

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!

BROCKED, LOCKED AND LOADED

DEFIANCE'S FAVORITE SON IS GONNA BELT THE MAN OF THE HOUSE

MADAME MELTON STEPPED ON MADAME FOOT ON THE WAY HERE

BUTCH VIC > MEEK MIL

SHAKE HANDS, FORM DYNASTY BECOME LADS

I HOPE THE BLOOD DIAMONDS GO BROKE

GIMME A CALL, I KNOW SOME GUYS WHO WILL PUT REFORM IN AN AMBULANCE NO MATCH NEEDED

REZIN FOR SOHER

M4NTRA ARE GONNA GET PWNTRA'ED

I BLAME MYSELF AND THE "PUSH JJ" SIGN I HELD UP A YEAR AND A HALF AGO FOR ALL OF THIS

WHEN IT COMES TO TERI MELTON, FULL DISCLOSURE, I STILL BEGRUDGINGLY WOULD

BIG C-CK BROCK

THANK YOU, SCOTT DOUGLAS

F-CK YOU, URIEL CORTEZ

I SURE AM G'LAD YOU TWO ARE LADS

NO MAS MIL

FREE DAVENA FYNMORE

BUTCH VIC HAS A WINNING SHTICK

I DON'T LIKE THE VIBES HERE. DO YOU FEEL THAT? EW.

I'M NOT CONVINCED DAN RYAN CAN BE TRUSTED AND HE WILL NOT BE GETTING MY VOTE ON NOVEMBER 4TH. MAYBE THAT WILL CHANGE, I DON'T KNOW.

RE-FUSE 2 LOSE

GIVE REZIN A TITLE RUN, DAMN YOU ALL

NED REFORM ISN'T A REAL DOCTOR AND I CAN PROVE IT

I CAME HERE FOR REZIN AND DRUGS, AND IM ALL OUT OF DRUGS

We go to ringside, with Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

END IT

DDK:

Alright, folks, we're about ready to get ACTS of DEFIANCE kicked off in the ring!

Lance:

That's right, partner! You can feel the excitement in the air. The Boston Faithful are as rabid as they come. This should be a WILD couple of nights!

DDK:

Our opening match should be a good one, too, as Faithful favorite "Milwaukee's Beast" Brock Newbludd will be taking on the always dangerous "Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon. Not only will the former number-one contender have a stiff challenge inside the ring, but he'll also have to keep a sharp eye on Madame Melton prowling the outside.

Lance:

When you look at Brock, we have a man who battled Malak Garland over the FIST only a few short months ago in the biggest singles match of his DEFIANCE career. Ultimately, he ultimately came up short and, as a result, was forced to officiate Garland's wedding to Siobhan Cassidy. A woman who was not only his one-time girlfriend but also his tag team partner's sister! That's some stressful stuff, to save the least!

DDK:

It was a sham wedding that was simply an excuse for Malak to stroke his ego; just ask Siobhan. Tomorrow night, Pat Cassidy, the other half of SNS, will have his chance to dethrone Garland in front of a hometown crowd.

Lance:

Well, it was pretty obvious Newbludd felt low in the aftermath of the Garland/Cassidy wedding, which is understandable given the circumstances. Enter Madame Melton, who was happy to help take Brock's mind off things, if you know what I mean. Then, in typical Melton fashion, she quickly revealed her true motive for her "act of kindness" when she asked him to join The Most Precious Gems.

DDK:

A proposal that Brock flat-out refused after he sobered up. This did NOT sit well with Melton and since his rejection, she has made every effort to make his life a living hell, plain and simple.

Lance:

Now, he faces an opponent who is as unpredictable as he is dangerous in JJ Dixon. As we've quickly learned, Dixon will do whatever it takes to win and is a competitor who always brings his "A" game in big matches. Brock better bring his tonight or this could be another disappointing outing for him.

DDK:

No doubt about it, Lance. With that, let's send it backstage where Jamie Sawyers is with Brock Newbludd to get some last-second comments. Take it away, Jamie!

The picture cuts away from the announce team and over to Sawyers backstage. Standing by the gorilla position with a microphone in hand, he nods to the camera and smiles. Upon closer inspection, it's clear that DEF's top interview man is wearing an extra layer of makeup around his left eye to cover up some lingering bruising from being assaulted by The Most Precious Gems on DEFtv 208.

Jamie Sawyers:

Thanks DDK! Welcome to ACTS of DEFIANCE, everyone! We're moments away from the opening match and I'm here with...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!

Brock Newbludd suddenly enters the picture and plants himself next to Sawyers. Wearing a white "BALLYHOO!" tank top, neon shades, and bright blue ring gear, Milwaukee's Beast looks confident and ready.

Jamie Sawyers:

Thanks DDK! Welcome to ACTS of DtEFIANCE, everyone! We're moments away from the opening match and I'm here with...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!

Brock Newbludd suddenly enters the picture and plants himself next to Sawyers. Wearing a white "BALLYHOO!" tank top, neon shades, and bright blue ring gear, Milwaukee's Beast looks confident and ready.

Jamie Sawyers:

..."Milwaukee's Beast" Brock Newbludd! Brock, in a just a few minutes you'll be squaring off against "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon in our opening match. Where's your head at in these final moments?

Newbludd rolls his neck and leans into the mic.

Brock Newbludd:

I'm gonna keep this short and sweet, Sawyers. As far as I'm concerned, either I'm walking out of here tonight a winner or I'm not walking out at all. JJ Dixon thinks I'm full of shit. He thinks that I've been handed every opportunity I've had in DEFIANCE handed to me on a silver platter and that I should show him the respect he thinks he's earned. Well, if you ask me, any person who willingly follows that evil bitch, Teri Melton, isn't worthy of my respect.

Brock scoffs and shakes his head.

Brock Newbludd:

And as far as me being handed everything on a silver platter, my career speaks for itself. I've been walking the aisle for nearly twenty years, giving everything I have to this business. I've paid my way ALL the way, and I'll be damned if I let JJ Dixon, or anyone else, shit on my career. This ends tonight, Sawyers. The last thing Melton's little baby boy will hear when it's all said and done isn't the Faithful cheering his name like he so desperately wants. No, it's gonna be a word that I hope haunts him for the rest of his miserable little life.

Cracking a grin, Newbludd looks at the camera.

Brock Newbludd:

Whaddya say, Boston? How about we give JJ a little preview!?

The Faithful cheer in response and Brock cups his hands around his mouth.

Brock Newbludd:

BAAAAALLLLYYY!!!

The Faithful:

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Grinning menacingly, Newbludd looks back at Sawyers.

Brock Newbludd:

Sounds like it's showtime, buddy! Time to f*ckin' get some! Let's GO!

With that, Newbludd turns to storm off camera but immediately stops. The Faithful let out another cheer at the sight of Corvo Alpha standing face-to-face with Brock. The fellow Party Animal lets out a guttural grunt and raises a fist up to Brock.

Corvo Alpha:

...end it.

Brock pounds his fist against Corvo's and grins at his new friend.

Brock Newbludd:

Consider it done.

Corvo grunts again and steps aside, letting the determined Newbludd pass. Now standing next to the snarling wildman, Jamie looks at the camera.

Jamie Sawyers:

ACTS of DEFIANCE starts now! Let's send it down to Darren Quimbey for ring introductions!

BROCK NEWBLUDD vs. JJ DIXON

Darren Quimbey:

And now for our first match at this year's ACTS! OF! DEFIANCE!!!

The TD Garden arena rumbles with excitement after the announcement. Suddenly, the arena's lights dim, and all eyes turn to the stage. A few seconds pass, and the DEFtron suddenly comes to life to display a familiar logo featuring two mugs of beer...

"Saturday Night Specials, EST. 2020"

The Faithful cheer in approval and break out in a "SNS" chant. Their roaring suddenly drowns out when a battle cry thunders throughout the arena...

BAAAAAALLLLYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!

♪ "Metal Health (Bally-Bang Your Head)" by Quiet Riot ♪

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Blue and yellow pyro explode on both sides of the stage as "Milwaukee's Beast" Brock Newbludd walks out with both fists raised high above his head. Fired up, he runs to one side of the stage to work the crowd into a frenzy before doing the same on the opposite side. Making his way to the top of the ramp, Brock raises a final fist up to The Ballyhooligans and begins to head towards the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first from Milwaukee, Wisconsin! Weighing in at two-hundred and fifty-nine pounds...this is **"Milwaukee's Beast" Brock Newbludd!**

Sliding underneath the bottom rope, Brock pops up to his feet and climbs up the nearest turnbuckle to soak in some final cheers. Dropping down to the mat, Newbludd rips his tank top off and tosses it into the crowd as he makes his way to a neutral corner.

DDK:

Tremendous ovation for the former number one contender! He's going to have his work cut out for him tonight, that's for sure.

Hopping from one foot to another, the determined Newbludd turns his attention to the stage.

♪ "How Soon Is Now" by The Smiths ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And now coming to the ring, making his current residence in Hollywood, Los Angeles, California... accompanied by the 2023 DEFIANCE Manager of the Year **Madame Melton**... he is **"The Fatal Attraction" J! J! Dixon!**

BOOOOOOOOO!!!!

The DEFiatron shows clips of Old Hollywood starlets interspersed the recent scenes of violent destruction caused by The Most Precious Gems, ending with a slow-motion clip of Melton smearing the blood of Brock's bleeding forehead onto her lips before ramming her tongue down his throat.

Lance:

Of course, Madame Melton and her charges will play a head game with Brock to remind him of what they're capable of doing!

The spotlight comes on at the top of the entrance ramp, with JJ in his brown leather mask, his hair curly and unkempt,

wearing a black tank top with the words "Learn To Love Me" in blood red. He falls to his knees and holds his arms out wide. Behind him in her grandeur, with her predatory eyes as wide as possible, with her hair silver wearing silver eye-liner crowned on her face, her silver designer ballgown flowing elegantly, and holding her very long silver cigarette holder, is the Queen of Chaos, Madame Melton.

DDK:

JJ is screaming from his knees at Brock to come fight him, and we know Newbludd is not one to run away from a fight!

Brock rolls under the bottom rope and jaws back at JJ, who pops to his feet.

Lance:

And we're off!

The two men go charging at each other, swinging away like the wildest hockey fight possible. Referee Benny Doyle, already exasperated, comes running up to intervene, only to meet Madame Melton who heads him off and shrieks all kinds of threats to him.

Fight! Fight! Fight!

DDK:

These two men are tearing into each other and the bell hasn't even rung yet!

Then, from opposite sides of the aisle, hop two figures wearing matching hoodies, who immediately start laying kicks and punches on Brock.

DDK:

That's Raiden and Jean-Pierre De La Reeves! The tag team minions of The Most Precious Gems!

Lance:

Melton planned another ambush, and it's one we all should have seen coming! This is their modus operandi!

Brock is crawling on the floor after being waylaid by The French Connection. The New Flying Frenchman hoists him up in a full-nelson as Raiden sizes him up.

DDK:

Brock dodges the running yakuza kick! Raiden just crushed his tag partner in the jaw! Now Brock ducks the spinning backfist from The King of Concussions! He backdrops Raiden onto the floor.

Lance:

Brock is fired up! And so is the entire city of Boston!

Brock! Brock! Brock!

Madame Melton emerges from the shadows and hops on Brock's back, raking at his eyes with her cigarette holder still in her mouth!

DDK:

She's clawing at his eyes with her well-manicured fingernails!

Brock screams but manages to pick her up onto his shoulders.

Lance:

It looks like Melton is really regretting her decision to try and gouge out his eyes from behind.

Brock picks The Dame over his head in a press slam position and spins around with Melton screaming

“NOOOOOO!!!!” like a banshee.

DDK:

The French Connection back on their feet --

Lance:

And now they go right back down!

Brock launches Melton into her tag team, who try and catch her but fall back due to the momentum of his toss.

Brock! Brock! Br –

Dixon runs in from out of nowhere and crashes right into Brock and the barricade, and starts throwing wild punches at him, with Brock returning fire.

Lance:

JJ was waiting for this opportunity! He’s absolutely crazed, but he’s crazy like a fox!

DDK:

His Mommie Dearest has taught him well!

Benny Doyle keeps on waving his hands screaming for security. The timekeeper also helps send the notification, by ringing the bell repeatedly.

DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!

DEFSec comes rushing down en masse -- seemingly by the dozens to pull the two men apart, who do not care. Raiden and Reeves are back up, trying to enter the fray but held at bay by DEFSec, as JJ and Brock continue to take turns punching and gouging at each other.

DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!

The Faithful let their voices be heard.

Fight! Fight! Fight!

Now, Madame Melton stands on a chair in the crowd and is leaning over the throng.

DDK:

She’s trying to jab at Brock with that cigarette holder of hers!

Lance:

I think she’s trying to jab at anyone!

Melton catches a random local DEFSec member in the forehead with the holder, and he goes down holding his head that is now bleeding, while trying to avoid the messy throng of people around him.

DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!

Fight! Fight! Fight!

DDK:

Someone just grabbed that witch's wrist to prevent her from inflicting more damage!

Lance:

But she's now biting that man's arm!

Someone manages to rip the cigarette holder from her as she lays on top of the throng like she's crowd surfing at Lollapalooza. A bunch of security guards have finally pinned Brock against the railing, while pushing the Gems toward the ring, with Melton still being crowdsurfed while kicking and screaming.

Lance:

Of all the ways to start this highly anticipated event — a borderline riot!

DDK:

The Most Precious Gems are absolutely unpredictable — except it is guaranteed they will bring mayhem everywhere they go!

Lance:

But none of this is scaring or intimidating Brock! If anything, he just wants some more considering all that's happened to him these past few months.

DDK:

But now what the hell is happening?

A shark cage starts to drop from the ceiling to the ring, with Benny Doyle directing the timekeeper in its operation. But the participants in the match barely notice

Security finally has The Gems piled to one side of the ring, with JJ sitting on the top turnbuckle frothing at the mouth, and Melton trying to instigate things further. Brock is in his corner screaming at The Gems, as the silver shark cage finally hits the mat.

DDK:

Wait, what's Jamie Swayers out here for now?

Standing on the stage, Jamie can't help but smile at the sight of the lowering cage.

Lance:

This is just utter madness engineered by The Most Precious Gems! Jamie was attacked by The Gems just a few weeks ago!

Jamie Sawyers: *[taps the mic]*

Attention, ladies and gentlemen. Due to tonight's actions, along with their repeated attacks and interference throughout these past few months... The Favoured Saints have decreed that if Raiden and Jean-Pierre de la Reece's intervene in this match, they will face permanent expulsion from DEFIANCE —

They pitch a fit.

Jamie Sawyers:

And Madame Melton will spend the entirety of this match in that shark cage, which will be suspended 20 feet from the ring!

Roaaaaaarrrrr!!!

Lance:

And Melton absolutely does not like this bit of news!

The Grande Dame has steam — almost literally — coming from her ears.

Madame Melton:

NOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Threats of litigation immediately follow to deaf ears. She then falls to her knees and clasps her hands, up the aisle toward Sawyers begging.

Madame Melton:

Please! No! Please! I promise! I'll be a good little girl!

When Sawyers walks away, she now falls to her back and kicks her balled fists and feet on the ground like a toddler while howling!

DDK:

This is clearly not in that mad woman's game plan this evening!

Doyle hops on the apron and points at the cage, door now open, as she sobs on her knees. JJ consoles her.

Madame Melton: *[like Nancy Kerrigan]*

Whhhyyy? Whyyyyy?

Doyle sternly tells her to get in, as she grips the side refusing to do so. JJ runs interference but Doyle pushes through and forces her into the cage, and then locking the door shut. JJ grips the door and starts trying to rip it open.

JJ Dixon:

I promise, Mommie Dearest! I'll get you out of here...

Doyle directs the timekeeper, who hits the remote control that starts to send the contraption upwards with a sudden movement...

Forcing Melton to fall on her ass.

Rooooooooaaaaarrrrr!!!

JJ still holds on to the cage, trying to pry it open as it continued its upwards trajectory. And he still holds on, until his feet are roughly four feet above the mat, and he finally drops.

DDK:

What a turn of events! Teri Melton has been imprisoned by the Favoured Saints!

The camera zooms in on the Silver Vixen as she grabs onto the bars and howls in frustration.

Lance:

Not only that, The Precious Gems have been ordered to stay in the back for the entirety of the match. I'd like to say this tips the scales in Brock's favor but in reality all this does is give him a level playing field. He's still got to deal with JJ Dixon and that won't be easy.

DDK:

Well put, partner. Dixon is still dangerous, with or without Melton standing in his corner.

Referee Doyle orders Newbludd and Dixon to find neutral corners quickly. Sliding back in the ring, Brock pops up to his feet and finds his corner. Looking up to Melton, Brock waves at her and blows her a kiss. Dixon snarls in anger from his corner and stares daggers at his opponent.

Lance:

Dixon looks like he's about to have a stroke, partner. He needs to focus that rage on his opponent and forget about Melton, she's no use to him now.

Newbludd locks eyes with his furious opponent and gives him a crowd-pleasing one-finger salute as Doyle moves to the center of the ring. With the Faithful buzzing in anticipation all around him, the veteran referee calls for the bell!

DING DING**DDK:**

And here we go again!

Both men EXPLODE out of their respective corners and charge at each other with a full head of steam. Doyle is forced to dive out of the way as Dixon and Newbludd collide in the middle of the ring for a stiff collar and elbow tie up. Milwaukee's Beast immediately puts his strength advantage to good use by lowering his center of gravity and driving Dixon backwards into the nearest corner. Breaking the tie up, Milwaukee's Beast unleashes a wild flurry of right hands to Dixon's face.

Lance:

Big time right hands from Brock! He's letting out all that pent up aggression on Dixon!

Finishing off the barrage with a leaping headbutt, Brock roughly yanks Dixon out of the corner and turns him inside out with a short arm clothesline. Not letting go of his opponent's arm, Brock immediately pulls him back up and fires him back into the corner. Unable to stop his momentum, Dixon smashes chest first into the turnbuckles and stumbles back into Newbludd's waiting arms.

DDK:

Newbludd's not taking his foot off the gas and now he's got Dixon up off his feet!

Lifting Dixon up, Brock spins towards the ropes and drops JJ crotch first across the top rope, causing him to cry out in pain.

Lance:

OOF! Newbludd's trying to end the Dixon bloodline with that move.

With Dixon precariously straddling the top rope, Newbludd quickly backpedals to the corner and pushes himself up to the second rope. Not wasting a second, Milwaukee's Beast propels himself towards JJ and cracks him in the side of the head with a flying forearm! The blow hits clean and Dixon falls off the ropes, bounces off the ring apron, and crashes to the floor.

DDK:

A perfectly placed forearm from Newbludd sends Dixon to the floor!

Shaking his head, Dixon pulls himself up by the ring apron while Newbludd rolls out of the ring to join him on the outside. Circling around his opponent, Brock grabs a handful of JJ's hair and smashes his face into the ring apron. Following up with a second face smash, Newbludd grabs Dixon in a rear waist lock.

Lance:

He's going for a German!

Popping his hips, Brock heaves Dixon up and over but JJ manages to flip through the suplex and land on his feet!

DDK:

Dixon with the impressive reversal! Great awareness on his part to escape that German suplex and he's looking to capitalize!

Climbing back up to his feet, Brock ignores Doyle's pleas to get back in the ring as he spins around to see the aftermath of his suplex. Instead of seeing his opponent lying on the floor, Newbludd is met with a kick to the stomach! He doubles over from the blow and JJ quickly snatches a front facelock. Tightening his grip, The Fatal Attraction PLANTS Milwaukee's Beast into the ground with a DDT!

Lance:

Just like that JJ Dixon puts momentum back on his side with that vicious DDT!

DDK:

You could hear the impact on that one and now Newbludd finds himself in trouble early!

While the stunned Brock slowly begins to push himself up, Dixon scrambles up onto the ring apron. Positioning himself to line up perfectly with his staggering opponent, JJ waits for the perfect moment and when it arrives he hops onto the second rope and springboards off!

Lance:

Springboard Moonsault by Dixon!

Newbludd manages to catch a glimpse of Dixon soaring down towards him and he reaches up with both arms to catch his flying opponent!

DDK:

Brock caught him!

Stumbling backwards, Brock manages to keep his grip on Dixon and steady himself. JJ tries to wriggle free but Milwaukee's Beast doesn't let him escape as he takes a step forward and hits him with a Tombstone Piledriver! The Faithful erupt in cheers!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!

Lance:

Newbludd may have just sealed the deal with that huge piledriver!

Still feeling the effects of Dixon's DDT, Brock takes a second to shake the cobwebs out of his head before dragging JJ's limp form off the floor. Guiding him back towards the ring, Brock rolls Dixon under the bottom rope and slides back into the ring himself. Newbludd wastes no time in dragging JJ away from the ropes and flipping him onto his back. Dropping down, Brock firmly hooks a leg and Doyle hits the mat for the pin attempt.

DDK:

I think Brock feels the same way!

ONE!

Dixon matrixes out of the pinfall attempt —

Lance:

Looks like we were both wrong. That piledriver on the floor only earns him a count of one!

Then JJ remains in the matrix position —

Holy shit! Holy shit! Holy shit!

JJ starts spider walking around the ring! Even Brock has his mouth open in shock!

DDK:

Madame Melton's most prized gem is also the toughest, Lance.

Lance:

I don't know if there is anyone else in history who could ever get out of a piledriver on the floor at the count of one, and then spider walk around the ring right after!

JJ then spins to his knees and does his signature "arms wide open" taunt while looking up at the caged Melton, who cackles approvingly.

Sitting on his knees, Brock cocks his head sideways and stares at Doyle in disbelief. The veteran ref reinforces his count by wagging an index finger at Milwaukee's Beast. Brock sneers and shakes his head as he rises to his feet, bringing Dixon along with him. Driving a knee into JJ's gut, Newbludd reaches down and applies a waist lock.

Lance:

Something tells me Brock has no problem with dishing out however much punishment it takes to put Dixon down.

With a roar, Brock surges upwards and picks Dixon off the mat. The Faithful match his roar with one of their own as he gets JJ all the way up onto his shoulders.

DDK:

A powerbomb is sure to help! He's got him up!

With Dixon in the launch position, Brock attempts to throw him down to the mat but is stopped when JJ starts raining fists down on him!

Lance:

The Fatal Attraction is fighting back and Newbludd's getting wobbly!

With Dixon hammering down on him, Brock staggers forward and tries to finish the powerbomb only to have JJ reverse it into a hurricanrana! Caught off guard by Dixon's sudden reversal, Benny Doyle is helpless as Newbludd flies forward and bowls him over!

DDK:

Oh no! Doyle is down! I'm pretty sure that him and Newbludd just cracked each other's skulls!

A quick replay pops up in the bottom corner of the screen. In it we see that DDK was right, Brock did inadvertently deliver a flying headbutt to poor Benny.

Lance:

Benny found himself completely out of position due to Dixon's hurricanrana and he just got bulldozed by Newbludd!

High above the ring, Madame Melton cackles loudly and stomps her heel into the floor of the steel cage, causing a loud bang to echo over the cheering masses. Below Melton, her star pupil gathers himself and spots Brock pulling himself up by the ropes across the ring. Dashing ahead, Dixon leaps over Doyle and crashes into the former number one contender with a Cactus Clothesline! Both men crash down to the floor in a heap!

DDK:

And the action spills to the outside once again!

Inside the ring, Benny Doyle lies face first on the canvas while on the outside JJ Dixon staggers to his feet and promptly kicks Newbludd in the side of the head. Delivering a second kick to Newbludd's dome for good measure, the wild-eyed JJ leaves his opponent writhing on the floor and spins on a heel. Staring at the ground, Dixon finds what he's looking for and flashes a wicked grin.

Lance:

What's JJ thinking here? What's he looking at?

Squatting down, Dixon grabs onto the protective matting that surrounds the ring and tears a section of it away from the floor! The crowd begins to buzz anxiously as JJ tosses it aside to expose a section of concrete.

DDK:

JJ Dixon and his master Madame Melton don't just want to beat Brock Newbludd, they want to hurt him. Dixon said it himself on the last DEFtv.

Lance:

He'll do anything to please Mommie Dearest and I mean ANYTHING.

Seeing that his little detour to redecorate the ringside area bought Brock enough time to roll over and begin to push himself up, Dixon charges. Racing up behind Brock, JJ leaps and grabs him by the head to slam Brock's face into the floor with a running bulldog!

Lance:

JJ Dixon is in the driver's seat right now and I don't like where he's going!

Bringing the woozy Newbludd up with him, The Fatal Attraction snatches a front face lock and looks behind over his shoulder to line up with the section of exposed concrete. With The Silver Vixen wildly cheering him on from her cage, The Fatal Attraction delivers a violent snap suplex that causes Newbludd to SMACK spine-first onto the concrete!

DDK:

Brock Newbludd's surgically repaired back has just been annihilated by JJ Dixon!

The Faithful let out a collective gasp as Milwaukee's Beast WRITHES in pain on the unforgiving cement. Above him, Madame Melton stomps her heel into the cage floor and claps her hands in giddy excitement at the sight.

Lance:

JJ Dixon has just changed the course of this match with that suplex. Newbludd's lower back is an obvious target and Dixon just hit a bullseye.

