

SHOW OPEN

Miami, Florida welcomes DEFIANCE as the Watsco Center is hyped for the second night of DEFtv 205.

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!

CATS MARRYING DOGS! SCOTT DOUGLAS TEAMING WITH MIKEY UNLIKELY! MASS HYSTERIA!

PUNCHY V DEX: BATTLE OF THE CENTURY

LONNIE = FAN

LUCKY SEVENS ARE ON FIRE (ALLEGEDLY)

I WAS PAID TO DO THE M4NTRA RAY DANCE

PCP GETS THE 1-2-3

MALAK'S LAST BIRTHDAY = TODAY

103.9: PLAYS THE HITS, HIRES THE SHITS

PUNCHY VS DEX: CAN THEY *BOTH* WIN?

I FLAKE FOR MALAK

RAIN CITY RULES

BIG BOIS SLAPPING MEAT

MORE BEEF

PCP4ME

I HOPE THE SEVENS AREN'T SO LUCKY

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN THE BESTIES USED TO WRESTLE? PEPPERIDGE FARM REMEMBERS

And finally we land on The Commentation Station!

DDK:

After an INCREDIBLY EVENTFUL Night One, we have even more in-ring action tonight! Before DLJ of Vae Victis takes on the former member, Butcher Victorious, after weeks of assaults between the two, The Front Runner takes on former four-time Favoured Saints Champion, Rezin!

Lance:

The Hollywood Bruvs, Scott Douglas AND Titanes Familia are all in the house tonight with the Familia in six-person tag team action later! And in our main event, it's student versus teacher! The fourth and final defense needed by TA Cole to earn a shot at Corvo Alpha and the Southern Heritage Championship... he must first make it through his own mentor... DOCTOR Ned Reform! Before their showdown at MAXDEF, we will hear from two of the heaviest hitters in DEFIANCE today! The former triple crown champion, "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy and the hard-hitting rookie, Punch Drunk Purcell!

DDK:

But coming up first... as just announced on defiancewrestling.com, the Unified Tag Team Titles are on the line when the defending champions, PCP, take on The Lucky Sevens and M4NTRA in a triple threat match! And up next, one member from each team will be in action in a triple threat match! Elise Ares! Max Luck! Declan Alexander! The competitor that wins the match will get to NAME the stipulation of that title match!

Lance:

All this and SO MUCH MORE on our final stop before Maximum DEFIANCE!

TEACH ME HOW TO BRUVIE I

The camera pans across the inside of a private locker room, one wall completely adorned with illuminated mirrors, filling the space with even more light than the fluorescents can provide. Across from the mirrors are large racks of clothing all in a row. The racks are organized by color and clothing piece. In the middle of the room is a large black carpet.

One of the clothing racks begins to shake, and through the clothing comes the head of one of the Hollywood Bruvs, Jesse Fredricks Kendrix. He looks both ways, then grabs one of the closer garments, before shaking his head and putting it back.

Jesse Fredricks Kendrix :

Mikey, do you know where we put that vest?

His tag team partner, also in attendance but currently offscreen, calls back at him.

Mikey Unlikely:

What vest?

Kendrix steps through the clothes rack, now quickly rifling through the vest selection. JFK has a blue boa around his neck, no shirt on, and a pair of black leather pants that shine in the light.

Kendrix:

You know, the blue one with the sequins and LED lights.

Mikey steps into the shot with a vest in hand. Obvs. He's wearing mens capri pants and a graphic T-shirt with his own smiling face on the front.

Mikey Unlikely:

This vest?

With a shake of the head, Jesse begins to show his frustration.

Kendrix:

No. no, no, I'm looking for the Jungle Fever vest, that one is from the Avatar party. You know the one with the built-in fog machine!

With a snap of the fingers, the American Bruv remembered.

Mikey Unlikely:

Yes! Oh that'll be perfect!

Unlikely heads off in another direction in a hurry. JFK searches another rack, closer to the screen.

Situated behind Kendrix is a changing room door which slowly opens. The camera focus shifts from JFK to the person behind him... "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas...who looks extremely uncomfortable. JFK meanwhile is in his element and looks back with excitement. First we just see his head as he peaks around the corner.

Kendrix:

Mikey, he's ready!

Scott Douglas:

Is this ... really necessary?

The Hollywood superstar comes careering around the corner and slides to a stop.

Mikey Unlikely:

Of course it is Scott-topolis! Listen, not just anyone gets to be a Hollywood Bruv, and if you're going to be, you need to look the part.

Kendrix:

Listen Yeah, do you know how many people would kill to be in your situation right now?

Jesse rubs his chin in thought.

Kendrix:

What was the result of that would you kill to be a Hollywood Bruv poll we put out last week? Was it three hundred?

Mikey:

That seems alarmingly low. It was more like three hundred thousand.

Jesse nods along in agreement.

Kendrix:

Yeah that sounds legit.

Jesse taps the back of his hand against Scott's shoulder.

Kendrix:

We can't have you going out with us and ruining our sterling reputation. We've built this city for years! YEARS!...

Mikey, what city are we in?

Mikey Unlikely:

Miami! The city of angels!

Scott Douglas:

I don't think that's right.

Mikey Unlikely:

There's angels everywhere Scott, not just California. Haven't you seen the movie? They're even in the outfield!

Scott Douglas:

That's ridiculous and I look ridiculous.

The Bruvs smile wide.

Mikey Unlikely:

Come on out of there SD Card, let's get a good look atcha!

Kendrix:

This is going to be legendary. We're about to turn you from Seattle Grunge to Hollywood Glitz, innit!?

Douglas' pants stick out first, he's wearing blue, yellow, pink and black pants with multi-colored stars all over them. They are tight as skin, and look odd paired with the mud kicking boots that Scott Douglas has chosen for the day. His shirt is a button down shirt with one sleeve and one sleeveless side. He wears multiple gold chains and holds a very small bowlers hat that he's hesitant to wear. Mikey and JFK jump up and down with excitement and clap.

Kendrix:

That's PERFECT! You look like a million bucks!

Mikey Unlikely:

Two million even! Now put the hat on!

Scott Douglas:

I don't think ...

Kendrix:

PUT. ON. THE. HAT!

JFK starts it, and Mikey catches on immediately.

Mikey Unlikely:

PUT. ON. THE. HAT!

The two began to chant it over and over like frat boys until Scott acquiesces and wears the bowler cap. Now the ensemble is complete. The Bruvs give each other a congratulatory Gluefist.

Scott Douglas:

I'm not wearing this outside this room, guys...

The pair of Bruvs furrow their brows and look at one another, without a word they both turn around and start grabbing more clothes off the rack, throwing them over their shoulder they land on and about Scott Douglas who's more annoyed than ever.

Douglas pulls one of the pieces off the ground and holds it up. It's a leopard print suit blazer.

Kendrix:

GREAT CHOICE! That will go great with these lime green shorts! Do you have any high tops Mikey? Preferably green.

Mikey moves to a shoe rack.

Mikey Unlikely:

You know I do Bruv! Lime? Avocado? Olive? Honeydew? Why are all these greens named after fruits?

Kendrix:

I think the guy who names things is a vegetarian.

Mikey Unlikely:

That makes sense.

Scott Douglas:

No it doesn't...

Kendrix puts his finger to his chin and thinks it over before deciding.

Kendrix:

Chartreuse!

Mikey Unlikely:

CHARTREUSE!

Kendrix:

CHAAAAAARTREUUUUUUUSE!

JFK says it in a sing song voice. Scott Douglas shakes his head.

Scott Douglas:

I've made a terrible mistake...

Cut back to the arena.

DDK:

Well ... I'm ...

Lance:

... speechless.

DDK:

Yes.

ELISE ARES vs. DEC4L vs. MAX LUCK

The scene cuts to a full shot of the sold out Watsco Center at 8000 strong. The Floridian Faithful wait with anticipation for whatever may come next-

M A N T R A.

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

Golden strobes pulsate to the rhythmic patterns of Bring Me The Horizon as the Faithful respond with their own symphony of jeers. Cut to one person in the audience dressed in a full length manta ray kigurumi with an old DEC4L shirt doing the M4NTRA Ray. As the guitars kick in, Makayla Namaste leads Nathaniel Eye who leads "DEC4L" Declan Alexander out for combat. Wearing match third-eye sunglasses, the trio all begin to M4NTRA Ray to the systematic booing of the Miami Faithful.

DDK:

What a match to open up with, Lance! Announced two days ago was this triple threat match. Declan Alexander. Max Luck. Elise Ares. The winner gets to pick the stipulation for a triple threat Tag Team Match at MaxDEF for the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championships.

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens and M4NTRA have been tripping over each other to get a shot at the tag team champions and it looks like they're both going to get their wish.

DDK:

Could you imagine what kind of nonsense M4NTRA will come up with if they win this match?

Lance:

They could pick ANYTHING, Darren. Imagine a wrestling match on a bed of hot coals, or even worse, group meditation.

Inside the ring, Makayla rubs a crystal across Declan's chest trying to remove all the pre-fight impurities as Nathaniel Eye stands behind DEC4L on the apron, reading a scripture from 251 Pages of Pure Perseverance to motivate his former disciple turned tag team partner as he gets ready for the match.

LUCK DYNASTY

2X DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions

2X DEFIANTS of the Year

DEFIANCE'S Hottest Tag Team

&

Now DEFIANCE's Hottest Trio!!!

♪ "World On Fire" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

Red and green-colored fire explodes from both side of the stage! With their backs to each other, the Twin Terrors of DEFIANCE both point at the ring, with Mason and Lonnie Luck wearing their signature custom suits. Max Luck wears the black sleeveless body suit with red flames all down the legs.

