplex and surprises OSCAR with a STIFF superkick on the jaw!

DDK:

Oooh! Elise Ares just TAGGED OSCAR in the mouth with that superkick!

As he's stunned on the mat holding his jaw, Ares then jumps up and SMACKS OSCAR right down on the ground with a jumping Extreme Makeover off of his back! Sonny and FLEX are both stunned silent

RRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHH!

DDK:

EXTREME MAKEOVER! GOOD GRIEF! THAT'S IT! THIS ONE IS DONE!

It takes her some doing, but she rolls the much larger OSCAR over onto his back and then goes for the cover by hooking both legs and sitting on his chest for leverage!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

AWWWWWW!

Disappointment fills the TD Garden as OSCAR kicks out and Elise can't believe it! She looks up at Benny Doyle and throws up three fingers, but Benny only has two up!

DDK:

HOLY HELL, THAT WAS CLOSE!

Lance:

Those extra seconds she took to get into position for the pinfall might have made all the difference, Darren! I think she would have beaten him otherwise!

Sonny nearly clutches his chest and grabs FLEX's arm to keep himself upright! Nobody can believe it!

DDK:

You think Elise is going to be taken seriously by OSCAR now?

Lance:

He really better take her seriously after that. Imagine how he felt losing to Butcher Victorious at DEFCON, that he took three months off; a loss this quick to somebody he's been treating as beneath him, we might not have seen him for a year

DDK:

Don't give me home, Lance.

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style is filled with even more life to try and pull off what would be the biggest win of her career. With OSCAR stumbling and crawling around on the mat, he gets hit with a big basement dropkick to the side of the head! He is even worse for wear as he rolls to the floor. There's little chance for error with the next move of Elise. The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style charges back across the ropes. Sonny and FLEX both try and warn BURNS, but by the time he stands up, it's too late as Elise hits a HUGE cannonball-style tope suicida through the bottom ropes that wipes out the former two-time FIST!

DDK:

I can barely hear myself make the calls, Lance! Elise just keeps on coming! This is exactly what she needs to be doing tonight against OSCAR if she has a chance tonight!

Elise crawls to her feet while OSCAR is leaned up against the guardrail using it to keep himself upright. The FACE of DEFIANCE then stands up...

Elise Ares:

QUE TAL ESO?!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAH!

Fired up by the people, Elise climbs the ring apron and goes back into the ring to launch another move. The TD Garden comes alive as OSCAR tries to stagger out of harm's way, but Elise adjusts her angle and meets him on the other side with a second cannonball-style suicide dive through the ropes!

DDK:

That was incredible! Elise hits a second dive through those ropes! I don't think OSCAR knows where he's at!

Ares is the first one to her feet and then gets prepared to launch possibly a third dive. She gets ready to get to the apron, but OSCAR is already one step ahead of her and rolls under the bottom rope in a daze, trying to get out of her path. The boing is loud as the Kiwi rolls away from her back inside the ring.

DDK:

Elise knows what she's gotta do now to end this match. Stay on him, give him no chances to breathe.

Lance:

And she knows this, too!

She hones in on OSCAR and goes for another superkick... but he comes to and grabs the leg! He spins her around and goes for another German suplex... but second verse, same as the first! Elise lands on her feet and when OSCAR turns around, he's belted once again with another jumping superkick from the Cuban! She rolls back to her feet and tags him under the jaw with a second one! The TD Garden is reeling as OSCAR is staggered on all fours again!

DDK:

One more! One more Extreme Makeover and this could be it!

Lance:

The FACE of DEFIANCE is about to BE DEFIANCE if she can win this!

Elise runs and jumps...

CAUGHT!

She shakes her head as OSCAR pitches her high in the sky...

OOOOOOOOOH!

BELLY-TO-BACK BACKBREAKER ACROSS THE KNEE!

Elise is almost BENT in half before she bounces off his left knee! OSCAR falls back against the nearby bottom rope after the impact to catch his bearings while The South Beach Starlet is left in complete agony. OSCAR shoots Sonny and FLEX an incredibly pissed look on his face after almost being upended a couple of times already by Ares!

DDK:

I think OSCAR might be locked in now. Elise just established herself as a real threat and he can't stand that.

Lance:

But that belly-to-back backbreaker... that's been an OSCAR BURNS staple of his offense and that was one of the most brutal backbreakers I've ever seen! Does she have anything left after that?

OSCAR goes over to Elise, realizing no more time can be wasted. He picks her up in his arms and then powers her to the corner where he lays her across the top rope. He nails her with a huge upward kick to her back! She yells out in pain, but things go from bad to much, much worse when he climbs the middle rope and puts a foot down on her chin, effectively stretching Elise over the top turnbuckle!

DDK:

Oh, my God! This is vile!

Benny Doyle counts to five but OSCAR relents his attack at four and a half. But the damage may have already been done as Elise falls to the ring apron and then out to the floor.

DDK:

You called it, Lance. He's locked in the game now. Between that backbreaker and that brutal stretch over the turnbuckle, I don't know how Elise comes back from those moves!

Elise is down on the floor with nowhere to go, but OSCAR takes the action to the outside. He goes after The South Beach Starlet and picks her up. He hooks her in another belly-to-back suplex position, only to throw her harshly onto the ring apron! Elise calls out in pain after being brutalized by such a vicious move! Sonny and FLEX talk their talk and cheer on The Center of the GC Universe as he looks serious as a heart attack.

Lance:

One move to the back, right after the other! He's found a weak point and as OSCAR always does... he exploits it.

DDK:

He is.

OSCAR stands over Elise and looks like he's going to go for a cover...

But then he rolls off of Elise.

DDK:

What? What's he doing?

OSCAR decides that what he's done so far isn't enough. He rolls around to Elise's side and then hooks her for a body slam, then DRIVES her down with a huge slam!

DDK:

Another attack to the back... but OSCAR hangs on!

The body slams are like Lays and OSCAR can't stop at just one. He grabs Elise by the arm and picks her up before holding her up, then SLAMMING her down with extra force! Pain shoots up and through her body, but OSCAR still isn't done. He takes The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style back up before he looks out to a jeering Faithful. He picks her up...

Then runs and CHUCKS her across the ring with a throwing body slam! The South Beach Starlet arches in pain again while OSCAR stands slowly over her, letting the reality of the situation sink in.

DDK:

Good grief... this one is getting out of hand. He could have gone for a cover earlier, but now he's trying to hurt Elise all because she's embarrassed him!

Lance:

That dismissive attitude he came in at the start of this match with... All gone. Replaced by the type of relentless technician we know he can be.

Elise Ares is crawling along the mat, trying to stand up. And as she does so, The Boston Faithful start to cheer and applaud!

DDK:

Here comes some more support! The D and Klein are both out here!

Sure enough, Elise sees her tag team partner and best friend, Favoured Saints Champion The D as well as The Boxman, Klein! The pair reach ringside, forcing Sonny to protest.

Sonny Silver:

Hey! No! Get those bums out of here! We were approved by DEFIANCE Himself to be out here!

FLEX:

Yeah! They abandoned me like the world's most swole orphan! They'll abuse you, too!

The D doesn't even dignify the pair with a response Klein waves a piece of paper which is no doubt a manager's license, as both start tapping the ring apron near her corner. For his part, OSCAR remains unconcerned as he walks over to pick up Elise...

Only to get nailed between the eyes with an upward kick to the face!

DDK:

The moral support is working! Sonny and FLEX haven't actively interfered in this match yet, but The D and Klein are great equalizers!

BURNS stumbles backwards for a second, then shakes it off. He tries to pick her up again, but she strikes with another kick on the forehead! The Faithful continue to try and will Elise back to her feet, but her back is slowing her down.

DDK:

No! Elise still in this one! She's taken a lot of punishment in these past few minutes, but she's back up!

Seeing Elise in the corner, BURNS charges at her and tries a running uppercut in the corner, only to come up empty

when Elise slips through the middle rope. She jumps back inside and then hits a leaping kick from the apron that once again clips the former two-time FIST between the eyes. She jumps up and hits a second one for good measure, then takes a moment as her back is slowing her down. She leaps up and hits a springboard missile dropkick that knocks OSCAR back to another massive response from The Boston Faithful! The D and Klein cheering her on.

DDK:

Elise scores with the springboard dropkick... NO!

But just as Elise gets up, the noise goes away when OSCAR comes right back and sends Elise CRASHING back to the canvas with a stiff running dropkick of his own! Elise flips backwards from the impact and lands between the ropes and out to the floor in front of The D and Klein! The entire arena goes quiet as OSCAR sits up and looks in her general direction, holding out his hands and inviting The Faithful to make noise.

Lance:

No way! We thought Elise was going to rally back from that last flurry of moves, but OSCAR is just not giving her any room to breathe!

DDK:

That was insane. OSCAR surprised Doubleday with that same running dropkick during their match a few weeks ago. Looks like that's a new part of his offense that's there to stay.

OSCAR leans over the ropes, looking out at PCP on the floor trying to will Elise Ares back to her feet.

OSCAR BURNS:

You done, GC? I can keep doing this as long as I need! Unlimited gas tank!

The D blows raspberries at OSCAR. Elise hears the words and as Klein tries to help her up, she shoves him away. Not out of any sort of stubbornness, but she doesn't want the help. The South Beach Starlet slowly rises and fires herself up. She slides back into the ring and then tries to go for a leg, but that's exactly what OSCAR wants. He grabs her by the side of the body and then drops Elise with a huge gutwrench suplex!

DDK:

OSCAR goaded her right into that suplex! And he's hanging on!

Lance:

This is gonna get real bad!

He rolls through the suplex and holds onto Elise as he gets to his feet. Since she's about half his weight, it's a breeze for him to keep going on through to hit a second gutwrench suplex on Elise! The South Beach Starlet continues to suffer the OSCAR onslaught as he rolls through a third time.

DDK:

I think he's going for a trifecta. He loves using these rolling gutwrench suplexes.

But instead...

He picks up Elise for a gutwrench, then TOSSES her right into the corner with a brutal buckle bomb!

Lance:

Oh, God! That was brutal! You're right, he usually goes for three in a row of those gutwrench suplexes, but he knows what he's doing here. He's been attacking that back all throughout this match.

Ares collapses in the corner, hunched over from the impact while booing and more uncomfortable noise is heard throughout the Garden.

OSCAR BURNS:

MAKE SOME NOISE, GCs! MAKE SOME NOISE!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Even the D is booing outside. Then OSCAR goes to the corner and dusts off an oldie, but a goodie in his playbook with Elise pinned to the corner.

OSCAR BURNS:

LET'S GO, BURNSIE! ALL CAPS NOW!

Stomp Stomp Stomp-stomp-stomp.

OSCAR BURNS:

LET'S GO, BURNSIE! ALL CAPS NOW!

Stomp Stomp Stomp-stomp-stomp.

OSCAR BURNS:

LET'S GO, BURNSIE! ALL CAPS NOW!

Stomp Stomp Stomp-stomp-stomp.

Benny Doyle finally steps in and tells OSCAR to back out of the corner and he does so, but Elise looks somewhat glassy-eyed now as she's in the corner doing her best to get out of the situation she's in. Doyle goes to check on her, but she brushes him off, too.