Scrambling to his feet, Dixon spreads his arms in celebration and The Faithful are quick to rain on his parade.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

DDK:

Newbludd said before the match that he would show the world that he still has what it takes to compete at an elite level in the ring. His heart and mind might still have what it takes but you have to question if his body does after seeing him take that kind of punishment.

With Brock staring up at the lights on the cement, Dixon climbs up onto the ring apron and stares down at his opponent with a dangerous look in his eyes.

Lance:

What's Dixon thinking now!?

Dixon takes a brief second to glance up at the Madame Melton. She let's out another cackle at the sight of Newbludd lying in pain on the floor. Grinning ear to ear, Dixon then looks out to the crowd and cups his hands around his mouth.

JJ Dixon:

BAAAAAAAALLLLY!!

The good people of Boston don't bite.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

Yeah, I don't think so, JJ.

Ignoring the crowd's reaction, Dixon scowls and focuses back on Newbludd. Taking a few quick steps, Melton's Most Twisted Treasure leaps off the apront. Soaring through the air, Dixon aims his elbow right at Brock's heart. With only a second to spare, Brock suddenly rolls away!

Lance:

Nobody home!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Dixon crash lands onto the concrete with a resounding SMACK! He immediately grabs onto his elbow and cries out in pain!

DDK:

Dixon's plan to add insult to injury has backfired in spectacular fashion! This is the chance for Newbludd to capitalize!

Capitalize is exactly what Brock does. Sitting up next to his hurt opponent, Brock shakes the cobwebs from his head and reaches down towards his tasseled boots. Grabbing onto one of the long strips of clothes with both hands, Milwaukee's Beast rips it off and wraps it around his hands as he pops up to his knees. With a guttural roar, Brock lunges from behind and manages to get the tassel across Dixon's neck. Placing a knee into JJ's back, Newbludd pulls with everything he has and begins to choke The Fatal Attraction!

Lance:

He's choking the life out of Dixon with one of his boot tassels!

DDK:

Brock's going to do whatever it takes to come out on top, partner!

Dixon immediately tries to pry the tassel away from his neck as he kicks his legs in protest. With the crowd rallying behind him, Brock lets out another roar and yanks back even harder.

Lance:

This match is quickly devolving into a brutal, no holds barred, street fight without Doyle to maintain control!

A quick shot inside the ring shows Benny still lying face down after colliding with Newbludd.

DDK:

We might need to get some help out here if Benny Doyle doesn't show some signs of life soon.

Back on the outside, Dixon is spared from death by tassel when Brock gives another tug on it and the thick piece suddenly snaps in two. Struggling for breath, the coughing Dixon tries to crawl away but the reinvigorated Newbludd snakes his arms around him and locks in a full nelson. The Ballyhooligans begin to buzz in anticipation as Milwaukee's Beast powers both men up to their feet...

Lance:

Are we going to see the Shock and Awe!?

DDK:

If he hits his patented dragon suplex on the floor then it's lights out for JJ Dixon!

Before Brock can even think about attempting his signature suplex, Dixon thwarts his plan by throwing his head back

and cracking Brock square in the nose. Slipping free, The Fatal Attraction fires Newbludd into the nearest barricade with an irish whip. Brock grimaces in pain from the collision and JJ charges at him in a wild sprint.

Lance:

Dixon's just too slippery for Brock!

Seeing his opponent barreling towards him, Newbludd surges forward to meet him head on. Wrapping his arms around his opponent, Brock uses Dixon's own momentum against him to send him flying into the barricade with a huge Overhead Belly to Belly Suplex!

DDK:

Oh my! What a belly to belly by Newbludd!

As Dixon crumples to the ground, Brock forces himself back up to his feet. Full of adrenaline, Milwaukee's Beast races over to his opponent and starts laying into him with wild stomps. He finishes off the barrage by smashing Dixon in the side of the head with a knee strike, causing JJ to then bounce it hard off the barricade.

Lance:

Brock Newbludd is absolutely tearing into Dixon right now! Madame Melton is livid right now!

While the biggest mistake he's ever made screams down at him and shakes the bars of his cage, Newbludd yanks her most prized Gem off the ground. Lifting Dixon off his feet, Milwaukee's Beast delivers a sideslam that leaves JJ lying across the top of the barricade.

DDK:

Dixon has been hung out to dry on the barricade by Newbludd! Look out, Brock just hopped the rail!

Standing on the bottom of the arena aisle steps, Brock hammers Dixon with a couple of forearms on the chest. Leaving him splayed out across the black barricade, Milwaukee's Beast suddenly turns his attention to a fan wearing a SNS t-shirt. Brock's eyes go wide and he points at the burly man.

Brock Newbludd:

Shirt! Give me your shirt, brother!

The man stands in shock for a second and Brock motions for him to pull his shirt off. Reality of the moment sets in and the middle aged man does as he's told, tearing his shirt off and tossing it to Newbludd!

Lance:

That man may have to watch the rest of the show shirtless tonight but I say worth it!

Shirt in hand, Brock hurries back to Dixon and spreads the shirt across his face. Holding the shirt down with one hand, he points at a fan wearing a "Black Out" Pat Cassidy t-shirt and smiles at her.

Brock Newbludd:

YOU! COME HERE!

The woman looks at Brock and then looks down at the full glass of beer in her hand. Just like the previous Ballyhooligan, realization hits quickly and she hurries down the aisle steps to Brock. The rest of the crowd gives her a big cheer and she hops in excitement despite being confused on what's happening.

DDK:

Hang on a second...

Pulling down on the shirt with both hands so that the SNS logo is spread all the way across Dixon's face, Newbludd looks at the wide eyed woman.

Brock Newbludd:

GIVE JJ A DRINK! POUR!

The fan nearly spills her beer from but manages to catch it with both hands. With The Faithful cheering her on, she starts pouring the beer out on Dixon. After a couple seconds, The Fatal Attraction starts thrashing violently on the barricade!

Lance:

Brock Newbludd and a fan are waterboarding JJ Dixon with a glass of beer! Talk about fan interaction!

Dixon thrashes around like a fish washed up on land. The woman finishes pouring out her overpriced beverage and Newbludd immediately motions for him to back away. As she rushes back to the safety of her seat, Brock rips the shirt off Dixon's face and pushes him off the barricade to the ringside floor. Turning around to face The Faithful, Milwaukee's Beast raises a fist and roars!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!

Spinning back towards the ring, Newbludd takes one step towards the barricade only to have Dixon pop up to his feet and crack him in the side of the head with a forearm. The Fatal Attraction follows up the blow by jamming a thumb right into Brock's eye socket!

DDK:

Dixon will not die! He just gouged Newbludd in the eye! Now he rams him face-first into the barricade!

JJ pops up on the barricade facing the ring, Brock underneath him with a poison rana onto the floor in the crowd. There's another large noise from the crowd in shock and awe of the move.

Lance:

That move could have ended the career of Milwaukee's Beast!

But Brock keeps fighting as he gets to his feet. JJ meets him with a boot to the gut before throwing Brock chest first between the top and middle parts of the handrail.

DDK:

JJ is standing over the handrail — oh nooooo!!!

The Fatal Attraction hooks his "A Streetcar Named Retire" Straightjacket Crossface and pulls back, bending Brock backwards over the top of the ring railing.

Lance:

He's trying to break Brock's back! He's trying to put Newbludd out for good! Dear god!

The camera shows Melton high above, gripping the side of the cage.

Madame Melton:

FINISH HIM! PUT HIM IN A BODYBAG!

DDK:

JJ looks up to his Mommie Dearest and you can just see the sadistic glee in his eyes!

He lets go of the hold and now lays Brock face-up between the railing.

DDK:

What is he doing now???

JJ walks on the steps and then pushes himself to stand on the railing. Then he begins to tightrope walk on the railing!

DDK:

RUNNING ELBOW DROP OFF THE RING RAILING!!!

Lance:

He missed that same move earlier in this match! But he just clobbered Brock in the most unlikely of ways!

Both men lay on the cement of the steps in the crowd, with the crowd on its feet stomping and clapping away. The camera first closes in on JJ.

DDK:

The Fatal Attraction, JJ Dixon, the front man of the maniacal Most Precious Gems combines his elite of the elite athleticism with utter madness in his quest for acclaim and attention!

Now the camera closes in on Brock.

DDK:

Milwaukee's Beast, the legendary Brock Newbludd, has been put through the ringer these past few months and is looking to prove how resilient he is, that he will not be denied despite his heartbreak and personal turmoil!!!

Lance:

Both men now getting up to their feet in this absolutely insane match -- although I hesitate to even call this a match!

JJ punches Brock first, but Brock continues to get up. JJ punches Brock in the head again, but Brock is somehow unphased as JJ shakes his hand in pain. He goes for a third, but Brock responds with a yell and beats his chest as JJ has a look of panic on his face, telling the crowd to shut up.

Brock! Brock! Brock!

DDK:

I have no idea where Brock is getting this type of energy!

Lance:

He just refuses to be beaten! The man has been through so much these past few months. There's no way he's going down against a fight!

The camera shows Melton screaming at JJ, holding her head as if she has the biggest Excedrine headache imaginable.

DDK:

Brock with a right! With a left! Another! And another!

Lance:

And JJ tumbles down the steps with that last blow right into the barricade!

Brock measures him up --

DDK:

Textbook superkick that sends JJ over the barricade back to the ringside area!

Brock leans over the barricade to catch his breath.

DDK:

But JJ somehow gets up and connects with an enziguri! Both of these combatants are now out cold on the mat!

Referee Rex Knox comes flying down to the scene to replace Doyle.

Lance:

Finally, we have a referee in place! I can't blame any official from wanting to avoid anything to do with this insane match -- or anything to do with The Most Precious Gems!

Rex Knox starts the ten count!

1... 2... 3... 4...

JJ is the first to get up, slowly, as Melton screeches for him to do so!

DDK:

JJ rolls into the ring, but is laid out cold on the mat!

5... 6... 7...

Lance:

JJ and MP1 defeated Newbludd and Corvo Alpha at the last DEF TV via countout, albeit with the help of Madame Melton -- who has been caged above the ring for this very reason!

Brock starts to make it to his feet.

8.... 9...

DDK:

Brock just rolled into the ring at the very last second! And Melton is stomping away furiously!

JJ lays over the sprawled out Brock Newbludd and starts firing his 400 Blows seated forearms.

JJ Dixon:

WHY! [Club] WON'T! [Club] YOU! [Club] STAY! [Club] DOWN! [Club]

JJ then holds his hands out wide as the crowd boos. He lays in wait as Knox checks on Brock, who starts to get up on his feet. JJ hooks the full nelson --

DDK:

SUNSET BOULEVARD! THIS HAS TO BE IT!!!

ONNNNNNEEEE!!!!!!!

TWOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

THREEEEEEENNNNOOOOOOO!!!!

The crowd erupts!

Brock! Brock! Brock! Brock! Brock! Brock!

DDK:

How? How did Brock possibly kick out of this after this brutal match?

Lance:

We've seen JJ finish off so many opponents with that very move! But we've also seen JJ get despondent when the fans rally for his opponents -- and we're seeing that right now!

JJ is scolding Knox, holding up “three” fingers and holding his hands over his ears as the crowd chants Brock’s name. Melton starts screaming something, and JJ falls to his knees and looks up upon her!

Madame Melton:

JJ! GET THE REMOTE! GET ME DOWN THERE!

JJ nods and rolls out of the ring to the timekeeper’s table. Despite Knox’s warning, JJ snatches the remote from the tuxedo-clad man.

Lance:

Even while trapped against her will, Melton is going to try and find a way to intervene in this match! She’s one of the most dangerous people we’ve ever seen here in DEFIANCE!

JJ rolls into the ring with the remote control to avoid Knox’s count, and hits the button so the cage starts to slowly drop, as The Silver Vixen cackles while holding the bars to the door.

DDK:

But JJ doesn’t see Brock coming! Now he has the remote!

Brock snatches the remote from JJ and starts to move it back up, as Melton screams in terror. JJ grabs it back, and the two jostle for it.

Lance:

OH NO! JJ just clocked Brock with that remote that controls the cage!

JJ starts to lower the shark cage once again, until it hovers about four feet from the ground. But Melton screams at JJ to turn around.

DDK:

JJ just caught Brock getting to his feet, with that enraged look in his face! JJ is holding the remote in his mouth -- HE’S SCALING THE CAGE TO ESCAPE BROCK!

JJ scampers up quickly. Brock heads to the other side of the cage to follow.

Lance:

JUST WHEN I THOUGHT WE HAD SEEN IT ALL IN THIS MATCH!!!

Melton is shrieking mad at Brock, holding the bars of the cage. He laughs in her face as he finishes his climb.

The crowd is absolutely electric as both men are now on top of the cage.

Lance:

They have to be at least 10 feet above the ring!

JJ drops the remote as he and Brock start to throw punches. But JJ hits a kick to the midsection, followed by an eye rake to get the advantage. He then hops over behind Brock and hits another full-nelson.

DDK:

JJ WANTS TO HIT SUNSET BOULEVARD OFF THE CAGE!!!

Melton looks up, screaming for JJ to finish it. But right before they take the plunge, Brock connects with an elbow into JJ’s mouth.

DDK:

Brock drops down and takes out JJ’s legs! JJ hits his head hard on the top of that cage!

Brock gets up and starts to eye up JJ, with Madame screaming at him. Brock hoists JJ up --

DDK:

WISCONSIN DEATH TRIP! HE JUST HIT THE SCREWDRIVER ON TOP OF THE CAGE!!!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Lance:

THAT COULD HAVE KILLED DIXON!

Both men are out on top of the cage from sheer exhaustion. JJ, holding his head and neck, instinctively rolls over...

DDK:

JJ JUST ROLLED OFF THE CAGE LIKE A DEAD MAN TO THE MAT! HE JUST FELL AT LEAST TEN FEET!

Lance:

BUT HE BROUGHT THE REMOTE WITH HIM! IT'S UNDER HIS LEG!!!

The cage starts to move upwards, with Melton screaming and Brock precariously getting up and balancing himself.

Lance:

That cage has to be almost 20 feet over the ring.

Brock stands precariously on the edge and looks out to The Faithful with a wild look in his eyes.

Brock:

BALLLLYYY!!!!

The crowd responds in thunderous fashion!

The Faithful:

HOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Brock takes a deep breath and plunges off the cage --

DDK:

BALLYHOO ELBOW!!!

The elbow CONNECTS perfectly on JJ and Brock drapes his arm over The Fatal Attraction. Rex Knox dives to the mat for the cover!

Lance:

Will it be enough!?

ONEEEEEEE!!!!

TWOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen! The winner of this contest...Milwaukee's Beaaaaasssst!!! Brrroocckkk Newwwbluddddd!!!

The 80's hard rock anthem starts to play in the background as the crowd bangs their heads in tune with the music. The camera shows Madame Melton, on her knees in the cage, hands over her head in pain and turmoil.

Lance:

I don't think this is how Madame Melton anticipated this evening unfolding for she or her defeated hellhound!

DDK:

I especially don't think she was anticipating whatever Brock's up to now!

Brock is on his feet, bent over with pain through various body parts. But he has a wry smile on his face as he picks up the remote. Melton shoots up.

Madame Melton:

Don't you dare! Don't you dare!

But he indeed does dare. Brock commandeers the cage, moving it downwards as Melton shrieks in panic more and more. Finally, the cage hits the ground. Brock saunters over with a chuckle as she continues to warn Brock.

Lance:

It's clear some comeuppance is awaiting Madame!

Brock opens the door after a dramatic pause. Her eyes bulge.

Madame Melton:

I'll get you if it's the last thing I do!

She goes for a slap, but Brock catches her gloved hand and laughs.

Brock Newbludd:

Frankly, my dear... I don't give a damn!

He laughs and then plants a vicious kiss on Madame Melton, one so big and intense that she falls over backwards back into the cage, her eyes stunned. Brock chuckles and walks up the ring!

Lance:

And there walks Brock Newbludd -- `a man who has been through and lost so much these past few months -- who just defeated JJ Dixon in one of the most insane, dramatic matches we have ever seen!

DDK:

And we're just getting started! Like I said earlier, something tells me we're in for a wild night!

SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. URIEL CORTEZ

DDK:

We're only up to our second match into Acts of DEFIANCE and this next one has become incredibly personal for both men. "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas returned from three-year hiatus at DEFCON and scored the win over Ned Reform. After that moment, he's done the right thing by helping Mikey Unlikely - the very man who retired him - and Kendrix out of a jam with Titanes Familia at MAXDEF. We thought the issue was over there... but it wasn't.

Lance:

It definitely was not. Uriel Cortez offered some questionable opportunities to let Scott Douglas walk away, but Scotty wasn't about to sit by and let The Hollywood Bruvs be outnumbered by Titanes Familia. Since those offers were rebuffed, Uriel has made it his mission to make Scott Douglas pay.

DDK:

Who can forget The Familia Meeting he called, to meet Scott Douglas face-to-face? Scott told him off, but Uriel would lure Douglas into an ambush by Killjoy and Uriel's wife, Titaness by saying he'd attacked Iris Davine, someone very close to Douglas. Since then, these two have been unable to stay apart from one another. Scott Douglas defeated Killjoy and handed The Good Son of the Familia his first-ever singles loss, and in doing so, Titaness and Killjoy are barred from ringside.

Lance:

But by no means is Scott Douglas out of danger. Uriel Cortez literally sold his best friend, Mil Vueltas, up the river and destroyed him at DEFCON. He's as dangerous as he's ever been. And we can't forget the chilling promise he made, in his words, "he wouldn't stop until Scott Douglas' body does." But Douglas time and time again, has proven there is *just* no quit in him.

DDK:

Can Uriel really earn the spot he claims as The Man of the House by defeating DEFIANCE's Favorite Son? Or will Scott Douglas once again stand tall over Titans like he's done to Titaness and Killjoy? The intros for this match are up next!

The arena is now pitch-black.

The lights go out all over the arena. On the stage, the opening beats to the Familia's anthem start to play.

♪ Father, father, unforgivable
This is my house, you made it personal ♪

On the DEFIatron, is "The Pretty Powerful" Titaness. Wearing black pants, a sleeveless gold top with a hood over her head, wearing her gold weightlifting chain over shoulders.

♪ It's always trouble when they go too far!
Nobody mess with my familia ♪

Now showing the MONSTROUS Killjoy. Under a black sleeveless coat of his own with a gold and black mask covering his face.

♪ Father, father, could you bless his soul?
He talking crazy, I may lose control ♪

The final form is that of The Man of the House himself. Eyes hidden behind gold-tinted sunglasses, a black vest with the "Familia First" logo and black pants with gold trim, his arms are folded and he towers over the other members of The Familia.

♪ It's always trouble when they go too far!
Nobody mess with my familia ♪

♪ "Familia" by Anuel AA and Nicky Minaj feat. Bantu ♪

The entire arena becomes bathed in a golden light... and they are greeted with quite the sight to behold.

DDK:

What this this?

Lance:

Going on a Familia Trip?

Uriel, Titaness and Killjoy are all riding towards the ring in a black and gold mobile platform shaped like a wrestling ring. Titaness waves and blows kisses to the jeering TD Garden crowd. Killjoy has his arms folded and remains stoic the entire ride towards the ring. In the center, Uriel Cortez is only fixed on the ring ahead.

DDK:

All this for a trip down the ring?

Lance:

Appears that way!

Once the platform stops, Titaness undoes the ring ropes of the ring-shaped platform and opens them for Uriel Cortez to step off. He turns around, he gives a kiss to his arrogant wife, then holds out his fist for Killjoy to bump, then Titaness climbs back up and the mobile platform departs to the back, leaving Papa Tez all alone to head towards the ring.

Slowly but surely, he walks towards the ring with all black except for a golden-hued spotlight shining only on him. Once he walks down the aisle and reaches into the ring, he pulls himself up on the apron. His game face is on tonight as he pushes the top rope down and steps into the ring. He takes in the loud jeers from The Faithful. There are no smiles. There is no posing. There is only anger etched all across his face.

DDK:

This issue between the two men has been going on for months now and tonight, only one man is walking out. After Titanes Familia believed they were cost a big opportunity to defeat The Hollywood Bruvs thanks to Scott Douglas, Uriel has been OBSESSED with getting payback on Douglas. He'll have his chance tonight.

DDK:

But Douglas hasn't made it easy. He pinned Titaness at MAXDEF to win the match for his team. He beat Killjoy and in the process, Titanes Familia is now banned from ringside. It's one-on-one. No Bruvs. No Familia. Just two men with a personal grudge.

The house lights return to normal. Uriel sheds his vest, but his sunglasses remain in place. He leans back in the corner, arms folded as the giant waits on the arrival of his opponent...

♪ "Smilin' and Dyin'" by Green River ♪

The Faithful pop as the take to their feet.

Darren Quimbey:

... from Seattle, Washington, weighing in at two hundred and twenty-six pounds ... DEFIANCE'S FAVOURITE SON!

The grunge anthem kicks into full gear as the man himself, Scott Douglas, bursts through the curtain like a man possessed, eyes locked on the ring. His intensity is undeniable with every step down the ramp a statement.

Darren Quimbey:

... "SUB POP" ... SCOTTTTTTT DOUGGGGLAAAASSSSSS!

Scott mouths the words to the song, "Misery loves company, baby! And I love you..." as he heads down toward the ring.

In the ring, he takes to the middle turnbuckle as the song hits it second chorus. With his tapped fists held high in the air, the Faithful pop for the former SoHer once more.

Rex Knox looks at the two men. Scott Douglas is as ready as he can be. Uriel Cortez finally removes his shades from his hand and tosses them off to the side...

DING DING

...And at the jump, Douglas charges forward and strikes first with a running dropkick that catches Uriel square in the chest!

DDK:

Douglas gets the first shot! And can you blame him? After Uriel invoked Iris Davine's name to get under his skin after Douglas stood up to Titanes Familia?

Lance:

Uriel made this personal! Look at Douglas go!

Uriel hasn't left his feet, but DEFIANCE's Favorite Son doesn't care! He gets back up and a running forearm catches Uriel in the temple, sending him back into the corner! Douglas uses the corner and fights with a fast pace with The Faithful ROARING as he climbs on the middle buckle and starts raining down right hands on his massive opposition! Uriel tries to cover up, but Douglas continues throwing shots wherever they are going to land!

DDK:

Scott is no pushover! One of the best to do it in DEFIANCE!

Uriel finally blocks a punch and tries to throw Douglas outside the ring, but the Seattle native lands on his feet on the apron first! Cortez turns around, only to catch a quick shoulder to his massive body between the middle rope! With Cortez doubled over, Scott leaps up and SMACKS Cortez right between the eyes with a rope aided jumping kick. The blow rocks Papa Tez and allows Douglas to grab him by the neck and jump to the floor, dropping Uriel's neck across the ropes in the process! The Boston Faithful have lost it as Scott Douglas yells back to each and every fan cheering him on right now!

Lance:

It's a wonder Uriel is still on his feet after all these attacks by Douglas, but he's gotta use what he has. He has a technical and a lucha libre background to fall back on. He needs to chip away at the giant.

DDK:

Douglas seemingly has that in mind!

Scott is back on the apron and invites The Man of the House to charge. He does, but Scott slips under the bottom rope, through Uriel's legs and ends up back on his feet on the other side, catching Uriel with another big dropkick to the chest! Uriel lets out a pained sound as he clutches his chest near the ropes. Douglas, seeing he's still on his feet, hits the ropes and smacks right into the patriarch of the Familia with another flying forearm smash to the side of the head! Douglas ends up back on his feet and then heads to the ring apron!

DDK:

Where's Douglas gonna go from here? He's gotta get Uriel off his feet now!

The giant is still staggered when Douglas flies at him with another flying elbow smash off the top rope...

Caught!

FALLAWAY SLAM!

OOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

Cortez sits up off the canvas after Douglas is pitched nearly three-fourths of the way across the ring!

Lance:

Oh, my goodness! The nose bleeds heard that shot all the way up there!

DDK:

All that offense by Douglas and Uriel turns it around with just ONE chop, Lance... ONE.

Uriel is still a bit rattled after all the shots he's taken so far, but he shakes them off (and his hand) before he reaches over to grab Douglas off the canvas. He holds Douglas up in his arms and pulls him off the mat with little effort at all before he drops him HARSHLY across the knee with a rib breaker! Still holding onto Douglas, Uriel does a spin and he THROWS Scott Douglas across the ring again with a gutwrench toss! The pain is displayed on the face of Seattle's Favorite Son as he rolls around the ground in agony.

DDK:

That was ugly! Cortez just changed the entire complexion of this match in one fell swoop.

Lance:

He really did. And he's about to take the action outside the ring.

Douglas starts to climb on the ring apron and pulls himself up to his feet despite the few big slams that he's just taken, but Uriel is there to come running with a big-time running back elbow that knocks Douglas clear off the apron and sends him crashing below into the guardrail!

DDK:

Another slam! Another big one! Scott Douglas controlled the outset of this match, but in just a couple short moves, Cortez has turned the tables quickly.

Seeing that he has a chance to do some additional harm to Seattle's Favorite Son, the titan steps over the ropes and then walks out to the floor with purpose. He finally stands over Douglas, then uses a boot and presses down square on Douglas! He grinds his heel into his chest!

DDK:

He's trying to literally stomp the life out of Scott Douglas now! How far is this going to go?