Quimbey:

Next up ... standing at seven feet tall and weighing at three-hundred and six pounds! Accompanied by Mason and Lonnie Luck ... he is "The Beast of the Bright Lights" ... MAAAAAXXXX LUCCCCCKKK!!!

Lance:

Just think what Max Luck could do! The Lucks thrive in chaos! They could make it a No DQ match! Falls Count Anywhere! No Holds Barred! They've been a part of several legendary violent brawls with the likes of PCP, SNS, Team HOSS and Titanes Familia in their entire history!

As Max Luck prepares for his next big challenge the Miami Faithful go into a frenzy. Cuban flags begin waving around the 8000 seat arena and probably a hundred or so defectors sound like thousands singing "La Bayamesa" in unison at the top of their lungs. The action takes a pregnant pause. Max Luck and Declan Alexander stare each other down in the ring as the Faithful continue to hijack the broadcast. Even Natty Eyce turns around and stares into the crowd as the displaced Cuban swell in pride for their heroine. She, just like them, overcame quite a bit of struggle to call herself an American.

All I wanna do is-
♪ "Emperor's New Clothes" by Panic! At The Disco ♪

A thunderous ovation drowns out the gunshots that precede the entrance theme penned by Panic! At The Disco. As the royal purple and gold lights dance around the arena, Elise Ares walks out into the Watsco Center wrapped in a Cuban flag flanked by The D and Klein. On cue with the music, Elise opens the flag with her arms to reveal a red and white Florida flag on the other side and Florida themed ring gear with a criss-cross top and a pair of tight boyshorts with kneepads and boots. Her trademark LED sunglasses read "SOUTH" "BEACH" "STARLET" as she does a little dance for the crowd with the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championship around her waist.

This is where you'd normally find commentary, but sometimes it's best to stay quiet and let the visuals speak for themselves.

Ares throws the flag backwards into the waiting arms of The D and leads the Pop Culture Phenoms down towards ringside. At the end of the aisle, the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style takes pause to breathe in the moment as The D and Klein walk past her and open the ropes in front of her. Elise slides onto the apron and straddles the ropes, entering as suggestively as possible before a heavy spotlight shines down on her directly in the middle of the ring where she takes off her LED sunglasses and throws them into the ravenous Miami Faithful. She strikes a pose for the crowd and the lighting returns back to normal as The D and Klein leave the ring to a roaring chant.

E-LISE AR-ES! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP
E-LISE AR-ES! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP
E-LISE AR-ES! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP

The D continues to rile up the Faithful waving the Cuban/Florida flag Elise wore down to the ring. Inside the ring Elise Ares stares down her two opponents and if you look closely you could almost see her tear up a bit. That is, if she had feelings.

DING DING

DDK:

Wow. What a way to start things off, Lance.

Lance:

Watching Miami react to their adopted daughter never fails to disappoint.

Elise stares down Declan. Who stares down Max. Who stares down Elise. Then they all switch. Then Ares and Alexander make eye contact again, then shrug, and immediately attack the much larger Max Luck to the roar of the crowd. Luck shoves off DEC4L but eats some clubs from Ares before shrugging her off just in time to eat a dropkick from Alexander which knocks him back into his corner. Ares follows through by running up Max's chest, doing a backflip, then landing an enzuigiri that knocks him to a seating position.

DDK:

An athletic display by Ares! The two smaller competitors are making a concentrated effort to take out the big man here.

Lance:

Solid strategy, but both of those two should trust the other one as far as they can... I'd say throw them but that doesn't

really apply here.

DDK:

Maybe as far as they can throw Max?

Declan shoves his way past Ares and begins stomping away on Max Luck in the corner.

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Ares shoves her way back in and begins stomping away on Max Luck instead.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Alexander comes back more assertive.

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Elise shoves DEC4L from behind and dumps him outside of the ring to continue on with the bastardized version of PCP's Blacklist

RAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

After a series of well placed stomps, the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE grabs the top ropes above Max Luck with her hands and jumps to the top rope before using the ropes as a modified swing and bring both feet down right into the jaw of Luck and land on the apron. Max rolls out of the corner as Elise riles up the crowd by throwing her right arm in the air, set up for Amethystation. Just as Max reaches her feet Ares jumps into the air only to be immediately pulled back down by Declan Alexander making her land hard and awkwardly onto the mat.

BOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Heads up move by DEC4L, but you have to wonder if he was better off sitting back and letting Elise wear down the big man.

Declan then pulls her off the apron and dumps her onto the outside of the ring and takes her place on the apron. He jumps up onto the top rope himself flying towards Max Luck before...

Lance:

POWERBOMB!

Alexander is broken in half by a monster bomb right in the middle of the ring. Max Luck isn't one to look a gift horse in the mouth! He backs up to the ropes ...

DDK:

Box Cars elbow drop! Right in the heart of Declan Alexander!

Max covers!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout by Declan Alexander! Outside the ring Makayla almost faints as Natty Eyce points to his book as evidence of how to survive such an onslaught. Mason and Lonnie Luck cheer their teammate on! Lifting Declan up off the canvas, Max hits a couple of standing knee lifts to the midsection before throwing Alexander into the ropes, on the rebound he

hits Declan with another knee lift that turns him inside out. Grabbing his core on the mat in pain, DEC4L doesn't even have enough time to try and get away before Max quickly applies the Winning Hand to his abdomen!

The former BRAZEN Champion has the opportunity to submit but he denies it, screaming out in pain as he tries to pry the arm of the much stronger Max Luck off of his body. Seizing the opportunity, Ares springboards into the ring only to somehow be swatted out of the air by Max Luck. Elise lands hard on the mat and Max releases the hold on Alexander. Walking over to the South Beach Starlet, Luck locks in the Winning Hand on her face and lifts her up to her feet. Declan tries to get up and sneak away but instead his face is snatched by the Winning Hand as well!

DDK:

Double Winning Hand!

Lance:

This thing could be over! Could you imagine if Max beats not just one of them but BOTH?!

Ares and Alexander both try to club off the arms of Luck at first to no avail, as they start to fade they have the same idea simultaneously and kick Max in the stomach at the same time before they both go low and hit his legs! When he is down, they both level Max with a double super kick right to the jaw!

DDK:

Max Luck outpowers these two by a wide margin so it's best they do what they can to eliminate him and then focus on each other!

Elise tries a cover on Max!

ONE ...

TWO ...

Declan grabs her by the leg and drags Elise away! He covers Max!

ONE ...

TWO ... NO!!!

Elise pushes him away!

Lance:

What a match we are seeing already! Both Ares and DEC4L trying to steal the pin but to no avail on this monster!

All parties outside cheer on their tag team partners! Declan is locked and loaded for a chance to hit the Beast of the Bright Lights with the Play of the Game ... but Max is too powerful and pushes him off the ropes! Max catches him on the return and then hits a tilt-a-whirl power slam!

DDK:

Big slam by Max Luck! But Elise is back up!

Max Luck sees the Unified Tag Team champion try and get her boots up, but Max runs for a big boot ... and he gets caught on the top rope instead!

Lance:

Quick thinking by the native daughter of Miami!

Max pulls himself back into the ring! Elise jumps and then manages to score with a spring board enziguri kick to the face that hobbles Max! Elise lands on her feet back in the ring as Max has been taken care of ...

DDK:

DEC4L back up! Roll-up on Elise!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Elise kicks out in the nick of time! DEC4L argues with the referee and so does Nathan Eye and Makalya Namaste at ringside!

Lance:

Declan is wasting time! This match is so crucial to all three teams!

Declan gets back up and jumps on Elise. He uses an irish whip and sends Elise to the ropes, not expecting her to run up the ropes and then come back with a big springboard tornillo to take down Declan!

One ...

Two ...

Max Luck breaks it up!!!

DDK:

Oh, no, Max is back!

Max plants Elise with a side walk slam! He points up to the top rope and the big man heads up to the high-rent district as they say in wrestling.

Lance:

Where is he going?

DDK:

Up top! He's going for the Check-Raise and if he hits this on either one, the diving clothesline is going to give the Lucky Sevens a huge advantage!

He leaps ...

Elise moves ...

PLAY OF THE GAME FROM DEC4L!!!

Lance:

HO-LEE SH ... HECK!!! DECLAN WAS IN THE RIGHT PLACE AND RIGHT TIME! M4NTRA ARE GONNA STEAL THIS!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful watch in shock, along with Mason and Lonnie outside! Declan rolls over to cover Max Luck with Nathan and Makayla laughing and celebrating ...

ONE ...

TWO ...

ELISE BREAKS THAT UP WITH THE EXTREME MAKEOVER TO DEC4L!!!

DDK:

WHERE DID ELISE COME FROM?!

Lance:

There was a premature celebration by M4NTRA! Elise jumps in!

With Max Luck down and out, Elise makes the cover!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THREE!!!

ding ding ding

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

Quimbey:

Your winner of this match ... ELISSEEEEEEEEE ARESSSSSS!!!

A monster round of applause erupts from the Miami Faithful for Elise Ares!

DDK:

It came down to the wire! We thought DEC4L had it, but Elise Ares is your victor!

Nathan Eye and Makalya Namaste check on DEC4L. Max Luck is attended to by his family but in the center is Elise Ares celebrating with The D and Klein!

Lance:

What kind of match is she going to pick?

DDK:

PCP can pick whatever they want! The champions have the advantage going into this triple threat tag team match for the Unified Tag Team championships! And we will provide an update on what Elise picks as soon as we can!

COMMERCIAL: OSCAR BURNS ON DEFonDEMAND!

Special Attention Pt 1

Backstage.

The mobile laboratory of Dr. Ayumi Sato.