DDK:

OSCAR BURNS hasn't gone for any pinfalls in this match, have you noticed that, Lance?

Lance:

I have. He's trying to prolong this punishment, but Elise isn't quitting!

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style starts to crawl out of the corner but the second that she does, OSCAR is already on her. He grabs her by the waist and throws her out of the corner with a snap release German suplex, only Elise doesn't have it in her to land on her feet out of the move and crashes to the canvas. BURNS sits back up again. He looks out to The D and Klein.

OSCAR BURNS:

This is all on her head, not mine.

He grabs her again and then hits another release German suplex!

DDK:

Another German suplex! And I think he's got one more in the tank!

BURNS goes right over to where Elise landed and then scores with a third release German suplex! The impact sends her skittering across the canvas at a bad angle and then sends her onto her stomach. OSCAR sits up and now he's having the time of his life as he points towards Sonny and FLEX on the outside. Even with a giant box on his head, one can tell that Klein is worried for Elise's well-being while The D watches OSCAR pick her apart slowly.

Lance:

This is getting really uncomfortable to watch, Darren. OSCAR hasn't given Elise Ares much of a chance to muster offense since he took over.

DDK:

Heading into this match, Elise was mostly in control of things by keeping OSCAR off base with dives from every direction, but now it's all OSCAR.

OSCAR paces around and hovers over Elise before setting her in a fireman's carry... but she surges to life and tries to elbow her way free!

DDK:

No! Is Elise trying to break free?!

The South Beach Starlet throws elbow after elbow after elbow into the side of OSCAR's head... but he eats the shots and then DROPS her over his knee with a fireman's carry backbreaker! Ares let out another yelp in pain as OSCAR looks over at The D and Klein, urging them to do something about Elise and her well-being.

DDK:

Another backbreaker! More damage to that back! How much does Elise have left in her?

Lance:

I don't know., Lance, I don't know.

With Elise at his feet, OSCAR starts to go for a cover... then backs off before Benny Doyle can get into position. Elise is in pain and clutching at her back when OSCAR gets to a knee and starts talking more trash.

OSCAR BURNS:

We done here, Elise? It isn't looking good for you.

He looks at The D and Klein.

OSCAR BURNS:

Guys, it isn't looking good for her! She looks pretty broke!

The D flips him the bird while Klein is urging Elise to get up. He starts to pick her up, but her body goes limp and she falls back to the canvas.

DDK:

Question asked and answered. Elise might be done. She's taken a lot of punishment and hasn't been the same since that first belly-to-back backbreaker!

OSCAR tries to attack again, but Benny Doyle stands in the way and tells OSCAR to get back. He goes check on her, but BURNS gets in his way and inserts himself between DEFIANCE's Head Referee and The FACE of DEFIANCE first! He goes to pick her up...

SLAP!

RAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

The ENTIRE TD Garden erupts for the slap!

Lance:

THAT was the answer Elise wanted to give! But I think that might be all she has left!

OSCAR is caught off-guard by a slap from Elise Ares! She crawls away and then inches her way back towards the ropes but an angry OSCAR already goes over to pick Elise up! He grabs the South Beach Starlet and whips her to the

ropes before throwing her up in the air...

TILT-A-WHIRL TORNADO DDT!

DDK:

ELISE COUNTERS! ELISE COUNTERS! WHERE DID SHE GET THAT FROM?!

Elise SPIKES the Kiwi into the canvas with a tilt-a-whirl into a tornado DDT! OSCAR's head pops off the canvas and has a glassy-eyed expression before he slumps over to the side holding his neck. The D and Klein both jump up and lead the charge for The Boston Faithful to make noise while Sonny once again looks like he's about to collapse from shock. FLEX holds him upright!

Lance:

Now look at Elise!

DDK:

She's back up!

Slowly but surely, Elise gets up in the corner, using each of the ropes to slowly pull herself upright through pained expressions. Once she's fully upright, she's waiting for OSCAR to get back to a knee and when he does, she flies at him and hits a big flying knee strike upside the head! OSCAR gets stunned while Elise is slow to get up again. She gets back up...

DDK:

SUNSET STRETCH! THE IRONY! OSCAR TAUGHT ELISE THIS MOVE YEARS AGO WHEN THEY WERE ALIGNED AGAINST THE FAMILY KEELING!

The tilt-a-whirl Octopus Stretch is locked in and The Faithful are going crazy right now with OSCAR on his knees! Elise screams out for DEFIANCE Himself to tap out as the submission is locked on tightly!

Lance:

Sunset Stretch in the middle of the ring! She struck after she hit that tilt-a-whirl and the flying knee strike! Has Elise Ares done enough to put away OSCAR BURNS?!

Klein and The D are also shouting for OSCAR to tap out while Sonny and FLEX urge the opposite from their side of the ring!

TAP* *THE* *FUCK UP* *CLAP-CLAP-CLAPCLAPCLAP

The Boston Faithful are 1000% behind Elise as she cranks back on the submission hold! OSCAR continues struggling while Elise elbows him in the side of the head and then pulls back on his right arm while he's still on his knees! Benny Doyle asks him if he wants to tap out! He has a hand up and everyone in the building is standing! Even the Faithful quiet to hear!

DDK:

IS OSCAR ABOUT TO TAP? IS HE ABOUT TO TAP OUT?!

The Center of the GC Universe continues to struggle as he bites his teeth...

Then FIGHTS to his feet! He swings around...

He grabs Elise by the side...

Then DRIVES her down violently across his knee!

Again!

And again!

And again!

And again!

The D and Klein can't believe what they're seeing and watch in horror while Sonny and FLEX cheer on and clap for BURNS!

DDK:

NO! NO! FIVE BACKBREAKERS! ELISE MIGHT BE DONE!

The air has left the building as Elise crawls around the canvas. BURNS looks like he's about to explode with complete rage after being shown up with a move he taught Elise along ago when they were brief allies!

Lance:

Now what's he going to do?

He grabs The FACE of DEFIANCE by the arm as she's on the mat, then deadlifts Ares right onto his shoulder before DRILLING her right into the canvas with a vicious high angle saito suplex! Ares bounces up and off the canvas before crashing down again.

DDK:

UNIVERSAL ACCLAIM! THAT'S IT!

She rolls off the mat, but OSCAR isn't done. He grabs onto her wrist again...

DDK:

ANOTHER UNIVERSAL ACCLAIM! JEEZ, ELISE WAS ALMOST DROPPED ON HER HEAD!

Lance:

Come on! This has to end! Pin her, for God's sakes!

The Faithful go quiet as OSCAR is back on his feet. He looks at Elise, still down and out on the canvas. OSCAR BURNS looks out at The D and Klein.

OSCAR BURNS:

You either stop this or I'm gonna end her career!

The D:

You'll never work in this town again!

Klein:

You haven't beat her yet!

OSCAR looks over and Elise, who hasn't moved off the mat just yet, is still where he left her. He goes over to grab Elise to make sure The D and Klein can see her. He grabs her again by her arm...

Only to have a gob of spit flying in his face!

DDK:

ELISE NOT GOING DOWN QUIETLY! SHOWING NO RESPECT TO A MAN THAT DOESN'T DESERVE IT!

The TD Garden explode once again as BURNS slowly uses his wrist tape to wipe it off. Snarling, OSCAR takes the sign of disrespect the only way he knows how...

UNIVERSAL ACCLAIM NUMBER THREE!

OSCAR lifts Elise and holds her up.

OSCAR BURNS:
THIS, IS ON YOU!

UNIVERSAL ACCLAIM NUMBER FOUR!

The D grabs and pulls at his hair as Klein tries to comfort him. OSCAR makes sure the next move is directly in front of the D.

UNIVERSAL ACCLAIM NUMBER FIVE!

Elise isn't moving now and is lifeless on the canvas. Klein tries to jump in the ring to save his friend, but The D holds him back and shakes his head. The two start to argue amongst themselves about what to do.

DDK:
Good GOD! Benny Doyle needs to stop this now! OSCAR is trying to DESTROY Elise Ares, not pin her!

BURNS looks out to The D and Klein. The D grabs and rips at his own hair.

OSCAR BURNS:
SOMEBODY BETTER STOP THIS NOW! CAUSE I WON'T!

DDK:
What are they gonna do?! What can anybody do?!

The D looks up... and finally runs over to a stagehand at ringside!

OSCAR grabs Elise's arm for possibly Universal Acclaim number six...

Klein hops onto the apron, begging OSCAR to relent as the official motions him off.

...But before he can drop OSCAR can lift Elise, a white towel flies into the ring. Benny Doyle rushes to the timekeeper's corner and motions for the bell.

DING DING DING

OSCAR doesn't want to let go.

Klein looks on in shock as the D holds his hand aloft, confirming he threw in the towel.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DING DING DING DING DING

OSCAR finally lets go of Elise's arm as she remains possibly unconscious in the ring.

♪ "Presto" by Epica ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner via The D throwing in the towel for Elise Ares...

Darren can't believe what he's seen as Darren's announcement remains somber. The D covers his face in shame and then slams his hand against the ring apron.

Darren Quimbey:

Oscar Burns...

OSCAR hears Quimbey loud and clear, but doesn't even care that there was no bass in Quimbey's otherwise shocked voice. The D and Klein finally climb into the ring to check on Elise while she remains unconscious on the mat. Various shots capture the looks of all those around the crowd.

Disbelief.

Shock.

Disgust.

DDK:

I can't believe it... that might have been one of the more one-sided matches of OSCAR BURNS' career tonight. Elise came out of the gates right after BURNS refused to take her seriously... but the second she got that nearfall with the Extreme Makeover...

Lance:

It was like something else took over completely. BURNS was in relentless mode and other than that final stretch, OSCAR completely overtook Elise with those repeated attacks.

DDK:

These fans still can't believe it. And OSCAR BURNS is taking it all in.

While everyone else is still stunned by the result, both Sonny Silver and FLEX stand on the floor just beneath the turnbuckle OSCAR stands on and they both bow in exaggerated fashion for The Center of the GC Universe. Once his posturing is done, he leaps off the second turnbuckle and walks by the fallen PCP members.

OSCAR BURNS:

You tell her that if she EVER comes for my spot again... she's DONE.

The D wants nothing more than to get up and beat the ever-loving hell out of BURNS, but Klein tries to hold his arm to keep him at bay as checking on Elise is more important. BURNS walks over to the ropes, he sweeps his feet on the canvas and then leaves the ring. With his arms out, he waits for Sonny Silver to head back over to put his cape back on while FLEX looks at what happens to Elise and starts guffawing like an asshole.

DDK:

OSCAR is such an elitist piece of garbage. Plain and simple.

Lance:

It is... I can't think Elise and PCP are going to let OSCAR get away with this... but I can't answer that right now. We don't even know what Elise's condition is after this.

Medical attend to The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style, along with The D and Klien helping them out. Meanwhile up the aisle, OSCAR, Sonny and FLEX all take their leave without even so much as looking back at the damage done tonight. For OSCAR, this example says everything about it.