Lance:

Rex Knox is warning him to stop!

Knox yells at Cortez and tells him to stop. Uriel looks up at Rex.

Uriel Cortez:

I'm not fucking kidding... I'll stop when his BODY stops.

He does quit stepping on Douglas body and simply picks him up by the neck, only to Sub Pop Scott to strike him with a right! The blow catches Cortez off-guard, but seems to only make him more angry when he picks Douglas up. He throws him against the ropes and as he bounces back...

THWACK!

...right into a vicious Rebound Chop! Douglas falls to the ground at Uriel's feet!

DDK:

Oh, my God! Douglas is a 220 pound man! Uriel just chucked him at those ropes on the outside and hit him with that Rebound Chop on the way back! That was insanity!

Lance:

And now look at Uriel!

There's no smile on his face at all as Uriel inches his massive body underneath the rope, then back outside in order to make Rex Knox restart his count. He casually inches his way towards Douglas, still on the mat.

Uriel Cortez:

I told you... I'm The Man of the fucking House now, Scott. MY NAME is going up on the fucking lease!

Cortez once again deadlifts the ailing Douglas from the floor but just as The Man of the House attempts to drop Douglas face first for snake eyes, Scott manages to free himself, sliding down Uriel's back and shoving him into the edge of the timekeeper's table, knee's first! The clatter from the impact has a little ring to it as the bell spills to the ringside floor.

DDK:

Douglas isn't out of this one yet!

Douglas quickly follows up, pushing Uriel once again into the table!

Lance:

Cortez's knee smashed in the edge of that table twice now! Scotty is looking to cut the wheels out from under Cortez!

With Cortez temporarily hobbled, Douglas stays on the big man, pulling him from the timekeeper's area and shoving him into the ring post. Inside the ring, Rex Knox continues the count and is getting closer and closer to ten. Douglas takes notice and painstakingly rolls Cortez back into the ring; quickly following.

Inside, Douglas lays in a series of kicks to Uriel's midsection, driving him back into the very corner where he just went headfirst moments ago. The giant of a man tries to retaliate, but Douglas is too quick, using his speed to stay one step ahead.

However, Uriel finally catches Douglas in a moment of hesitation, snatching his smaller opponent and revering their respective positions, throwing Douglas back-first into the turnbuckle with a thud. The impact echoes through the arena as Douglas gasps in pain.

Lance:

That'll take the wind out of you!

Cortez takes a step back and allows Douglas to stumble out of the corner, only to catch him with a big knee to the midsection, doubling Scott over. Cortez snatches Douglas in a front chancery, and clubs Douglas over the back with his massive forearms. Uriel's clubbing blows leave DEFIANCE's Favorite son gasping in pain and fading fast.

Lance:

This is power over speed and at the moment ... power is winning, handily!

Douglas finally goes limp, prompting Cortez to swing Douglas around...

And around...

And around!

Then he finally releases Douglas in mid-swing, sending Sub Pop SPINNING through the air before he lands with a

splat the canvas! The Faithful let out one collective booming gasp at the throw!

DDK:

Good grief! Did you see the SPIN on that move? I've seen giant swings, but a front facelock into a swing is a new one!

Lance:

Douglas is down! Every time that he's got a strategy and goes back after that left leg of Cortez, his size and power allow him to take control right back!

A quick replay shows the slow motion of the move with Douglas flying through the canvas before he crashes horrifically on the canvas. Back to real time now and Cortez isn't finished though, he unleashes a barrage of stomps to Douglas's back, each one as expertly as targeted as it is brutal!

Cortez turns to The Faithful to rub it in.

Uriel Cortez:

Stop going after my knee, you little prick!

And in retaliation, Cortez STEPS on Douglas' back while he's in the ropes! He's sure to put some of that weight on his leg!

DDK:

Ok, now this is just ridiculous!

The Faithful boo The Man of the House as he turns back to his opponent. Scott has slowly pulled himself up to his knee and Uriel is obliged to help him the rest of the way. The larger of the pair hoists Douglas high for a release suplex, flinging him across the ring!

Lance:

The power of Uriel Cortez is on full display here tonight!

DDK:

He's pressing the advantage right now and he's doing everything he can to make sure Douglas knows it.

Uriel takes, what for a man of his size, only a few steps across the ring; snatches "Sub Pop" Scott up once again, and hits him with another release suplex, sending Douglas landing ugly in the opposite direction!

DDK:

And he goes down again! This time, Cortez with a pin!

The giant finally goes for a nearfall!

ONE

TWO --

KICK OUT!

Lance:

Douglas kicks out!

While Cortez questions Rex Knox, a dazed Douglas pulls himself up the adjacent ropes but Cortez takes notice and again meets him halfway. Cortez yanks Douglas up, the rest of the way, to his feet, and Irish whips the former SoHer across the ring and into the turnbuckle with a thud. Douglas' face registers the pain but as Uriel charges in, Scott reacts and goes to the bad knee with a drop toe hold, sending Cortez stumbling face-first into the top turnbuckle!

DDK:

This is time for Douglas to capitalize!

Cortez, clutching his face, scrambles to his feet but is met with a series of dropkicks, each targeting the knee.

Lance:

That's the same knee that Cortez banged into the timekeeping table earlier!

DDK:

Twice! But he has yet to get Cortez down *AND* keep him down!

Douglas, with just that in mind, take to the top rope and connects on the down on the hobbled Uriel Cortez, smashing the big man in the back of the head with a well-placed elbow. The Faithful roars as Douglas prepares for a second strike again from the top rope.

Lance:

Back to the well again for Scott Douglas!

Scott launches off the top turnbuckle but ...

OHHHHHHHHH!

This time Uriel sees it coming and lays in a knife-edge chop that catches Douglas in mid-air!

DDK:

Oh my! What a massive chop!

Lance:

The reverberations of that one are still echoing throughout the city!

Douglas is reeling on the canvas and what's worse... his shirt is now tattered!

DDK:

Did that rip Douglas' shirt?!

Lance:

It would appear so! Talk about a knife-edge chop, Darren!

Cortez sees this, too, as he shakes the pain out of his knee. He takes a moment to himself to make sure Douglas stays down, then grabs his torn shirt, ripping it off Douglas' body. He holds it up, then wipes it between his legs and throws it out of the ring...

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Uriel Cortez:

Should have listened to me and stayed out of my business... "son."

He pulls Douglas up against his will. Sub Pop fights and struggles, but Cortez has too much of a power advantage on him to keep him from going up for a powerbomb.

DDK:

Uh-oh... if Uriel Cortez hits the 218, this one's done. Nobody has kicked out of this brutal release powerbomb in DEFIANCE!

Smugly, Uriel points up at the rafters and hoists Douglas high in the air...

PUNCH! PUNCH! PUNCH! PUNCH!

No, Douglas is not thirsty. Rather, Douglas has a fight in him and throws right hand after right hand, causing Cortez to lose his grip!

Lance:

Douglas is still alive in this one! Can he escape this move?

Sub Pop fires a headbutt between the eyes while still aloft Uriel's shoulders, sending the giant staggering, Douglas grabs Cortez by the neck and drags him down turning Cortez's staggering into momentum; SPIKING him into a tornado DDT that brings everyone in attendance to their feet!

DDK:

SCOTT DOUGLAS TAKES THE GIANT DOWN! HE COUNTERS INTO THAT TORNADO DDT!

Seattle's Favorite Son limps over as Cortez rolls onto his back while holding his head in pain! Douglas jumps over and goes right into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT WITH AUTHORITY!

DDK:

No! Emphatic kickout by Cortez... but Douglas is back up!

Douglas gets forcefully pushed off of The Man of the House, but Scott is back on his feet! He charges at the patriarch of Titanes Familia, but Cortez is quick to grab him and push him into the ropes. Unbeknownst to the big man, Scott comes right back and hits a basement dropkick to the left knee!

Lance:

No! Another shot at the knee!

Douglas then goes behind Cortez and hits a chop block to the leg, finally bringing him down flat on the canvas! The Boston Faithful lend their full support to Douglas' efforts to take down Uriel as he STOMPS away at the knee with boot after boot after boot! He grabs the leg and drops an elbow, then another! Then another! Then another!

Scott Douglas:

You ain't ANYONE'S dad, you big bastard!

DDK:

There's still PLENTY of fight in Scott Douglas! That leg has been the difference maker and tonight, Scott is going to do everything in his power to chop Uriel down to size!

Once he's back on his feet, Seattle's Favorite Son tries to lock in a half crab on the big man, but Cortez kicks him away using his other leg. Cortez is now slowed down by Sub Pop's collective efforts through the match and gets to the ring apron to plan his next move... but catches another dropkick to the left knee, dropping him off the apron and to the floor below!

Lance:

The Man of the House has been staggered, Darren! That knee has been a weak point and Scott is a veteran of this game! He knows where and when to strike...

And a rallying cry from The Faithful leads to HUGE cheers when he flies through the ropes and slams with full force into Cortez's chest with a suicide dive! Cortez gets knocked back towards the guardrail, but remains on his feet. Hobbling back to his feet, Douglas lunges back into the ring!

DDK:

I'm shocked Cortez didn't go down after that first dive, but I think Scott is gonna do it again!

Scott flies through the ropes a second time and runs smack-dab right into his chest a second time with another suicide dive! Papa Tez gets knocked backwards once more!

Lance:

I don't believe it! Scott Douglas scores for the second time with another dive through the ropes... Cortez is STILL upright!

After the second time, Scott realizes he has to go big for his third dive! He heads to the ring apron, but sees Uriel coming towards him again. Scott ROCKS him with a standing side kick from the ring apron, catching Cortez on the jaw! With the monster stunned, DEFIANCE's Favorite Son climbs to the top rope and the fans are standing at attention, wanting to see what's next...

MOONSAULT BODY BLOCK TO THE FLOOR!

RAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

Lance:

UNBELIEVABLE! DOUGLAS TAKES THE GIANT DOWN!

DDK:

ABSOLUTELY AMAZING MOONSAULT TO THE FLOOR! HE HAD TO GO BIG AGAINST THIS TITAN AND HE! DID! IT!

After a replay or two of the incredible move on the part of Douglas, Seattle's Favorite Son is the first man up to get back into the ring, buying himself some time after the successful string of high-flying attacks have taken a toll on Cortez. Just as Sub Pop is back inside the ring...

DDK:

And Uriel's trying to get back in!

The giant has to slide under the bottom rope, but Scott rocks him with a shining wizard, flattening the big man onto his back! When Cortez is down, the former SOHER heads up to the top turnbuckle again! He makes the climb and when he gets himself where he needs to be, Scott balances himself on the top rope.

DDK:

Scott Douglas takes the giant down! Shining Wizard! Top rope moonsault! Will David triumph over Goliath tonight!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... KICKOUT!

Cortez gets the shoulder up at the VERY last second, shocking everyone in the arena, including Scott himself! His looks is one of pure dismay that he had the giant right where he wanted, only for the match to continue!

Lance:

I don't believe it! I don't believe it! He threw everything he just had at Uriel Cortez, but like the monster he is, he won't stay down!

DDK:

What does he have left, Lance? I think the Sub Pop Suplex is out of the question! At this point there is *NO* way he could get Cortez up!

Cortez isn't moving, but Scott has his eyes on the top turnbuckle again. He stands up, then puts the boots to the chest of Uriel to make sure he stays down. After several shots, he climbs through the ropes to go to the ring apron, then heads up to a second time. The camera phones are out and ready as he goes for broke.

DDK:

Is he... is he going for the shooting star press?! He calls this the Fremont Plunge, but we haven't seen it in - I don't remember when! If this is what he's going for?

He poses...

HE JUMPS...

CORTEZ SITS UP AND DOUGLAS LANDS ON NOTHING BUT CANVAS!

DDK:

Oh, my God! He's up! He's back up!

Lance:

NO WAY! HOW?!

Scott Douglas is down and out on the canvas after the failed Shooting Star Press! On the other side of things, The Man of the House 's back up and he's infuriated; The Man of the House has a hate-filled sneer on his face and he looks back at Douglas before he slowly makes it back to his full height!

Lance:

That might have been Douglas' last chance! Cortez is fuming!

Palming the back of Scott's neck, he slams a knee into his chest and then sets him up...

DDK:

TWO-EIGHTEEN! THE POWERBOMB ROCKS DOUGLAS!

Cortez finally falls to a knee and then goes for a press!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... KICKOUT!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAH!

Lance:

WHAT?! SCOTT DOUGLAS! SCOTT DOUGLAS KICKED OUT! HE KICKED OUT OF TWO-EIGHTEEN?!

The Man of the House looks like he's seen a ghost! He can't believe it! He looks over at Rex Knox and he has two fingers up instead of three!

DDK:

DOUGLAS ISN'T STAYING DOWN! URIEL CORTEZ SAID EARLIER HE WOULDN'T STOP UNTIL DOUGLAS' BODY DOES... BUT SOMEHOW, HE'S STILL TICKING!

Slumped over on the canvas, Douglas hasn't moved after the kickout! Uriel feels anger inside him, bubbling to the surface in the form of a guttural roar!

DDK:

But does Douglas have ANYTHING left here?

Defiantly limping back up to his feet again, Uriel grabs Scott and then sets him up for a second 218... but his body has gone limp and falls to the canvas. The Faithful can already see the writing on the wall. The Man of the House looks down at him, nudges him with his foot, then goes to pick him up again...

DDK:

Another 218... NO! NO! HURRICANRANA! DOUGLAS WAS PLAYING POSSUM!

The Man of the House gets rolled up by DEFIANCE's Favorite Son and Douglas has BOTH legs hooked as The Faithful count along!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE.... NO!

The look on Uriel's face says it all as he just BARELY breaks free of Douglas' grip! Douglas goes flying across the canvas, thinking he might have had the three... until he looks back in astonishment when only two fingers from Rex Knox are up!

Lance:

NO! THAT'S HOW SCOTT DOUGLAS PINNED KILLJOY! HE REVERSED THE FREEFALL INTO THE HURRICANRANA, BUT URIEL ISN'T GOING TO FALL FOR THAT!

Douglas tries to make it to his feet to beat Cortez to the punch! He grabs the neck for another tornado DDT...

But Cortez hangs on and tosses him up in the air...

CHOP OF AGES!

DDK:

OH! Douglas got turned inside out with the Chop of Ages!

Knowing it is now or never, Cortez FORCES Scott up by his hair and into the powerbomb position! He has Douglas up...

DDK:

ANOTHER 218 POWERBOMB CONNECTS! DOUGLAS HAS TO BE DONE FOR!

But The Man of the House isn't done. He hears The Faithful and looks all around before he has Douglas up a third time...

DDK:

AGAIN! A **THIRD** 218 POWERBOMB! THAT'S IT! THIS HAS TO BE IT!

After emptying the proverbial clip against the very definition of defiant... DEFIANCE's Favorite Son, Cortez finally lets himself fall to the canvas and puts a hand in his chest. He looks around to ensure that everyone can see what he's doing...

Then hooks the leg.

ONE....

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Familia" by Anuel AA and Nicky Minaj feat. Bantu ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **"THE MAN OF THE HOUSE" URIEL CORTEZ!**

Hearing his name said aloud, Cortez lumbers back to his feet and stands over Douglas. Uriel has his hand out, then DEMANDS that Rex Knox raise it. Rex has to climb to the middle buckle as Cortez limps to the corner, but he raises it and lets it be known to everyone!

Lance:

He did it, Keeps... it took a LOT to do it, but he did it.

DDK:

For months, Scott Douglas stood up to the monster and his Familia even when they made it personal and used Iris Davine to attack him. He beat Titaness. He beat Killjoy. Tonight, Scott Douglas pushed himself to a limit that he didn't even know he could get back again after a three-year layoff... but Uriel Cortez was the first person since Douglas made his comeback to bring him to the breaking point.

Lance:

And with that, after THREE brutal powerbombs, this is a career-defining win for The Man of the House. He told us all his name was going up on the lease... and tonight, he might have done just that.

Cortez hasn't taken his eyes off Douglas. He stares down one last time over DEFIANCE's Favorite Son, then leaves the ring. Already ready to greet him on the stage, Titaness and Killjoy stand.

DDK:

The Familia is all here.

The Faithful BOO Cortez as he leans down to plant an extra-long, extra-affectionate, nausea-inducing kiss on the lips of Titaness! After their kiss, Titaness fans herself while Uriel gestures for his wife and surrogate son to leave in the face of what Uriel has accomplished tonight.

Lance:

There they go. I'm sure we'll never hear the end of this.

DDK:

Wait... look in the ring.

The music of Titanes Familia fades out. After all that time... Scott Douglas starts to come around in the ring.

Lance:

It's a miracle he can even STAND.

Rex Knox tries to help him, but Scott won't have it. DEFIANCE's Favorite Son limps out of the ring. BARELY upright. BARELY mobile... but slowly makes his way to the back to MASSIVE applause from The Faithful for his otherworldly efforts in the ring tonight.

THE LADS vs. THE BLOOD DIAMONDS

DDK:

Up next, we have the first of three matches that will take place over two nights where members of The Blood Diamonds faction will have to find a way to deal with the enemies they've amassed! First up, Ed White and Nicky Corozzo have to deal with two men he's been involved with over the course of the past year: The Blood Diamonds take on the super team of The Lads - former FIST of DEFIANCE "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy and his new tag team partner, the rising star Punch Drunk Purcell!

Lance:

After three months of beating one another in a series of hard-hitting matches, Joy and Purcell have already made a formidable duo, but in the past couple of shows, the Blood Diamonds have had to divide and conquer to take them apart. And unfortunately, Purcell is coming into this match with his left hand injured as a result of the attack roughly a month ago by White and the Blood Diamonds during an autograph signing.

DDK:

Not to mention the five-on-four attack that resulted in The Blood Diamonds defeating The Lads and The Hollywood Bruvs in eight-man tag team action. White has been in the driver's seat with his schemes, but tonight, he and The Blood Diamonds will have to answer for what they've done.

Lance:

It's tag team action on deck next as the brains and brawn of "The Socialite" Ed White and the monstrous Nicky Corozzo take on the Superheavyweight Hustle of Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell! Intros begin right now as we take it to Darren Quimbey in the ring!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey in the ring to start off introductions for the next match.

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team contest is set for one fall! Introducing first...

One by one in the arena... The lights go dark.

The arena lights.

The LED panels at ringside.

The stage.

All black.

The lights continue to flicker until the entire arena is left in darkness! That includes the OLED panels on the stage! Grinding is heard. Lights start to flicker up ... Lightning in colors of blue and gold begin to flicker among the darkness on the giant DEFIatron with light coming from nowhere else as fog begins to swirl around the ramp and the entrance floor. The lights continue to spell out words on the screen:

SHAKE

A blue hand made of lightning forms.

HANDS

Another lightning bolt forms a yellow MMA glove.

BECOME

The two hands shake hands in meme style ...

LADS!!!

People have their phones ready to take pictures and video for their memories, their friends and probably some illegal streams. The handshake turns the power back on in the building, sending LED sparks of blue and yellow lightning all over the stage!

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends" by WAR ♪

The music plays and bathed in blue and yellow lighting all over the TD Garden, Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell stand on the apron and they have matching boxing robes. The two big men turn around ...

DDK:

What a spectacular entrance by The Lads! The Blood Diamonds have been putting them through the wringer in the past few weeks. Ed White attacked Purcell and then stole a win from Dex Joy. Tonight they want revenge!

Lance:

Dex and Punchy mean business tonight!

All the way down the aisle the don't go out of their way to bump fists with fans tonight. The game faces are on tonight as they enter the ring.

Dex Joy:

This ends *tonight*, Eddie! No amount of money is gonna save you from the ass kicking that we are gonna give you tonight!

Punch Drunk Purcell talks to the camera after it moves

Punch Drunk Purcell:

This ain't about pay windows or names on shirts... this is gonna be a good old-fashioned ASS-WHOMPING coming your way. Every single one of you pricks are catching these hands tonight.

The two big men stand back to back in the ring. The music goes quiet.

♪ "O Fortuna" from *Carmina Burana* as performed by the London Philharmonic ♪

One by one, the members of The Blood Diamonds contingent about to fight walk out.

The first-ever BRAZEN Champion Reinhardt Hoffman.

The cunning Jane Katze.

The powerful hitman of The Blood Diamonds - Nicky Corozzo.

And finally, with a spotlight unto himself...

"The Socialite" Ed White!

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, representing The Blood Diamonds... being accompanied by Jane Katze and Reinhardt Hoffman. The team of "IL GIUDICE" **NICKY COROZZO**...

White holds his arms out, the smugness never leaving his face.

Darren Quimbey:

THE FINANCIAL BACKBONE OF DEFIANCE- THE SOCIALITE! EDWAAAAAARD WHITE!

The quartet make their way down to the ring. Nicky, Hoffman and Katze enter the ring one by one, then White gets the pleasure of entering last - conveniently having a shield of bodies between himself and the two big-bodied men they're about to face. Ed White stares across the ring at Dex Joy who looks ready to pounce at a moment's notice, as is Purcell. Ed yells at Hector Navarro to keep The Lads back.

DDK:

Ed White looks proud. That stolen victory over Dex Joy at DEFtv 208 really set the tone leading into this match.

Lance:

It really did.

Hector calls for the bell... just as Corozzo grabs Dex!

DING DING

Ed White circles around with Dex Joy who is eager to jump, but the 7'2" Nicky Corozzo reaches over the ropes and GRABS Dex by the hair, allowing White to turn around and catch Punch Drunk Purcell off-guard with a cheap shot!

DDK:

What else could we expect from The Blood Diamonds? All of them from the bottom to the top - the most opportunistic, calculated, cutthroat individuals in DEFIANCE today!

Lance:

And they just pulled a fast one on The Lads again!

Nicky Corozzo holds Dex and White takes advantage of a free shot to the gut followed by a headlock and quick round of rights to the head of Dex! But as he heads to the ropes, Dex pushes White right into the path of Punch Drunk Purcell in the ring! White is down!

DDK:

No! Wait! The Lads are fighting back!

Il Giudice climbs over the ropes, but Purcell is already on him with a series of body shots to the much taller monster! The two are trading blows while on the other side of the ring, White kicks the knee of Dexy Baby and fights up! Fights break out all over both sides of the ring with Reinhardt Hoffman and Jane Katze on the outside now starting to look worried for their employer!

Lance:

We haven't had one legal tag in this match and everybody is in... wait!

Corozzo tries to go after Purcell with a clothesline, but he ducks it and Purcell grabs a leg before sending the giant hitman over the top rope to loud applause from the TD Garden Faithful! Dex has White and now he's all alone as he gets a huge clothesline over the ropes as well, landing on the floor! The Lads both stand in the ring, they both bump their fists with one another and then flex for the roaring crowd!

DDK:

Listen to this ovation by The Lads! Payback has been on their mind ever since The Blood Diamonds started this!

Lance:

They ran their mouths about them at MAXDEF and now, this may be the night they finally shut Ed White up after all he has put both men through in the course of this last year!

As The Blood Diamonds regroup on the outside, Hoffman and Katze move over to help White to his feet. Purcell takes to the ring apron while Dex Joy starts a building chant with The Faithful...

WHHHHHHOOOOOOOAAAAA...

Purcell LEAPS off the ring apron first and wipes out Nicky Corozzo with a flying shoulder block with tremendous force behind it!

DDK:

Purcell flying like a missile! I guess that's what happens when you team with Dex Joy long enough; you take risks like him!

Ed White looks up and sees another missile coming...

PAAAAAYYYY!

Joy FLIES through the ropes with the Whoa-pe dive! Katze just BARELY moves in the nick of time, but White and Hoffman are bowled over like pins on the outside! Purcell rushes over to meet Dex Joy on their feet and the roof is blown off the TD Garden!

Lance:

That was incredible and not something I thought we'd see just a minute or two into this match-up! Hoffman! White! Corozzo! All down!

Katze tries to go back to check on White, but Purcell stands in her way, forcing White's personal assistant away! The Lads reach in and both grab an arm of White. He looks like he's seen a ghost when the two big men throw him back inside the ring!

DDK:

Nobody to protect Ed White now! He cheated to defeat Punch Drunk Purcell at DEFCON. He cheated recently to defeat Dex Joy after the Blood Diamonds singled out both men with attacks. All that might come to roost tonight...

Lance:

And Ed White still has to wrestle tomorrow!

White gets blasted with a big running clothesline by Dexy Baby, but he's not down for long.

Dex Joy:

Get up, pally! Money ain't saving you now!

The Biggest Boy drops White with a huge body slam and immediately follows up with a huge falling headbutt! The first man to lay claim to the FIST of DEFIANCE has pain written all over his face as he sits up while clutching his chest. Dex picks him up and tries a whip to the corner. He charges in, but The Socialite catches him with a desperation boot first! He turns around... but Corozzo is still down!

DDK:

Nobody to tag to for White!

He spins around and tries to charge at Dex again only to get knocked down with a big body block first! Joy snatches White off the mat and then throws him into the corner where a tag is ready and waiting by Punchy. The Round Mound of Ground and Pound adjusts the brace on his left hand before stepping through the ropes. Dex Joy has White in a bearhug and shakes him around for a moment before Purcell holds his hands out. Dex hears the count of Navarro and then throws White into the grip of Purcell who uses a bearhug of his own!