She, as well as her irradiated ruffians of the ring, The Atomic Punks, are seated around a lab bench, each of them holding a hand of playing cards.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Two sevens.

As she says this, she places two cards, face down, onto the table.

Fission, the smaller of the two men, looks at his hand and sucks his teeth, before dropping a pair of cards of his own.

Fission:

Three eights.

Gigaton:

BULLSHIT.

Fission smiles and looks to his partner, flipping his tossed cards, revealing an eight of spades, an eight of clubs, and an eight of diamonds.

Fission:

Sorry, Gig.

Gigaton:

GRRRRRRRARRRGH.

With a huff, the beastly big boi grabs the pile of cards in the middle of the table, and sulks.

Beyond the freestanding door to the "lab" we see emerge The Associates of Ed White and Associates, big Nicky Corozzo and Jane Katze round a corner into the hallway.

Immediately Jane scowls at the set up, motioning for Nicky to follow. When they approach Jane makes it a point to walk AROUND the door and into the "lab"... an action that immediately brings a pursed little scowl to Dr. Sato's face. Nicky walks up to the card table with a dismissive little laugh.

Nicky Corozzo:

Cute little game ya' got here. I host a high stakes poker game every month with a few choice folks from the roster that have the scratch to throw in... clearly that aint yous guys.

He looks around the lab with a dismissive snort.

All the while Jane and Ayumi give one another the narrowed stink eye. Katze finally motions for Nicky to post up next to her as she corners Dr. Sato.

Jane Katze:

This is the very sort of childish nonsense Mr. White and Mr. Box are trying to eliminate here in DEFIANCE.

Nicky Corozzo:

They think they're BAD guys, Katze. Big bad SUPER villains.

The huge seven foot former Italian mob enforcer cracks his knuckles with a little grin.

Jane Katze:

Oh I can tell, SO villainous.

Katze jabs a finger into Sato's chest.

Jane Katze:

Listen close to the words coming out of my mouth Doctor Horrible, if you think for one second...

I'm sure what Jane is saying right now is super bitchy and insulting, but that's not the focus right now. The camera slowly pulls back and we see Gigaton and Fission crouched behind the very focused, very distracted Jane and Nicky. The Atomic Punks are each holding what looks to be a small mini water bottle with a few wires and various metal doodads stuck to it. Each bottle is filled with a viscous blue liquid of some kind.

Fission:

Shhh... come on. Just like the Doc said.

Gigaton stifles some laughter as the two men do their best Solid Snake up behind the two Associates. Fission being the most nimble of the two proceeds to deposit the strange blue devices into both Nicky and Jane's pockets without being seen. The Punks quietly high five and sneak back across the room where they take back up their spots around the card table, completely unnoticed.

Jane Katze:

... because you're POOR and PATHETIC. So again, keep this little playhouse of yours away from Blood Diamonds business. Away from Mr. White and Mr. Box. Or there will be consequences. You're supposed to be a genius, be a smart girl and take my advice before you get yourself and those two nitwits hurt.

Nicky Corozzo:

Go play pretend scientist somewhere else, ya' looney. Nobody wants you here. Capiche?

Nicky and Jane make their exit, looking terribly proud of themselves.

They again avoid the freestanding door to the lab, again infuriating Dr. Sato... weirdly, clearly more than the dressing down from Katze did.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

...those two must be a real hit at parties. And what little decorum, too!

A prolonged sigh escapes her lips.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Ah, well. All that green won't stop them from singing the blues reeeeeeeeeaaaaaalllllll soon. Now... where were we?

She rejoins her boys at the card table. The three share a knowing smile as they continue their game. Gigaton drops a trio of cards face down on the table.

Gigaton:

ONE NINE.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Bullshit.

With a shake of his head, he doesn't even bother, simply grabbing his card back and putting them back in his hand.

Gigaton:

...GIGATON. DOES NOT. LIKE THIS GAME.

Dr. Sato and Fission chuckle at each other as Gigaton sulks.

TEACH ME HOW TO BRUVIE II

Bruv 101

The camera opens to a makeshift classroom backstage. Complete with a very small student desk that Sub Pop Scott Douglas struggles to fit inside, a chalkboard, and a projector with a pull down screen. On the chalkboard it says "BRUV 101" then has Mr. Unlikely and Mr. Kendrix as the teachers below that. It appears as if Scott Douglas was able to talk to the Bruvs out of most of their outfit choices as he's back to his normal cut off jeans and flannel vest, however he has a large pair of bug eye glasses clinging to his forehead.

From the side of the screen, in walk our instructors for the day. Michael Unlikeable is wearing a button up white shirt with a red and white tie, his black slacks are much longer than the super manly capri pants he was wearing earlier, and he has small glasses pulled down over his nose.

Wearing a tweed jacket but remaining shirtless for some reason, JFK puffs on an old school smoking pipe which releases bubbles. He then fiddles with the projector for a moment but can't seem to get it rolling.

Kendrix:

What the hell is wrong with this thing!? Bruv, why isn't this working. I want to show Scott the highlights from our latest Music Video!

Douglas looks confused.

Scott Douglas:

You guys have a music video?

Kendrix:

TONS! We do them all the time. This one is called "BruvNation" and it's got about 50 million views on Youtube!

Douglas pulls out his phone and hits the search button. He finds the video himself.

Scott Douglas:

This says it has 2 million views.

Kendrix:

Yea but you have to imagine each person probably had about 25 people with them when they watched it. It's all in the math Scott, don't worry, you'll learn Bruv Math today too! That's on the syllabus right Mikey!?

Mikey pulls a sheet of paper from his back pocket that has some things jotted down in sharpie marker.

Mikey Unlikely:

Let's see, Bruverly Love, Bruv Music Videos, Strippee Etiquette, BruvGov...AKA who pays taxes? I mean REALLY!?... Ah here it is. Bruv Math! Yes we'll be covering that from 2:45 to 3:20. It's all on the schedule!

JFK nods along and shrugs. He abandons the projector.

Kendrix:

Listen Yeah? We'll just wing it. I think we've got all our bases covered! Up first is POSING! Alright Scott, first lesson, it's all about presence. Watch and learn my friend.

JFK points to the sky and flexes his muscles. It's a very exaggerated pose. Once he completes it, he holds it for a moment then turns to Scott, expecting a wave of realization, he instead gets a glimmer of boredom. Mikey sees this and thinks maybe his pose will change Douglas' mind. He flexes and puts his arms out as if he's basking in his own glory.

Mikey Unlikely:

Alright now you try!

Scott Douglas:

Guys, Lads, Bruvs... this is stupid, what does posing have to do....

Mikey Unlikely:

You see Scott, this is why you're not in any commercials, you need a brand, you need a niche, you need a thing! That's what makes you exciting. Everyone in DEF can fight, but not everyone in DEF can entertain! That's where we come in! We want that for you too, we want the people to be excited when they see you, instead of a meatball of blah every time your music hits!

Douglas is taken aback.

Scott Douglas:

I thought the reactions I have been getting have been *pretty* good...

Mikey Unlikely:

Pretty good is like kissing your sister Douglas, it doesn't really count for anything. We're going to take you from pretty good, to FRICKIN GREAT! UP NEXT is the Gluefist, an essential move for any Bruv.... First you stick your fist out like this...

JFK picks up on the queue.

Kendrix:

Then the other Bruv sticks their hand out the same way... Then slowly... VERY SLOWLY you bring them together in what you might call a "Traditional Fist Bump" but then, almost as IF YOU'RE GLUED TOGETHER, You....

He looks both ways to make sure no one else can hear them, he then continues in a whisper.

Kendrix:

...You PRETEND to be stuck together. No one really knows it, but there's no actual glue in the Gluefist, we tried it with actual glue the first time but it was too messy. Thanks to Mikey's award winning acting skills we are able to provide the ILLUSION that they're stuck together.

Scott Douglas:

Yeah, I think I got it...

Mikey Unlikely:

What Kendrix is trying to say is that this is a public display of Bruvfection. It's how we communicate with other Bruvs to let them know we're cool. I mean, everyone knows we're cool, but still. It's our signature move, the ultimate symbol of Bruvhood.

Mikey and Jesse demonstrate the **Gluefist™**, pressing their fists together and pretending they're stuck, then dramatically pulling them apart. Mikey lets out a big breath.

They both look down at their student who simply looks back at them shrugging his shoulders.

Mikey Unlikely:

Why are you not clapping, Scotty?! Nevermind, no time. In fact we've got another secret to tell you, but it can never leave this room.

JFK nods along, knowing what's coming next.

Kendrix:

We're going to tell you how we got the name The Hollywood Bruvs...

Scott Douglas:

I know how you got it, everyone kno....

Kendrix:

...It all started on a cold dark wintery day, the fire was roasting, the hot cocoa's were being poured, and The Hollywood Bruvs were hard at work with pads and pens. Then it came to us... I said to Mikey... *"You're soooooooooo Hollywood!"* and Mikey's eyes lit up like a thousand suns, and he said back to me *"You're sooooooooooooo BRUV!"* and then it hit us like a ton of Malak's hitting Dex Joy... **THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS!**

Mikey wipes a tear from one eye.

Mikey Unlikely:

I love that story, it touches me everytime. Should be a movie to be honest.

Scott Douglas:

Sounds like a short film.

Mikey Unlikely:

THE BRUVS AREN'T SHORT DAMMIT. SURE KENDRIX HAS ABOUT 6 INCHES ON ME BUT THAT'S NORMAL IN TAG TEAM WRESTLING. WE ALL COME IN DIFFERENT SHAPES AND SIZES SCOTT, YOU CAN'T JUDGE PEOPLE ON SOMETHING THEY CANT CONTROL!