THREE-ON-TWO: THE BLOOD DIAMONDS & TYLER FUSE vs. THE HOLLWOOD BRUVS

Back to ringside.

DDK:

The stage is set! The Hollywood Bruvs have been outnumbered and brutalized by the hands of the Blood Diamonds and Tyler Fuse for weeks now. Tonight they have the opportunity for revenge, but it's not going to come easy as they are scheduled to go three versus just the two of them in a handicap match.

Lance:

Ed White wrestled last night. How is this fair?

DDK:

It's what he wanted.

♪ "F*cking in the Bushes Remix" by Oasis/Kerstell ♪

The lights turn down and a gold spotlight hits the stage. The fans erupt as one of their favorite tag teams comes through the curtain hyping the crowd up with a ton of energy.

At the top of the stage JFK and Mikey each move to a separate side, slowly but surely they are pulled back together by the power of Bruv! Finally they meet in the middle and as they yell it out, so too does the entire arena.

Everyone:

GLUEEEEEEFIST!

Lance:

The Bruvs have the deck stacked against them tonight, but it's been that way since they returned. Let's be honest, however, tonight there are very cunning and sadistic men standing across the ring from them. Edward White, Bronson Box, and Tyler Fuse represent the kind of sway and power we rarely see in DEFIANCE. The Bruvs have been in wars, but what we're about to see tonight is something else entirely.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring first, weighing in at a combined four-hundred-fifty pounds... the team of Mikey Unlikely and Jesse Fredricks Kendrix.... THE HOLLYWOOOOOOOOD BRUVS!

Making their way down the ramp, The Bruvs are intense but trying to stay upbeat. Playing to the fans despite knowing the war they are about to enter.

Lance:

DEFIANCE legends in their own right, these two men are not backing down despite the long odds!

DDK:

They've got guts, but as the old adage goes Lance, better to have brains than guts.

The Bruvs slide into the ring and take a corner, nodding to each other and hyping one another up.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents...

♪ "The Entertainer" by 1920's ragtime legend Scott Joplin ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing a combined six-hundred-eighty-four pounds... the team of Tyler Fuse, Ed White and Bronson Box.

Box marches out first, followed by White and capped off by Fuse.

DDK:

I am stunned to see all three men out at the same time, Lance.

Lance:

Unity. I would've expected it from Box and White, but they have been actively "recruiting" Tyler, if you will. So maybe when I say this, I'm not so surprised after all. It's a three-on-two, why not play the psychological game and show it immediately, before the bell rings.

Box leads the way and he, of course, looks none too happy as the trio make their way down the ramp.

DDK:

You want to talk about advantages? Mikey and Kendrix are brave, sure, but I really don't think this is smart. There are FOUR former FISTS in this match and you're looking at the ACE of DEFIANCE, Tyler Fuse, who's potentially the next FIST! Box, White and Tyler are hard enough to handle in their own right. Mikey and JFK are REALLY going to have to work tough here.

Lance:

It's a rumor, so I can't completely confirm this, but Scott Douglas might have offered his hand to help the Bruvs. However, they want to do this three-on-two. They want their revenge. Douglas wasn't beaten down like The Bruvs were twice, three weeks ago.

DDK:

Fair.

The Blood Diamonds, and Tyler Fuse, make their way to ringside as the referee, Hector Navarro, is attempting to command respect and speaking to both teams on their own as Box's theme dies down and the crowd rallies up.

Lance:

Hector hoping order is kept right off the hop. Otherwise, he's going to let the teams have it.

DDK:

Only moments away...

The fans are buzzing with anticipation as the Blood Diamonds confidently taunt the Bruvs from across the ring. Knowing they have the advantage they saunter to the center with arrogance pouring off of them. Bronson, ready to strike, doesn't display the same smile that Ed and Tyler have on their faces. The referee is just about to signal for the bell when....

The arena lights dim once more.

DDK:

Wait a minute, what's this?

Lance:

I don't know, this isn't on my rundown!?

♪ BAGPIPES ♪

The crowd erupts in utter shock as the unmistakable sound of bagpipes fills the arena. Inside the ring Jesse and Mikey are now the ones smirking confidently. Tyler Fuse appears to have seen a ghost as his jaw drops and his eyes widen. The Blood Diamonds freeze in their tracks.

And Bronson Box looks IRATE.

♪ "Dare to Tame Me" by TRIDDANA ♪

Lance:

NO WAY! IT CAN'T BE!

The man steps through the curtain.

DDK:

IT'S GAGE BLACKWOOD! GAGE BLACKWOOD IS HERE AT ACTS OF DEFIANCE!

The Boston Faithfull in attendance roar at the excitement as Gage Blackwood, former FIST of DEFIANCE and long time rival of both Mikey Unlikely and Bronson Box steps onto the stage. The look on his face is pure determination. He stomps down the ramp towards the ring. Tyler Fuse grabs the official and screams at him to get Blackwood out of here.

DDK:

Blackwood has been gone for a long time but he's BACK! Taken out of action six months ago by Bronson Box himself, the man Gage TRUSTED for an entire year. More on that later. But this is ALSO the man who ended Mikey Unlikely's 499 day FIST run as champion... and now.... now it appears he's standing side by side with the man he once battled with!

Lance:

Blackwood and Mikey Unlikely had an intense history, but it looks like tonight, he's on the side of the Bruvs!

As Blackwood reaches the ring, he jumps onto the apron, and locks eyes with Bronson Box who snarls back. The tension is palpable. Mikey Unlikely and Jesse Kendrix look trepidatious for a moment, before Mikey saunters over and extends a hand. Blackwood looks down at it, smiles, and shakes Mikey's hand with great enthusiasm, burying the proverbial hatchet with Unlikely. Once again The Faithful explode.

The official leans through the ropes and talks to Darren Quimbey who brings the microphone to his lips.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen this match is now a SIX MAN TAG! Joining the Hollywood Bruvs... "THE NOBLE RAIDER"... GAGE BLACKWOOD!

Lance:

OH MY GOD! What a turn of events for the Bruvs who came into this match with a severe disadvantage. Now they've evened the odds!

Tyler Fuse stomps around the ring, refusing to accept the change. He doesn't have much time to worry about it though because as he turns he's met by the forearm of Mikey Unlikely. Navarro calls for the bell as everyone else slowly retreats to their corner. Bronson won't take his eyes off his former tag team partner in Gage Blackwood.

The crowd is hot AF.

DING DING

After a few blows, Mikey strikes Tyler with a quick dropkick that sends him into the Bruvs corner. Mikey tags JFK right away and the duo pick up a dazed Fuse and deliver a double suplex in the center of the ring. Mikey slides out under the bottom rope as JFK takes over.

DDK:

The experience of The Bruvs paying off early, not going to allow one another to get tired, I expect we'll see a lot of quick tags and teamwork from the pair.

Lance:

If the Diamonds allow them to get to one another!

Kendrix puts a knee into the lower back of Fuse, and pulls back both of his arms in a surfboard type submission.

Kendrix:

Not so sneaky now are you, Bruv?

Lance:

Jay Eff Kay giving plenty of lip to Tyler Fuse who has been playing mind games with the Hollywood Bruvs for weeks!

Tyler tries to fight out of the hold but Kendrix applies more pressure, driving him back down to his knees. Fuse screams out in pain before suddenly, Bronson Box steps through the ropes and barrels down on JFK, with what can only be described as a running body splash. JFK splats onto the mat, releasing the hold in the process. The official gets in the grill of Bronson Box and pushes him back towards his corner. Bronson takes his position back on the outside, but not before growling at Navarro.

DDK:

That's one way out of that submission!

Mikey Unlikely protests on the other side of the ring, while Gage Blackwood starts a slow clap for Kendrix and gets the fans excited again. Mikey, jealous that he didn't start the slow clap, tries his own, but he can't find the timing. He kicks the bottom rope in frustration as Blackwood's clap continues to grow around the arena.

DDK:

Kendrix had the submission hold locked in, but Bronson Box isn't going to sit back and allow that to happen!

Lance:

You got that right, Keebs, Box is a powder keg and he's ready to blow at any moment, but you can feel his focus is somewhere else tonight... or should I say, on someone else.

DDK:

At this point you can feel the tension between the two. Looking at the way Blackwood is glaring at Bronson Box, he cannot wait to get his hands on him.

Tyler Fuse crawls towards the corner with his hand outstretched. Bronson Box keeps his eyes locked on Blackwood on the opposite side of the ring. Ed White reaches out for the tag, but it's Bronson Box who brushes his hand away and slaps the back of Tyler Fuse for the tag.

Lance:

And here he comes!

Box storms into the ring and looms over the Bruv who's making his way to his feet. Box tries keeping an eye on Blackwood and that's all the opening JFK needs as he pushes off both of Box's arms and strikes a hard uppercut on the brute. Box takes a step back and puts a hand to his face. Kendrix saunters over and to the delight of the FAITHFUL, tags in Gage Blackwood.

DDK:

Listen to these people!

Blackwood vaults over the top rope and steps into the ring, ready for a fight. He takes one look at Box and urges him to "come on". Box smirks, backs up slowly, and tags in Ed White.

Massive jeers.

DDK:

Wait a minute, Bronson Box doesn't want any part of Gage Blackwood!

Lance:

Box has never been one to back down from a fight, but he ducked out of there as soon as Blackwood stepped in! Now he's going up against Ed White, who's no slouch.

DDK:

You injured the man, Bronson. You used Edward White's money to anonymously pay off The Lucky Sevens to take out Blackwood and END HIS CAREER. Then you befriended Gage when he was recovering back home in both of your native country of Scotland. BOX encouraged Blackwood to heal and come back to wrestling. Together they would FIND THE MEN RESPONSIBLE for paying off the Lucky Sevens. Only it was you all along, Bronson!

Lance:

You said a mouthful there, Keeps.

DDK:

Yeah, well, I'm fired up!

White and Blackwood circle one another in the middle before locking up. A test of strength ensues with both men pushing on the other with their arms. The struggle goes back and forth before the veteran Ed White, waits until Blackwood goes to thrust forward and uses his own momentum to adjust Gage into a headlock. Quickly he wrenches and drops to one knee to apply more weight and pressure on the hold. Blackwood is able to power him back to his feet and back him into the ropes. Pushing him off he sends Ed White off the other side. White comes back with a shoulder tackle and is surprised when Gage Blackwood doesn't go down. His shock is quickly replaced with anger and he hits the ropes again, this time with a purpose. He comes back with another shoulder tackle, this one moves Gage back a step but The Noble Raider smirks it off. Finally, White hits the ropes for a third time, but this time Gage picks him up on the return and greets him with a big powerslam in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

Gage Blackwood is a man on fire right now! He's taking the fight to Ed White, but the tension between him and Box is palpable.

Back up now, Blackwood whips White off the ropes once again, this time Gage catches him with a spinning back elbow. White hits the mat hard and bounces to a seated position, before folding over. White scrambles to his feet, Blackwood tucks White's head under his arm and suplexes him down and floats over into a pinfall attempt.