DDK:

The Lads are just tossing White around like nothing at all! They're playing it smart so far and doing what they can to keep White away from the corner!

Lance:

I don't think I've EVER seen a bearhug like that!

Purcell then charges and rams him back first into The Lads' corner! A loud grunt escapes The Socialite after the impact, then a few more involuntary grunts happen as Purcell lays into him with a series of right jabs into the body!

Punch Drunk Purcell:

This is for my left hand!

Jab!

Punch Drunk Purcell:

This one's for Dex!

Jab!

Punch Drunk Purcell:

And this one's from both of us!

He charges and hits a running back splash in the corner! White convulses from the impact, then gets WALLOPED by a big clothesline from the right side by Purcell!

DDK:

There's the 1-2 Combo! And now here's the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

White kicks out! Just as he does so, Corozzo has returned to the corner along with Katze. Hoffman is nowhere to be found after Dex wiped he and White out with the dive earlier.

Lance:

The gang's all there, but it won't do White any good! In that big eight-man tag, he hid behind the numbers game, but tonight, The Lads were onto him!

DDK:

And so far, they still are!

Dex is telling Purcell from the apron to keep him away from the corner and Purcell nods. White goes for a jawbreaker and stuns Purcell, giving him an opening. The Socialite tries making it to the corner, but Punchy is able to grab his leg! Corozzo is out of reach when Purcell drops an elbow into White's back! The former boxer then picks up White again and whips him into a neutral corner before he unloads with more jabs and even a boot to the chest. He pulls him out and then hits White with a big gourdbuster!

DDK:

Another big move by Purcell! And another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

White kicks out again, but Purcell gestures to the corner nearby and gets The Faithful cheering for his next move! White is picked up and dropped with a slam near the corner before Purcell starts to climb it.

DDK:

We don't see Purcell take too many risks outside that shoulder tackle off the apron. Could he be thinking about splashing him off that middle rope?

That does appear to be the case as Purcell climbs to the middle rope, back turned to White. He gets ready to jump by shaking the ropes when from one direction, Jane Katze jumps on the apron and yells at Punchy to get down. Purcell points at Katze and Navarro is all over her to get off the apron.

Lance:

Get her out of here!

But as all eyes are on Katze, no eyes save that of The Faithful are on Reinhardt Hoffman, who grabs Punchy's arm and SNAPS the braced left hand over the ropes!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Hey! What the hell? Where did Reinhardt Hoffman come from?!

Lance:

He must have been hiding under that ring after being taken out by Dex!

Speaking of, Dex Joy is screaming at Hector Navarro while Katze jumps off the apron with a smirk and wink in The Biggest Boy's direction. Hoffman calmly walks away, arms folded and looking innocent. Purcell is on the mat favoring the still-injured left hand! And as all this transpires, Dex's blood is boiling and he's helpless to do anything as White finally has a chance to tag out. The Socialite rolls over and sees Nicky Corozzo, giving his massive bodyguard the tag!

DDK:

Here comes the massive enforcer. Seven-foot two! Three hundred-sixty pounds. This man is a force to be reckoned with.

Lance:

He and Purcell mixed it up over the BRAZEN Onslaught Title once. These two beasts are no strangers to one another, but Nicky has a huge advantage right now.

Corozzo grabs Purcell, then THROWS him violently into the steel steps at ringside with a loud thud! Purcell howls out!

DDK:

This is very bad for The Lads! Coming into this match with a handicap like that injured hand may have given The Blood Diamonds a leg up -- pun not intended there.

Lance:

And I think that landing may have been really bad for Purcell! He might have hit that hand on the steps!

Purcell tries to stand, but Corozzo forces The Green-Eyed Wildman up first. He then looks out to White, who gives him the thumbs up. Corozzo picks up Purcell, garnering gasps from The Faithful before he gets BODY SLAMMED on the floor outside the ring! The TD Garden collectively gasp with Punchy having the wind knocked out of him from such a powerful slam! Corozzo stands over the injured boxer and stares him down with a cold scowl while The Boston Faithful let him have it.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Corozzo just changed the game tonight for The Blood Diamonds. White picked well for his tag team partner, didn't he?

Lance:

Someone to counter power from The Blood Diamonds.

DDK:

Indeed.

Corozzo grabs Purcell and rolls him back inside the ring near The Blood Diamonds' corner. Il Giudice climbs back inside the ring by pushing the ropes down and stepping over them. Purcell tries to get away, but Nicky picks up his heel and SLAMS it down on the hand of Purcell before grinding his boot into it! Purcell's shouts of pain are uncomfortable to hear as Corozzo reaches out and tags White.

DDK:

I don't want to complement The Blood Diamonds on anything... but great strategy on their part here now that they have control.

The Socialite grins like the cat that ate the canary as he climbs into the ring.

Edward White:

Let's see how boastful you are now...

Corozzo finally takes his boot off Purcell's hand and before he can do anything to cover it, White's boot is on there!

Edward White:

This is for you fat sweatbogs getting in my way!

STOMP!

Edward White:

This is for you cheap-shotting me to get a DEFIANCE contract!

STOMP!

And White digs the heel of his wrestling boot!

DDK:

This is getting ruthless! Purcell's hand can't be usable at all after all that's been done to it. And now, look! He's ripping that brace clear off!

Purcell tries to protect his hand, but White kicks his arm, involuntarily forcing it open, thus allowing The Socialite to unstrap it and throw it away at ringside!

Lance:

Despicable by White... but what else can we expect? We can't be surprised if our personal opinion of him couldn't be any lower.

Katze picks the brace up and plays around with it while White hooks Purcell by the neck. He negotiates the big man to his feet and then dropped into a huge Trickle Down Theory neckbreaker!

DDK:

Trickle-Down Theory! Does White continue to have the number of The Lads! Attempted cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Purcell gets the left shoulder up, but White smells blood in the water and goes back to punishing the wrist! He holds the arm out and attacks with more stomps before pointing at Corozzo. He holds Purcell and makes the tag again for the big man to come in and work the arm. Corozzo and White both pull Punchy near the ropes while Dexy Baby is protesting with Navarro about what's happening. Corozzo holds Purcell near the ropes and presses a boot down on his back, choking him against the bottom rope. White then starts randomly lecturing Navarro about... something. Katze hands him an envelope.

Lance:

Is he... is he literally trying to BRIBE Hector Navarro? Right now?

As the two argue, Navarro's attention is completely off Purcell, who gets rocked from a running uppercut by Hoffman as he's trapped against the ropes! Booing rings out while Jane Katze even gets in a big slap to the head of Punchy. Navarro tells him to put the money away and White shrugs before he throws the unmarked envelope back to Jane Katze outside.

DDK:

I don't think White thought for a second Hector Navarro would take his bribe, but it gave his cronies some free shots on Purcell.

Lance:

And look at this.

Corozzo picks up a dazed Purcell and makes another quick tag back to White. The big man is HOISTED again in a sidewalk slam set-up! The crowd is floored by Corozzo's strength as White goes to the second rope and the two hit a tandem sidewalk slam/second rope stomp out of the corner!

DDK:

Brutal tag team pin! Cover by White!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

Much to his chagrin, Punchy throws another shoulder up! White tries to laugh off what's happening with Purcell and looks at Navarro with a smile... then rocks the former boxer with rights! Punchy tries to block them with his good hand, but leaves his bad left hand vulnerable for White to grab in a crossface!

Lance:

Submission attempt by White! He has the crossface locked in and has that bad hand trapped! That's gotta make it more difficult for Purcell to fight back!

DDK:

It does. That compromised hand has been trouble for Punchy. He can't fight at 100% without it and The Blood Diamonds have been ruthless.

White cranks the submission in tighter, yelling at Navarro to ask him if Punchy will tap. Purcell yells out "No!" and won't tap as he struggles to get to the ropes!

PUNCHY!

PUNCHY!

PUNCHY!

Dexy Baby hears the chants ring out for his tag partner and slaps the top turnbuckle to get them even more fired up. The Boston Faithful cheer on Purcell as he reaches out and grabs the bottom rope!

DDK:

Purcell makes it... wait, what's White doing?

White then switches up his relentless game plan. He stomps on the hand of Purcell again and then wedges his left hand in between the bottom padding. He STEPS on the hand while it's trapped, making Purcell yell out in pain!

Lance:

This is torture! He's made enemies of The Lads professionally and personally in the last year and doing what he can to put an end to them once and for all!

DDK:

Navarro is giving him a five-count to stop the attack!

The official counts to five and White breaks off... but then goes right back! He drops more rights into the bald head of Purcell! He continues until Navarro gives him a final warning! White doesn't take too kindly to this and jabs Navarro's chest with a finger as he berates him.

Edward White:

Do you know who I am? I BUILT this! I own YOU! I own that tub of lard trapped in the corner! I own his fat tub of lard waiting for a tag that ain't ever gonna come!

He runs and KICKS the wrist of Purcell while it's trapped in the middle buckle! Punchy yells out again in pain! White turns back to Navarro after the kick!

Edward White:

I do NOT answer to you. YOU answer to ME.

Lance:

Appalling he actually thinks this... but... wait, Darren, look in the corner.

Purcell hears this and goes red-faced. He struggles with his hand trapped in the padding... he pulls and pulls at the padding...

AND RIPS IT OFF!

DDK:

PUNCHY IS FREE! HE'S FREE AND WHITE DOESN'T EVEN REALIZE IT YET!

As White turns around to finish the job he started on Purcell...

RAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

ROUNDING ENZUIGIRI FROM PURCELL!

DDK:

WHAT?! DID... PURCELL JUST STRIKE HIM WITH A KICK TO THE BACK?!

White gets CLOCKED by the big man with a big kick nobody expects! Purcell falls back to the mat still favoring his left hand while gritting his teeth! Dex can't even believe it! He jumps up in excitement in the corner!

Dex Joy: *[cackling with excitement]*

Pally! That was BEAST!

Purcell looks up at his corner while White's eyes are open wide in shock, stunned!

DDK:

White's trash talk might have just come back to haunt him!

Lance:

That may be... but look, White has taken far less punishment than Purcell has so far! He's crawling to his corner.

White is able to limp over to the corner to make the tag to Nicky Corozzo and the giant sets out to block The Green-eyed Wildman from making it to his corner. Purcell finally makes it to his feet, but Corozzo spins him around... **BALD BULL TO THE CHEST!**

DDK:

OOOH! Bald Bull headbutt! That big cranium will stop ANYONE in their tracks!

The blow is enough to send Corozzo staggering back to his corner! He clutches his chest and that's all the time he needs...

RAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

DEX JOY GETS THE TAG!

The Biggest Boy runs inside the ring and charges forward, putting two massive boots into the chest of Corozzo with a shotgun dropkick! The blow knocks him back into the corner, but White sneaks in a blind tag!

Lance:

But so does White!

Before Dexy Baby can fully stand and build more momentum, White sneaks in and rolls him up with a schoolboy pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

Ever the opportunist... but Dexy kicks out! And now they're face to face!

The Socialite goes after Dex with a right, but the big man blocks it and smacks him with a big shot instead! He charges across the ring and gives one shot for Corozzo as well that knocks the big man off the ring apron! When he turns back, he charges directly ahead at White and then knocks him down with a running clothesline!

Another running clothesline!

He pulls him up and then rocks White with a big inverted atomic drop, then he gets ROCKED for the second time in the match from a jumping enzuigiri from Dexy Baby! White goes stiff and slumps forward to the mat while Dex is on a knee getting MASSIVE applause from The Faithful! Dex points at his corner and tells Purcell that's how an enzuigiri is done!

DDK:

Dex has White down!

White is picked up and body slammed near the turnbuckles with The Biggest Boy tapping the side of his head! The Faithful cheer as he starts climbing to the top rope. He makes it up and then takes a HUGE leap!

DDK:

JUMP FOR JOY DIVING HEADBUTT! COVER!

With two legs hooked, Joy goes for the win!

ONE!

TWO!

...

BIG LEG DROP BY COROZZO!

DDK:

Ooh! Where did he even come from?!

Corozzo goes after Dex with rights and pulls The Biggest Boy to his feet before rocking him with a knee to the chest, but Purcell comes back in and he runs right into Corozzo with a big shoulder tackle that stuns the giant! He and Dex nod at one another and then send him to the ropes! Corozzo tries to come back for a running double clothesline, but both Purcell and Joy ROLL together under the clotheslines to the shock of all in attendance!

Lance:

WHAT THE?! DEX HAS BEEN SHOWING PURCELL HOW TO MOVE THAT WEIGHT!

When Corozzo comes back, The Lads get back up and DROP the big man with double jumping shoulder tackles! The Faithful erupt massively when Dexy and Punchy both stand up and roar out loud and fire one another up!

Lance:

That was an incredible exchange by these big men! And oh, no...

White is just coming around when he's grabbed by Dex by the neck!

DDK:

These two men have Ed White in their sights!

Dex directs traffic and gestures for a right hand! Purcell holds up a hand and gets ready!

Lance:

Is this the end? Will The Lads finally get their payback on The Blood Diamonds tonight?

Purcell gets ready as Dex goes for a whip on White...

But Nicky Corozzo grabs Purcell's leg and gets the big man out of the ring! He starts throwing forearm clubs all over the body of Purcell! Navarro is distracted so when Dex is shocked... White HITS him with a punch directly to the nether regions!

DDK:

NO! NO! White with that signature punch of his! You know, the one I'm not saying the name of!

Lance:

Dex might not be having any more Dexy Babies after that!

Dex is hunched over, allowing a giddy White to muster up all his strength. He sets him up in a piledriver position...

DDK:

MARKET FAILURE! THAT MIGHT BE IT! ON HIS NECK!

Dex slumps over after the piledriver! The Faithful are in shock as White pushes him over onto his back, then lays across his chest while hooking the leg! Hoffman and Katze cheer on their benefactor!

Lance:

ED WHITE IS GONNA STEAL ANOTHER WIN OVER DEX JOY!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... KICKOUT!

RRRRRAAAHHHH!

White can't believe his luck and screams out of pure frustration! Hoffman and Katze's faces go white and they can't believe that Dex kicked out, either!

Lance:

No! No! Not this time! Not this time! Dex kicks out! He won't let it happen again!

White angrily runs his face through his hands, then looks over and smiles when Corozzo is ready for a tag! He crosses a thumb across his throat and then goes over to tag him to end it! The towering giant is back again and the two men look like they have something in mind.

DDK:

Oh, no... I think they're thinking spike piledriver! If they hit THIS, there's no way in hell Dex Joy is kicking out!

Corozzo helps The Socialite get Dex to his feet again and they set him up for a spike variation of the Market Failure. White starts to get Joy vertical with Corozzo ready to add to the spike...

NO!

White drops Joy back to the mat when he feels a pair of hands grab him!

DDK:

PUNCHY IS BACK! HE'S GOT WHITE BY THE LEG!

He pulls The Socialite out of the ring and FLOORS him with an incredible right hand!

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! WHITE JUST CAUGHT A RIGHT! IT'S JUST BEFORE DEFCON ALL OVER AGAIN!

Purcell gets on the apron when Corozzo tries to cut him off... but he gets ROCKED with a big right as well! That punch against such a big jaw causes Purcell pain in his hand, but Corozzo is stunned on his feet, leaving Dexy Baby free to get back up and put Corozzo across his shoulders...

AND HITS A RING-SHAKING DEX-5!!!

DDK:

OH, MAN! DEX-5! THAT MIGHT BE THE BIGGEST DEX-5 I'VE SEEN YET!

Once Dex recovers, he yells out and points to the top rope!

Lance:

LISTEN TO THE PEOPLE! DEXY GOES UP TOP!

The Biggest Boy climbs up the buckle, poses, then TAKES FLIGHT by dropping all his weight on Corozzo with his signature Joy Buzzer moonsault! Hoffman tries to jump in, but gets booted in the face by Purcell first!

DDK:

JOY BUZZER! JOY BUZZER! THIS ONE'S OVER!

Dex makes the cover with Purcell entering the ring to cut off anyone else from interfering!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends" by WAR ♪

Dex rolls off of the gargantuan body of Nicky Corozzo and then rolls to his feet, celebrating with Punch Drunk Purcell!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... **THE LADS!**

DDK:

That was an incredibly hard-fought win! The Lads took abuse for weeks from The Blood Diamonds and Ed White! They overcame verbal jabs, sneak attacks from every direction and Purcell's injured left hand! But tonight, The Lads get their revenge! And how sweet it is!

Hoffman and Jane Katze go over to White to check on him, helping him up off the mat, but he angrily PUSHES his subordinates away after suffering this massive setback!

Lance:

And we can't forget that tomorrow night, White will be in action in a three-on-two handicap match when he teams with Bronson Box and ACE of DEFIANCE Tyler Fuse to take on The Hollywood Bruvs.

DDK:

Purcell and Dex are quickly turning into an amazing team in a relatively short amount of time. The sky's the limit for these two powerhouses, but rest assured this won't be the last time we see The Blood Diamonds have a chance to wreak havoc these two nights!

Purcell takes out his mouthpiece and poses on a turnbuckle, still nursing his left hand, but victory takes some of the sting off. Meanwhile, Dex Joy stands on the other turnbuckle, celebrating with The Faithful and leads them in singing the chorus of "Why Can't We Be Friends?" They both climb down and start walking to the back

DDK:

This was an important victory to The Lads tonight by overcoming Ed White and his group!

Lance:

And coming up next... a grudge match between two men with a recent history. "The GLOAT" Mil Vuelas versus "The Microphone Fiend" Butcher Victorious! We'll get to a rundown of how we got here momentarily.

THE NUMBERS GAME

ACTS switches to the backstage hallways as Conor Fuse walks through, lime green duffle bag in hand. He politely greets the people around him as he passes, while also receiving a big pop from the Boston Faithful.

Conor Fuse: [talking to himself]

Glorious day ahead where Dan and I become UNIFIED Tag Team Champions. What's up with the UNIFIED, anyway? It's been like four years, are they still carrying around the trios titles, too? I haven't been paying attention. Of course, it would make sense since Harmen Jr. and Silver Jr. have been added to the group...

Conor counts on his one hand. That's four of M4NTRA, including Eye and Alexander.

Conor Fuse:

Oh yeah, and the Makayla Namestate girl, whatever her name is.

Five. A full hand.

Conor Fuse:

I'm sure Dan and I will get to know her a lot better after tonight, I might even be able to properly announce her name!

Conor continues walking, holding out the left hand of five fingers in front of him. Then, on his right hand, he counts how many people are a part of his team tonight.

He actually counts, it's like he doesn't know until the statistics are directly in front of him.

Conor Fuse:

One for me, adorable little Conor Fuse.

He thinks REAL hard...

Conor Fuse:

Oh yeah, one for the killer guy, Dan Ryan.

He thinks EVEN harder.

Think Conor, think! Are there any others?

He stares at the two fingers on his right hand.

Conor Fuse:

Nope, that's it. Just us.

Fuse looks at the two fingers of his right and the five fingers on his left. He counts them out.

Five-on-two.

Conor Fuse:

The odds are **not** in our favour.

A light bulb goes off in his head.

Conor Fuse:

UNLESS Dan's numerous FISTS and championships account for like seven people and I, tag team specialist, count for about sixteen MOAR.

Conor adds three more to his right hand but realizes he doesn't have any digits or hands left to continue. However, he smiles. He's content. At least it's five-on-five now.

Conor Fuse:

The odds are even.

Fuse is so pumped he ends up shouting.

Conor Fuse:

The odds are even!

But his voice trails at the end. He comes to a complete stop, with five fingers out on his left and five fingers out on his right, inadvertently stuck in front of the face of...

His brother, Tyler Fuse.

Conor lowers his hands as Tyler watches the fingers disappear to the ground. Conor blushes, Tyler rolls his eyes.

Tyler Fuse:

I'm glad you can do math. That's a big step for you, counting to ten.

Conor looks his brother over and realizes Tyler's empty handed.

Conor Fuse:

Where's the ACE of DEFIANCE, bro?

Tyler shrugs.

Tyler Fuse:

I left it in my locker room. I don't need it tonight. Or tomorrow.

He smirks.

Tyler Fuse:

But I will need it soon.

Conor nods along like he's hanging off big bro's every word, until there are no more words left but Conor is still nodding. Realizing nothing more is going to come, he backtracks and pats Tyler on the chest.

Conor Fuse:

Look at us, eh. Who would've thought. Not me.

Conor giggles.

Conor Fuse:

...In tag team matches without the other. Times change and stay the same. The Bruvs, huh? The good ol' Hollywood Bruvs. Man, there was a time when the FUSE BROS. would've liked to get their hands on Mikey and Kendrix, amirite?

Conor loves what he's saying. He's nodding frantically.

Conor Fuse:

The Fuse Bruvs. See what I did there? Ha! Dan Ryan has a silly partner in me. Say, you kinda remind me of him. Tyler and Dan Ryan would make a HELL of a killer team.

Conor puts a finger to his chin and goes into deep thought.

Conor Fuse:

Who are you tagging with again? Oh yeah, Bronson Box. He's kinda a lot like me!

Tyler shakes his head and is quick on the reply.

Tyler Fuse:

He's nothing like you.

Conor Fuse:

But Box likes video games and shit, right? He lived in his parent's basement for a while, no?

Tyler Fuse:

You're thinking of Eugene Dewey.

Conor Fuse:

OH RIGHT, LOL. Boy is my face red.

It's not red, but whatever.

Conor Fuse:

Hold on a second, so Dewey isn't the angry, dummy announcer who hates some fan favourites and then loves some fan favourites while hating a bunch of the bad guys, too?

Tyler Fuse:

That's Angus Skaaland.

Conor Fuse:

Ohhhhh. I thought Angus was the guy who didn't want to hire us in the first place.

Tyler Fuse:

No, that was Eric Dane.

Conor Fuse:

Right, right, right. I always thought Eric Dane was the scary Texan, looking to crack faces and break necks.

Tyler Fuse:

Pretty sure you're now talking about your partner, Dan Ryan.

Conor simply "mmhmm's" along and Tyler grows impatient. He's about to walk past his brother when Conor reaches out, takes Tyler's arm and then reveals he has five fingers on one hand (likely for M4NTRA) and five fingers on the other hand (for him and Dan Ryan, plus all their accolades).

Puppy eyes, rosey cheeks, Conor shakes with enthusiasm.

Conor Fuse:

Tyler, can I mark you down for being on MY team?

Tyler looks at the five fingers across both hands and raises a confused eyebrow.

Conor Fuse:

It would really help swing the numbers game in our favour.

Tyler shakes his head.

Tyler Fuse:

Bro, I don't think you have enough digits left.

Tyler starts walking away, leaving Conor to check if he has anymore digits. Spoiler: He doesn't.

Conor Fuse: [shouting to his brother down the hall]

Oh yeah, that's right! No worries! Anyway, good luck with Box against the Bruvs! Maybe you and I will tag again some day if Malak Garland ever bites the dust and relinquishes the ban he has in place on the Fuse Bros. never tagging in DEFIANCE again.

Conor nods to himself like that's a good enough response, looks down at his ten fingers again and begins to walk away.

However, he walks right into Tyler Fuse's chest.

Tyler leers at his brother.

Tyler Fuse:

Oh, don't worry. If Malak Garland is still the FIST of DEFIANCE after tonight...

He laughs, albeit slightly.

Tyler Fuse:

Then again, even if he's not...

Tyler starts to walk away again.

Tyler Fuse:

He's next in line...

Conor waves goodbye to Tyler but with his older brother out of sight, it's Tyler who shouts down the hall this time.

Tyler Fuse:

Oh maybe, you know, for a career ending injury.

The scene fades and we go to ringside.

MIL VUELTAS vs. BUTCHER VICTORIOUS

DDK:

What a wild night that it's been so far tonight for Acts of DEFIANCE 2024. Brock/JJ Dixon was an incredible match to kick off the night, Uriel Cortez scored one of the biggest singles wins of his career by defeating Scott Douglas and The Lads triumphed over The Blood Diamonds... and things continue to get personal up next. Butcher Victorious takes on GC Universe member... and if you ask me, a little turncoat... Mil Vueltas.

Lance:

This issue may have really heated up in the past few weeks, but this goes further back to the end of 2023 when the roles were reversed. Butcher Victorious worked for a then-not-all-caps Oscar Burns, trying to get into the good graces of he and Vae Victis. Mil Vueltas tried to stick his neck out for Butcher and get him to defect, only for Butcher to turn on him and cost him matches to remain at Burns' side.

DDK:

That's right. Butcher would eventually see the error of his ways and left Vae Victis and defeated Oscar Burns at DEFCON, then his associate DLJ at MAXDEF. During this time, Butcher tried to make amends with Mil, only for Mil to rebuff those apologies. But as Butcher's rocket shot upwards, Mil seemingly went the other way.

Lance:

Mil suffered tough losses during the last year on PPV. FIST of DEFIANCE Malak Garland. Oscar Burns. Being kicked out of his Familia by Uriel Cortez. Tyler Fuse. These setbacks have been festering for a while Mil finally snapped, lied to Butcher's face about accepting his apology, then turn on Butcher to join the GC Universe.