Scott Douglas:

Sorry, didn't mean to strike a chord.

Mikey Unlikely:

I'M TALL DAMMIT! AT WORST I'M AVERAGE!

Kendrix:

He's tall in spirit but he's just a little guy in stature!

JFK thinking he's defending his Bruv sets him off even more.

Mikey Unlikely:

I AM NOT A LITTLE GUY, I'M A GROWN MAN DAMMIT!

Kendrix:

YEAH DAMMIT, SCOTT! WILL YOU PLEASE FOCUS?! OTHERWISE YOU'LL NEVER PASS THE BRUVS EXAM!

Scott Douglas:

There's a test?

Mikey slaps the test paper down on Scott's desk,

Kendrix:

Of course there's a Bruvs Exam, Scotty. Otherwise how will you graduate?

The Bruvs look at each other pffting at the naivety of their poor student.

Kendrix:

That right there is your mock paper.

Scott Douglas:

This doesn't look official, it only has five questions and it's written in crayon.

Waving his hand dismissively, Kendrix squats down beside the seated Douglas and reads the first question out loud.

Kendrix:

First question. Upon giving any statement of fact, one Bruv ends the sentence with the word obvs. How does the other Bruv respond?!

Scott rolls his eyes as Mikey panics looking over at his tag partner.

Mikey Unlikely:

I think he needs help. Shall we give him an example?

Jesse shakes his head disappointedly at Scott.

Kendrix:

Fine. Scotty, Titanes Familia are going down at DEFMAX, OBVS....

The shot immediately pans to Scott, he knows the next line but he's gritting his teeth as the Bruvs both place their hands atop of his desk, their eyes open wide in expectation and bright hope.

Desperately just wanting this to end, Douglas takes a deep breath in, closes his eyes, and exhales as if he was in deep pain. He opens his eyes and faces his tutors.

Scott Douglas:

Totally Obvs!

The Hollywood Bruvs look at each other, their mouths gawping at what they've just witnessed. They then look back at Scott, who cringes at what he just did before Jesse and Mikey explode!

Mikey Unlikely:

OH MY GOD, OH MY GOD, OH MY GOD!!!

Kendrix:

I CAN'T BELIEVE HE GOT IT RIGHT!!! THAT'S THE TOUGHEST QUESTION IN THE EXAM! THIS IS THE GREATEST DAY! BETTER THAN STRIPPEE DAY!

The Bruvs hug and jump on the spot in celebration. Scott meanwhile shakes his head but affords himself a little smile at the joy unfolding in front of him.

Cut back to the arena.

Lance:

I've always know Scott Douglas would do anything to win ... but this maybe beyond the pale.

DDK:

I can't disagree... Douglas and the Hollywood Bruv's can't afford to take their opponents, in Titanes Familia, lightly. It maybe fun and games now but come Maximum DEFIANCE ... there won't be any fun to be had between those ropes.

REZIN vs. DLJ

DDK:

Coming up next here on DEFtv, before Vae Victis' newest member DLJ, goes one-on-one with the man he replaced, Butcher Victorious, he takes on another man who has historically been a thorn in the side of the stable - none other than the four-time Favoured Saints Champion, Rezin!

Lance:

Since just before DEFCON when Dan Leo James defeated Butcher Victorious in his first match as a member of Vae Victis, the two men have come to blows on multiple occasions, costing each other the Favoured Saints Championship as well as attacking one another. At MAXDEF, Butcher looks to finally settle the score and tonight, DLJ looks to keep his momentum going, but he better not be looking past Rezin at all.

DDK:

Especially as unpredictable as Rezin can be! Let's take it to ringside for the next match!

Darren Quimbey stands in the ring for the introductions to the next match!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first... wrestling Hall of Famer and the OFFICIAL spokesperson of Vae Victis... **SONNY SILVER!**

The wrestling legend and Vae Victis spokesperson marches out. He holds out his hand and waits for THE OLD SKOOL MIC~! to be lowered from the stage. He catches his vintage microphone in hand and then prepares to speak to an angry Floridian mob.

Sonny Silver:

Correction, Quimbey... THE FOLLOWING IS SCHEDULED FOR ONE MASSACRE!

Sonny points at the ring.

Sonny Silver:

Tonight, The Front Runner in this business is going to run right through Rezin faster than he runs from Narcotics Anonymous meetings!

Now he points a thumb behind him as he shouts into the OLD SKOOL MIC!

Sonny Silver:

This man has the height of a skyscraper, and he's faster than a NASCAR racer! HE IS THE FREAKIEST OF FREAK ATHLETES! He is THE FASTEST BIG MAN ALIVE! He is "THE FRONT RUNNER" ... **D! L! J!**

"Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor

VAE VICTIS

Stranger fruit, how it grows and grows,
We all saw the shoot, but we tend to the rose...

Out from the back steps Dan Leo James! Wearing his new burgundy and gold thigh-length trunks, red taped fists and brand new burgundy boots with gold laces, James stands proudly on the stage. He has a trimmed red goatee and mustache combo tonight and looks more preppier and douchier by the week. The blue-eyed kid stomps a foot on the stage, sending red PYRO exploding from either side, then RUNS towards the ring! He stops short of the ring apron, then jumps on the apron. He looks out to the jeering Faithful, then leaps over the ropes again to the ring. Sonny meets him at the ring proudly and the two get ready for the arrival of one of DEFIANCE's faves!

"Quitter's Fight Song" by Whores.

The audience roars. Without warning, Rezin tears through the curtain like a violent human buzzsaw of meat, bone, hair, and smoke. He's charged up and ready to scrap, empowered by the support of the fans while staring daggers at the man with the microphone standing in the ring.

Sonny Silver:

And introducing his opponent, hailing from a cardboard box on a street corner near you... he is Vae Victis' personal doormat! The only 12 steps this man will ever be a part of are the 12 times that DLJ will wipe his feet all over that bank-addicted drug-robber, Rezin! Let me introduce to you... **REZZZZZZZIN!**

The Escape Artist bares his teeth and shakes his head with unfathomable rage.

Rezin:

HA! Joke's on you, Cap'n Silver! Last night, I slept in a DUMPSTER! Boy, ya must be super embarrassed right now! Prolly woulda helped if ya could, I dunno... READ MY MIND?!

Then, he reaches back into his pants, and with dramatic reveal, pulls out...

DDK:

He's got the TIN FOIL HAT!

DEFIANTly, he slaps his shiny chapeau onto his skull, and shakes his fist to the ring.

Rezin:

HAHAHAHAHA... BESTED YA AGAIN, LONG JOHN!!

He breaks into a sprint down the rampway, slides into the ring, and bursts to his feet with a berzerker's tenacity. In a heartbeat, DLJ steps in and forms a barrier between the Goat Bastard and the Silver Tongued Devil.

Rezin:

LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU, Danny Leo! The Vae Victis VAMPIRES are out here to LEECH off your young and enterprising BADASSEDY!

DDK:

Wait... they're vampires now? I thought they were supposed to be aliens...

Lance:

And next week, they'll be robots.

Dan goes from staunchly defensive to suddenly confused. Rezin leans in and holds a hand against his mouth, as if trying to say something on the down-low.

Rezin:

But luckily, kid... I gotta PLAN! Just follow my lead here, and we'll confuse him by pretendin' we're fightin'! Then, first chance ya get... GRAM 'IM! Then we'll shake outta him the location of that Clay Byrd fellow! He's the LEAD vampire, ya know!

Stepping away, Rezin cranks his finger through the air to signal to the ref to get on with it. The official shakes his head and gives the cue to the timekeeper.

DING DING

Rezin bows up and slaps his jaw.

Rezin:

Okay, kid... hit me!

DLJ looks ringside and gives Sonny a shrug. Silver draws a thumb across his neck. With an obliging nod, DLJ turns back to Rezin, reels back, and...

BAM

DDK:

BIG right hand from Dan Leo James! Rezin asked, and he delivered!

Lance:

Gotta say, this is questionable strategy on Rezin's part.

Rezin was prepared for some performative flopping. He ends up not needing it, as the full force of DLJ's haymaker sends him ragdolling violently across the ring, colliding with the ropes, and tumbling to the mat. Face down on the canvas, he audibly groans.

Rezin:

uuuuugggghhh... now THAT'S... oooof... THE SPIRIT!

Lance:

I think... remember right before DEFCON when he was asking Vae Victis for an opponent at DEFCON? He completely ignored DLJ when making those offers, not realizing DLJ had joined the group!

DDK:

Ah... that makes sense... you know, for Rezin. Not for any of us!

The Front Runner snatches Rezin up by the mat by his arms and SLUGS him with a big short-arm lariat! Hell's Favorite Hoosier gets turned inside out and falls to the mat, but when DLJ looks down at him, Rezin gives him a weak thumbs up.

DDK:

That was a nasty short-arm lariat by The Front Runner. We can't talk enough about how much Dan Leo James' in-ring game has improved, but... I think Rezin is playing a dangerous game here.

DLJ goes over to pick up Rezin again. He pulls him up for a second short-arm lariat... but Rezin ducks! He wraps himself around the arms of James and tries to pull The Fastest Big Man Alive to the mat, but James stands his ground and whips him back to his feet. He tosses Rezin to the ropes and ducks, but Rezin leaps over and tries to take him down with a sunset flip!

Rezin:

Come on, we gotta sell it! Fight back!

Sonny is confused as hell at whatever Rezin is talking about, but DLJ reaches down and wraps both hands around Rezin's throat! He pulls him back up to his feet, then rocks him with a knee to the gut.