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

White gets the shoulder up slowly after two. Blackwood helps him up and pushes White back to his team's corner. Mikey Unlikely gets the tag, and as soon as he does, on the other side of the ring, Bronson Box reaches over the top rope for a tag. White is well too far away, but it's the continuation of mind games.

Mikey Unlikely knocks Ed White down to the ground and climbs onto the second rope. He looks out to the crowd and shouts at them before jumping. Ed White sticks his foot directly into the sky and catches the chin of Mikey. The Hollywood Star flips into the middle of the ring holding his jaw. Ed White uses the moment to get to his corner and finally tag in Bronson Box. Mikey is getting back up when he sees Bronson enter the ring. Box tilts his neck with his hands and cracks his neck. Mikey pops a finger since that's all he knows how to do. With a grunt, Unlikely takes off and runs at Box. He dives but Bronson catches him in mid air. Mikey's eyes go wide.

Mikey Unlikely:

Save me, Jesse!

It's too late.

DDK:

What a slam from Bronson Box!

Lance:

I think he bounced two feet off the mat after connecting!

The FAITHFUL shower Bronson Box in boos as he stands over Mikey Unlikely. With precision, Bronson picks Mikey up by the short hair on his head, hauling him to his feet with little effort. As soon as Mikey is vertical, Bronson lays in a vicious forearm shot to the head, he follows it up with a quick elbow as well. Mikey looks for refuge but ends up in an empty corner. When he looks up Bronson Box is already on top of him. Trapping Mikey in position, Box lays into him with a variety of strikes, all aimed at the head and face.

The referee tries to break it up and begins a five count, but Bronson Box only relents at the very last second, takes a break, and comes right back swinging with a purpose. Finally Bronson takes a few steps away, Mikey slips to his knees while trying to collect himself. Box turns and runs at the Bruv, drilling him with a pair of running knees to the chest/face that send Mikey right back into that turnbuckle.

Lance:

He just rocked Mikey Back to the Future!

DDK:

I see what you did there Lance, you can drop the goofy smile.

Lance:

The Bruvs may have evened the odds with Gage Blackwood, but right now Mikey Unlikely is in a world of hurt!

Box grabs Mikey again, this time dragging him back to the center of the ring. He hoists Mikey up with a press, holding him in the air for several seconds, showing off his raw power. The FAITHFUL boo as Box keeps Mikey suspended, but Box finally drops him down with a thunderous slam. Box covers.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Mikey just got that shoulder up!

Box grits his teeth, and lifts Mikey. Whipping Unlikely into the ropes, Box goes for a big boot, but Mikey Unlikely is able to slide underneath the foot without getting caught. Mikey gets back up and hits the ropes, when Box turns he's caught with the flying forearm smash from Unlikely that sends both men down to the middle of the ring.

The FAITHFUL roar loudly, both men get up to their feet. Mikey comes flying with another forearm smash that sends Bronson Box reeling but not down this time. Box turns trying to keep up with the much faster Mikey, what he sees is Mikey hit the second rope and come back with a springboard crossbody block. They hit the mat together and Mikey tries and fails to hook a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

Mikey goes flying from the bench press pin breakup.

DDK:

The Bruvs are getting a head of steam here!

With Box momentarily stunned, Mikey rushes to his corner and tags in JFK. The crowd roars as Jesse Fredricks Kendrix enters the ring with a head full of steam. He hits Box with a clothesline, and then another, but Box still won't go down. Kendrix hits the ropes, building up speed, and delivers a huge dropkick to Box's knee, finally taking the Wargod down to one leg!

DDK:

Kendrix gets Box down to one knee! They've been trying to chop this monster down all match!

Kendrix backs up, measuring Box for a running attack. He charges at full speed, looking to deliver a shining wizard to Box's face, but at the last moment, Box surges forward, catching Kendrix in mid-air and slamming him down with a spinebuster! The ring shakes from the impact, and Kendrix writhes in pain on the mat.

Lance:

Box just turned the tables with that spinebuster! Kendrix had all the momentum, but Box can change the game with one move.

Bronson Box grabs Kendrix, drags him over to the Blood Diamonds corner, and tags in Tyler Fuse.

DDK:

Here comes Tyler Fuse, and he's stepping into the match at a perfect time! Kendrix is in a world of hurt after that brutal spinebuster from Bronson Box!

Lance:

And you know Fuse has been chomping at the bit to take advantage of a weakened Kendrix. He's been playing mind games for weeks—now it's time to see if he can capitalize.

Tyler Fuse steps through the ropes with a sly grin on his face, seeing JFK struggling to get up after the spinebuster. He stalks over to Kendrix and delivers a swift kick to his ribs, causing JFK to curl up in pain. The crowd boos as Fuse arrogantly waves his hands, dismissing the FAITHFUL's displeasure.

Fuse grabs Kendrix by the arm and whips him into the Blood Diamonds' corner, where Bronson Box and Ed White await. Fuse rushes in, hitting Kendrix with a corner clothesline, squashing him against the turnbuckles. Kendrix slumps down, and Fuse quickly tags in Ed White.

DDK:

Smart move by Fuse—tagging in the fresh man. They're keeping Kendrix isolated in their corner, cutting him off from his partners.

Lance:

They've got him right where they want him. The Bruvs are in trouble, and Blackwood's watching, just itching to get back in there!

Ed White enters the ring with a look of smug satisfaction, knowing they've got Kendrix on the ropes. He grabs Kendrix and lifts him up for a snap suplex, planting him hard in the center of the ring. White rolls through and floats over for a quick cover.

ONE.

TWO.

NO!

Kendrix kicks out at two, and the crowd breathes a sigh of relief. White doesn't let up, though, pulling Kendrix up to a seated position and locking him into a rear chinlock, wrenching back on his neck and applying pressure with his knee.

DDK:

Ed White is trying to wear Kendrix down even more. The Bruvs have taken a beating in this match, and Ed White is making sure they stay on the back foot.

Jesse flails his arms out toward his corner, Mikey reaches out his hand in vain but White has kept him very close to home. Seeing as the flailing has failed, JFK grabs at White's arm under his chin, but it's not budging.

Ed White:

ASK HIM!

The ref drops to a knee checking with Kendrix but before he can respond, White does the honours for him and shakes his head to say no for him, keeping the lock tied in.

DDK:

I see we've reached the complete disrespect point of this match. White has Kendrix right where he wants him.

The ref asks again, Jesse blinks hard but shakes his head this time of his own accord, the smile on White's face fades as JFK twists side to side, managing to pop up to his feet, a couple of elbows into the gut of White releases the grip. With Navarro clearing the path, Jesse hits the ropes on the opposite side, White tries to meet the returning Bruv with a clothesline but Jesse ducks under it through to the other side looking to bounce back but he's met with a sharp kick to the ribs from Tyler Fuse which halts him in his tracks.

DDK:

White is smiling, he loves what he's just seen.

Lance:

And now he and Box are taking advantage of the distracted referee remonstrating with Tyler Fuse on the outside. Anymore of that and he could be going to the back for an early shower!

Both Box and White pummel JFK with hard stomps in the corner. Box charges toward the opposite corner and strikes a forearm to the side of Blackwood's head, sending the Scotsman to the floor on the outside.

Lance:

Gage did not see that one coming, ring rust perhaps on his part, Keeps?

DDK:

Perhaps indeed and while Mikey Unlikely is being ushered back to his corner by the ref, White and Box continue their stomps on JFK who's having his arms held back by Fuse on the outside.

Box claps his hands just as the ref is satisfied with Mikey back at his corner as White and Fuse get back to their positions on the outside.

Lance:

Perfect timing all round by the Diamonds and Fuse. They're in complete control of this match.

DDK:

Blackwood has just about shook that cheap shot off from Bronson, Mikey is letting his frustrations get to him and Kendrix of course is gasping for air on the mat.

Bronson stalks Kendrix as he struggles, crawling slowly towards his tag partners. Box mockingly shows JFK the way,

pointing over at Mikey who is banging his fist against the top turnbuckle and Gage who shakes his head at his old adversary.

Kendrix reaches out towards his corner, getting ever so close but not close enough as he's dragged up to his feet by Bronson's arms wrapped around his waist as he's lifted up over and down hard on his back to the middle of the ring.

Lance:

Textbook German suplex from the War God and he's not done.

Box, not breaking his grip around JFK's waist, gets himself and Jesse back up to a standing position and hits a second German suplex, this time releasing his grip but not relenting on the pressure towards his foe. He grabs Jesse's head and hauls him up to his knees but this time he's met with a labored right to the gut, then a left, and another right.

DDK:

Two thunderous suplexes but the life isn't quite knocked out of JFK just yet! The crowd right behind him as he's up to one knee. Another strike from JFK, up to his feet now but he's met with a crushing hard club of a right hand from Box to the back of the head that sends him crashing to the mat once more.

Jesse looks up at his corner, saliva dripping off his mouth as he pants for air. Mikey and Blackwood support their man from the outside. Meanwhile, from the opposite side of the ring, Tyler has one foot on the apron and the other on the bottom rope, bouncing with his arm outstretched.

Lance:

Tyler Fuse is wanting in on some of the action.

DDK:

He's had one moment in this match so far but it was a momentum changer for sure and now he's begging to be let in so he can inflict more damage on a struggling Kendrix.

Bronson looks down at a beaten and broken Hollywood Bruv at his feet, proud of his work so far and makes the tag. The crowd make their feelings known to Fuse as he laughs off their boos and points down at JFK. Jesse puts his hands on Tyler's legs in a desperate attempt to get back to his feet. Fuse helps him the rest of the way up and slaps Kendrix on the face. TWICE! Tyler follows with a pendulum backbreaker, whips Kendrix upright and lands a hard side Russian leg sweep. Tyler isn't done, he's pulling the regular moves out of his arsenal to one-up JFK and no, "one up" isn't a video game reference. Tyler quit those years ago.

Fuse with an implant DDT, an exploder suplex after and then walks over to the second rope, stands on the padding and delivers a diving elbow to the heart.

Lance:

I think Jesse is DOA.

Fuse pulls a limp as shit Kendrix to his feet once again. Signaling to his corner, the OG Player holds his right arm up, affords himself a shit eating grin and motions a swing of the arm.

DDK:

Fuse is going to knock JFK's head off! He hits the ropes, goes for the LARIAT...BUT KENDRIX DUCKS UNDER, FUSE TURNS!

Lance:

INTO A SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK FROM JFK!

Both men whack the canvas.

DDK:

Desperation! Pure desperation from JFK. Fuse's meandering and showboating gave JFK just

ONE!

The ref starts his count. Fuse and JFK try to shake the cobwebs away as both men drag themselves slowly towards their corners. Mikey pumps up the crowd as Blackwood pounds the top turnbuckle. On the other side, White and Box hold their hands out, screaming at Fuse to make the tag.

TWO!

Kendrix crawls with his forearms, still looking dazed. He gets a hand to the bottom rope. Fuse on the other side manages to get a knee to the ground. He looks over and sees JFK get both his hands to the middle rope as Bronson Box demands his tag partner make the tag this very second!

DDK:

Kendrix, with the help of the ropes, pulls himself up and makes the tag to Blackwood!