DDK:

Since that betrayal, Mil has been sleaze and has jumped Butcher, tried to avoid shows and avoid any contact with Butcher. Butcher would attack Mil Vueltas at a recent BRAZEN show he was visiting, leading to now. Now, there's nowhere for Mil to run and he'll have to own up to what he's done. Butcher has payback on his mind. So without further adieu, we get to this match that has been brewing for a while! Butcher Victorious against the self-proclaimed "Greatest Luchador Of All Time" Mil Vueltas!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first... he is the official spokesperson for the GC Universe AND for Mil Vueltas... please welcome... The self-professed... GSOAT to the GLOAT... Greatest Spokesman of All Time... **SONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNYYYYYY...**

Pause.

Darren Quimbey:

SIIIIIILLLLLLLVVVVEEEEERRRR!

Walking onto the fancy stage for Acts of DEFIANCE, Sonny Silver is dressed in a fancy charcoal-colored suit and black tie. He holds a hand up... and the OLD SKOOL MIC~! Lowers from the ceiling into his hands.

Sonny Silver:

Ladies... gentlemen... Today... the man I'm about to introduce is about to take a year's worth of hurt, a year's worth of pain, a year's worth of frustration, ball it all up, and turn it into something the likes of which you've never seen before. As close personal friend Henry Keyes once did, this man emerges from his own cocoon tonight as a representation of the man he wishes to be. Tonight is the first day of the rest of this talented luchador's young life...

He points to an empty section next to the stage.

Sonny Silver:

Accompanied by fellow GC Universe member, "The Front Runner" DLJ, as well as his valets, The Lucha Lovelies... Bonita en Rosa I y II...

DDK:

What?

Sonny Silver:

He is the GC Universe Employee of the Month for September! GC Universe called him “The OSCAR BURNS of Lucha Libre!” Earlier today, I said that Mil was short for “Millions” that’s what this man is going to bring to DEFIANCE. He is nothing short of The Greatest Luchador of All Time! He is THE GLOAT... **MMMMMMMMMMMM**

VUELTASSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

♪ *Mera dime Akon lo' diablo', ¿Oí'te cabrón?*
Mera dime Frabian
Real Hasta La Muerte, ¿Oí'te bebé?
Brrr ♪

The lyrics start kicking in and the camera switches to the interior of what appears to be some sort of limo. The inside is shrouded in darkness, but four shadows can be made out. All three appear to be masked. The camera switches outside where a gold and silver SUV limo pulls up to the side of the stage...

♪ *So much paper locked in my ball*
You name it, we did it
All my homies they got called
But we are here, still get me
Whole love, oh, wow
These acting like bitches
And haters coming from every corner
And mad at all of my riches ♪

♪ “Get Money” by Akon and Aneul AA ♪

The front door opens... and standing at his full 6’7” glory, DLJ walks out, decked out in a pristine burgundy suit with gold pinstripes. He walks towards the door and opens the sides...

Two young luchadoras walk out from the SVU limo first, wearing matching pink flower-themed costumes - with one of them having the BRAZEN Women’s Championship around her waist... finally making is way out...

Decked out in a SPARKLING white fur coat, boots, sleeves and a brand new mask all covered in silver and gold rhinestones, Mil Vueltas holds out an arm for his valets each to hold. The eyes that once used to be visible have been covered up by gray slits and the only thing that can be seen of his face is what has become his new fashioned permasmirk.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen... this is not the young luchador we’ve watched grow up in the last four years since he joined in 2020. On each arm, those are BRAZEN women’s stars, Bonita en Rosa I and II. Rosa I is the current BRAZEN Women’s Champion. And of course, fellow GC Universe member, DLJ.

Lance:

And LOOK at him!

As Mil reaches the ring, he holds out his arms and both Bonita en Rosa I and II remove his jacket... revealing a new JACKED physique that he’s kept hidden for the past few months! DLJ happily claps along as the arena is filled with jeers.

DDK:

GOODNESS! He clearly subscribed to whatever training regimen OSCAR BURNS took part in during his layoff!

Mil lets the Lucha Lovelies each plant a kiss on his cheek, then he jumps onto the apron. He grabs the ropes, FLIPS over to land on his feet, flips forward a second time, then poses with a cocky permasmirk. He turns up to look at Benny Doyle.

Mil Vueltas:

Ojos de las damas, perra. They're with me and Danny.

DDK:

Benny Doyle was checked out earlier after that spill he took during the Newbludd/Dixon opening match! He had the chance to sit this match out, but as DEFIANCE's Head of Officiating, he operates under a policy of "the show must go on."

Lance:

That was a WILD way to kick off the show and we've still got more to come!

The lights in the arena go dark.

The DEFIatron comes to life.

The camera is fixed on a familiar mohawked and tattooed figure that gets LOUD cheers from The Faithful, but his back is turned to the camera. He walks through the concourse and has a number of fans cheering in either direction...

Butcher Victorious:

THIS IS BUTCH VIC... TALKING TO YOU, THE BUTCH VIC CLIQUE...

The camera is on Butcher, wearing a sparkling pink, purple and blue coat! He continues as the fans ROAR! He makes his way to just before the entrance to Guerilla position.

Butcher Victorious:

IT'S ALL BUSINESS SO WE'RE GONNA DO IT A LITTLE DIFFERENT! BUTCH VIC... MAKE SOME NOISE AND LET IT RIP...

RRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!

Butcher Victorious:

CAUSE BUTCH VIC IS GONNA SLAP THE STUPID SMIRK OFF THAT LUCHA PRICK!

Mil leans back in his corner, frowning while the Lucha Lovelies both try to cover his ears for him from the support for Butcher. Speaking of, the camera is back to Butch Vic with The Stick in hand.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... SAYS LET THAT MUSIC HIT!

Just seconds later...

♪ "Microphone Fiend" by Erik B. and Rakim ♪

...He BURSTS through Guerilla and the camera tries to keep up as he zooms through the curtains and finally reaches the stage! Dressed in new sparkling purple tights, along with silver and purple boots and kickpads, Butch Vic is rabid and ready to fight tonight!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing The Butch Vic Clique... from Austin, Texas, weighing in at 226 pounds...

BUTCHERRRRRRR VICTORIOUS!

Butcher RUNS towards the ring and slides inside, forcing Mil to make a hasty retreat to the floor! The Microphone Fiend stands up, then poses on the middle buckle, all the while not keeping his eyes off Mil, DLJ or the Lucha Lovelies at ringside.

DDK:

A fired-up Butcher can do dangerous things. He's defeated Oscar Burns at DEFCON! He defeated DLJ at MAXDEF. He defeated Cyrus Bates and avenged a prior loss to former Vae Victis associate Scott Hunter. Butcher is on a roll right now, but he also can't overlook Mil or his entourage.

Butcher backs up at the behest of the official. Mil slowly steps onto the apron and as cautiously as possible, climbs inside to now be forced to face the man he backstabbed two months ago. Benny Doyle looks at both men to make sure they're ready. He calls for the bell...

DING DING

The two men charge at one another and Butcher knocks down Mil with a shoulder block. Butcher gets cheers from The Faithful from the get-go, but doesn't see Mil kip up to his feet just as quickly. When Butcher turns...

PFFT!

...A gob of spit hits Butcher right in his chest!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

What was the meaning of THAT?

The Microphone Fiend looks at Mil with fire in his eyes after what he just did. In retort, Mil flashes him a smile.

Mil Vueltas:

Cabron.

Butcher goes for a clothesline, but Mil ducks underneath, then front flips to his feet behind Butcher. Butcher swings again, but The GLOAT backflips through the clothesline and lands on his feet! By the time the Texan has moved around, Mil zips past him and hits the ropes. Butcher swings again, but Mil ducks underneath then leaps OVER the ropes... right into the waiting arms of DLJ! With his "hermano" cradling him like a child, Mil points into the ring and yells at Benny Doyle to get Butcher back!

DDK:

Oh, come on! You've spent weeks trying to attack Butcher from behind! Get in there and handle your business... GLOAT.

Lance:

That's all I've seen. Showboating, not fighting.

Butcher sits on the middle rope and dares Mil to get back in the ring just as DLJ puts him down. Mil walks away from The Lucha Lovelies and DLJ to an adjacent section of the ring and dares Butcher to follow. He jumps at the opportunity and slides out... just as Mil slides in! Butcher turns around and climbs back in, only to catch a running dropkick as he gets back in the ring! Butcher staggers back to the corner where Mil unleashed a number of fists all across Butch Vic's body!

DDK:

The first offense of the match goes to Mil Vueltas! He laid the trap and Butcher jumped right into it!

Lance:

Benny Doyle now stepping in between Mil and Butcher!

He backs The GLOAT up from the corner, ordering him to stand down. Mil tells him not to touch him.

Mil Vueltas:

You don't touch me, cabron. El Intocable! Untouchable!

He smirks for all of a moment...

Then gets WHACKED with a running uppercut out of the corner in the process! The Boston Faithful erupt when Butcher sits up and goes after Mil!

DDK:

There was too much gloating by The GLOAT and now he's gonna pay for it!

Butcher does the next best thing he's good at aside from working a microphone: snapping on a headlock! He drags Vueltas up and over with a takeover, but keeps going, rolling him all across the mat with some extra-aggressive rolling headlock takeovers before he starts raining down fists across the head of Mil with his free arm! The punches fly in bunches and Mil can't protect himself! He finally manages to squeeze himself away and gets to the ropes, but Butcher gets up and KICKS him in the head, sending Mil THROUGH the ropes, tumbling all the way to the floor!

DDK:

I don't think I've seen Butcher Victorious this fired-up since he left Vae Victis and Oscar's side for good! He's ready to hurt Mil for all that he's done to him in these past few weeks.

Lance:

Look... Butcher's following him out there, but I can't advise this.

Following him outside the ring, Mil tries to crawl away on all fours. He then hides behind both Lucha Lovelies! The booing is loud as the two Bonita en Rosa I and II both try and keep Butcher from advancing while Mil ducks around the corner.

Butcher Victorious:

Get out my way! Your boytoy's gonna miss the after party tonight cause this shoe's going up his ass!

Butcher stands his ground and decides that he's going go through the BRAZEN stars/Mil's apparent arm candy. He stops and looks around, only to look up and see Mil ZIPPING through the ropes with a lightning-fast tope suicida that WIPES him out!

DDK:

There's another distraction by Mil Vueltas' Lucha Lovelies! Mil Vueltas takes advantage and uses that Super Rapido dive!

Mil gets up to his feet as he hugs the Lucha Lovelies.

Mil Vueltas:

Be right back.

He slides back into the ring just as Butcher comes back to his feet, but by the time he does, he leaps OVER with an over the top rope moonsault plancha! He wipes out Butcher a second time! After the dive, Mil remains on the canvas, laying in a relaxed position as he blows a kiss at the camera in front of them. Bonita en Rosa I and II both clap and cheer as DLJ cheers for his best friend.

Lance:

This newfound confidence... I don't think I've ever seen Mil look so proud of himself. He was always an honorable guy.

He went through some really awful times in the past year. I get that... but to stoop to this and buy into what the GC Universe is selling?

DDK:

It's a shame, it really is, but he's chosen his side.

Mil finally gets up after his posturing and rolls Butcher back inside the ring. The GLOAT rolls onto the apron, then leaps up and delays on the top rope before crashing down with a hard delayed slingshot senton! Butcher clutches at his ribs, but just as he sits up from the pain, Mil is already on his feet and comes back with a sliding dropkick to the side of the head!

DDK:

What a combo of moves! Mil has always been so agile and so fast, but he's putting it to some vicious use!

Holding onto the side of his head, Butch Vic has his bell rung while Mil sits up and wipes his hands together. He rolls Butcher away from the ropes and goes for a cover with a hook of the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Butcher gets the shoulder up! Mil's protesting that count with the official.

Mil stands up and gets in Benny Doyle's face about how he had a three count. But as this is happening and Butcher gets to the ropes, DLJ smacks Butch Vic across the side of the head!

Lance:

Hey! DLJ takes the cheap shot!

The Faithful jeer The Front Runner but he puts his hands up and proclaims his innocence!

DLJ:

It wasn't me! Wasn't me! I'm a good Giant Ginger Man!

Before Benny Doyle can ask whatever the hell that even means, Mil turns around and runs towards Butcher with a standing shooting star press following DLJ's cheap shot!

DDK:

Another cover by Mil after that running shooting star press!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Once again, Butcher fights out of the cover and gets a shoulder up. He tries to sit up while an angry Mil looks up at Doyle.

DDK:

This year of frustration Mil Vueltas has had with big matches resulting in what he is now... imagine how he'll be if he loses another big match!

Lance:

You can start to see him look unhappy with the official's count!

Thinking about his next move, El Intocable sits up and goes for Butcher's arm. He grabs the left arm... but gets SLUGGED by a huge right hand by Butch Vic! Mil goes cross-eyed for a moment as Butcher stands up and drives two more big right hands into the side of the head of Vueltas.

DDK:

We've seen this time and time again. Butcher relies on guts and a little technical knowhow he learned under OSCAR BURNS for two years. Can he follow up?

The Faithful are fully behind Butcher as he grabs Mil by the arm and whips him across the ring. He goes to follow him in with a running european uppercut, but comes up empty as Mil slips through the ropes with the quickness and lands on his feet on the apron! The Microphone Fiend stumbles forward as Mil hits a springboard missile dropkick that knocks Butcher down!

Lance:

Once again... that speed advantage Mil Vueltas has is being used so expertly. He gives up size to a lot of opponents in DEFIANCE but between that speed and his ringside entourage, he's making a showing for himself.

Mil still lays on the mat for a moment before he sticks his legs straight up in the air, kips up, then does a front flip forward! He looks over to the ropes before he leaps to the second rope, jumps to the top rope, then backflips off... only to land on his feet, then throw the double tall man up at Butcher as he's down.

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Some calls we just don't need to make, Darren. That's classless.

DDK:

If Mil Vueltas is so eager to prove he can win on a big stage, maybe he should focus on winning and not preening and showboating.

As Butcher gets to the ropes again, Vueltas is already all over The Microphone Fiend when he nudges him towards the middle rope and then stands on his back! He starts pulling on the top rope, dragging his feet down deeper into the back of Butcher and trying to rob the air from the Texan's lungs. DLJ and The Lucha Lovelies cheer on Mil as he continues the punishment of Butcher.

Mil Vueltas:

THEY USED TO LOVE ME BEFORE THEY LOVED YOU!

Benny Doyle angrily gets on Mil's case about the illegal choke and gives him until the count of five. At four and a half, Mil jumps off his back, then kicks the middle rope upward into the side of Butcher's head! Angrily, Vueltas watches Butcher writhe in pain on the mat as he holds his face in pain.

Lance:

That just said everything right there... is this just jealousy? Mil tried his hardest to survive on his own after Titanes Familia kicked him to the curb. I can't say what I'd do in the situation he's in, but what he's been doing since joining the GC Universe... he's better than this.

DDK:

He thinks he's better now!

Mil waits on Butcher and then runs before he catches a tilt-a-whirl then drags him to the canvas with an armbar takedown, directly into a fujiwara armbar! Butch Vic's arm is in pain as he yells out, trying his hardest not to succumb

to the submission!

DDK:

What in incredible submission! He calls this La Flipstica! He's PULLING on that arm!

Shouting in Spanish, Vueltas screams at Butcher to tap out, but The Microphone Fiend only has one goal in mind: making it to the ropes.

Lance:

Butcher's fighting, though! Mil's got that submission locked in very well, but Victorious still has the size advantage and he's making the most of it!

BUTCH VIC!

BUTCH VIC!

BUTCH VIC!

BUTCH VIC!

The Faith... Butch Vic Clique lend their cheers loudly to Butcher as he tries to crawl towards the ropes. Mil PULLS further back on the arm and then grabs the fingers, trying to bend back one of his fingers as well! Despite the extra punishment he's in...

Benny Doyle:

Butcher, do you give up?

Shaking his head and gnashing his teeth together, Butcher continues crawling!

DDK:

Benny Doyle is asking Butcher if he quits!

But Butcher has an answer lined up!

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC...

Then WRAPS an arm around the bottom rope.

Butcher Victorious:

...WON'T QUIT!

Elation fills the TD Garden while Benny yells at Mil to break up the submission. He hangs on a few extra seconds until he is forced to break it for fear of being disqualified.

DDK:

That submission had to be something OSCAR and Sonny taught Mil. Expertly done, but Butcher Victorious isn't going to go down without a fight!

As Butcher uses the corner to get up, he sees Mil coming out of the corner of his eye and hits him with a back kick to the gut! The blow staggers Mil briefly, but pisses him off further as the luchador comes at him with a running corner dropkick...

BUT BUTCHER MOVES!

Lance:

No! Mil crash landed in the corner! Can Butcher Victorious fight his way back into this match?

DDK:

It looks like he's gonna try!

After shaking his left arm to make sure it's still in working order, he waits on Mil Vultas to stand. When he does, he's on the shoulders for a fireman's carry, only for El Intocable to rake his eyes viciously! Mil lands on his feet behind Butcher and throws him shoulder-first into the ring post!

DDK:

No! Back to the bad shoulder!

Mil then pulls him out of the corner and rolls him up with a high-angle schoolboy pin!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Lance:

No! Mil tried to steal the win, but Butcher kicks out again!

DDK:

Are we seeing Mil Vultas getting desperate now? He came in guns blazing, full of himself that he'd finally get the monkey off his back and get this PPV win, but Butcher has denied him time and time again!

Butch Vic does another kick... out! The arrogant smirk that Mil Vultas started off the match with is all gone now and replaced with an angry scowl underneath his rhinestone-covered mask. He gets into Benny Doyle's face.

Mil Vultas:

You know who I am? You know who I work WITH? OSCAR BURNS!

Fed up with the defiance (not all caps) of Butcher Victorious, Mil plants a running kick to the chest of Butcher to knock him over before he poses towards the corner. He waits on Butcher to pick himself up, then executes another triple jump up to the top rope...

RIGHT INTO A JUMPING EUROPEAN UPPERCUT!

OOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

Oh my God! Butcher with another European uppercut! He just SMACKED Mil Vultas right out of the sky!

Lance:

That might be just what Butcher Victorious needed! Can Butch Vic pick himself back up!

The collective jaws of Bonita en Rosa I, II and DLJ are agape as A HUGE gob of spit is knocked out of Mil's mouth! He crashes on the canvas with a rocked jaw! Butcher falls back to his knees and holds his left shoulder in pain, but the cheering of the Boston Faithful to see him keep fighting pushes him forward!

DDK:

You're right! He's gonna need to string together some offense to put this one away!

Bonita en Rosa I and II both cheer on Vultas to try and hurry to his feet, but Butcher is already back up and forces Mil upright as well. He charges off the ropes and takes him down with a big jumping clothesline off the ropes! Mil goes down again, but is knocked in a daze and tries to stand up out of instinct only to get rocked from the other side by

another jumping clothesline! Butcher rolls back to his feet and Mil is whipped into the corner before getting rocked by another running European uppercut in the jaw! He locks an arm around Mil's head and runs out of the corner, dropping him with a running headlock bulldog!

DDK:

And now Butcher is picking up the pace with that HUGE running bulldog! What's he doing now?

Butcher holds his right arm out, then drops an elbow drop across the chest of Mil! Again! And again! And again! And again!

Lance:

Good grief! If he's not fueled by classic P and V, I don't know who is!

DDK:

Elbow drop after elbow drop!

He hits another! Another! Another! Another! After nine elbow drops, he stands up and waves a hand in the air as The Boston Faithful roar in approval, then he drops a leaping tenth elbow drop across the heart!

DDK:

TEN elbow's a-dropping! Butcher has been expanding that arsenal of his beyond headlock variations!

A rage-fueled Butcher hooks the leg of Mil with his good arm!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Mil kicks out, but Butcher is inspired more to continue punishing the man who turned his back on him after lying to his face several weeks ago!

DDK:

Listen to The Faithful! They are all about Butcher Victorious getting his payback here on Mil Vueltas tonight!

Lance:

That they are! Can Butch Vic score his Biggest Hit?

Just as a roughed-up Vueltas stands, Mil gets headlocked. Butch Vic goes for Butch Vic's biggest hit, but Mil Vueltas scrambles out of the headlock and pushes him away! Butcher comes back off the ropes when Mil leans forward and catches him with a leaping victory roll!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Kickout! Both men on their feet... Butcher has him!

Butcher picks Mil up in the fireman's carry and this time, he PLANTS him with a standing fireman's carry facebuster! Mil gets rocked and pops up off the mat as Butcher hits the ropes and SMACKS the GC Universe member square in the face with a single leg basement dropkick!

DDK:

I mentioned earlier that Butcher Victorious has been expanding his arsenal! He calls that Butch Vic Lands The Kick!

Lance:

Good advertisement, I'll hand it to him!

Mil is flat on his back again as Butcher jumps into a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

Somehow, Mil is able to get the shoulder up, surprising Butcher as well as the ten-thousand strong in attendance tonight! Bonita en Rosa I and II along with DLJ breathe sighs of relief in their little prayer circle at ringside.

DDK:

That was a great combination of moves! I don't know how Mil kicked out of that?

Lance:

I don't either, but he's clearly on dream street! If Butcher keeps on him, The GLOAT is gonna need to look himself in the mirror and reconsider that nickname!

Said GLOAT is still face-down on the canvas when Butcher goes over and tries to pull Mil up to his feet. He almost has him, but before he can fully lock in a submission, Mil pushes him into the ropes. When Butcher comes back, Mil shows off some of his newfound power when he hits a HUGE snap German suplex as Butcher bounces back!

DDK:

Snap German Suplex by Butcher! That power in his frame pays off!

Butcher bounces up into a corner as Mil rolls back to his feet. He charges at the corner and hits a flying kick that grazes the jaw of Butcher. Mil's momentum carries him feet first on the ring apron. He kicks the left leg out from Butcher, then slingshots back in with a slingshot single leg kick that smacks loudly!

DDK:

What a series of kicks! He calls that Tres Patadas! He pulls Butcher out of the corner into a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... SHOULDER UP!

Mil looks up and even though his eyes are no longer visible through his mask, there's no doubt they're wide!

Lance:

Butcher kicked out, but Mil goes for broke!

Mil goes to the nearby corner with Butcher still grounded behind him. He positions himself and then jumps to the second rope, then comes off with a second rope phoenix splash... but Butcher moves! Mil rolls through the move and course-corrects himself to get back to his feet. But when he turns...

THUNK!

DDK:

OOOOH! HARD OUT HEADBUTT!

Mil gets BLASTED, but the shot sends him down and out to the floor where immediately, DLJ plays defense and then gets in between the two before Butcher can follow up!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Butcher gets angry and has had enough of the interference as he points at Benny Doyle.

DDK:

DLJ comes to the aid of his "hermano". These two were inseparable and suffered the same fate being kicked out of Titanes Familia at different points...

Lance:

But now both under the tutelage of OSCAR BURNS and Sonny Silver? They've become so insufferable so quickly.

DLJ helps Mil as Bonita en Rosa helps give Mil a sip of water. All the while, the fans are shocked to see when Butcher has seen enough...

Butcher Victorious:
LUCHA BUTCHA!

He jumps to the inside middle rope, then leaps over the ropes, CRASHING down on big DLJ on the floor! He starts going wild with right hands while The GLOAT and The Lucha Lovelies scatter like lucha-themed cockroaches at ringside! Bonita en Rosa hands Mil something that he quickly snatches up!

DDK:

Butcher has had more than enough of the constant interference of DLJ and the Lucha Lovelies!

Lance:

That he has!

Butcher continues to throw the right hands down on the GC Universe's young powerhouse, then goes to pick Mil up off the mat!

Lance:

I think Mil might be done after that Hard Out Headbutt! He doesn't even know where he is and Boston is here for it!

Wasting no more time with DLJ, Butcher grabs Mil and chucks him back inside the ring to finish the job! Mil rolls and seeing stars while Butcher points in the ring!

DDK:

Butcher has just taken over! He's done with Mil Vueltas' garbage! He's going to end this one for good!

He calls out to The Faithful and imitates grabbing a headlock...

Butcher Victorious:**GRAB A HOLD, BROTHER!**

He goes over and tries to pick Mil up once again. He has him position for Butch Vic's Greatest Hit, but Mil desperately slips free! Butcher turns...

THUNK!

And Mil headbutts HIM! And to make matters worse... Butcher ends up in a corner!

DDK:

Wait! What just happened!

As Benny Doyle checks on Butcher and Mil falls back to the ropes, he rips off the mask he has on to reveal the identical mask! He smirks and knocks on the first mask which makes a dull thud sound before throwing it out for the BRAZEN Women's Champion, Bonita en Rosa I, to catch and hide!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Was... was that mask LOADED? WAIT... last year... remember when Mil fought Malak Garland? That's how Malak beat HIM!

DDK:

You're right! Butcher is out cold because of that other mask! Mil goes up top!

With Butcher laid out on the mat, Mil makes one solid leap from ring to the middle rope, then up top. Once poised, he leaps off the top with a moonsault and CRASHES with boot feet into Butcher's midsection with a moonsault double foot stomp! Collectively cringing, The Faithful jeer as Mil rolls through the stomp, then rushes over to hook the legs!

DDK:

NO! NO WAY! HE CALLS THAT MOONSTOMP... GLOATED!