DLJ:

I don't know what kind of game this is, but Mister Silver wants me to wrap this up, so that's what I gotta do. Although, you're pretty funny, dude.

James picks him up... but Rezin sneaks behind him and goes for a schoolboy on the big man!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Kickout by DLJ! Rezin's back on his feet and DLJ charges... but Rezin pulls the ropes down! DLJ goes out to the floor!

Rezin looks at Sonny and then gives DLJ a thumbs up like he's making their "master plan" work to a tee. He leaps over the ropes and then takes flight with a huge asai moonsault to the floor! Sonny grits his teeth and looks frustrated!

Lance:

Despite Rezin's best efforts... he's taken control of this match! How's that for a call, Darren?

DDK:

That was a unique one! The asai moonsault takes down DLJ! Now he's in Sonny's face!

Rezin looks up DLJ's mentor/spokesperson and then jabs a thumb into his chest.

Sonny Silver:

GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU DUMBASS, I'M GONNA GET A CONTACT HIGH!

Rezin does no such thing and then looks like he's signaling behind his back to DLJ to "get Sonny" while he's being distracted. DLJ looks confused, then angry that he got embarrassed by The Escape Artist moments before.

Rezin:

WE GOT YOU NOW, SONNY! THE REIGN OF YOU AND THE VAE VICTATORS ARE GONNA CRUMBLE!
THEY'RE GONNA-AAHHHH!

Sonny moves out of the way, allowing DLJ to DASH AND BASH Rezin, with the powerful shoulder tackle sending Rezin crashing hard into the barricade!

DDK:

Dash and Bash by DLJ! He just sent Rezin FLYING across the ringside area into that barricade!

Lance:

I think this one might be done! DLJ has Rezin and he's putting him back into the ring!

Sonny screams at DLJ to end the match and DLJ nods to his mentor. He climbs up on the ring apron and shows off before he leaps over the ropes inside to show off his agility. He waits as Rezin starts to get up.

Rezin:

Hey, uh... we... gotta strategize, we had h...AH!

The screaming is Rezin being knocked down by the much larger DLJ running to the middle rope and then flying back with a huge back elbow! Rezin goes down and DLJ casually rolls into a cover!

Lance:

Great speed and agility by DLJ! Cover on Rezin!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

DDK:

There's a kickout! Rezin needs to get serious and fight back or DLJ is gonna end this fast.

DLJ looks down at Rezin, who is holding his face after the kickout!

Rezin:

We gotta recalibrate, Danno! Get me back out there and I'll sack the bast... AACK!

The Front Runner goozles him by the neck and Rezin ends up in a corner. DLJ heads cross-corner, then SPEEDS across the ring with a huge running corner clothesline! Rezin convulses after the shot, but James isn't done! He forcefully whips Rezin to the opposite corner and once he collides, James speeds at him again and hits another running corner clothesline! Before he can fall out of the corner, The Ginger Giant grabs Rezin in his arms and THROWS him backwards with a huge fallaway slam out of the corner! The landing sends The Escape Artist rolling across the ring!

DDK:

What a combination right there! I think DLJ might be done here!

Rezin is trying to say something, but the big forearms across his chest and windpipe make it indecipherable as James makes a pinfall!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Lance:

I don't know how he kicked out of that, but Rezin might not have much left!

Rezin tries to tell DLJ something with Sonny nearby.

Rezin:

Nudge me... nudge me towards that scumbag! He's right there!

Instead of doing that, The Front Runner waits and then holds his right palm out to signal for the Godspeed palm strike.

DLJ:

Gotta wrap this up, sorry!

DDK:

I think we're about to see Godspeed!

DLJ has his hand out and Sonny cheers him on to end the match. The Front Runner charges forward... INTO A CLOVEN HOOF KICK FROM REZIN!

DDK:

What a shot! He charged right into the Cloven Hoof Kick from Rezin first! Can Rezin somehow, somehow find a way back into this in his... particular... state of mind?

Stunned from the kick upside the head, DLJ blinks rapidly and then tries to get back to a seated position. Meanwhile, Rezin whispers.

Rezin: [grumbling in pain]

All right... let's take this home... then we FINALLY catch him!

Sonny points at DLJ and slaps his other hand on the apron, calling for DLJ to get up. When he starts to do so, he catches a flying forearm to the face by Rezin! DLJ is stunned, then a second flying forearm by Rezin catches him in the face again. He stands up, then charges off the ropes. DLJ tries a big boot, but Rezin ducks and then dropkicks his leg out from under him! DLJ collapses to the mat when The Escape Artist looks over at Sonny and his eyes light up.

Lance:

What's Rezin gonna do?!

Rezin goes over and then plants DLJ with a DDT while he's on his knees! He's down and The Escape Artist goes to the top rope. He climbs to the top... and scores with the Rezinsault!

DDK:

Rezinsault! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

Lance:

Kickout!

DLJ powers out with Sonny stunned, Rezin sees his chance. Sonny looks around, then points at himself and climbs up on the apron. Rezin looks at DLJ and... pats him on the back?

Rezin:

He bought it! We got his attention!

Rezin charges over and grabs Sonny by his coat!

Rezin:

GOT YOU NOW! THE VAE VICTATORSHIP IS GONNA GO DOWN TONIGHT!

Lance:

Is... Sonny distracting him?

Sonny tries to pull himself away and that allows DLJ to SMACK Rezin from behind with a massive northern lariat! Rezin hits the mat and The Faithful jeer as DLJ forces him up... he charges to the ropes... then TURNS Rezin inside out with the running palm strike he calls...

DDK:

THE DISTRACTION WORKS! GODSPEED! GODSPEED BY DLJ!

Rezin is out cold when DLJ turns him around. He checks his jaw and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

"Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor

Darren Quimbey:Here is your winner... **D! L! J!**

Sonny smirks then climbs through the ropes to push the small Rex Knox aside so he can get the glory to raise the hand

of DLJ!

DDK:

This whole match was... crazy to say the least! But DLJ walks away with a HUGE win tonight over the former four-time Favoured Saints Champion Rezin! Possibly his biggest win yet since joining Vae Victis!

Lance:

And I don't think that Rezin even realizes this!

Sonny points at DLJ and then tells him to keep the attack going on the long-time enemy of Vae Victis! DLJ looks down, and asks if he's sure. Sonny responds by gesturing towards Rezin and then putting a fist into his palm. DLJ starts to grab the groggy Escape Artist and drags him up to his feet by both arms!

Lance:

Come on! You've already done enough, you two!

Sonny starts to take off his jacket and starts to set up the gold watch on his hand around his fist...

RRRRRAAAAAHHHHHH!

But The Faithful's reaction tells Sonny and DLJ that something is about to happen!

Sonny turns around...

MICROPHONE TO THE FACE BY BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!

DDK:

BUTCHER VICTORIOUS! BUTCH VIC HAS THE STICK AND SONNY SILVER JUST GOT HIT!

DLJ drops Rezin and then tries to help his mentor! He charges at Butcher with the Godspeed palm strike, but Butcher ducks! When DLJ turns, he gets CRACKED with the Hard Out Headbutt square to the chest! Butcher holds his head in pain, but DLJ has the wind knocked out of him and has taken the worst of the headbutt!

Lance:

Butcher's here to the rescue of Rezin! He's seen enough! These two are gonna meet up at MAXDEF and they've been at each other's throats for weeks!

When DLJ stumbles back to the ropes, Butcher charges across the ring and then hits a running clothesline that knocks The Front Runner out of the ring to a big ovation!

DDK:

What a turn of events! Butcher, a former member of Vae Victis, coming to the aid of one of their mortal enemies, Rezin!

Butcher waves at DLJ on the floor to get back in the ring and fight! DLJ wants to do it, but Sonny pulls him back.

Sonny Silver:

Not tonight! You won tonight and you're gonna beat him at MAXDEF!

The duo take their leave and Butcher keeps one eye on the pair as they head back up the ramp. He goes over to help Rezin, but the second he realizes it's Butcher, he pulls his hand away!

Rezin:

UNHAND ME, VAE VICTIS SCUM! I'VE... wait...

He looks at the departing Sonny Silver and DLJ, then back up at Butcher Victorious who he realizes has saved him from an attack

Rezin:

Wait... Butcher... I think DLJ might be one of Vae Victis... did I just incite Vae Victis Civil War?

Butcher looks at Rezin.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC HAS THE STICK... AND... I dunno, I'm confused. But I'm gonna kick DLJ IN THE DICK!

Once The Microphone Fiend makes sure that Rezin is okay... physically, anyway, he leaves the ring!

DDK:

At MAXDEF, can Butcher Victorious finally stand his ground and put Vae Victis behind him? Or will DLJ and Sonny Silver have something to say about all this?!

Special Attention Pt 2

Nicky Corozzo and Jane Katze emerge into the bustling catering area backstage.

Jane Katze:

Ugh... this food as persusual is near inedible. I don't know how you can eat this trash.

Big Nicky is already loading up a plate.

Nicky Corozzo:

Hey, guys gotta eat. It ain't half bad, why don't you... hey...

beep

beep

Nicky Corozzo:

You hear that?

She sighs.

beep

beep

Jane Katze:

What?

beep

beep

Nicky Corozzo:

That funny little beepin' sound. You wearin' a wire?

beep

beep

Jane Katze:

Wait, is it coming from...

"GREETINGS, PUNY MORTALS~!"

A digitized, tinny voice squeaks from their pockets, before a sudden, and **very** loud and *wet...*

BOOMPF

Before she can utter another syllable the very very very small explosives in their pockets go off blowing their respective pockets off and absolutely COVERING them and everything in a two foot radius around them in what looks to be a strange, viscus blue dye.