Lance:

And Fuse tags in White!

White comes storming in but it's Blackwood with the advantage because the Scotsman sidesteps a swipe by White and pulls through with an olympic slam!

DDK:

COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

BROKEN UP BY BRONSON BOX!

Gage Blackwood IMMEDIATELY shoots to his feet with Bronson Box still in the ring and the crowd goes apeshit bananas! No one cares about the pinfall break up now. They want to see BLOOD.

BADD BLOOD.

DDK:

IT'S TIME TO DO THIS!

Lance:

I don't know if you saw it a moment ago, but when Tyler tagged out, Bronson seemed as though he wanted the tag UNTIL Gage was the one Kendrix's hand smacked.

Blackwood screams at Box to hit him... but The War God, meanwhile, takes a backwards step and another backwards step towards The Blood Diamonds corner. Box and Fuse are even telling Hector Navarro who the legal man is and Blackwood should be focusing on him! (That's Ed White, BTW.)

In many ways, they're not wrong... because Ed White creeps up from behind Blackwood and rolls him up!!

HANDFUL OF TIGHTS!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Oh, it was almost over!

Lance:

In the past, Gage has been a very bitter man. Of course, I would be too if I knew my friend was behind an attack that took me out for a year, followed by a first-hand attack that took me out for SIX MORE MONTHS.

Blackwood and White get to their feet and start exchanging hard shots.

DDK:

Gage and Edward started their battle in this match with a grapple, clearly not holding any significant issues with one another... but now it's spilled over into this. I can't blame Gage one bit.

The two are absolutely destroying each other. White slams his forearm so hard into Blackwood's cheek a little blood dribbles out of Gage's trademark scar above his left eyebrow. Blackwood stumbles into the ropes and gives it to the The Financial Backbone of DEFIANCE with a stiff as shit forearm into his jawline, too.

Back and forth they go, back and forth...

Tyler Fuse comes roaring in with a vicious looking slingblade to Blackwood!

The crowd boos as Mikey and the somewhat-recovered JFK roll into the ring, which brings Bronson Box into the ring, which makes Hector Navarro go insane with screams and that forever pending heart attack.

DDK:

You had to know this was coming!

Lance:

I'm honestly surprised it took so long!

All hell breaks loose but one thing is clear, Bronson Box keeps eyes in the back of his head, continually looking over to Gage Blackwood, ensuring they do NOT meet for blows in the squared circle. Otherwise, everyone is fighting everyone else... until the ring clears and it's Gage Blackwood in there again with an unsuspecting Ed White, who's back is facing towards The Noble Raider.

Reverse gutwrench suplex!

Into the Soul Breaker!

DDK:

The sleeper hold! It's won matches before!

Ed White is fading FAST and while everyone on the outside of the ring is finding their feet and going back to their corners, a blood thirsty Blackwood shouts at Navarro to check White's arm thrice.

Once, it drops.

TWICE, IT DROPS.

THREE TIMES...

WHAM!

Tyler Fuse with double running knees to the head of Blackwood, in perhaps his own version of the Gaelic Storm!

DDK:

Bloody hell.

The ring empties out again as Navarro realizes there's pretty much no chance he's going to be able to restore order at the moment. Gage Blackwood slowly recovers... as does Ed White and while The Bruvs vs. Box-Fuse do battle, The War God, the legend, the Hall of Famer, slips back to his corner and calls for Ed White to crawl over and make the tag.

Tyler, for good measure, gives a helpful push from inside the ring. White goes sprawling across the canvas and makes the tag to Bronson.

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

One problem. Well, that problem is for Bronson Box himself.

Gage Blackwood hasn't tagged out and Bronson Box seemingly forgot.

The Bruvs leave the ring. Tyler Fuse has been ordered to leave, as well. Ed White is down...

The ring belongs to Gage Blackwood and Bronson Box. Them alone.

Box, for as fearless as he typically is, also knows exactly what's happened between them. This was a plan he orchestrated over three years ago. Pay off The Lucky Sevens to take out the fellow Scotsman. Befriend Blackwood and fuck with him over two years. Etc, etc.

Stab Blackwood in the back. Reclaim your country.

Blackwood SCREAMS for Box to charge. In fact, Gage opens up his arms, allowing Box to have the first shot.

But Box doesn't budge from his corner. He's standing there, inside the ring, looking down at Ed White, who's trying to recover.

Finally, to the dismay of everyone in the arena, Tyler Fuse makes it back to their Blood Diamond corner and "offers" himself to tag into the match.

Box tags out.

Blackwood bellows the comments of coward and bloke and baw juggler, whatever The Noble Raider says. He's so angry, his thick Scottish accent takes over and nobody can understand a damn thing.

Gage Blackwood:

YE CARNE'. AH KNEW YE DIDNAE HAE IT IN YE. GANG BACK TAE BANFF, RUN FUR TH' HILLS. AH WULL NAE DIE 'TIL AH KILL YE FUR GUID.

Proof.

The Faithful are pissing all over this as well. Tyler Fuse slips into the ring and jumps back and forth to fake "limbering up". Fuse calls Blackwood on as if Tyler doesn't even recognize the history between Box and Blackwood.

But he knows.

Blackwood roars forward and Tyler ducks. Fuse shoots off three left forearms into Gage's face before hitting the ropes-

Gaelic Storm out of nowhere!

Giving up on payback against Bronson Box tonight, Blackwood marches over to The Bruvs corner and tags Jesse Kendrix.

Kendrix hops over the ropes, snatches the current ACE of DEFIANCE and performs three German suplexes. This ignites Bronson Box, but Mikey Unlikely comes in with a missile dropkick to the chest, he was ready. Ed White is raring to go now, but Gage Blackwood is there to low bridge White, sending The Financial Backbone out of the ring! Blackwood takes one quick look at the fallen Bronson Box in the center of the mat. Gage sighs and instead shoots himself over the top rope and through Edward White who was trying to get up below.

Mikey snatches Bronson Box and connects with ROLL CREDITS!

The crowd is coming alive in a MAJOR way... because they are sensing the end is near.

Mikey pushes Kendrix. Kendrix pushes Mikey. The two BRUV out and then BRUV down.

THE. BELL. END.

Tyler is DOA, Kendrix falls on top of him and Mikey stands guard in case anyone else decides to make an appearance.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

♪ "F*cking in the Bushes Remix" by Oasis/Kerstall ♪

The Faithful erupt as Darren Quimbey gets on the speaker.

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match... GAGE BLACKWOOD, JESSE KENDRIX AND MIKEY UNLIKELY!

Mikey and Kendrix embrace, while Gage Blackwood eventually slides into the ring and stands in front of Unlikely, the man who he took the FIST of DEFIANCE from many moons ago.

Mikey nods. Blackwood smirks. It's very unlikely we are here today. Ha! The two shake hands once more, as Navarro eventually intercepts and all three men raise their hands, connected one to another, and Mikey to Navarro.

DDK:

A hell of a match. Revenge is a delicious Boston dish!

Lance:

Revenge for The Bruvs, yes. SOME revenge for Gage Blackwood, but not directly against Bronson.

DDK:

I think Gage realized there was too much happening tonight. With four other men in the match, he was never going to get his hands on Bronson the way he wanted. But there's going to be another day, Lance. It's going to be soon. You can bet on it.

Lance takes a page out of Gage Blackwood's "catchphrase".

Lance:

You mean there IS a tomorrow?

DDK:

Yes. Yes, indeed.

The Bruvs and Blackwood celebrate, while White, Box and Fuse collect themselves at the edge of the apron. The fans keep cheering and ACTS goes to a commercial break.

CORVO ALPHA vs. MP1

DDK:

We still have the FIST on the line – Cassidy versus Cassidy – still to come!

Lance:

But first, it's a battle we hoped we would never see fought again.

DDK:

Take a look.

A string concerto signals the commencement of a dramatic video package, set to black and white hues.

The video reminiscence is one that stretches back nearly a decade.

We see clips of the Masked Violators in combat with the likes of the Thugs 4 Hire and the STORM. The only color in the video is their red, yellow and blue. Clips follow of the pair colliding with the Pop Culture Phenoms. The images start to fade. The music slows and dissolves into the distance in time with the images.

Hard, heavy guitar screams an epic return as the strings join back in, each note biting and quick. The dissonant notes help tell the tale. The images return, but this time there is a filter of dirt and grime over them. A powerful, monstrous figure cuts a path through the roster. He is unrelenting. His face is smudged in black, his chest a bloody red wound. A malevolent wraith in a bowler cap appears to guide his destructive hand.

Triumphant horns drown out the hulking electric guitar as a red-masked-man enters the fray, seemingly wiping the grime away. He stands over a shocked beast, holding an outstretched hand with a yellow wrestling mask in it. He offers it to the monster.

Cymbals crash, strings rise and fall, guitar groans as we see strife and violence in the form of professional wrestling warfare play out across the screen. Brawling, fighting, brutality. A yellow mask is tossed into the fiery flames of a barrel. The syncopated cackling of a laughing old man seems to almost harmonize with the music.

Anxious notes stretch as the now-frail wretch that steered the monster is vanquished by the red marvel. Gone is the dark smear across the dog's face, replaced now by a canary yellow streak. The mongrel is loose and he is ascendant. A rosy pink strap of leather, glinting with bronze now makes an appearance, stunning in the light.

Toms and snares fight for attention, beating and pounding, as the red man is slowly taken down by overwhelming odds. A fruitless struggle. He is pulled under. Now it's a shimmering woman who finds a smile in the midst of the masked man's despair.

The tension, and the swelling melody, rises and rises to an untenable place... finally spilling off of a cliff. We see the masked man strike out and KICK his savage savior. The tune plunges to one low, gravelly C-note echoing out on an ancient, worn piano.

The colors slowly drain from MV1's mask and tights, leaving blacks and grays. The screen goes equally black as that single note continues to ring.

Finally... A silhouette of each man steps into the frame under a dark, unrelenting rain. The monster seems to seethe on the left. On the right side of the screen, the masked man's head is downcast and sullen. The resonating C-note pales and ebbs away as the shot returns to the Commentation Station.

DDK:

To say it's been a journey is an understatement. It culminates here.

Lance:

There is a tragedy to all of this, Darren. Both of these men have been through so much: Corvo was essentially

kidnapped and brainwashed. His humanity was stripped away and he was molded into the most evil of weapons. He overcame that, with the help of the former Masked Violator #1. A man with noble intentions but on an island, all to himself. He fought until he seemingly could not any more. Their reunion came just a heartbeat too late, for him.

DDK:

Sounding a little like an MP1-apologist, Lance! I struggle to excuse the choice MV1 made in turning his back on Corvo and joining the Most Precious Gems.

Lance:

Well, this will have to be one we disagree on, friend. *BOTH* of these men have fought and clawed to find each other again. But every time and at every turn, the timing has been wrong and someone more sinister, more opportunistic has taken advantage of them, driving a wedge between them time and time again!

Lance ponders for a beat.

Lance:

There was a time where a case could easily be made that Corvo Alpha was the tragic figure here... and now I feel like that race has tightened. Significantly.