Mil hooks the legs of a laid-out Butcher, grinning from ear to ear underneath his regular mask!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Get Money" by Akon and Aneul AA ♪

After fully securing the three-count, Mil rolls backwards off the body of Butcher Victorious and looks like he's about to cry as he rolls over to the ropes and embraces Bonita en Rosa I and II.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **MIL VUELTAS!**

DDK:

He did it... damn it! The monkey is finally off Mil Vueltras' back, I guess... I hate that it came THIS way. Butcher had that match won, but thanks to what might have been a loaded mask, Mil gets the win!

Lance:

I agree, partner. But there were too many distractions at ringside for just about any one person to contend with!

Mil is pulled out of the ring by DLJ, holding his own face after being jumped on and battered by a wild Butcher. When

he realizes he's won, Mil does a tired, but triumphant victory lap around the ring as if he's won the FIST of DEFIANCE itself!

Lance:

I'd say I hope he's proud of himself... but he's running a victory lap or two and calling himself The GLOAT. That should answer it for you.

DDK:

And whether we like it or not, Mil Vueltras puts the GC Universe in the win column. Tomorrow night, the Center of the GC Universe himself, OSCAR BURNS takes on Elise Ares! Will this be a preview of things to come?

Butcher is holding his chest in pain and looks upset with himself, just now coming around. Meanwhile, midway on the ramp, Mil points at the Lucha Lovelies and gestures for them to pick him up in celebration. They do so and hoist The GLOAT on their shoulders while he throws his fists in the air triumphantly. DLJ claps jubilantly for his hermano as the foursome head back up the ramp, no doubt on their way to a post-match after party!

STEPPING UP

Backstage, the camera cuts to Jamie Sawyers in front of the interview backdrop.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and gentlemen... I'm about to have a word with one of the victors from earlier tonight...

He looks up... very far up... off-camera.

Jamie Sawyers:

Please welcome... Titaness... Killjoy... and the winner of his match earlier tonight against "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas... Uriel Cortez. Titanes Familia.

He backs up, allowing space for "The Pretty Powerful" Titaness to walk onto the set. Next to her, her sweat-soaked, but victorious husband, Uriel Cortez.

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Man of the House can't wipe the smile from his smug prick face as he begins the interview.

Jamie Sawyers:

Uh... I was told Killjoy would be here to... AH!

Sawyers jumps when he looks up and sees The Good Son of the Familia looking down at him. Killjoy tilts his head down towards Sawyers.

Uriel Cortez:

Stop being such a little bitch, Jamie. He doesn't bite.

Titaness:

Unless we tell him to. So, like hubby said... don't be a bitch.

Sawyers does his best to remain professional in the face of the three-headed monster called Titanes Familia staring him down menacingly.

Jamie Sawyers:

Earlier tonight, you scored one of the biggest wins of your career by defeating "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas, handing him his first defeat since his return at DEFCON earlier this year. You requested this time, so what would you like to talk about?

Uriel grabs Jamie's arm, then makes him hold the microphone.

Uriel Cortez:

All right, Little Person. First of all, my big-ass bass voice is up here.

He moves Sawyer's arm upwards.

Uriel Cortez:

Tall people problems. Second, let me correct you on one thing... I didn't *request* this time, Jamie... I fucking DEMANDED this because I fucking DESERVE it and this locker room tonight is gonna hear what I have to say...

He faces the camera.

Uriel Cortez:

Scott, I'll call a spade a spade. You ARE a tough son of a bitch. Nobody -- not a single damn person before you -- has kicked out of the Two-Eighteen. I had to make sure you stayed down, so I dropped your ass with THREE in order for

me to get the THREE tonight. You had those people hanging off your every word, your every look and your every move. You are every bit as damn good as you were when Mikey Unlikely forced you out three years ago. You truly are DEFIANCE's Favorite Son...

Applause rings out all throughout the TD Garden.

Uriel Cortez:

...But I fucking TOLD YOU and everyone else that *I'M* The Man of the Motherfucking House now!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Uriel Cortez:

I did what I did because YOU. DIDN'T. LISTEN. Nice conversations, warnings, threats. You heeded NONE of my advice for the past few months when you got involved in Familia Business. So tonight, I did what any good father figure should when somebody doesn't listen: I beat their ass into the dirt and MADE them listen! I'd say doing what I did tonight hurt me more than it hurt you, Scott... but that's a lie. I won.

Titaness is clapping her heart out and Killjoy's gaze doesn't leave the mic stand aka Jamie Sawyers.

Uriel Cortez:

And after that win tonight... I realize that looking around this organization... you look at this place and all the other top stars? COWARDS. Fucking cowards that hide behind numbers, hide behind people bigger than them, hide behind crybaby, know-it-all facades, hide behind money, hide behind fame... I look around this roster and I don't see one damn single REAL man at the top of the food chain anymore for anyone to look up to. It's all kids. It's all little people. Not a single one of them shows up, says what he's going to do, kicks ass, handles business, then comes back home to his lady...

He eyes Titaness, who smiles back.

Uriel Cortez:

Nah, starting tonight, people like THAT won't be leading a place like DEFIANCE. Cause now, you're looking at that father figure you all absolutely fucking NEED.

Titaness looks proud of her husband as he continues his tirade.

Uriel Cortez:

Other people have come along and promised this and that, only to bail on this place for smokes. But not me... cause Papa Tez is taking Titanes Familia is going straight to the top. Mi Familia is going to get everything they deserve... and from this point forward, you're not just looking at DEFIANCE's new step dad... you're looking at the DEF Dad that STEPPED UP!

Cortez grabs the microphone out of Jamie Sawyers' hand and spikes it down on the floor for no good reason. Jamie looks at him in shock.

Uriel Cortez:

What? You want the belt? You want my belt? I'll do it.

The second Uriel gestures for his belt on his gear, Jamie speeds off from the set with the quickness!

Titaness:

Just like you were saying... little people. Let's go, Killer.

Uriel and Titaness walk away, arm in arm with Killjoy stepping away from set as the show goes back to the Commentation Station.

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: M4NTRA (C) vs. DAN RYAN & CONOR FUSE

The match graphic shows and The Faithful brace themselves!

DDK:

M4NTRA have taken DEFIANCE Wrestling's tag team division by storm since Nathan Eye and DEC4L came together. And look at the names they have defeated on their way to the top: Lucky Sevens! Rain City Ronin! PCP! All those teams have fallen to M4NTRA but tonight they are facing a team that started out much like them - a team that has shown a lot of chemistry in short time!

Lance:

Former FIST of DEFIANCE Dan Ryan! Former Unified Tag Team Champion, Tag Party winner and one of the top stars in DEFIANCE, Conor Fuse! Infact, Conor won the Tag Party with DEC4L!

DDK:

And how we got here... Ryan and Fuse won a six-way tag team match to earn this shot! Also Ryan and Fuse defeated M4NTRAs newest members, High Flyer and Archer Silver in the way to this match but M4NTRA had the last laugh a few weeks ago when they jumped Dan and Conor after Conor's match with Archer!

Lance:

M4NTRA may live to regret it tonight. Dan Ryan is one of the baddest men in DEFIANCE Wrestling! Conon Fuse has been one of the top names in either singles or tag team action. M4NTRA are going to need everything in their arsenal to defeat these men.

To ringside and Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for ONE FALL!

Of course, everyone loves hearing this news.

Darren Quimbey:

And it is for the UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS!

Lots more cheers.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... the team of CONOR FUSE and DAN RYAN!

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

However, only the quick three-second intro to the song plays and then directly bleeds into...

♪ "Daddy's Home" by JT Music ♪

Dan and Conor walk out and into the picture at the top of the stage.

DDK:

MAXIMUM DEFIANCE these two were announced and also came out separately. Tonight, it's a completely united front.

Lance:

I like the message, Keebs. Telling M4NTRA they've got their work cut out for them.

DDK:

Listen, the numbers game IS going to be a problem here. I doubt Eye and DEC4L are coming out alone. So Conor and Dan are going to have their hands full, no doubt. But it's some gamesmanship here.

Fuse and Ryan march down the rampway. While Conor does pop and skip about, and even slap a few hands as he makes his way down, Dan Ryan is stone faced and only has eyes for the empty ring ahead.

Conor leaps up onto the apron and then clears the ropes with another jump, while Ryan mercilessly marches up the steel stairs, steps over the top rope and then meets Conor in the middle of the ring as Ryan's theme music dies down.

M A N T R A

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents! Accompanied by High Flyer, Archer Silver and "Good Vibes Only" Makayla Namaste...

DDK:

Told you we'd have company.

Lance:

Oh, I never doubted it for a second.

Darren Quimbey:

...They are the most enlightened! They are streamer famous! They are as unified as the titles they hold now! They are Nathan Eye and Declan "DEC4L" Alexander...

Dan Ryan yawns beside the ring announcer.

Darren Quimbey:

M4NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNTRRRRRRAAAAAA!!!

Golden lights pulsate to the music to herald the arrival of Nathan Eye, "DEC4L" Declan Alexander, and Makayla Namaste. Archer Silver and High Flyer complete the cocky quintet who have dubbed themselves as DEFIANCE's Future. White lights join the fray as the guitars kick in and Makayla Namaste leads the way wearing a matte gold colored sports bra and tied white cloth cargo pants with a sheer white overshirt and third eye sunglasses. Behind her Declan and Natty come out M4NTRA Ray-ing to the music. DEC4L and Eye hold the gold and they walk towards the ring with their titles. Eye has his special metal-plated copy of 251 Pages of Pure Perseverance in hand!

DDK:

What a group of amazing talent. Makayla Namaste has really come through multiple times now for DEC4L and Nathan Eye. High Flyer and Archer Silver were literally the reason that they became the Unified Tag Team champions when they defeated PCP and the Lucky Sevens in that hectic ladder match!

Lance:

And they're walking into the lion's den against some very hungry challengers!

DEC4L and Nathan Eye reach the ring and then hold the belts up with gold and white lights swirling everywhere. Conor Fuse and Dan Ryan stay in their corner getting ready while Natty Eyce and DEC4L finish M4NTRA Ray-ing to the music that's playing. Once the music dies and their M4NTRA Ray dance mercifully ends Darren Quimbey starts the introductions for both teams.

Dan Ryan and Conor Fuse are ready for a fight! And ready to take the gold!

All of Boston is showing their hatred of M4NTRA, but the talented young tag team raise both titles – and Nathan Eye's book – up for everyone including the challengers to see!

DDK:

M4NTRA have a very tough test for their first official defense of the gold. They've done everything they can to avoid having to fight the challengers, including trying to use Flyer and Silver to soften them up but tonight there's no running.

Lance:

None at all.

Referee Hector Navarro shows off the straps. Once he passes the titles to ringside the match is underway.

DING DING

Natty Eyce starts off and he points directly at Dan Ryan!

DDK:

Wait... he wants Dan Ryan!? Does he want a death wish!?

Lance:

We noted that M4NTRA have been doing everything they can to avoid these two but has that changed tonight? If M4NTRA pull off this win, this would be yet another amazing feather in the cap they have worn this year.

Dan Ryan can't believe the chutzpah on display from the Golden State Guru but he won't turn down a free chance to punch an annoying rival in the mouth. Ryan tags Conor and The Ego Buster steps into the ring...

Nathan hits a flying elbow upside the head!

DDK:

Nathan goes right for the jugular! Nathan Eye is all over Ryan with rights!

The crowd boos. The six-four and two-hundred-fifty-pound Natty Eyce goes right for The Ego Buster unexpectedly! Ryan gets a couple blows of his own on Nathan, but Eye gets Ryan near the ropes with a huge running drop kick! Dan is stunned by the big kick.

Lance:

Here comes the tag by M4NTRA! DEC4L in!

Nathan Eye and DEC4L take advantage of the entire five second count by putting boots to The Ego Buster in the corner. Dan hasn't been taken off his feet, but he is in a corner trying to fight his way out. The rest of M4NTRA at ringside cheer the UNIFIED Tag Team Champions while they continue to boot the big powerhouse in the corner.

DDK:

It's a statement, no holding back. Maybe this is why Eye and DEC4L didn't bother wrestling over the past few weeks.

Dan tries fighting against the current, but combined M4NTRA are too much for him and they both choke the big man in the corner with boots until he's been knocked into a seated position. Once he's there, the jeering gets loud!

Nathan Eye:

Eyes on the prize and you can bust any Ego Buster's Ego that you want!

Conor quickly looks over to Hector Navarro like that didn't make any f'n sense but whatevs.

DEC4L makes another tag to Nathan after his blasphemous statement. The champions take Dan Ryan and they send the big man for the ride. The Ego Buster is taken across the ring when Nathan and DEC4L try to knock him down with a clothesline, but like a truck, he moves right through them...

DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE FROM RYAN!!!

Lance:

What was Nathan Eye just saying moments ago? Think he regrets that now?

DDK:

I think that Dan is going to make them eat every word from his book and then some!

Lance:

I think it was WAY too early to smack-talk the legend.

DDK:

Agreed.

Ryan sees Conor ready for a tag! Conor gets the tag and climbs to the top rope. DEC4L rolls out of the ring and with Nathan as the legal man, Conor perches himself. Dan Ryan levels Eye with an assisted flying forearm smash rocking Natty Eye between Natty's eyes!

Followed by Conor leaping off the ropes and landing a missile dropkick to the chest.

Followed by Dan Ryan collecting the broken, tumbling body of Eye before he hits the mat and connects with a release german suplex!

DDK:

There's some tag team work by the challengers! Coming into this match prepared as well!

Lance:

The Video Game Kid is already taking the fight to the Champions!

Hector Navarro SCREAMS Dan Ryan back to his corner but it's not like Ryan was going back there because the ref was telling him to. Ryan's got no patience for that shit. Either way, Conor is up and comes back with a rolling thunder senton right on top of Nathan! Conor makes a cover!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

The first pin attempt goes to Fuse and Ryan! The streets that M4NTRA are walking now are ones that Conor laid a foundation for when he teamed with Tyler Fuse!

The Power Up King takes The Inspirational One by the hair, trying to get him up, only to be stopped in his tracks with a double thrust attack to the throat! After two pairs of fists hit Conor in the throat to stun him, the ref tells Nathan he better watch his actions but Natty Eye tells him it was an accident.

Lance: [sarcasm]

Oh yeah, sure.

A kick from Eye to Conor sets up The Golden State Guru a chance to turn things around! He has him up for a stalling suplex!

DDK:

As always, Nathan makes up the power of the M4NTRA duo and shows it off well!

Eye walks over with Fuse in his grip and allows DEC4L to tag in! Alexander makes the tag and Eye falls back with the

suplex! Nathan nips up to his feet after the suplex on The Locker Room Leader and then poses with DEC4L before Eye helps DEC4L with an aided standing moonsault!

Lance:

What do they call that?

DDK:

That's the Trust Fall Exercise! Now DEC4L is trying to get the early win!

ONE.

TWO.

NO!

Lance:

Conor Fuse kicks out this time but M4NTRA have the challengers with their backs to the wall!

The PogChamp slams a big knife-edge chop into Fuse's chest. He hits another one in the corner!

DDK:

THIS right here, it's the combination we want to see after Tag Party!

Lance:

It's the combination the "hardcores" want to see, absolutely. Of course, Declan and Conor are very different. I'm not so sure Fuse and DEC4L have the same video game interests...

DDK:

I'm not so sure DEC4L cares about games like Conor does. And Conor doesn't care about live streaming...

DEC4L whips Fuse across the ring but with DEC4L hot on his trail, Fuse climbs the ropes and backflips perfectly behind DEC4L. He speeds around the ring with DEC4L swinging for a clothesline that misses, however, Conor Fuse does not miss with a spinning heel kick across the top of DEC4L's head!

Fuse nods to himself as Alexander falls back-first on the mat and the crowd gives a loud cheer!

Conor dusts off his hands, like he's teaching DEC4L on-the-job lessons.

DDK:

M4NTRA are great athletes, but neither member has been able to keep up with Conor's speed!

Lance:

I don't think anybody can. Conor is lightning fast, almost all the time!

The former UNIFIED Tag Team Champion runs at DEC4L, but DEC4L slingshots him up. Conor lands on his feet on the apron and strikes DEC4L using a spinning back elbow from the apron. Fuse leaps and fires off a springboard dropkick that not only takes the Intrepid Influencer off his feet, but outside of the ring as well. Conor kips up to his feet!

Lance:

Look at Fuse go!

Ryan opens the ropes and gives Conor the extra space needed to fly right through them with an amazing tope suicida right on top of DEC4L!

The Faithful once again give another Standing O! Conor sarcastically dusts off his hands again and shoves DEC4L

into the ring.

DDK:

What a move! Fuse caught it right down the middle!

Lance:

And Conor knows what's at stake! He and Dan Ryan have the chance to hold the gold and show this partnership can be something amazing for both men!

The Ego Buster watches Conor climb to the top buckle, but he yells at the referee to pay attention. Conor Fuse gets ready to hit the Super Splash 450 off the top...

But Nathan Eye rushes over to help his partner out of the ring!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Conor leaps off the ropes and lands on his feet. Natty Eyce and DEC4L think they are in the clear but they don't see Conor until the last second! He jumps over the top rope but Nathan saves DEC4L and eats a corkscrew twisting elbow smash!

DDK:

NATHAN PUSHED DEC4L OUT OF THE WAY OF THAT DIVE!!! NATTY EYCE DOWN!!!

The Golden State Guru has been taken down by Fuse! But there is little to no time for the challenger to celebrate what he's just done, no dusting off the hands this time because DEC4L creeps up behind the gamer and then pushes Fuse as hard as he possibly can into the ring post!

WHAM!

Conor bounces off the post and stumbles to the ground.

Lance:

Conor never saw DEC4L coming! Nathan Eye sacrificed himself to take that dive but the champions take advantage of everything!

High Flyer and Archer Silver cheer like annoying little marks at the M4NTRA side of the ring while Dan Ryan points out what DEC4L just did to the referee. DEC4L grabs Conor Fuse and pushes him back inside the ring. The co-holder of the gold pulls himself on the apron and jumps through the ropes to hit Conor right in his face with a head-tuck rolling dropkick through the apron!

DDK:

There is the GGEZ by DEC4L! An amazing move and we might just see the champions hang on to the gold!

DEC4L confidently hooks the legs of The Codebreaker.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

And the confidence changes to a mild annoyance on the part of Alexander!

DDK:

No! Conor kicks out and keeps his hopes alive of another UNIFIED Tag Team Championship reign!

Lance:

M4NTRA thought they pulled a fast one there, but now look... Nathan's all better now.

The Golden State Guru heads back up to the corner and DEC4L reaches over...

TAG!

DEC4L scores with a snap suplex on Conor and then Natty Eyce follow right up with a slingshot senton over the ropes that crushes Fuse! M4NTRA are the only ones cheering Eye's impressive athletic ability for a big man when he puts out his hands.

DDK:

I hate giving M4TNRA any credit by enabling their egos. Before Nathan had that fourteen-month layoff he likes to remind people about so much, he was a great high flyer. He didn't lose any of that ability putting on his extra size.

Nathan walks towards Dan.

Nathan Eye:

What kind of partner are you leaving Conor out to dry like this? I'd never do that to DEC4L!

DEC4L:

No caps!

Ryan does not care about caps, he just stares Eye down like eventually, Nathan will pay for what he is saying. Meanwhile Natty Eyce goes back to Conor Fuse, lifting him up...

And Conor fights back!

Punches hit the midsection of Nathan Eye but the champion comes back with a knee lift to snuff out the comeback! He picks up Conor on his shoulder and charges across the ring to ram him back first into one of the empty corners!

Lance:

Better move quick, Nathan...

Conor has no time to rest. Eye picks him up on his shoulder again with ease and slams Fuse into the opposite corner with big force. Conor can't move and watches Natty Eyce back away. Eye launches himself at The Locker Room Leader with a corkscrew corner splash. Conor bumps out of the corner and catches a jumping enziguri on the side of the head!

DDK:

There is a cover by Nathan Eye!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The Power-Up King is not on his last life! Eye sits up, looking at Conor and picks him up to put him back in the M4NTRA corner.

DDK:

I don't know how Conor kicked out, but he did!

Lance:

Eye looks like he's already up to no good.

Eye tags DEC4L. Nathan grabs Conor as DEC4L runs at the opposite corner. Before Ryan can react, he gets hit from a flying forearm smash by the Intrepid Influencer. Ryan jumps at the chance to get involved but the referee is there to cut him off and tell him he can't get in! DEC4L laughs and when the ref's attention is turned, both M4NTRA members kick at Fuse!

DDK:

This isn't how I imagined things would go! Fuse is getting more boots than a goomba right now.

Lance:

I'd tell you keep 'em coming but this is a serious situation we've got here. M4NTRA have done great work keeping Conor away from his tag team partner.

Ryan wants in, but DEC4L continues to taunt him.

DEC4L:

Make him take several seats, Hector! Dan Ryan is a deadass rule breaker!

And speaking of breaking the rules, Nathan kicks Fuse out of the ring and when he's on the floor that gives Flyer, Archer and Makalya all a chance to play "stomp the goomba" with Conor Fuse!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Nathan tells them to hurry it up so they finally stop and walk away from the scene of the crime.

Makayla Namaste:

And that's how Good Vibes are born!

Archer Silver:

I get it!

High Flyer:

Makes sense!

DDK:

Oh give me a damn break.

Inside the ring, Dan Ryan has seen enough. He doesn't bother to push back anymore because it's no use. Hector Navarro will have that long standing heart attack one day and by god, the legend isn't going to be the reason why it happens. Ryan merely walks back to his corner, takes hold of the tag rope with one hand and raises his other hand to show he won't bother M4NTRA anymore.

For a moment there, Ryan's behaviour seems to rattle High Flyer.

DDK:

Need we not remind anyone, Ryan almost decapitated High Flyer a couple weeks ago with a clothesline.

Nathan Eye, too, and all of M4NTRA for that matter keep their eyes locked on Dan Ryan as DEC4L rolls Fuse into the ring. Still, however, Alexander keeps staring at Ryan as one half of the Tag Team Champions slips between the top and middle rope.

DEC4L with a knee to Conor's temple. DEC4L with another knee. Knee. Knee. Knee. A bunch of them. And he continues to stare at Ryan as he does these. The Snipe-Master General hits the ropes with one eye on Ryan and one eye on Fuse, landing a dropkick to Conor's head.

Followed by the C-C-COMBO BREAKER!

Lance:

Conor isn't the only one with COMBO moves.

Ryan tilts his head as if he's only somewhat impressed by DEC4L.

DDK:

You can see what Ryan's doing, I think it's rather smart. He tried to save Conor but he was buying into M4NTRA's plan, which allowed the numbers game to develop. Now, however, the crafty vet and legend... well, he's seen it all. He's going to sit back and trust his partner can work his way out of this on his own.

Lance:

It's a bold strategy, Cotton- naa who am I kidding, you can see DEC4L's marginally rattled by Ryan just standing there, hand still in the air. It's like M4NTRA are wondering why Ryan DOESN'T want anything to do with them at the moment.

DDK:

Well, High Flyer has completely backed away from the whole thing.

Alexander tosses Fuse into the ropes and clubs Conor down with a flying elbow. DEC4L's attention is now wholeheartedly back on his former Tag Party Champion, as DEC4L slowly lifts Fuse up-

And eats a jawbreaker!

The crowd comes alive as Conor leaps in the air, arms extended and finds Dan Ryan's hand waiting.

A TAG IS MADE!

The roar of the Boston crowd is loud as Dan Ryan comes rumbling into the ring... but DEC4L shows his own sense of speed and abilities, as he high-tails it to his corner and makes a tag to Nathan Eye.

It doesn't even LOOK like Eye wants to enter but he's got no choice, Dan Ryan is there to pluck the inspirational star off the apron and INTO the ring, via his ears and flinging Eye over the ropes, into the air and crash-landing SMACK-DAB in the center of the squared circle.

Ryan lumbers across the canvas...

WHAM.

Massive, inside-out clothesline as Eye was getting to his feet.

And then The Faithful become SUPER loud because seemingly out of nowhere, Ryan already has Eye hooked into the Humility Bomb.

SLAM!

AND CONNECTS!

DDK:

PIN! PIN! WE'VE GOT NEW TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!

ONE.

TWO.

BROKEN UP BY DEC4L!

Hector Navarro's hand was ALMOST at three, but no real sweat is broken by Dan Ryan. He's completely unphased by the physicality Declan Alexander had on display (in fairness, DEC4L was literally just trying to intervene in any way possible), as The Ego Buster rises to his feet and snatches DEC4L by his neck.

Modified chokeslam... more of a throwing Declan Alexander all the way across the ring and into an empty corner.

Dan races in...

BIG BOOT.

Spit FLIES into row number five.

The Murder Daddy will now go back to taking apart the legal prey in the ring. Except when he looks back at where Nathan Eye was, Natty Eyce isn't there anymore.

DDK:

Nathan was PULLED out of the ring by High Flyer and Archer Silver!

Of course the referee didn't see it so the crowd boos as Eye rests on Flyer and Silver's shoulders. Ryan has since figured out what happened. He grins, nods and steps over the top rope. He's going to take the fight to them, even if it's three-on-one.

Ryan marches towards the trio. Silver stands tall, Nathan Eye is kinda coming to... but High Flyer shakes in his boots. Literally. He's shaking.

Silver clearly points out Ryan's outnumbered but all the former FIST of DEFIANCE does...

Is smile and wink.

Oh yeah, and point to the heavens above.