Jane is speechless. She stomps across the room to a nearby sink and tries to wash the blue off.

Much to her utter horror not one single bit of it comes off.

She grabs a towel and scrubs and scrubs to no avail.

She's about to open her mouth to scream when...

"Blue (Da Ba Dee)" by Eiffel 65 begins to play from somewhere unseen.

A smoke machine begins huffing and puffing thick green smoke into the catering area.

Dr. Sato LEAPS into frame out of the smoke, cackling like a madwoman.

Dr. Sato:

HAHAHAHA! I...

Before another word can escape Ayumi's mouth Jane has her by the shirt collar and SLAMMED up against the nearest available hard vertical surface.

Jane just straight up grabs Sato by the shirt and pulls her back through the veil of reality, face to furious face. Nicky Corozzo, who seems relatively unphased by the whole situation up to this point, makes his way over to the confrontation just in case he has to step in and save Jane from herself.

Jane Katze

You want to be some big bad villainess, is that correct? You want to represent ruthlessness and EVIL here in DEFIANCE? Handling Mr. White's finances I've had to do some truly ruthless, EVIL things, you know. I'm a true blue capitalist, poppet. I've bought up and shut down generational, family businesses just for the cheap prime real estate. Pop's classic diner becomes a Burger King overnight and I get PAID. I've used legal loopholes to acquire historically significant buildings and protected natural areas to develop them into those cheap apartment complexes and the strip malls you see pop up along the goddamned highway. Here in DEFIANCE I've helped Mr. White end entire, proud, productive careers, Sato. I've destroyed people's hopes and *dreams*. You want evil, little girl? True evil? Real life, cold hearted, EVIL?

Snarling through gritted teeth.

Jane Katze:

You're *looking* at her. And you now have her complete and *undivided* attention.

A long, sustained silence, which is only broken by a giggling fit, as a smile starts to tug at the mad scientist's lips.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Hehehehe... heeeee-yeh-heh-heh-heh...

Jane looks at her would-be victim with confusion and utter contempt, as she just continues to laugh.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

KYA-HA-HA-HA-HA!!!

Dr. Sato grins from ear to ear, flashing her teeth at her assailant as she stares daggers into her with the devil's eyes.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Now THAT'S what I'm talking about! Somebody with some FANGS to try and maul some helpless prey! Somebody with some WALK behind their TALK!

A pause, before Ayumi closes her lips.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

I like your moxie, Katze. I really do. But I do NOT like your decorum, or lack thereof... you insult me in my own lab. You

try to belittle me as part of some weird, puritanical agenda in a wrestling company NAMED DEFIANCE that has been REJECTING such foolish crusades for about FIFTEEN YEARS, and you think that your capitalist mindset, “anything in the name of the almighty dollar,” stands even the SLIGHTEST of a chance against people like me who will do unspeakable things, just for the hell of it. I may not have access to the wealth and power that you do, but I have one thing you don’t.

Her teeth gleam as she grins at her assailant.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

...I am not bound by the laws of rationality, or the predictability of the average human mind. I can read you like a book, Katze, but you can’t say the same for me. So go ahead. Take me and my Atomic Punks on, and see where that leads you. Who knows? Perhaps we’ll knock some manners into you and Consigliere Stereotype over there.

The mad scientist flashes a glance at the intimidating enforcer overseeing all of this, who only raises an eyebrow and mouths a simple “huh?”

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

You wanna show me just how “true blue EVIL” you really are?

She looks at the blue dye all over Jane’s outfit, and giggles once again.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Well, one out of two ain’t bad.

Jane is positively apoplectic with rage, allowing Ayumi to gently pull her hand off her chest and back away. She turns off the boombox (which had been playing this whole time) and smoke machine (ditto) and carries them away silently, before turning to Nicky and Jane with some parting words.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

I bet you wish you’d just used the damn door now, huh?

Dr. Sato makes her exit unmolested, leaving us all collectively shocked that she isn’t a smear on the wall.

Nicky Corozzo:

I’m honestly kinda shocked you didn’t tie her into a pretzel, boss lady... what gives?

Teeth still firmly gnashed. The Submission Siren’s eyelid twitches.

Jane Katze:

I have a call to make.

Distraction

Backstage, Scott Hunter is strolling through the halls in a zombie-like trance.

He looks up and sees a lightbulb. It is uninteresting.

He keeps walking.

He looks over and sees a sign telling him to keep out of a janitor's closet. It is uninteresting.

He keeps walking.

He looks down and after a few minutes realizes there are thirty-seven uneven dots on each floor tile. It is uninteresting.

Finally, he reaches an area where there is a crew working on some lighting equipment for the show. One of the workers stops and looks at him, then points.

Crewman:

Hey, Scott Hunter! I haven't seen you in weeks! Where have you been anyway?

Scott Hunter:

I have become like a lone wanderer, forced to walk the wilderness like a lone wanderer walking in the wilderness, forced to live in lonely solitude as a man who is alone. And even worse, I am hungry.

Crewman: *[snarky]*

What, they don't have food out in the wilderness?

Scott Hunter:

No, just animals, fruit trees, corn stalks and shit. Are we in the Midwest? None of it makes any sense.

Crewman:

Well... isn't everything you just listed... literally food?

Scott Hunter:

Are you even listening to me? Do you even have ears? I said animals, fruit, and corn! What kind of food is that?? I can't live on weird hippie food. This isn't Woodstock!... is it?

Crewman:

Uhh... no, it's not Woodstock.

Scott Hunter:

Shame... I love that little bird. Snoopy is always so mean to him. WAIT!! What is that??

Scott points, his body now completely tensed up.

The crewman turns and realizes Scott is pointing at the man's sack lunch, which is comprised of a sandwich wrapped in cellophane, and a bag of Doritos Salsa Verde flavor.

Crewman:

Well I have a lunch break coming up. It's my lunch.

Scott snatches the bag of Doritos up and looks at it like a monkey would look at a computer. He taps at it lightly. He doesn't make monkey sounds but it kinda seems like he would, doesn't it?

Scott Hunter:

This bag is... green. I've never seen anything like it....

Scott slowly opens the bag. The crewman mildly protests, but gives up. Scott pulls out a chip and slowly raises it to his mouth, finally taking a bite. His eyes go wide.

Scott Hunter:

Witchcraft!!!

He tosses the bag at the crewman, who thankfully catches it to keep it from hitting the wall behind him.

Scott Hunter:

Green bag?! Spicy Mexican flavor?!? What criminal mastermind came up with this combination??

Crewman:

Um, I think Frito-Lay makes Doritos.

Scott Hunter: *[snatching the bag away and retaking it for himself]*

That's perfect!!! It's been a long time since I've been Frito-laid!!

The crewman against mildly protests, reaching out for his lunch. Scott pulls back angrily.

Scott Hunter:

Get your own Mexican sex chips! These are mine!!

Crewman:

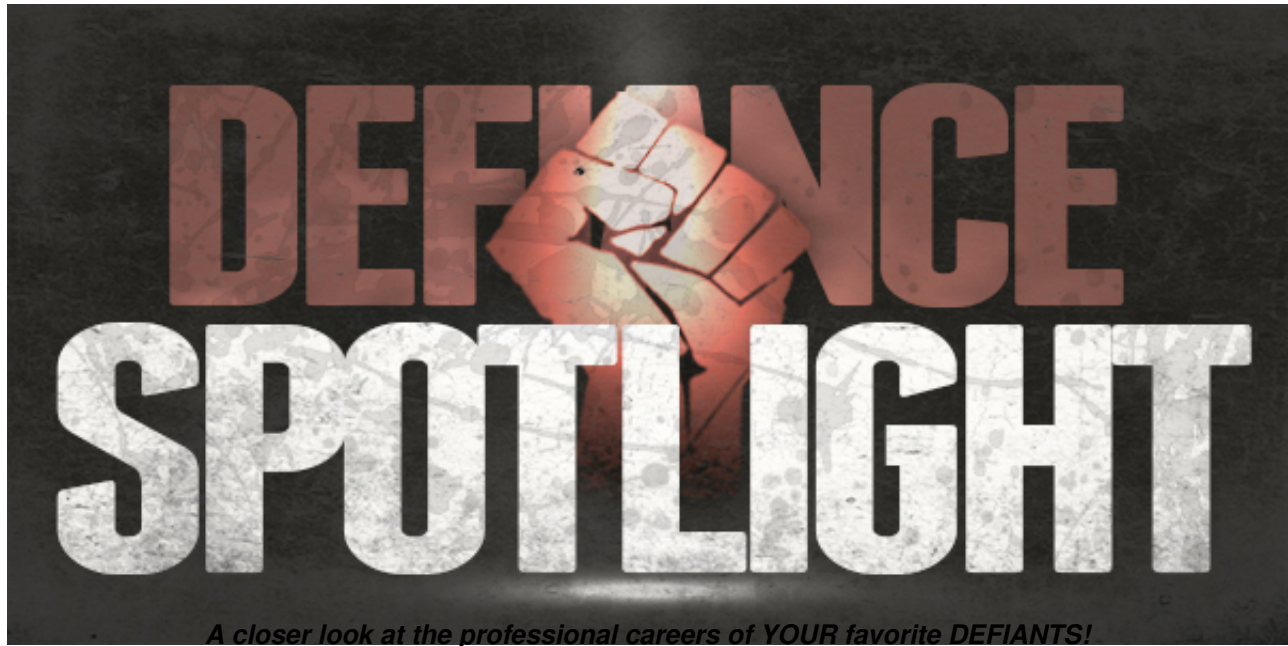
But those literally **are** my Mexican se... what?? Shut up! My chips!