DDK:

Tonight... these two star crossed, ill-fated friends meet in the ring, perhaps for the final time. Let's go to the ring and Darren Quimbey for the introductions.

With a solemn nod, Keebler throws it to Quimbey who is primed and ready for his cue.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL...

A polite pop as the house lights dim.

Just a handful of fleeting moments pass before the crowd's rhythmic clapping starts up. A pulsing, thrumming gallop of energy and anticipation sweeps the arena, building with each strike. A cheer lights up when the powerful beam of a single spotlight starts roaming over the crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Parts Untold...

The spotlight halts, freezing on a spot halfway up the bowl. A form can be seen with a single arm raised, his coiled fist pumping along to the claps of the Faithful as he stomps down the steps. On a whim, he streaks down the last twenty steps, and leaps over the guard rail, landing with a dramatic double STOMP on the ringside floor.

Darren Quimbey:

He weighs in tonight at two-hundred and sixty pounds...

When he stands at his full height, such as it is, his eyes glower widely at the cheering fans all around him. His face has four simple vertical stripes of warpaint; two yellow columns on the outside of either eye, a red strip down the bridge of his nose, and a single diagonal slash of blue across it all. The red paint on his chest is more prominent than perhaps it has been in recent months, almost weeping down his stomach in shockingly crimson streaks.

Darren Quimbey:

Call him MONSTER. Call him SAVAGE. Call him... **CORVO ALPHA!!!!**

Alpha springs up to the apron, pacing on it several times, before stepping through the ropes. He feeds off of the crowd's approval and energy.

DDK:

Corvo Alpha looks LOCKED IN, Lance!

His eyes dart around the arena, on full alert. They flit in every direction, lingering on the entranceway. Pacing, he kicks the bottom rope in frustration. Time stretches on and the crowd begins to boo. Alpha blinks, warily spinning in place, on edge for an attack from the Gems that never comes.

Lance:

Fans, we await the arrival of the Most Precious One, MP1... and this delay is highly irregular.

Our scene shifts suddenly, from a long shot of the ring, to a shoulder-mounted camera shuffling through the curtain, through the go-position, and into the backstage proper. There is no sign of MP1.

Winding down halls, the camera comes to a brief rest outside a locker room with the words "MOST PRECIOUS GEMS" printed on it. The crowd elicits an appropriate round of boos at the sight. Pushing open the door, already ajar, we spy a private scene.

Hunched on a bench, we find MP1, not looking altogether too precious. In fact, he is as dejected as can be. Dressed in street clothes (a form fitting black t-shirt and faded, pressed blue jeans), his mask is the only article of clothing betraying his identity. Head in his hands, it is clear he is not prepared for a fight.

Crouched at his side, a stunning shiny blue sequined dress clinging to her in all the right places, Madame Melton has one of his hands clasped in hers. Her smooth face is taut and urgent. Concerned.

Madame Melton:

-this is what you need, don't you understand? You want to move on, this is *how* you do it! Go out there and finish it! Show him how much you hurt! Remind him it's not just about him!

A heavy sigh and a shake of the head shows that MP1 can hear her. But he doesn't speak. Our shot briefly cuts quickly back to Corvo in the ring, who is incensed. Melton's tone softens.

Madame Melton:

Oh, precious... I know it's hard. I know it feels impossible.

Her free hand caresses his masked-face. He doesn't flinch.

Madame Melton:

But nothing is impossible when you are with us. Nothing.

She arches an artfully sculpted eyebrow.

Madame Melton:

In fact... I suspected it might come to this.

She stands, a caring hand resting on his shoulder.

Madame Melton:

And so, I made a phone call to an old flame. Someone, perhaps the *only* one, who understands the gravity and nuance of this problem.

She looks – and the camera wheels around – revealing a figure standing in the doorway. The Faithful instantly revolt.

DDK:

Oh my god...

Dressed in tan slacks, a brown corduroy blazer and matching brown fedora, the man sweeps the hat from his head, kneading it in his hands anxiously. His gray eyes are sympathetic. His white hair is smoothed into place on his head. His tongue flutters out of his mouth – a nervous snake – to moisten his aging lips.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush takes a step into the locker room. MP1 rises to his feet, fists balled. Melton anchors herself to one of his arms, steeling him.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

My child. I came as soon as she called, as quickly as I could.

Appearing far more youthful and vital than he had just 18 months ago when last he was seen, Trickelbush holds out a hand of caution. Back in the ring, Corvo has fallen to his knees. His eyes wide with shock. As if he'd seen something worse than a ghost. A single tear rolls down his cheek, carving a path through his warpaint.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I know I'm the last man you wanted to see.

He glances briefly at the camera.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Any of you.

Stepping closer, MP1 visibly tenses.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

But I know how to navigate this issue. Oh, my child... the mess you've made. Of all of this. And your pain, goodness, I can feel it. I... I can own up to my *small* part in all of this. I know that, in the past, I've been little but counterproductive to you... and him... finding each other once again.

Pulling away from Madame Melton, MP1 takes a half step towards his arch nemesis.

MP1:

You son of a–

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I deserve that. Perhaps that and more. But please know, I haven't been without my *own* pain through all of this. My *own* hurt.

Nigel looks away, searching for words he almost certainly already has prepared.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

But... I see now that I have a chance, *we have a chance*, to put this all to rights. You say you want to move on, to move forward, to leave your past in the past. But I look at you now and I see a man who is *yearning* for more than closure. Yearns for resolution! A broken man who can never truly move on. I see a man who simply wants what anyone in his position would want: He wants his family back. I know you feel that nothing can, that no one can, fix this.

His lips curl into a strangely warm smile.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Precious child... **I can fix this.**

MP1 half-wilts. Nigel sees it, seizes on it.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I can do it. But not from afar.

Nigel tosses his fedora on to the nearby vanity.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

It was you so long ago who banished me from this place. It can only be you who lets me back in.

Melton, having let loose her grip on MP1, lights a cigarette in her long, ivory cigarette-holder. She keeps an interested eye trained on Lord Nigel.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

As well as you know the man he once was... No soul alive knows Corvo Alpha better than me.

The words seem to boom and reverberate through the arena. Back in the ring, Corvo shudders, just slightly. Just enough to see it. He is otherwise unmoved, on his knees, center-ring.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I can fix this, One. It will take time. It will take your incredible resolve. I can put your family back together. *We can do it together.*

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Teri and Nigel exchange a brief knowing glance. The Lord opens his arms.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You just have to let me in.

MP1's welling eyes look first to Melton, then to Nigel. He feels her reassuring hand back on his shoulder. To a deafening chorus of discontent, the former Masked Violator #1 and Lord Nigel Trickelbush do the unthinkable.

They embrace.

In the ring, Alpha's brow has tightened in a torrent of emotional confusion. He slips out of the ring, disoriented. Any progress made, any evolution over the last 18 months has seemingly been wiped away. Leaping into the crowd, the Faithful part out of fear and respect. The monster disappears.

Backstage, Nigel's eyes are clenched shut as he squeezes MP1. The masked man weeps. Opening his eyes, a sick half smile appears on Nigel's face. He stares at the camera, his eyes cold and unfeeling.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Lovely.

Black.

The fans boo furiously as we cut back to the Commentation Station where Lance and Keebler are shocked. Realizing he is back on, Lance straightens up, adjusting his tie.

Lance:

Fans, I... don't know what we have just seen.

DDK:

Clearly, this match has been ruled a no contest. But that is not the story here.

Lance:

Lord Nigel Trickelbush has returned. And... MP1 has literally welcomed him back with open arms. May God have mercy on us all.

DDK:

Let's take a breath. Process this. But... make it quick! It's main event time!

Lance:

Wow. Just... wow.

FIST OF DEFIANCE, BROTHER vs. BROTHER: MALAK CASSIDY (C) vs. PAT CASSIDY

The house lights dazzle as Mark Shields checks the ring ropes with vigor. His attention to detail is lackluster at best. Darren Quimbey watches him steadily from the middle of the canvas.

DDK:

Faithful, it's that time of the night! It's main event time! Let's send it down to the ring!

Darren Quimbey:

This is the final contest of the evening and it is for the FIST OF DEFIANCE!

Mark perks up and abandons his duties to jump at Quimbey's microphone.

Mark Shields:

Ummm excuse me, that's FLAKE OF DEFIANCE! Nailed it. Baha.

Mark goes back to doing his thing.

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

And. The. Place. Comes. UNGLUED!!!

DDK:

I can't hear myself think!!

Boston shows its prodigal son love as Pat Cassidy, dressed in his ring gear and a special custom "Cassidy" Red Sox jersey, jumps out from the back with his hands held high! He takes a second to be taken aback by the sheer force of the reaction he's getting - without a doubt the biggest of his career. He makes his way to the left side of the stage, cupping his hand and howling into the people. He repeats the move on the right side, too.

On the lyric, "MY TOWN CAN FIGHT!" of the Dropkick Murphys song, Cassidy pumps his fist in tune with the words and the Boston Faithful sing along in harmony!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL and is for the FLAKE OF DEFIANCE!! Introducing first... FROM **BOOOOOOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS...** "BLACK OUT" PAT CAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSSIDY!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!

Lance:

It's no secret that Boston is a town full of passionate sports fans... and while in the past four years Pat Cassidy has become an extremely popular wrestler in DEFIANCE... here in his hometown it appears he may have achieved folk hero status!

DDK:

This ovation certainly suggests that!

Cassidy doesn't slap hands on his way to the ring, though - he walks with a purpose. Up the steps, into the ring, and up to the top turnbuckle to raise an arm and receive an ungodly pop in return.

Lance:

This is about the FIST of DEFIANCE, but also about so much more. It's about family. It's about Malak mistreating Pat's baby sister in the most disgusting of ways.

DDK:

Pat has vowed to take the only thing he believes Malak values: the championship.

Pat hits a second turnbuckle for an equally powerful reaction. He gets down as he begins to run the ropes and his music fades.

The arena becomes a dark place.

♪ "Black and Yellow" by Wiz Khalifa ♪

Seemingly crappy AI generated images appear on the tron of none other than Malak Cassidy manhandling a wild grizzly bear. Nay, a bruin, with his bare hands while looking like an absolute lethal force.

DDK:

Now I've seen it all.

Shades of black and yellow lasers shoot throughout the arena until the song abruptly cuts.

Lance:

Malak is not from Boston. This is a mockery.

♪ "Lord Give Me a Sign" by DMX ♪

Fog engulfs the stage. Strobe lights flash as a video montage of Malak Cassidy standing on the Boston Bruins logo, which you're not supposed to do, in the TD Garden locker room airs on the tron. Inspirational words pop up on screen such as 'MIRAGE' and 'BEAST' and 'UNSTOPPABLE'. Suddenly, Malak Cassidy walks out on stage in a feathery black and yellow robe. His blue FLAKE belt clashes with his Bruins inspired apparel. He smirks as he methodically walks down to the ring, surprisingly alone. A Boston Bruins logo adorns the patch he wears over his right eye.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing, temporarily from BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, he is YOUR FLAKE OF DEFIANCE, HE IS MALAK CASSIDY!!!!