DDK:

LOOK OUT BELOW!

WHAM!

DDK:

CONOR FUSE WITH A SUICIDE DIVE FROM THE TOP ROPE!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

The dive ends up wiping out Flyer and Archer. At the very last second, Silver saw what was coming so he pushed Nathan Eye away in order to save him. However, Eye was pushed alright...

Straight into Dan Ryan's HAMMER OF GOD.

Nathan Eye is DED.

Conor Fuse is kinda DED but gives a weak thumbs up nonetheless to Dan Ryan as he lays across both Flyer and Silver.

Ryan peels Eye off the floor and slides his limp body into the ring.

Ryan enters the ring.

Ryan makes sure Eye lays in the MIDDLE of the ring.

Ryan drops down, hooks the leg, and Hector Navarro counts.

ONE.

TWO.

BROKEN UP BY DEC4L AGAIN!

DDK:

DAMMIT!

The crowd bought into the three, because no one saw Declan Alexander until the absolutely last possible second. He BURST out from the corner he had previously taken a beating in... and dove to break up the fall at 2.9999999999999999.

Lance:

Forgot about DEC4L there.

Everyone kind of did. It looks like DEC4L forgot about DEC4L, because he's still a little loopy.

Dan Ryan cracks his neck to the left, he cracks his neck to the right. It's clear this match got taken up by a few octaves. Ryan moves towards DEC4L... he's about to lay a hammering on him once again when-

Makayla Namaste stands on the apron, screaming at the legend.

Of course, having four-thousand daughters of his own, Dan Ryan doesn't want to hurt her. In fact, at this point in the match, Ryan doesn't even want to acknowledge her existence. He merely shoo's her away and drives an elbow into the side of DEC4L's head. Then ten more elbows. He's living the dream, even if he didn't score the pinfall victory, yet.

But Hector Navarro is another story. This man LOVES his law and order in tag team matches so he immediately goes over there and demands Namaste remove herself from the apron! Ryan sees what's happening, rolls his eyes and thinks of heading over there... but that's a pandora's box he's not going to open. Just let Hector do his thing, Ryan has the talent under control. Dan Irish whips DEC4L into another corner of the ring and then charges after him with a clothesline. DEC4L's spit flies into row number SIX this time.

The Ego Buster discards DEC4L out of the squared circle and brings his attention back to Nathan Eye. Ryan leans down-

WHAP!

DDK:

Hey! What the hell!?

Namaste hops off the apron and Dan Ryan falls to the mat like he's shot!

DDK:

I think Makayla threw something to Eye while she was on the apron! Some kind of foreign object.

Lance:

Or Eye's latest BOOK!

Well whatever the hell it is/was, it's out of the ring now and Eye, who is struggling mightily, tries to flip Ryan onto his back and get the pin.

The crowd boos.

The crowd boos LOUDLY.

Eventually, Nathan has Dan on his back. He hooks a leg, albeit barely.

DDK:

Not.

ONE.

DDK:

This.

TWO.

DDK:

Way.

BIG SPLASH!

Conor Fuse dives off the top rope with an elbow drop, breaking up the pin! The Faithful cheer as Fuse kips to his feet, his hands in balls of FISTS as he shakes them around and screams into the rafters. Fuse decides he's not going to take an ear-full from Hector Navarro so he makes his way to his own legal corner and then sticks out his hand for Dan Ryan!

DDK:

All The Murder Daddy has to do is COME TO and make the tag to the freshest legal man left!

The crowd WILLs the legend on as, like Keebler states, he's coming to. Ryan is on his knees and crawling over to Fuse.

Conor extends his arm...

YES!

TAG!

MASSIVE POP!

Fuse leaps over the ropes, snatches Nathan Eye from the canvas and places him into a seated-on-his-knees position.

Conor smacks Eye across the shoulders.

Conor Fuse:

Weapon Get.

Elevated double-arm DDT.

DDK:

THE EYE OPENER!

Conor with a cover and the count.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Fuse's eyes bulge out of his head! Everyone in the arena is shocked as Nathan Eye kicks out at the very last second! But that's okay! The Ultimate Gamer shakes with intensity as he nods along and knows MOAR work needs to be done! He was never gonna beat Eye with his own move, that's silly!

Conor marches to a free corner of the ring and smacks the buckle.

Conor Fuse:

Power up.

He marches to the M4NTRA corner (which is now empty) and smacks the buckle.

Conor Fuse:

Power up!

He marches to the other free corner and smacks the buckle.

Conor Fuse:

POWER UP.

And then, the last buckle, the Ryan-Fuse corner, and smacks the buckle.

Conor Fuse:

POWER UPPPPPPP!!!

Conor races in for the kill-

BUT DECLAN ALEXANDER IS THERE WITH AN INTERCEPTION VIA A SPANISH FLY!

Eye falls on top of Fuse for the cover and the count!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

This time it's Nathan Eye whose face is shocked AF as he looks up at Hector Navarro, practically BEGGING the man to change his two count to a three. But needless to say, DEC4L isn't going to allow this crowd to get behind the match any further. He's recovered and he's putting the boots to his former Tag Party partner!

The cheers change to boos QUICKLY and HEAVILY. DEC4L pulls Conor into a seated-on-his-knees position and with a shit eating grin, Declan slaps Conor across the chest.

DEC4L:

Weapon Got?

It's clear Alexander is butchering it on purpose. It only pisses off the fans even more.

DEC4L:

Whatever you can do, Conor...

DEC4L doesn't finish the sentence. Instead, he hits the ropes. It looks like he might be going for a knee strike when Dan Ryan appears and **SHOULDER BLOCKS** the living shit out of DEC4L! The PogChamp goes **FLYING** in the air, twisting like a pretzel as he does! Ryan storms after Declan, taking the fight to him out of the ring!

...Leaving Fuse and Eye to recover on the canvas.

But Nathan is up first. He brings Conor along with him and attempts a brainbuster...

When Fuse sends a knee into Eye's eyes and wiggles free. Conor hits the ropes...

He's tripped up by High Flyer!

And into the pop-up spinbuster, the Rise and Grind!

DDK:

Eye with the pin!

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!

The crowd stays alive as Ryan is pummeling DEC4L on the outside. He discards DEC4L into the guardrail and then starts to make his way over to High Flyer next. Meanwhile, inside the ring, Eye scoop slams Conor to the center of the canvas and calls for the end. He bends over and lifts Conor up, about to hit the elevated DDT...

When Fuse slips away, hits the ropes...

And Archer Silver trips Conor!

DDK:

Look out!

Conor stumbles into the **PLAY OF THE GAME!**

DDK:

Nathan Eye with Declan Alexander's jumping cutter. **IT'S OVER!**

Dan Ryan realizes he can't get into the ring in time...

ONE.

TWO.

FOOT ON THE ROPES!

Luckily, he didn't have to.

The crowd is **BONKERS** once again! And with DEC4L and High Flyer disposed of, Dan Ryan is now going after Archer Silver.

Inside the ring, Eye drags Fuse to his feet and looks for the kill-

When Conor slips away once again and SUPERKICKS the piss out of Eye. Conor hits the ropes and this time NO ONE is there to grab his foot.

SPEAR by Fuse!

Conor kips up and screams into the rafter, as the crowd cheers along with him.

DDK:

WE'RE GOING TO HAVE NEW CHAMPIONS!

Fuse snatches Eye and places him upright. On spaghetti legs, no one really knows how Nathan Eye is standing. He's an inspiration to us all. Conor hits the ropes again.

HEAD STOMP.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

Well, this would've been the count HAD THE REFEREE NOT BEEN DISTRACTED BY MAKAYLA NAMASTE AGAIN!

Okay, this time Dan Ryan's going to do something about her. He's storming over there to take her down from the apron-

WHAM!

DEC4L, a groggy as bloody hell DEC4L, slips into the ring, with Nathan's book, and whacks Conor on the back of the head. Eye comes to, with a handful of tights and rolls Conor into a pin.

Namaste drops off the apron. Dan Ryan tries to change course, get back into the ring, and make the save...

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

But gets there ONE second too late.

DING DING DING

The air is taken out of the arena as a nearly lifeless Nathan Eye rolls across the canvas and out of the ring, falling at the kneeling DEC4L, who's there beside the DOA High Flyer and Archer Silver.

DDK:

Fuse and Ryan almost had them!

Lance:

The numbers game in the end, Keebs. You were right.

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match AND STILL!!! UNIFIED Tag Team Champions... NATHAN EYE AND DEC4L... M4NTRA!

The M4NTRA theme song plays as the group slowly recover and Hector Navarro hands them their titles. Dan Ryan looks over Conor Fuse in the middle of the ring and stares down M4NTRA.

DDK:

A tough loss for Fuse and Ryan.

Lance:

Unfortunately, the record books will show a solid victory for M4NTRA.

Eye, Alexander, Silver, Flyer and Namaste, all in various different beaten down states (well, for Makayla she's 100% fine), backpedal up the rampway as ACTS of DEFIANCE goes to break.

A NEW HONORARY HONOR SOCIETY MEMBER

Backstage in front of an ACTS of DEFIANCE banner. Christie Zane stands with mic in hand, and next to her The Good Doctor himself Ned Reform - dressed to wrestle with the SOHER slung over his shoulder. Flanking the two are the other three members of the Honor Society: TA Cole who stands looking stoically into the camera, TA Horrigan who makes semi-menacing faces into the camera, and TA Owens who cracks his knuckles and pounds his fist into the camera.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, we are moments away from tonight's main event: an Ambulance Match for the Southern Heritage Championship. Ned...

Ned Reform:

Doctor Ned Reform, dear.

Christie Zane:

Ned... I have to ask...

Reform throws up a hand, rather rudely, into Ms. Zane's face.

Ned Reform:

Please. I am the Southern Heritage Champion, girl. If you're going to insult my intelligence with a brainless question like, "how are you feeling about this match" - save your breath. In fact...

Reform snaps his fingers and TA Cole very suddenly snatches the mic out of a surprised Zane's hand. Before she can protest, she's pushed away by TA Horrigan. Cole hands the mic over to Ned, who smiles and looks into the camera.

Ned Reform:

Good. With that out of the way... let us begin.

Ned slaps the SOHER on his shoulder.

Ned Reform:

I'm sure you all expect me to pontificate on my impending victory. To braggadociously describe all the ways in which I will humiliate Rezin inside the ring. To maybe reveal my plans for Rezin after the ambulance takes him out of the arena, yes? Well... no. I will not be doing that. For you see, I am a man who likes to let his actions do the talking.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

Instead, I will use this platform for something infinitely more valuable: to introduce you to my special guest for the evening. You see, tonight, we welcome a special one-night-only honorary member of the Honor Society. Oh yes... this is a person, like myself, of great accomplishment. An athlete of the highest caliber. An icon in the world of sports. Ladies and gentlemen... I present to you... legendary New York Yankees shortstop... Alex Rodriguez!

As A-Rod steps into the shot, to say this produces **heat** would be an understatement. It's as if the whole city of Boston is collectively booing. In fact, it's so loud that we don't even hear the next few words Reform says.

Ned Reform (to A-Rod):

...honor and a privilege, sir.

Reform turns back to the camera.

Ned Reform:

I invited Mr. Rodriguez here as man who understands how to navigate the virtual of the drunken, ignorant, dim-witted people of Boston. It will be an honor to have you in my corner, Mr. Rodriguez. I appreciate your endorsement. Your support. And dare I say...

Reform puts a hand on A-Rod's shoulder.

Ned Reform:

...your friendship.

The SOHER takes his hand off the shoulder and instead extends it for a shake.

Ned Reform:

And it is an honor, for this next contest, to welcome you into the Honor Society Family. I hereby christen you... TA-Rod.

TA-Rod accepts the handshake with a smile.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

Gentlemen! It is time!

With dramatic flair, Reform drops the mic and walks out frame with the entire Honor Society: TA Cole, TA Horrigan, TA Owens... and TA-Rod... walking proudly behind him.

SOHER, AMBULANCE MATCH: NED REFORM (C) vs. REZIN

wwwWWWOOOOOOMMMmmm...

Ominous air-raid sirens begin to blare throughout the TD Garden...

wwwWWWOOOOOOMMMmmm...

Slowly, the arena goes into complete blackout!

wwwWWWOOOOOOMMMmmm...

The colossal-sized three-paneled DEFIATron comes to life...

A set of hands light a match, washing the arena in orange. It comes down, and lights the end of a fuse.

The camera follows the spark eating its way up the fuse, passing by a series of persons. The first of which is the young Chris Chickentenders.

Chris Chickentenders:

Huehuehuehuehue WOW dude man bro this is gonna be so LIT!

The fuse continues burning... passing by Carlo and Gomez of the Amazing Amarettos.

Carlo Amaretto:

Sir, you are either astoundingly AMAZING...

Gomez Amaretto:

...or absolutely ABSURD!

The fuse continues burning... passing by the Amarettos' not-so-lovely assistant Suzie, struggling to get her lighter to start.

Suzie:

Mm.

She leans over and uses the spark to light the end of her Pall Mall.

Suzie:

Thanks, sugah...

The fuse continues burning... passing by an astonished pornstar viking, Olvir Arsvinnar, who looks up off-screen.

Olvir Arsvinnar:

As I have said to many tender maidens in my time, brother... ride that rocket to the very Gates of Valhalla!

The fuse continues burning... and we finally see its intended destination: There's a pile of EXPLOSIVES set away at a safe distance. Positioned on top is a crude, self-made "rocket" made out of poorly fabricated sheet metal and painted with flame decals and anarchy symbols.

Standing right next to it is "the Escape Artist" REZIN, sporting his classic black pants and battle vest and adorned with a tinfoil cap. He nods affirmingly to his faithful REZISTANCE watching the oncoming ascent.

Rezin:

GODSHUCKS and GOODSPEED, gang!

They look among each other, confused. Rezin, meanwhile, affixes a set of goggles over his eyes and straps himself to

the rocket.

Down below, the spark eats through the fuse... disappearing beneath the assorted explosives below...!

Rezin:

Arrighty... let's have REZIGNITION!!!

...except nothing happens.

Suzie:

Womp-womp.

Rezin:

Aww, shucks... what the hell is THIS now!?

Rezin pulls free of his arm straps and slides down to the bottom of the pile. Hands on his hips, he glares at his failed launch-stack, and gives it a kick!

Rezin:

DAMBED KABOOM-BOOMS!!

Olvir Arsvinnar:

Hey, no big deal... happens to the best of us.

Kick!

Rezin:

What gives, Chris! You were in charge here!

Chris Chickentenders:

Well like I could only get so much on short notice cause dude like I've never had to get bombs before, and even with my dad as a lawyer, I guess it's like really tricky to do it legally.

Kick!

Rezin:

I told ya to check out Anarchist's Cookbook!

Chris Chickentenders:

Well yeah but like dude I thought you told us not to talk to "narco" people cause they were looking for you or something and so I was like not sure I should be reading a narco's cookbook or whatever it's called, cause I don't really think I'd like to know what they eat.

Rezin:

D'AH!!

Kick!

...rumble.

Suzie: *[looking up]*

Um... bois?

They all look up after her. Rezin's continued releases of frustration have dislodged the great metal rocket on top. With a metallic groan, it begins to precariously lean in THEIR direction...

Rezin:

...ohshucks...

The Rezistance SCATTER, but Rezin stands there like a deer in headlights! Gravity finally takes course, bringing Rezin's rusty metal rocket crashing DOWN right where he's standing!

A silence follows. The others slowly creep in to make sure the worse hasn't happened.

Carlo Amaretto:

Is he dead? Does... does that mean we can go?

Gomez Amaretto:

Yeah, and do we still get paid?

Just then, the GOAT BASTARD pops up from the other side of the rocket, completely unscathed!

Rezin:

Heh heh... CLOSE one!

A trail of smoke rises up from within the crates of explosives. Rezin sniffs the air.

Rezin:

Um... do you guys smell something burning?

They do not, because they are too busy running for their fucking lives. Confused, Rezin turns around. There is more smoke, and now sparks, spewing forth from his launch pile.

Rezin:

Ope!

Without thinking, Rezin throws himself onto the rocket, takes hold, and --

KAA -- BBB0000000OMMMM!!!!

A FIREBALL all at once explodes, hurtling Rezin's rocket out of control past the camera!

Rezin:

SSSHHHUUUUUUUUUUUUUU--

♪ "Quitter's Fight Song" by Whores. ♪

BIG BEATS get people stampin' them BIG FEETS! In the arena, the DEFIatron abruptly cuts to black. Yet a slight rumble can be heard coming from the back...

BA-BOOOMM!!

A screen on the stage suddenly EXPLODES! Through a plume of black smoke, the ROCKET comes bursting forth!

Rezin:

--UUUUUUUUUCCCKKKSSSS!!!

Finally running out of momentum, the rocket skids to a stop. Rezin rolls off and falls to the stage right at the head of the ramp. By the time he gets back to his feet and dusts himself off, he gets hit AGAIN, this time by the pop.

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!

The Goat Bastard takes a moment to let the ovation sink in. After a beat, he begins running from one end of the stage to the other to get Boston good and effectively FIRED UP! Coming to a stop at the head of the ramp, he raises the horns! On cue, great pillars of fire shoot up from the stage behind him!

DDK:

And here we go! HELL'S FAVORITE HOOSIER is HERE, bringing a level of HEAT to this city that it hasn't seen since eighteen-seventy-two! Boston is FIRED UP, and REZIN is the name of the arsonist!

Lance:

With the SOHER Championship on the line tonight, the Escape Artist certainly looks ready for this match. Over the course of his entire DEFIANCE career, the SOHER Championship has always just been out of reach. Such was the case weeks ago, in his hometown of Indianapolis, in Reform and Rezin's first battle over the title.

DDK:

I have no doubt that Rezin will be on his guard tonight! And given where Dr. Reform intends to send him should he be the one trapped in the back of the ambulance tonight, it's arguable that there's much more on the line than the SOHER Championship!

Rezin charges down the rampway -- miraculously not losing a step -- slapping hands with the fans and howling like an animal. He bounds to the apron when he reaches the ring and scrambles up a corner, throwing the horns into the air and getting another deafening pop while pyros go off overhead! Rezin climbs down as his theme begins to fade out.

A moment of silence goes by... allowing the anticipation to build...

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland. ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Fleet Center is bathed in a purple glow. Purple music note-shaped spotlights appear over the Faithful, swirling in tune with the beat of the music. A bright, white, nearly blinding spotlight suddenly erupts from under the ramp, and when Ned Reform appears it's as if he's glowing angelically. Sporting his standard ring attire, Reform has the SOHER slung over his shoulder as he looks toward the ring like a man on some important mission.

DDK:

This would be Ned Reform's first title defense on PPV since winning it from Corvo Alpha last July.

Lance:

Correct me if I'm wrong... but it's also his first defense period, isn't it?

DDK:

That's correct.

Ignoring the jeers and boos of the fans, Reform begins his slow saunter to the ring. He doesn't sport his usual arrogant smirk, but instead appears stoic and focused. He pauses briefly halfway down the ramp to stare down rather rowdy front row Bostonians sporting SNS shirts before resuming his walk to the squared circle.

DDK:

Ned electing to come to the ring with the Honor Society in tow.

Lance:

I wouldn't put too much stock in that idea... if you recall, the same thing happened at Maximum DEFIANCE, but they still ended up playing a major role in Ned's victory.

Reform steps on the ring apron and climbs to a nearby top rope, holding the SOHER high for all to see. He brings it down and turns to stare daggers at Rezin before entering the ring. Suddenly... the sound of an ambulance siren!

All eyes turn to the entrance where an ambulance with Boston Hospital on the side is pulling into the arena with red lights flashing. The ambulance backs in, parking with the door facing the ring. In the driver's seat? The newly dubbed TA-Rod is driving the vehicle, drawing even more vitriol from the Boston crowd.

DDK:

Ned Reform, ever the humanitarian, has claimed this match is about helping Rezin with what Ned considers his "issues." Nevermind that it's almost certainly a result of his anger at Rezin pinning the man several months ago.

Lance:

This is an Ambulance Match, meaning that the winner must incapacitate his opponent enough to throw them in the ambulance and close both doors.

DDK:

And as mentioned before, the SOHER has alluded to not only throwing Rezin into that ambulance to win the bout, but also to ship him off to... well, somewhere.

Lance:

If Reform is overlooking Rezin he's making a mistake.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen... the following is an AMBULANCE MATCH for the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP!

RAAAAAA!

Darren Quimbey:

To win this match, one man must throw his opponent into the back of the ambulance and close both doors. Introducing first... the challenger... from Indianapolis, Indiana... he is Hell's Favorite Hoosier... HE! IS! REEEEEEEZIN!!

The fans show their appreciation for Rezin as he stands in the corner, gripping the top rope and ready to pounce.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Litchfield, Connecticut... he is the Sage on the Stage... the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION... NED! REEEEEEEFORM!

In response, Reform raises the title and mouths "that's DOCTOR Ned Reform." He hands over the belt and rolls his neck in anticipation.

DING DING

The bell signaling the start of the match is followed by the ROAR of the Boston Faithful growing to arena-shaking levels. After a drawn out moment of intense staredown, champion and challenger exit their respective corners. They never break eye contact as they encircle one another.

Studying. Scrutinizing. Watching. *Waiting...*

DDK:

Rezin with the first move, shooting for the leg!

Reform stuffs the attempted takedown with an overhead waistlock. They struggle over leverage for a beat before Rezin twists his way out, slips behind, and puts the Good Doctor in a waistlock of his own.

Reform doesn't linger in his current position, quickly breaking free, taking the arm, and putting Rezin straight into a wristlock. The SOHER performs an additional turn to further torque the Goat Bastard's shoulder. Rezin groans in pain, but furiously shakes his head and counters with a cartwheel to send the torsion the other way!

DDK:

Rezin turns the tables! There's a twist to the arm! And another! And the Good Doctor suddenly finds himself being

forced to his knees by the challenger!

Lance:

Could it be that the Goat Bastard is conquering Ned in the technical game?

DDK:

Not so fast! Reform chops the back of the knees, and Rezin goes down!

Rezin falls onto his back, and Reform quickly presses his advantage by throwing his body across the challenger's chest and transitioning the hold into a straight arm lock. Per usual, the Escape Artist taps into his capricious contortionist energy, crunches up his lower body, and pulls the Good Doctor off of him with a headscissor!

DDK:

Reform rolls back to his feet... runs right into an armdrag!

Lance:

Another!

Frustrated by his lack of momentum, Ned stumbles backwards into the corner where he stares at Rezin wide-eyed. With a single finger he demands that Mark Shields prevent Rezin from attacking him while The Faithful make it VERY clear who the fan favorite is in this contest!

DDK:

In this knock-down no-rules right... we're seeing a surprising amount of technical prowess on display! Particularly from Rezin.

Lance:

This whole issue is predicated on Reform accusing Rezin of wasting his potential... maybe he's sending The Good Doctor a message.

The Goat Bastard is feeding off the energy of the people and this seems to infuriate The Southern Heritage Champion! Reform charges, but he runs right into a STIFF spinning heel kick from Rezin! Dazed, he scrambles back to his feet... only to be met with a knee strike to the face that knocks him right back down. Rezin hits the ropes and catches the rising Reform with a one handed bulldog! Instinctively, he goes for a cover, but referee Carla Ferrari waves him off, reminding him of the rules.

DDK:

Rezin covering the SOHER on autopilot there... the only way to win the match is to throw your opponent into the ambulance and close both doors. The first man to do that WILL be the Southern Heritage Champion.

When Rezin gets off him, a desperate Ned rolls under the bottom rope and spills to the floor. From inside the ring, Hell's Favorite Hoosier raises his arm and cries out to "FIRE IT UP" The Faithful before getting a running start. He leaps over the top rope, somersaulting down toward Ned Reform... but The Sage on the Stage moves out of the way at the last second, and Rezin lands backfirst on the ringside floor!

Lance:

High risk didn't pay off!

Rezin arches his back in pain. He shakes out the cobwebs and tries to get up, but a Ned Reform clothesline puts him back down. Reform takes a moment to point to his big brain and rile up the front row fans before an idea occurs to him. He walks over and grabs the ring steps. With great effort, he lifts them into the air over his head and then brings them DOWN across the leg of the Goat Bastard!

DDK:

Ned with a brutal attack on Rezin's leg... THIS is more what we were expecting out of this match!

Lance:

He was aiming for the knee... and he may have found it! We know Ned Reform has no remorse. I'd bet on this getting ugly before it's done, Darren.

Grabbing Rezin by his skull, Ned roughly rolls him back into the ring. Following his opponent in, The Good Doctor wastes little time in kicking Rezin's leg out from under his... leg as he tries to get up. Positioning Rezin's leg on the middle rope, Reform leaps into the air and brings his body down on Rezin's exposed knee!

Lance:

This is an unorthodox strategy... Reform brought Rezin back INTO the ring and away from the ambulance.

As Lance says this, Ned grabs Rezin by the knee and brings it high into the air before driving it into the mat.

DDK:

I think Ned believes he can utilize the ring to assist in his goal of shattering Rezin's knee... the very same injury that put him on the shelf for an extended period not too long ago!

Lance:

Right... and now that you say that, it makes a certain amount of sense. While you'd expect this match to be all about the knockout blows... if Rezin only has one leg he's less likely to be able to escape the ambulance!