Scott ignores him entirely, and though a simple boy who may or may not have enough brain cells to qualify as 'human', he is much stronger than the crewman, and so... the man's shoulders slump and he gives up.

Scott turns, a smile on his face as he looks down at the chips and eats another one. He makes an 'MMMMM' noise and examines the bag again as he walks away.

Scott Hunter:

Salsa Verde chips. Who knew? I just love this bag. I wonder what the Spanish word for green is??

COMMERCIAL: SPOTLIGHT

TITANES FAMILIA vs. WILD LOGAN BARRY, NATHAN CROSS & JEFF NESS

DDK:

What an opportunity that we're going to have on Maximum DEFIANCE! Titanes Familia - Uriel Cortez, Titaness and Killjoy -- will be taking on a trio of veritable DEFIANCE legends! Mikey Unlikely, Kendrix... and SCOTT DOUGLAS! We saw Douglas come to the aid of the Hollywood Bruvs, who for weeks, have been outnumbered by the Familia!

Lance:

Indeed! For several shows, Titanes Familia have seemingly had the number of the Bruvs by virtue of the numbers game, but now Scott Douglas -- the very same Scott Douglas that was once sent packing from DEFIANCE three years ago by losing a match to then-FIST of DEFIANCE Mikey Unlikely -- now teams up.

DDK:

All over social media for the past two weeks, Uriel Cortez has made it no secret that he has given Scott Douglas a chance to back out of this match or meet the same fate as the Bruvs. We know they're in the house and no response has been given, but right now... we got to six-man tag team action now!

The camera goes to Darren Quimbey in the ring for introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a six-man tag team match set for one fall! Already in the ring, at a combined weight of 660 pounds... they are the team of **NATHAN CROSS, JEFF NESS AND WILD LOGAN BARRY!**

The three BRAZEN stars stand tall in the ring. Nathan Cross, the young blue chipper at 6'4" and 240 pounds, the brawler Logan Barry at 5'10" and 220 pounds and the Earthbound cosplayer Jeff Ness at 5'11" and 200 lbs.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents...

*Father, father, unforgivable, This is my house, you made it personal
It's always trouble when they go too far! Nobody mess with my familia*

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

Three gold spotlights shine on stage, left to right. In the left in brand new gear stands Titaness. Gold-tinted sunglasses, a golden hood, black top and pants with the "Familia" logo written down the leg and wielding a golden weightlifting chain. In the right spotlight, the MONSTROUS form of a masked monster, black long hair, crowd and tree tattoos wearing torn jeans and a sleeveless shirt... and a gold "Familia" belt buckle. And in the center, the tallest figure with gold-tinted sunglasses, black vest, pants and gloves.

Darren Quimbey: At a combined weight of EIGHT-HUNDRED NINETY-ONE... They are the team of **"THE GOOD SON" KILLJOY!** The Mother of Suplexes... Breaker of Backs... Baroness of Big Boots... Bringer of Bombs... She is **"THE PRETTY POWERFUL" ... TITANESS!** And **"THE MAN OF THE HOUSE" URIEL CORTEZ ... TITANES FAMILIA!**

The trio of powerful forces head toward the ring. Titaness saunters to the ring with the massive Killjoy right behind her, paying no mind to the jeering crowd. Uriel Cortez walks even slower behind them, looking down at the camera in front of him.

Uriel Cortez:

I hope you can hear me, Scott... what's gonna happen to them is what's gonna happen to YOU if you don't end this...

Titaness is helped onto the apron by both Uriel and Killjoy and she flexes for the jeering Faithful. Killjoy and Uriel Cortez both pull themselves up onto the apron by grabbing the top rope, and then climbing into the ring. The Familia

stay in place.... Then it's Titaness who lands the first blow by pump kicking Jeff Ness' face right off as the bell rings!

DING DING

Killjoy follows right behind her by shoving Nathan Cross out of the ring! Wild Logan Barry goes at Killjoy and jumps at him, but he gets leveled with a big charging clothesline. Uriel hasn't even removed his glasses and simply opts to climb over the ropes and rest firmly in his corner while his wife and the surrogate son of Titanes Familia go on the attack!

Lance:

This match is starting with a two-on-three assault! That sounds like a handicap match, but the handicap isn't in regards to Titanes Familia!

DDK:

Force! Straight-ahead force by these monsters! Killjoy defeated Kendrix one-on-one and since then, these three have looked unstoppable.

Uriel leans over the ropes and watches as Killjoy grabs Wild Logan Barry, the legal man. He grabs the brawler from Kansas and hoists him up into what looks like an atomic drop before simply **THROWING** him across the ring with a big releasing slam!

DDK:

Goodness! What a throw! What a throw by Killjoy! This monster has been completely unstoppable in that ring since aligning himself with Uriel Cortez and Titaness!

Lance:

That he has! This is the only two-time BRAZEN Champion in history and he's showing what has made him such a force to be reckoned with.

Killjoy seemingly nudges Logan Barry silently, almost daring Nathan Cross to make the tag as he gets on the ring apron. The tallest member of the BRAZEN trio - much to his surprise, leaps down and tags himself in! He climbs into the ring and ducks underneath a clothesline by Killjoy, only to eat a high-elevation dropkick! The blow staggers Killjoy back as Nathan gets on his feet!

DDK:

Nathan Cross is the only member of his team left standing! A former BRAZEN Star Cup holder, this kid has a world of promise!

Lance:

But he's gotta survive this match with Titanes Familia if he wants to fulfill any of it!

With Killjoy stunned in the corner, he charges again and hits a big stinger splash that rocks the monster! He points a finger in the air and tells the crowd that he's gonna go for one more! He runs across the ring and tries to take the fight to Killjoy, but The Good Son of Titanes Familia moves. Cross manages to leap all the way to the top rope and then shifts direction to try and hit an impressive springboard crossbody off the top rope...

BUT HE'S CAUGHT BY KILLJOY FIRST!

The Faithful GASP collectively as he catches the 240-pound Cross in his arms before he shifts him into an inverted headlock position and then **DRIVES** a massive forearm right in between his chest, driving him to the mat!

DDK:

That was insane! I thought Cross was gonna take down this monster, but Killjoy used that power of his! He's got Nathan Cross down with that sledgehammer-like blow to the chest!

Lance:

I think Titanes Familia are ready to wrap things up!

Killjoy reaches over and makes a tag to Titaness! She climbs into the ring, followed immediately by wagging a finger at Uriel for a kiss.

Uriel Cortez and Titaness:

GLUE-KISS!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

For weeks, Uriel and Titaness have been ripping off The Hollywood Bruv's signature fist bump, the Gluefist! And they seem prime to keep the Glue-Kiss apparently!

After Titaness and Uriel exchange PDA, Titaness turns as Killjoy picks Nathan Cross up, only for Titaness to hit the ropes and land the Pretty Striking spear to take down the big blue chipper!

DDK:

Pretty Striking! The same spear that befell Kendrix a few weeks ago after his match with Killjoy! But... wait, look at Jeff Ness!

Lance:

What's he doing?!

Cross is down, but as Titaness and Killjoy try and pose in the ring, they don't see Jeff Ness reach in and tag himself in! The Earthbound cosplayer shifts his red cap backwards and then climbs into the ring again! He runs at Titaness, who sees him coming! She sidesteps! He charges and then hits Uriel Cortez with a running forearm to the chest! Cortez barely registers the shot, but Ness turns around and shouts out "PK FIRE!"

Lance:

Oh, what has this kid done, Darren?

Uriel still hasn't even removed his sunglasses, but reaches for a tag from Titaness. Uriel climbs over the ropes and when Jeff Ness finally turns around... **URIEL RUNS HIM OVER WITH A RUNNING CROSSBODY!**

OOOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

Uriel talked to me earlier today! He said he was looking to use this new move! Father Knows Press!

Uriel completely smothers Ness with the running crossbody and simply lays on top of Ness with all his weight. The three-count is academic.

One.

Two.

Three.

DING DING DING

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

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **TITANES FAMILIA!**

Papa Tez sits up and gets up to his knees, looking down at Ness with a look of "that boy crazy" before he gets back to his feet. Uriel stands up to his feet and then motions for Killjoy to get Ness out of the ring. He grabs him and then presses the kid over his head before **HURLING** him out of the ring, directly on top of Wild Logan Barry outside!

DDK:

That's an emphatic victory by Titanes Familia! And... uh-oh, Uriel wants a microphone.

Once Uriel receives a microphone from ringside, The Man of the House motions for the music to go quiet. Once it fades out, Uriel isn't even breathing hard after making one move all match long.

Uriel Cortez:

I celebrated Father's Day this past week with the only two people that I care about in this whole world... my lovely wife, Titaness...

She blows Uriel a kiss and smiles.

Uriel Cortez:

And our great bundle of joy... Killjoy!

Killjoy remains stoic with his arms folded.

Uriel Cortez:

But I still ended that day feeling insulted. SCOTT DOUGLAS...

A HUGE cheer from The Faithful!

Uriel Cortez:

I have given you multiple, VERY public warnings about the consequences of you coming back to get involved in Familia business. What's happening right now between Titanes Familia and The Hollywood Bruvs was between us, but somewhere along the way... missing three years in DEFIANCE made you lonely. It made you itch. It made you jones to come back. So for that, I've tried to give you all the passes I can... but radio silence from you in return.

The Man of the House concludes his statement.

Uriel Cortez:

I'm gonna find you backstage, Scott... and we're gonna have a little dialouge, you and I.

He throws the microphone away and the trio depart.

DDK:

Like we said before this match, we know they are in this building now... but what's gonna happen if Titanes Familia and the Hollywood Bruvs collide tonight?