With all the pageantry, Malak basks in this moment. He takes his time disrobing and handing over his beloved chunk of gold to Mark Shields. Mark holds it high for the fans to see and then flashes it at Pat.

DING! DING!

DDK:

HERE WE GO!

The Boston Faithful are not only on their seat but they are already at full throat, screaming profanities at Malak who remains locked in a stare down with his adversary, Pat. The two men inch closer together, closing the gap of anticipation. They stand near peck to peck, eyeing each other down. Malak points to the boo boo on his eye and nearly starts crying from his good one. Pat's breathing intensifies. He's ready to rip Malak's head off and shove it up the champion's rear end.

Lance:

The moment is palpable here, Darren!

The triangle of people in the ring of champ, challenger and official all circle around each other. Pat lunges forward looking to engage a lockup but Malak immediately tosses a thumb to the eye! Pat crumples over as his hands rise to his face.

Malak Cassidy:

THAT'S FOR BURNING MY RIGHT EYE!

Malak digs his fingernails into Cassidy's scalp and makes him take a powder. Malak slides out of the ring and throws the challenger shoulder first into the ring steps with all the power he can muster. The steps flip on their side upon impact.

DDK:

What a start to this match by Malak!

Pat smacks feeling back into his shoulder and rises, extra pissed off. Malak charges and tackles Pat into the barricade before any retaliation can be dished out! Cassidy's spine is bent over the top of the railing! With his foe downed, albeit temporarily, Malak takes the moment of reprieve he has to do something that shocks everyone in the crowd.

He removes his eyepatch.

A collective gasp and ensuing reaction of disgust overtakes the arena. While Malak isn't completely healed, he's not exactly sporting a fresh wound. Scarred skin above his eye is the spotlight of everyone's attention. It's a mix of red and white tinged skin around the wound site. Malak feels unmasked. He feels freed.

DDK:

What an ugly, ugly scar Malak is sporting but why would he take his patch off? Intimidation tactic?

Lance:

I think a few screws were already loose, Darren. We know him. His past speaks for itself. I think all Pat did was truly knock them out of their holes!

Malak turns back to Pat, thinking he's in complete control, when he isn't. Pat jumps from the darkness like a feral werewolf. Cassidy captures the champion and begins pummeling him until they both spill over the guard rail and into the crowd! Mark Shields is worried beyond belief as the two wrestlers fight through the crowd!

DDK:

PAT IS FEEDING MALAK SHOTS WHILE DRAGGING HIM AROUND!

They stay in the lower bowl but Pat parades Malak around like a trophy buck he just sniped. Most of Cassidy's shots target the wound and within no time, Malak is gushing blood from above his right eye! The fans of Boston are going banana cakes as they chant Cassidy along in his crusade of vengeance.

Lance:

Pat throws Malak into a fan's seat! He's relentlessly striking the champion!

The fan, who was more than happy to give up their seat for a neat moment, can't whip out their phone fast enough for the photo op. Malak's blood stains the commemorative take home chair before Pat continues his tour.

DDK:

Look out!

Pat tosses Malak into the wall of the concourse opening. Malak's back slams hard against the cold concrete as some fans with trays of nachos walk by with excited looks on their faces. Suddenly, a dark shadowy figure sprints from the concessions area.

DDK:

It's Cyrus Bates!

The big muscle man of The Comments Section comes charging into view but Pat manages to lock onto him just in time. Cassidy ducks the clothesline, delivers a kick to the midsection and plants Bates directly to the floor with a

devastating unprotected DDT.

Lance:

Cyrus Bates bounced off the pavement!

Immediately clutching his bald head, Bates rolls around in pain. Pat's gaze lingers on the assailant just a little too long as Malak crawls up behind the challenger to nail him with a low blow. The rabid Boston crowd is just about to jump in and start fighting Malak on behalf of Pat, especially after that low shot but Mark Shields stays close, ensuring there is an alleyway for the fight to continue.

DDK:

Of course Cyrus Bates distracts Pat Cassidy and of course, Malak takes advantage.

Now in control, Malak whips Cassidy into the very same wall he was posted up against mere moments ago. The smack of flesh reverberates around the arena as the Boston Faithful chant on their hometown hero to get back up and get back into the fight.

DDK:

Look at Malak, calling on Pat as if he's dominated this fight.

Malak kneels down and squeezes Pat's face between his fingers. The two are near cheek to cheek as the camera shot gets in nice and close.

Malak Cassidy:

SEE WHAT YOU DID TO ME? YOU DID THIS! YOU DID THIS!

Malak maniacally points to the scar above his eye. He's irate to the point where he shoves the point of his elbow into Pat's jaw but the Bostonian persists.

Lance:

Pat pushing Malak back!

DDK:

Look out again!

WHACK!

A big boot from outside the framed shot downs Pat Cassidy as Cyrus Bates flashes by.

Cyrus Bates:

Get him, master!

Relieved, Malak smiles. He walks up to his big man and tenderly pats him on the peck.

Malak Cassidy:

My, my big man. My quality control. Always there for me in a pinch. Love you. Wish you had a sister I could have married.

Malak glances down at Pat.

Malak Cassidy:

I probably wouldn't have divorced a Bates.

The champion wastes no time, pulling Pat up by the waist and belly to belly slamming him to the bare floor below. A random beer in a plastic cup comes flying out of nowhere, heading right for Malak but like the saint he is, Cyrus shields

his master, allowing the sudsy bevvv to shatter across his broad back.

Cyrus Bates:

I'll keep watch as crowd control but you best take this Boston peewee back to the ring and finish him off proper, boss.

The two OG Comments Section members FIST bump before Bates is left in the lurch. Slowly, with guidance from Mark Shields and eventually some security members, Cassidy and Cassidy make their way back to the ring. Malak whips Cassidy into the ringpost and then against the barricade before throwing the challenger under the bottom rope.

Lance:

I would have never guessed that venturing out into a hostile Boston crowd would have credited Malak of all people with control and momentum of this match.

Malak recklessly stomps down on Pat back within the confines of the ring. He plays to the crowd, eliciting a near nuclear response. Cassidy reaches up but the Keyboard Master grabs and twists the fingers of his challenger. Malak pulls Pat up, bends him sideways and lays him across his knee with a beautiful backbreaker.

Lance:

Malak is having his way but listen to this crowd, they will not stop backing Pat Cassidy.

Malak holds Cassidy in the bent position with one hand under the chin and the other holding down a thigh but it's clear Pat is surging upward.

DDK:

Pat Cassidy trying to break free from this backbreaker stretch!

Eventually, Pat overpowers the weaker champion and gets to his feet with a pop from the crowd. Cassidy comes in with some back elbows to gain a little separation which leaves the champ a little woozy.

DDK:

Pat getting back into this thing right here, right now!

The champ swings and misses but Pat grabs the errant wrist and gathers his foe into a pumphandle predicament. Cassidy looks out to the crowd who swell with excitement and watch the challenger dump the champion on his head with a crazy, twisting pumphandle driver!

Lance:

Pat stuck Malak's head into the canvas!

Slumped over, Malak looks comatose as Pat uses his skull as a battering ram, turning Malak onto his back for a quick cover attempt.

DDK:

That move was sick! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The hand of Mark Shields stops within inches of hitting the canvas for a third time as Malak somehow gets his shoulder up. Pat pulls Malak up and whips him into the ropes.

Lance:

Kitchen sink! Malak spins over Pat's knee!

The momentum to which Malak gets hit with is high. So high, in fact, that Malak swings around and lands on his feet. He clutches his abdomen which fully absorbs the shot but still somehow keeps running to the next set of ropes. Malak bounces off the ropes wildly and nails Pat across the back of the head with a lariat he didn't see coming!

Lance:

Desperation counter move by Malak there! Pat didn't see Malak in the end!

Both men push themselves from the canvas simultaneously. Malak doesn't hesitate and slaps Pat across the trapezius muscle, sending sweat dissipating into the air. Pat doesn't budge and retaliates with a snap headbutt! Malak fumbles to his rear, grabbing at the spot where they banged heads.

DDK:

Pat Cassidy is becoming unhinged in front of our very eyes! The one thing is though, he might want to watch it! He's lingering dangerously close to leaving himself wide open to a shot.

Lance:

Well that headbutt definitely did damage to both men, Darren.

Cassidy is able to shake the cobwebs easier than Malak as he walks over to his doubled over opponent. The path is clear as Pat cinches in a side underhook and goes for a doctor bomb but Malak blocks being lifted for the first time. Pat gathers himself and lifts again, this time raising Malak successfully but the challenger doesn't slam him into the canvas, no. That would be a swift death too quick for a villain like the Snowflake Superstar. Instead, Cassidy slings Malak off the top rope and then delivers him flush to the top turnbuckle! The fans erupt upon impact!

DDK:

SPRINGBOARD TURNBUCKLE DOCTOR BOMB!!!

Malak groggily stumbles out of the corner and gets nailed with a cutter for his trouble. Pat covers the champ and hooks a leg for good measure.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Malak uses the power from his lower body to get out of the pin this time. Pat nods, glad with the chance to pummel the champion a little bit more so he quickly gets him in a headlock to feed him shots.

Lance:

Correct me if I'm wrong, Darren but it almost seemed like Pat WANTED Malak to kick out there. It was as if the challenger wasn't quite done with the champion yet.

DDK:

Be it as it may, I just think Pat wants to inflict more pain and punishment on Malak than anyone else has previously.

Cassidy bulldogs Malak into the canvas but he doesn't break the hold. He gets back up, forcing Malak to stay awkwardly bent with waving arms.

Lance:

Another running bulldog delivered by the Saturday Night Special!

Make that a third and finally a fourth as Pat gets some extra air under the last jump to the mat. Cassidy leans down for

a pin but somehow, Malak captures the challenger in a surprise small package! Mark Shields slides into place!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Pat bursts out of the pin in an unseen rage. Malak covers up as Pat unleashes a storm of knuckles on him. Finally, after a few too many shots and a few too many fans losing their minds, Mark Shields tries to pull Pat from Malak but epically fails in doing so. Pat's punches only begin to lose vigor after his energy levels drop. Malak is able to push his competitor away from him and into the corner.

DDK:

EXPLOSIVE CLOTHESLINE FROM THE BUCKLE!

Indeed, Cassidy bounces off the buckle and smacks Malak across the chest with a clothesline. Surprisingly, Malak kips up, turns and gets greeted by a second explosive clothesline, this time from the adjacent corner!

Lance:

COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The champ twists his hips, popping out of the pin but Cassidy easily wraps his legs around the exposed waist of the champion.

DDK:

Scorpion squeeze! Pat has it locked in! You can see the air escaping out of Malak's lungs as we speak.

Like a caterpillar being pinched, Malak does his best to wriggle out of the tight grasp of Cassidy's legs but it's to no avail. All he can do is flail his arms, trying to reach for the ropes but unluckily for him, he's square in the middle of the ring. Fans come to full throat rather quickly, begging for him to quit. Mark Shields drops to a knee and shakes his hands at Malak as he asks for directions.