DDK:

I think that's it.

For the next two minutes, Reform pulls out every knee attack you can think of. While Rezin tries to put some distance between himself and the SOHER, he's unsuccessful as Reform drops elbows on his busted up joint. The Mad Gadfly exits the ring, draping Rezin's knee over the apron and driving it down! Rezin grasps out futilely as Carla tries to get Ned back in the ring... but in a match like this, it's only a polite suggestion.

Finally getting back in, Reform shoots a wink toward the jeering Faithful before grabbing the hobbling Rezin and putting him in a unique position: perched on the middle turnbuckle with his injured leg extended out and resting on the middle rope. Rolling under the bottom rope, Ned roughly shoves Darren Quimbey off his chair before closing up the steel weapon and re-entering the ring.

DDK:

I don't like where this is going... that chair could SHATTER Rezin's knee!

Reform eyeballs the shot before lifting the chair high over his head! With Rezin's knee exposed to the wind, Ned brings the steel down...

WHACK!

...but Rezin wiggles free and moves his knee out of the way! The chair hits the ropes and rebounds back... hitting Reform right in the skull!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

Nobody home!

Lance:

The Good Doctor got a reminder of Newton's Third Law off of that one!

Reform staggers and sprawls off the self-sustained chair impact. Rezin is revitalized by the crowd, but still takes a second to tweak the knee before meeting the SOHER back on his feet and lighting him up with a series of left jabs!

DDK:

Rezin going to town on Reform right now! Left! Left! LEFT... and RIGHT HOOK to -- NO!!

Ned deftly ducks the haymaker... only turn straight into a standing dropkick that drops him to the mat again! Reform

scrambles back up on muscle memory, only to find the Goat Bastard waiting for him with a HOOF to the gut.

DDK:

Rezin PLANTS HIM with the DDT!!

Lance:

The challenger is undeniably on fire right now!

DDK:

That maneuver looks to have knocked Ned Reform three arcs into the future, and now the challenger sees his chance to make a move!

Rezin drops to the floor, reaches back in, and snags Reform by the ankle to drag him outside. There's no mistaking where he's going as Rezin staggers to the ambulance, still favoring the leg, and grabs it by the handle. The door is only open a crack before he's Pearl Harbor'd from behind with a forearm!

Lance:

The Good Doctor senses what's happening, and acting out of desperation.

DDK:

Seems the leader of the Rezistance is facing some resistance of his own in the former of the SOHER Champion! Reform just raining forearms down on Rezin... but now Rezin BLOCKS --

SSSMACK!!

Taking the SOHER Champ by the back of the head, Rezin forces Reform to the ambulance door the HARD way, and the Good Doctor is thrown to the floor in a heap! With the gears turning in his head, the challenger opens the ambulance door the rest of the way and reaches into the back.

DDK:

What is Rezin doing now, digging around through the back of that ambulance?

Lance:

Oh my... I think I have some idea!

Rezin is pulling out the GURNEY!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!

Reform makes it to his feet and notices Rezin precariously standing at the open backside of the ambulance. Never one to look a gifthorse in the mouth (though maybe in the eye, but ONLY as a form of intimidation), Reform quickly moves to jump on the opportunity... only to get RAMMED in the midsection by the stretcher!

Ned doubles over and stumbles away, struggling to catch his breath. Rezin pulls the gurney free from the ambulance, its wheels dropping to the ringside floor to give it the ability to roll around freely. The Goat Bastard begins to set it near the ring when the Good Doctor takes him by the shoulder and --

DDK:

DAMASCUS HEEL!! REFORM THOUGHT HE'D GET HIM FROM BEHIND AND REZIN SENSED HIM COMING!!

Lance:

What a shift in momentum! Rezin could have a real opportunity to put this away now!

Instead, Rezin peels the seemingly lifeless SOHER Champion off the floor and drapes him over the stretcher. The gurney almost wheels itself away, until Rezin frantically stops it and pulls it into position again. Then, he rolls himself

back into the ring...

Lance:

Gotta say, Keebs, this is a questionable move by Rezin right now! The door to the ambulance is open, and the path to victory is clear, but he seems interested in going for the high risk once more!

DDK:

That's very much the case, partner, but something tells me that Rezin isn't taking any chances!

In the ring, Rezin pulls himself back to his feet and again tweaks the knee. It forces him to be more deliberate and sure-footed in his climb up the turnbuckle, building a dramatic rise within the crowd.

DDK:

Mother of God, he's got to be out of his MIND...

Finally set on top, Rezin points out to someone far out in the crowd and winks before blindly LAUNCHING himself backwards...

DDK:

REZINSAULT!!

...only for Reform to roll off the stretcher.

CCRRRAAAAAAASSSSSHHHH!!

DDK:

GOOD GAWD IN HEAVEN!! I CANNOT BELIEVE WHAT WE JUST WITNESS!! THAT GURNEY WAS JUST BROKEN IN HALF!!

Lance:

And Rezin was broken into quarters!

DDK:

Once more, the high risk does not pay off for the Escape Artist!

The metal wheel frame beneath the gurney shatters on impact. Rezin wildly writhes in agony on top of the remains of the stretcher amid a pile of twisted metal, spasming as if the pain were electrocuting him. Lying on his side only a few feet away, Dr. Reform breathes a sigh of relief.

Lance:

The Good Doctor knows he dodged a serious bullet there.

DDK:

And the Goat Bastard has to know he just put a bullet into his own foot! BOTH of them! And why not one for the GUT for good measure! Is this man trying to KILL HIMSELF for the Southern Heritage Championship?!

Reform has a sizable welt on his nogging, but nonetheless pushes himself back to his feet, walks over to the ring, and retrieves the chair that was left inside.

DDK:

Oh my... I have a feeling this isn't getting better for the Escape Artist anytime soon!

Lance:

Reform is picking things up right where he left off!

Rezin is defenseless amid the wreckage of his own making. Reform raises the chair, and brings it down...!

Crack!

Rezin:

AAAAAAHHH!!

DDK:

Reform with that CHAIR right into the knee!

Rezin clutches the leg and defensively rolls over. Reform boots him in the side to roll him back over and expose the knee again.

Crack!

Rezin:

AAAAAAAAAAHHH!!

Rezin writhes in pain once more, rolling away and making a desperate bid to push himself to his feet for a patented ESCAPE, only to immediately collapse beneath the afflicted leg. Still brandishing the chair, Reform stalks his prey, with a proud smirk slowly forming on his face.

Lance:

The Escape Artist is desperately trying to get himself out of this pinch.

Rezin crawls his way to the steel steps and struggles to climb his way to the apron one painful step after the other. Reform kicks his leg off to the side, and then...

Crack! Crack! CRACK!

Rezin:

AAAAHH!! AAAAHHH!! AAAAAAAHHFUGGIN'STOPITALREADY!!

Ned Reform:

THIS IS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!!

DDK:

Reform is going CRAZY with that chair, taking it right to that knee while it's against the steel steps! He's going to CRIPPLE Rezin if this keeps up!

Lance:

I have to admit, it's an effective, yet cruel, strategy. But something tells me Reform might be enjoying this deep down.

A fourth and potentially devastating chairshot is deflected by a wild buck from Rezin's good leg. With a window of opportunity, Rezin grasps the bottom rope and finally pulls himself into the ring. But it's only a temporary reprieve, as Reform follows him up the steps to the apron and casually steps through the ropes to cut the challenger off at the pass.

Lance:

Rezin wisely knows the safest place for him right now is inside the ring. But I almost have to wonder if the damage has already been done.

DDK:

Rezin is working himself back to his feet, with Reform looming over him... there is absolutely no quit in this man!

The SOHER Champion mockingly beckons the challenger back to his feet. Rezin's face phases between agony and rage, but he nevertheless pushes his way back up onto shaky legs to meet Reform's challenge head on. Reform pulls

back on the chair...

DDK:

Reform with the chair -- DUCKED by Rezin --

Lance:

WAIT.

Reform swings, but the chair doesn't go with him. He instead drops it at the last second, tricking Rezin into evasive action. He quickly slips up behind the Escape Artist and traps him with ease into a classic cross-arm choke and throws himself forward.

DDK:

COBRA CLUTCH BULLDOG by Ned Reform!! Shades of Scott Douglas and Ned's well documented issues with DEFIANCE's Favorite Son!

Lance:

Rezin was quick to react, but The Good Doctor baited him right into a trap!

Rezin lies prone on the mat, unmoving. Meanwhile, the smile on the SOHER Champion's face is now stretching from ear to ear. He walks a brief victory lap around the ring, one hand held out to his handiwork on the fallen challenger and the other tapping his temple. The raucous wrestling fandom of Boston promptly give this show of intellectual showboating the reaction it deserves.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

As if the punishment on his opponent wasn't enough, Dr. Ned Reform can't help but feed his ego in this moment!

Lance:

Not sure it would be wise to taunt a crowd this wild and rowdy, but Ned almost seems to be feeding off their hate and vitriol!

The SOHER champ occupies ring center, one foot perched on Rezin's back while he graciously bows in all four directions. He points to and acknowledges TA-Rod, arm hanging out the driver side window of the ambulance and giving him a supportive fist pump. The trash rains down on the ring from every direction.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Finally, Reform kicks the unmoving Rezin over onto his back, and goes to the corner...

Lance:

Going for the pièce de résistance here?

Reform goes to the apron. The climbs to the first -- second -- TOP turnbuckle. Posing in triumph, the SOHER Champion of DEFIANCE pumps a FIST into the air...

...and gracefully DIVES OFF...

DDK:

SCHOLAR AND ELBOW CONNECTS!!!

Like a divine spear thrown down from the heavens, Reform's elbow pierces Rezin right on the hurt KNEE, sending him jerking and flopping across the mat like a fish out of water! Ned pops straight to his feet, pumping both arms into the air once more!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!***Lance:**

It's looking bleak for Rezin right now, Keebs. With that strike, the Good Doctor has effectively left him hamstrung. And limited mobility is not a good thing for someone who relies on speed and maneuverability like the Goat Bastard.

DDK:

As much as I hate to admit it, Dr. Ned Reform has employed an effective strategy in this match! By targeting that leg, he has virtually neutralized his opponent's greatest strength! How can Rezin fight back at this point?

Reform finally sees his chance to finish things, peeling Rezin back off the mat, taking him by the back of the skull, and sending him over the ropes to the outside...

...only the Escape Artist doesn't hit the floor! A single hand clutches the top rope for dear life!

DDK:

Rezin is hanging on by a thread! But here comes Reform to the outside!

Reform calls to TA-Rod, still behind the wheel of the ambulance, and motions for him to back up to bring it closer to the ring. The back-up beeper rings out through the arena as the emergency vehicle steadily reverses further down the rampway.

Still clung to the outside of the ropes, Rezin steadily comes to and sees the back of the ambulance bearing down on him. His eyes BUG OUT, knowing he's moments away from being crushed against the apron! Desperately, he tries to skin the cat his way back in the ring... but can't pull himself up!

DDK:

WHOA, HANG ON!!

SCREECH.

At the last second, Reform's hand comes up, signaling TA-Rod to stop a few scarce feet away from the apron. Rezin briefly breathes a sigh of relief.

DDK:

My heart skipped a beat there, partner!

Lance:

A second later, and we would have a punk rock pancake on our hands!

Reform puts himself between the ring and ambulance, opening the door the rest of the way to make the box more accessible. Rezin has twisted himself around and is trying to crawl his way back into the ring. Unfortunately, Reform snags him by the cuff of his pants before he can fully get away.

DDK:

The champion has the challenger by the leg, and he's trying to pull him out and put him into that ambulance!

Lance:

No surprises here, but... Rezin is giving him a fight!

The Goat Bastard's blackened hands once again cling to the ropes out of desperation. Having him held in the

perpendicular waistlock, Dr. Reform can't quite yank him free!

DDK:

The SOHER Champion has the ambulance ready, but Rezin has hold of the ropes! We've got a tug of war on our hands here!

Finally, Reform digs in his heels, draws in a deep breath, counts to three, and PULLS with all his --

And Rezin lets go.

DDK:

REZIN AND REFORM SLINGSHOT THEMSELVES INTO THE BACK OF THE AMBULANCE!!

Lance:

Now it's the Good Doctor's turn to be outsmarted! Anything can go here! All it takes is for one person to escape the back of the ambulance and close the door on the other!

The crowd, as is custom during these momentary lulls in the action, takes a moment to applaud the display the two men have put on. Carla Ferrari can do nothing but check on both men as SOHER and challenger try to clear the cobwebs and get back to their feet. It takes several minutes, but they do so.

DDK:

The ambulance is RIGHT THERE. This could all come down to the first person to act...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

And that action comes via Rezin, who scores a desperation LOW BLOW! Reform's mouth makes a giant "O" as he cradles his fancy degrees before crumpling to the ringside floor!

Lance:

It's all legal - and in the state his leg is in, you can't blame him!

DDK:

This could be it Lance! Rezin could FINALLY get his hands on the SOHER! Think how long it's been!

Lance:

The Boston Faithful want to see it!

Still favoring the knee but in much better shape than the Neutered Doctor, Rezin grabs Ned by his head - and TOSSES HIM INTO THE BACK OF THE AMBULANCE!!

RAAAAAA!!

Not a person is sitting as Rezin grabs and closes ONE DOOR!

DDK:

Do it Rezin!! One more door and you've got it!!

Rezin's hand grips the final door...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

But before he can shut it, he's blindsided and knocked to the ground by a wild shot from TA Cole!

DDK:

NO! If it weren't for Levi Cole, we'd have a NEW Southern Heritage Champion!

Cole puts the boots to Rezin. The final door never closed, meaning the match continues, and it allows Reform to frantically scramble out of the back of the ambulance. He blinks twice, seemingly realizing what a close call that was. He joins Cole as the pair continue to stomp away at Rezin's downed form. Finally, Ned commands his pupil to lift The Goat Bastard up. Cole does so, allowing Reform to lock Rezin in a full nelson facing toward TA Cole.

Lance:

There is nothing anyone can do to stop this mugging. Rezin falling short again because of nonsense like this would be a legitimate crime.

With Rezin locked in Reform's embrace, Cole takes a few steps back. He makes an exaggerated show of measuring Rezin before charging, lifting a boot in the air intended to connect with Rezin's skull...

...but once again, the Escape Artist lives up to his moniker!! He slips out and instead REFORM eats the boot of the Sage on the Stage!! The people are given hope once again!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

Reform goes down... and now Rezin and Cole exchange a flurry of big right hands!

As Ned crawls out of sight, all eyes are on Rezin and Levi as they brawl all around the ambulance. Rezin is able to stun the Teaching Assistant with one of his trademark educated feet, stunning Cole long enough to allow the challenger to grab him by the scruff and send him flying into the windshield of the ambulance!! Inside, TA-Rod holds his hands up for cover as a giant crack appears in the center of the glass!

Lance:

Using the ambulance itself as a weapon - again, perfectly legal!

DDK:

And Cole isn't even in this match!

Cole peels himself off the hood of the vehicle only to be met with a one-handed facebuster that drives his teeth into the cold, unforgiving concrete. Standing over Cole, Rezin's eyes bug out as a crazed demeanor comes over the challenger. He looks around wildly to the cheering Faithful, and he's rewarded with a chant...

FIAH IT UP!

FIAH IT UP!

FIAH IT UP!

Which then morphs into...

THIS IS AWH-SOME (clap clap, clap clap clap)

THIS IS AWH-SOME (clap clap, clap clap clap)

THIS IS AWH-SOME (clap clap, clap clap clap)

The chant itself seems to channel directly into Rezin's soul as his wild eyes train on the ambulance. Looking down at Cole, he limp/walks around to the side with a ladder... and begins to climb to the top of the vehicle!

DDK:

Oh... oh no!

Lance:

I don't like this at all!! We're already seen what lengths Rezin is willing to go!

Making it to the very top of the ambulance, Rezin looks down below at Cole. He once again turns to feed off the people - who, naturally, are all on their feet - and points down to Cole. He readies himself for some death-defying maneuver... something sure to set off the flashbulbs and live in on video packages until the end of time...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

...but we'll never know.

DDK:

Ned from behind!! Where did he even come from!?

You can feel the air literally suck out of the building as Reform hooks Rezin, lifts him up, and cruelly drops him head first on the top of the vehicle with his patented brainbuster - The Syllabuster!!

Lance:

My God!! He might have broken the man's neck!!

DDK:

We need to think about calling this. This isn't worth anyone's career!

Lance:

It might be too late, Darren - the damage is done.

Rezin lays spread eagle - giving us just a single twitch - but otherwise remaining motionless. Ned remains in a seated position next to him: first looking down at Rezin's prone form with a smirk and then to likewise shoot the same twisted smile all around the arena to the disappointed DEFIANCE Faithful.

DDK:

I'll say it again: if anyone back there can hear me, I don't think we need to proceed with the formalities. Just end it now and get Rezin some help.

Reform stands up slowly, making an exaggerated show of "how easy" this victory was. He feigns a yawn and checks his watch before looking down at Rezin. He nudges him with foot and gets no reaction. With an evil smile, he presses his foot harder, and pushes Rezin OFF the vehicle! The Goat Bastard's limbs flail as he SPLATS on the floor with a sick thud.

Lance:

The ultimate disgrace.

DDK:

Not only is this about the championship, Lance, but think about the other implications - Reform has said that if he gets Rezin in that ambulance, he's getting shipped off to, and I quote, "get the help he needs."

Ned arrogantly takes his time climbing down the ladder. When he reaches the floor, TA Cole is there to meet him. At Reform's direction, Cole drags the lifeless Rezin around to the back of the vehicle. With a dramatic flourish, Reform aggressively swings the doors open. Again grabbing Rezin Skullet-first, Ned lifts the challenger so they are face-to-face.

Ned Reform:

You're going to a better place.

And with great vigor, he tosses Rezin into the emergency vehicle. Instead of immediately shutting the door, he turns to taunt the booing crowd a little more. We get a little "playing the invisible tiny violin" action before Ned smirks and shuts one of the doors. He again stops, holds up the "one more" finger in a manner that ensures EVERYONE can see it. He puts a hand on the final door, waves "bye bye"... and swings it shut...

...but at least second, JUST before the latch closes, both doors BURST OPEN!! A crazed Rezin FLIES through them, and in his hand...

DDK:

Is that... is that a defibrillator!?!?

Rezin:

CLEAR!!

ZAAAAAAAAAAAAAPP!

Ned comically takes a flying back bump after getting a literal shock to his chest. Cole tries to grab Rezin, but The Goat Bastard ducks and uses his new weapon again...

ZAAAAAAAAAAAAAPP!

Now it's Cole whose eyes bug out and he falls to the floor! Wide-eyed, Rezin rubs the two ends of the device together and laughs like a madman.

Lance:

This is the damndest thing I've ever seen!

DDK:

Here comes Weighted Grade!

The two monsters - TA Horrigan and TA Owens - try in vain to help their leader... but they also, one after another, fall victim to Dr. Rezin's life saving measures!! The end result is the entirety of the Honor Society laid out with Rezin in the center holding his new "weapon." Rezin locks eyes with Ned who has pulled himself up into a standing position. Ned's eyes go wide and he throws up his hands to reason with Rezin. The challenger tosses the defibrillator aside and begins to march toward the champion.

DDK:

The Honor Society has been - to say the least - neutralized. Ned has nowhere to go and no one to help!

The Good Doctor throws his hands up and begs off as he tries to scoot backwards, but he hits the ring apron and can't go any further. Rezin approaches with fire in his eyes. Finally, Reform gets desperate, and he lunges up and tries for a right hand... but Rezin throws up a hand to block, responds with a boot to the gut, and hooks Ned Reform for Into The Void!

Lance:

He's going to drive Ned's head into the floor!!

Rezin has him dead to rights... but one problem. As he goes to jump up for the move, his injured knee gives out and he crumples while still holding Ned's neck. Reform takes advantage of this position by slipping around Rezin and locking in the Ad Hominem!

DDK:

Reform's version of the Crossface Chicken-Wing!

Lance:

It may turn out that the bad knee is the deciding factor in this match.

Rezin flails his arms, but since they're on the floor, there are no ropes to reach for - and with the no DQ rule, it wouldn't help anyway.

Rezin tries to his feet to push off the apron and throw Ned off, but The Good Doctor suddenly transforms into The

Good Pitbull and refuses to release his hold. Reform rides the wave until Rezin's movements begin to slow. And then slow some more. And eventually stop. The Goat Bastard's eyes flutter as his arm falls limp... and Reform does not release the hold.

Lance:

Carla stepping in... but as is a running theme in this match, there's not much she can do.

The Good Doctor keeps the hold locked in for several more seconds... he's not taking any chances that Rezin isn't out. Without fully releasing it, he shuffles over to ambulance. Finally letting go, he lays Rezin's body on the bay of the ambulance before rolling him inside.

Ned Reform grabs one door.

SLAM!

And then the other.

SLAM!

DING DING DING

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

Rezin gave it his all ladies and gentlemen... one of the more gutsy performances for the ages.

Lance:

When all was said and done, it was the injury to the knee that proved to be Rezin's undoing.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match...

...and STILLLLLLLL SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION OF DEFIANCE...

...DOCTOOORRR NNNNNEEEEEED REEEEEEEEEFFFOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRMMMMM!!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

With Ferrari handing over the SOHER Title to the retaining champion, Reform collapses to the floor, cradling the belt near his chest with tears in his eyes. The fans continue to curse and deride him, even in his emotional moment of triumph.

DDK:

Another hard-fought victory for the Good Doctor and SOHER Champion, outlasting the fire and passion put on display by the challenger Rezin here tonight! Be as it may, this is hardly the way these fans wanted to see the first night of Acts of DEFIANCE end!

Lance:

They're going to have to put our faith in Pat Cassidy tomorrow night.

DDK:

But what becomes of the Escape Artist after this gut-wrenching defeat? What awaits him in the Doctor's chosen 'treatment clinic'?

Lance:

Knowing Rezin? We'll hear news of it burning to the ground here in a week's time. Then he'll come out the next night in a submarine or an AT-AT or something on those lines.

DDK:

You're probably right. Still, I have a bad feeling...

With the table back in his hands, the SOHER Champion staggers over to the driver's side window, only to find that not all is going well with TA-Rod. He's turning the key, but the engine to the ambulance will not turn over.

DDK:

What do we have going on here?

Lance:

A bit of automotive failure, maybe?

Discovering that the emergency vehicle won't start, Reform is suddenly feeling less celebratory and a bit more frantic. He angrily commands TA-Rod to keep at it before hurrying back around to the back side of the ambulance.

DDK:

Reform is trying to PUSH the ambulance?!

Lance:

He certainly doesn't want the Escape Artist waking up any time soon.

DDK:

The match is won, but Rezin may be skipping out on his treatment if Dr. Ned Reform can't get the ambulance out of the arena!

Frustration boiling over, the Good Doctor makes calls to the back.

DDK:

Here comes the rest of the Honor Society now! TA Roosevelt and TA Owens... and they're not alone!

Lance:

There's Killjoy! And Titaness! And the Most Precious One... the whole heel locker room is coming out here to send Rezin on his way!

The added strength of a dozen or so wrestlers pushing at the back finally gets the ambulance moving...

DDK:

Well, I suppose that's one way of getting the job done.

"BOOOOONNNNNNG..."

Everyone stops and stands around in confusion at the sound of Rezin's voice coming in over the PA, imitating a deathknell.

DDK:

Wait a minute, what's that?!

Lance:

I don't know, what is that?

DDK:

Wait a minute, look at this! Something's happening inside the ambulance!

Lance:

What?!

DDK:

There's some sort of thick, heavy smoke coming out of the back of the ambulance!

"BOOOOONNNNNNG..."

TD Garden goes black! The fans CHEER LOUDLY!

Lance:

What in the world?!

DDK:

THE LIGHTS ARE OUT! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!? NED REFORM HAS THAT LOOK ON HIS FACE AGAIN!

"BOOOOONNNNNNG..."

Rezin's low and raspy voice imitates the sound of a deathknell

On the DEFIATron, we get an overhead shot of REZIN lying in the back of the ambulance. Slowly, it zooms in on his seemingly lifeless face. Until...

"BOOOOONNNNNNG..."

Rezin's RED EYES pop open!

DDK:

NO!!

Rezin:

BE NOT PROUD... THE SPIRIT OF THE DOPERSMOKER LIVES WITHIN THE SOOOULL OF ALL OF PUNK-KIND... THE ETERNAL FLAME OF REZISTANCE THAT CANNOT BE EXTINGUISHED... THE STRAWRIGIN OF THAT WHICH CANNOT BE EXPLAINED... THE ANSWER LIES IN THE EVERLASTING VOID... SOON ALL PUNK-KIND WILL WITNESS THE REBIRTH... OF THE DOPERSMOKER!!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!

Rezin:

I... WILL NOT SMOKE... IN PEACE!!

"BOOOOONNNNNNG..."

Rezin seems to fall unconscious. There's the sound of electricity... and BANG!! Through an explosion, the image of Rezin suddenly has a PHOTO NEGATIVE EFFECT!

♪ *"Threnody to the Victims of Hiroshima" by Krzysztof Penderecki* ♪

On the screen, NEGA-REZIN spreads his arms wide... and DESCENDS down through the bottom.

Figuratively being dragged down into HELL.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.