Lance:

THIS COULD BE IT! PAT HAS MALAK DEAD TO RIGHTS! HE CAN'T MAKE IT TO THE ROPES, CAN HE?

Malak tries mightily but can barely find the energy to move both him and Pat Cassidy's entire weight towards the ropes. It takes some time but Malak's fingertips tickle the bottom rope as if the cable is teasing how grabbable it is. Mark Shields watches with bated breath as Malak finally grabs the rope. Pat breaks the hold and climbs back to his feet. He look down at Malak before his eyes trace up and look at his hometown crowd. They begin to roar and Cassidy feeds into it, beating his chest and roaring back... causing them to get even louder!

DDK:

This noise is off the chart!

Lance:

We might be moments away from a new FIST of DEFIANCE!!

With the crowd sustaining its pop, Cassidy roughly tosses Malak into the corner. He positions himself in the opposite

corner, pumping the crowd up further as they know what's coming. Pat gets a running start before leaping into the air with a...

DDK:

SPLASH OF JAMESON!

The people love it... so Pat isn't done. He whips Malak into the opposite corner!

SPLASH OF JAMESON!

A third corner!

SPLASH OF JAMESON!

A fourth corner!

SPLASH OF JAMESON!

Malak stumbles out of the corner and face-plants. Pat hooks the leg, and the ENTIRE ARENA counts along!!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THREE!!!

...NO!!! MALAK KICKS OUT!!!

The air comes out of the arena. Cassidy has just a second of disbelief before refocusing. Grabbing Malak by his hair, Pat hauls his former brother-in-law up and lifts him onto the top turnbuckle, facing out toward the fans. He climbs up behind him, hooking for a back superplex!

DDK:

Pat Cassidy is going for broke!!

A pair of Cassidys crash down as Pat brings Malak off the top... but halfway through the move, Malak is able to wiggle free of Pat's grasp and reposition! They land in a heap and Malak lands awkwardly on top of Pat. Both men are down, but a keen-eyed viewer would notice that Pat is now suddenly screaming in pain and holding his arm. Without getting up, he scoots into the corner cradling his arm and gritting his teeth.

Lance:

That was a nasty landing...

Getting to his feet, Malak sees the condition of Pat and a slow smile creeps across his face. Upon closer inspection, part of Cassidy's bicep is beginning to turn purple.

DDK:

We know that Pat Cassidy is competing in this match after what many described as a hasty return from a bicep injury. He rushed back to defend his sister's honor... and that may have caught up with him.

Lance:

They need to stop this. The risk of permanent injury is too high.

Using the ropes, Cassidy pulls himself up with his good hand. He turns to Malak and is met with a superkick... right to the arm. Cassidy again cries out and falls, cradling his arm. Malak practically does a little dance and makes the "he's done" motion. Mark Shields doesn't seem to register that something serious is happening.

DDK:

Can we please get a competent official out here!?

To answer Keebler's prayers, Benny Doyle sprints down the ramp and slides into the ring. He immediately barks at Malak to back off and the FIST complies with a smile. Doyle leans down to check on Cassidy and the two exchange words that we can't hear, but Pat does a lot of pointing to his right arm.

Lance:

I know Pat wanted to stand up for his sister. And we all know his temper can get the better of him. I'd just hate to see a young career end like this... ending this is absolutely the right call.

DDK:

This certainly isn't how you want a Pay Per View main event to end, folks, but health comes first.

Doyle stands up and goes to motion to the timekeeper... when Cassidy grabs his leg roughly. Doyle looks down and Pat pulls himself up to his knees. The camera, now ready for this exchange, is on the apron and close enough to hear what's said.

Pat Cassidy:

Don't stop it!

Benny Doyle:

Kid, you're hurt. I have to...

Cassidy manages to stand up.

Pat Cassidy:

Don't. Fuhkin'. Stawp. It!

Benny is clearly conflicted. The Faithful make it clear what they want him to do, but his eyes scan the ceiling to manifest his inner turmoil. He looks to Pat, who isn't even angry - he's more pleading. Mark Shields suddenly steps in.

Mark Shields:

Hey, uh. This is my match...

And Doyle shoves him on his ass!! Big pop for that!!

DDK:

It's about time!

Shields gets out of dodge and it's clear that Doyle, as the senior referee, is taking control of this match - and that does NOT make Malak happy. The FIST gets in Doyle's face to protest, and with every angry word Doyle grows visibly more agitated. Finally, he raises his arms.

Benny Doyle:

This match will CONTINUE!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Malak's eyes go wide with that indignation, but he doesn't have time to protest as Pat spins him around and begins to light him up with - uncharacteristic and slightly awkward - left hands! Cassidy hits the ropes... but he walks right into a Malak arm breaker!!

DDK:

God! You know Malak is going to take advantage of that arm!

Lance:

I respect Benny Doyle, but I can't say that I agree with this decision!

Cassidy howls in pain and Malak covers. Doyle, likely eager to end the match, drops down quickly.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!! Pat kicks out!!

The crowd loves it, but Doyle does not.

DDK:

Pat Cassidy refuses to stay down!

Malak is surprised, but undaunted. He stands and grabs Pat's injured arm, positioning before falling backwards with an armbars! Black Out cries out in pain, reaching to the sky futility as Malak sneers and puts on the pressure. Cassidy starts to claw at his own hair in an attempt to stave off the pain.

Lance:

This is the very definition of guts, Darren... but he HAS to give up! The man has a CHILD on the way! It's not worth it, Pat!

Doyle seems to be saying the same thing as he checks on the Saturday Night Special, but even though his usually pretty pale face has turned crimson, he won't give up!

Malak Cassidy:

ASK HIM!!!! ASK HIM!!!! AAAAAASK HIM!!!!

And Doyle does, but gets nothing in response. Benny seems to be seriously considering call this when...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

Look! It's Siobhan!!

Indeed. Malak's former (or still current?) wife - and Pat's sister - sprints down the ramp to bang her hands on the apron. The FLAKE of DEFIANCE sees her and his eyes go wide. He releases the hold and stands up, facing his former beau.

Malak Cassidy:

Oh. Oh! Awkward. Sorry - but I've moved on!

In response, Siobhan - bites her lip? Seductively? Her movement suddenly becomes very slow and suggestive as he uses the ropes to pull herself up onto the apron. She extends a single finger in a "come here" motion toward Malak.

Lance:

She's got something up her sleeve here!

Indeed - every person in the arena can see the swerve coming from a mile away. Every person, that is... except for Malak Cassidy. Instead, he raises his eyebrows and begins to walk toward her like Rico Suave.

Malak Cassidy:

Wellwellwellwellwell. They can't help but come crawling back.

Malak struts over to his wife and she places two hands on his shoulders. He whispers something in his ear that make his eyes go wide. And then she plants a big wet one right on his Snowflake lips!

DDK:

The lip lock! The lip lock! The lip lock!

The two share a brief but passionate embrace before Malak breaks it off.

Malak Cassidy:

I have to say, for a IAsT klsS that was kind of mid. You call that closure?

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!

DDK:

Pat Cassidy from behind with a LOW BLOW!!!

The Fleet Center IS ON ITS FEET as Malak stumbles around in pain... right into the IRISH GOODBYE!!!!

DDK:

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!!!! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!!!!

As Siobhan jumps back down to the floor, Cassidy's snap Reverse STO drives Malak's head into the canvas. However, it also puts a ton of force into Pat's arm, so he is unable to capitalize. Both "Cassidys" lay dead center in the middle of the ring. Siobhan bangs the ring in support of her brother as Benny Doyle begins the ten count.

ONE! TWO! THREE!

The briefest twitch from Malak.

FOUR! FIVE! SIX!

Pat rolls over, clutching his purple arm. Malak also begins to roll.

SEVEN! EIGHT!

To the disappointment of the crowd, Malak gets to his feet first. He sees Pat doing the same, and deflates the Boston crowd with a superkick to Cassidy's injury! Pat cries out and crumples. Malak sneers at Siobhan, miming big fake tears.

DDK:

Pat just couldn't capitalize...

Malak covers.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE... NO!

Siobhan beats her hand on the mat and the Boston crowd begins to chant along as Pat barely kicks out. Malak's eyes bug out as he looks around at all the commotion directed at his defeat.

Malak Cassidy:

I don't feel safe!

He crawls into the corner, seemingly for safety. Pat, meanwhile, hears the rumble of his people and begins to will himself back to his feet. Malak takes position in the corner, continuing to both shake his head in worry and lean forward to measure Pat like a predator to his prey.

DDK:

The people of Boston are all that's keeping Pat Cassidy in this contest!

Pat manages, with great difficulty and only using one arm, to get back up. He shakes the cobwebs out. He turns...

...right into the I-TRIGGER!!!

The air goes out of the building once more.

Malak falls on Pat, making sure to hook the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Malak rolls off Pat, a maniacal smile on his face. He stands up and demands that Doyle hand him the FIST. However, he is immediately hit with a thrown soda cup from the Boston Faithful and he freaks.

Malak Cassidy:

Animals!!

Malak snatches the FIST out of Doyle's hands and ducks out of the ring just as trash begins to flood it in earnest.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, what looked to be a triumphant moment in front of his hometown fans took a turn when Pat Cassidy re-injured his bicep. We've never doubted the man's heart - and he certainly had that on display tonight - but in the end the injury was just too much.

Lance:

It pains me to say it, but we can't take anything away from the champ either - Malak certainly showed us, once again, that despite his attitude... he is no slouch in the ring. The man is FIST for a reason.

Malak holds the FIST high in the air and jumps up and down as he goes up the ramp and dodges thrown trash.

Lance:

Darren... I'm not joking here... I'm getting concerned about the potential for a riot...

Malak is met with his usual goon squad at the top of the ramp. Cyrus Bates holds his hand holding the FIST high in the air. A plate of nachos just barely misses Malak, splattering on Cyrus' chest, causing Malak to shriek and duck behind the curtain.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, the reign of Malak Cassidy continues. What an event it's been! Thank you for joining us at ACTs of DEFIANCE. I'm Darren...

Lance:

Hold on a moment...

The anger towards Malak subsides and when we cut to the ring we see why: Siobhan has entered the ring. She approaches her brother who is being checked on by Benny Doyle. Cassidy, tears in his eyes, looks up to see his sister. She says something to him that we can't hear. He says something back. And then, in a heartwarming moment, both Sibohan and Benny help Pat to his feet.

DDK:

Siobhan and Pat have certainly had their ups and downs... but it appears they've reconciled.

Lance:

And don't forget this a homecoming for Benny Doyle, too. Three Bostonians in the ring right now!

And that's not lost on the city, either. All three get a standing ovation with applause breaking out amongst the Faithful. Cassidy, being supported by both Benny and Siobhan, turns his teary eyes toward The Faithful to absorb the Fleet Center's unanimous show of support. He ducks his head to, presumably, hide more tears as he walks away with both Sibohan and Doyle.

The last shot we see of the PPV is Pat Cassidy, Siobhan Cassidy, and Benny Doyle - three Boston natives - being overwhelmed by the response of their hometown. Literally everyone on their feet while clapping and showing appreciation for the hometown crew.

THIS.

IS.

FAMILY.