Lance:

I don't know, but we know Scott Douglas! You've called many great matches of his and we know that none of them have ever involved him backing down from a fight!

COMMERCIAL: HALL OF FAME

Special Attention Pt 3

Jane Katze is on her cell phone.

We see Nicky Corozzo in the background talking to one of the DEFIANCE stagehands.

Nicky Corozzo:

... so yeah, s'not the first time I been dyed blue, believe it or not. Back in my old gig before workin' for Mr. White I handled bags that had dye packs in 'em all the time. I'll call my Uncle Vito, I think he has an old country remedy for gettin' this crap to come off. Goat milk. Goat shit. Somethin' from a goat, anyhow.

Nicky laughs at his own comment. The little old stagehand is listening intently to the terrifying giant whilst showing Nicky different kinds of solvents, trying to find anything to scrub off the blue dye Nicky and Jane are both still absolutely covered in.

Katze frowns deeply at the mention of goat shit across the room from her tag team partner.

She paces back and forth as she talks on the phone.

Jane Katze:

My outfit is just RUINED. Now Nicky's talking about filthy ethnic home remedies! I'm lucky her little TOY didn't blow my blasted leg off, Edward!

A muffled voice is heard on the other side of the phone.

Jane Katze:

I realize that. Much bigger fish. But these particular fish need to FRY.

Another muffled response.

Jane Katze:

Edward I don't ask you directly for things often. I take care of my own business as well as yours. But in this case I'm asking you to help me bring this CHILD back down to earth in the most embarrassingly public and violent way possible. This ridiculous brain-addled Sato and her two plebian helper monkeys need some special attention.

Murmur murmur.

She sighs a deep, long, exhausted sigh.

Jane Katze:

Yes, completely blue. In front of half the blasted crew in catering.

She looks behind her at Nicky rubbing what looks to be actual gasoline on his arm to no avail, the blue remains.

Jane Katze:

No, it's not coming off. We were made to look like utter fools.

The muffled murmuring gets a little more emphatic sounding.

A huge grin breaks out across Jane's blue face. She bites her lip in excitement.

Jane Katze:

Thank you, Mr. White. Thank you. I think that sounds *wonderful*, sir. You too, sir.

She hangs up, turns and heads over to where Nicky is splashing goddamn gasoline on his face like too much aftershave.

She nods to her seven foot tall counterpart with a sinister smile as we fade back to the commentation station.

TEACH ME HOW TO BRUVIE III

Backstage the Bruvs have once again exited stage left and redesigned the set. Now instead of a classroom, instead of a dressing room, the Hollywood Bruvs have staged a new set up. A trendy backstage lounge has been arranged, including neon lights pulsating to the music, plush seating, a mini bar, and more. Mikey now wears the Vest from the first appearance that spews fog around his midsection. Apparently to make him more mysterious and party-like. Upbeat music in the background changes often and a small disco ball spins overhead, the light bounces off and shines throughout the room.

A couple of stage hands mingle nearby, apparently they are extras in this scene of The Bruvs.

Scott Douglas can be seen on the plush couch, still wearing the oversized sunglasses, now sporting a sequined blazer. He's apparently embracing his inner Bruv, or tired of the constant nagging by his new tag team partners. Mikey is standing in front of Scott Douglas when we listen in, he's already giving instruction on the next lesson. Kendrix is nowhere to be seen at first.

Mikey Unlikely:

Alright Scott, final lesson for today, and we've got a lot of days to cover everything else, but this one is very important. This is Bruv Party Etiquette! First up, how to order a Bruv-tastic coffee. Remember it's not just coffee, it's a life changing experience!

Mikey hands Scott Douglas the menu with a list of elaborate fruffy coffee drinks. Each has a weird name featuring the word Bruv and description attached to it.

Mikey Unlikely:

Always...always....ALWAYS go for the Frapp, It's our signature drink. When ordering make sure you speak the right language, add a little flair, and get the best drink of your life. Like this...

Mikey walks up to the small mini bar set up and knocks three times on the top of the bar. From behind the bar, Kendrix pops up as if he had been filling the bar this entire time. JFK is wearing a white shirt, bow tie, and a black vest, looking very barista like in his approach. He dons a cap and leans across the bar toward Mikey.

Kendrix:

What'll it be sir?

Opting for a confident exaggerated posture, Mikey begins his order.

Mikey Unlikely:

Oh hello young man, what a striking and classy bow tie that is.

Kendrix:

Why thank you kind sir, it's a clip on.

Mikey hand signals to Scott to take note and write that down.

Mikey Unlikely:

I'll have the Triple Chocolate Frappe, with extra nuts, whip, sprinks, and 3 shots of espresso! Hold the Driz. Make it snappy, there Jesse, I've got places to go, strippees to see!

JFK immediately pulls the drink out in a flash as if it was ready made the whole time and places it on the bar in front of his customer.

Mikey looks over to Douglas and shrugs like "See how easy that was!?"

Scott shakes his head and stands up, he walks over to the "Barista".

Scott Douglas:

I'll have the Bruvtastic Volcano Frapp, hold the peanut butter sauce, the crispy chocolate bits, the whipped cream, the chocolate syrup, and the cherry on top.... Oh and no cream or milk.

Kendrix writes all this down, then looks at it confusingly.

Kendrix:

He took out all the good bits.... It's just black coffee Mikey... ITS JUST BLACK COFFEE!

Kendrix begins to sob into his own hands. Mikey whips an arm around his best Bruvs shoulder and consoles him. He glares at Douglas.

Mikey Unlikely:

Now you see what you've done? You got some 'splainin to do!

JFK is able to collect himself after a minute. He takes a deep breath and clears his throat.

Kendrix:

SWITCH!

The pair switch sides, now it's Mikey on the service side of the bar.

Kendrix:

OK Scott, the next lesson is Alcohol. At any club, strippee soiree, or party you need to know your drinks if anyone is going to respect you. No one likes someone boring.

Mikey nods along although he's supposed to be in character. Kendrix turns to Mikey.

Kendrix:

I'll have a Bruv-tini please, handsome barkeep!

Mikey Unlikely:

Ah good choice sir, now that includes Vodka, Cranberry juice, a sliced cucumber, and a splash of glitter.

JFK smiles wide.

Kendrix:

PERFECT! Always choose something that stands out, everyone is going to ask you about your glitter drink! Remember, confidence is key.

Mikey Unlikely:

And remember if anyone offers you a boring drink, like a beer, or a scotch, you say...

Mikey and Kendrix in unison:

NO THANK YOU, ILL STICK WITH MY BRUVTINI!

Scott nods and takes a sip of the mocktail handed to him by Kendrix. He spits it out quickly.

Scott Douglas:

This isn't alcohol...

Mikey Unlikely:

Well of course not, we're on the job, Scott! What do you think this is? A promo from a rich guys house? We don't drink

on the job, especially when we're being entrusted with educating our youth!

Mikey points to Douglas when he says youth. Douglas realizes both of his lips are now coated in glitter. He struggles to wipe them off fast enough. He begins to cough.

Scott Douglas:

Guys, I appreciate what you're trying to do. I really do. I love the energy and the commitment you guys are putting into making me fit into your team. But let's be honest, there's only two Hollywood Bruvs ... and there's only one Scott Douglas.

Kendrix:

But but but...we've got to be on the same page!

Mikey worriedly nods along.

Scott Douglas:

No one will ever be on your page, guys. But what I do know is at MAXDEF, we fight together as brothers.

Scott holds his out his fist.

Mikey and Jesse look to one another and then back to Douglas.

The Hollywood Bruvs extend their fists in unison for the three way gluefist. The trio share a knowing nod and now the only thing left is to bring it at MAXDEF.

As the vignette fades to black JFK can briefly be heard;

Kendrix:

See ... no actual glue!

Cut back to the arena as the DEFIANCE Faithful of Miami roar at the prospect of seeing the Hollywood Bruvs and DEFIANCE's Favorite Son team up at Maximum DEFIANCE.

SIDE BY SIDE

DDK:

That warning by Titanes Familia before the commercial break... that was something and we know they're still in the building, but right now, we're switching gears. Up next, we have a quick side-by-side interview that will be taking place. For the past few weeks, we have seen the former FIST of DEFIANCE Dex Joy mix it up with one of DEFIANCE's rising stars, Punch Drunk Purcell.

Lance:

And boy, have we, Darren. Twice now, these two behemoths have locked horns and both times, these two men have treated The DEFIANCE Faithful with pure FIGHTS!

Stills play from the conclusion of their first match on DEFtv 203 when Dex Joy hits the Dexy's Midnight Runner, sending both he and Punchy flying through a barricade!

Lance:

It was DEFtv 203 when Dex Joy hit the shoulder tackle called Dexy's Midnight Runner! That first match ended in a double countout, but both men continued to fight after the bell!

Now stills play from some of the highlights of the rematch on DEFtv 204.

DDK:

It was two weeks ago on DEFtv 204 when Purcell and Joy met in the ring again. Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell took the fight to one another again! Purcell actually scored with the Punch Drunk Love...

But a still now shows Dex's foot landing just under the bottom rope!

DDK:

Had it not been for a foot under the bottom rope, no doubt in my mind that Punch Drunk Purcell would have done what very few men have done in DEFIANCE and pin Dex Joy. But the match continued until Purcell tried to hit the Punch Drunk Love a second time...

Footage plays of the INCREDIBLE hurricanrana counter from the 308-pound Dex, rolling Purcell into a hurricanrana pin and the three-count!

Lance:

And with that, Christie Zane conducted a side-by-side interview with both men earlier this afternoon.

EARLIER TODAY

The camera switches to a well-lit room with Christie Zane sitting on a chair in the middle. To her left, Dexy Baby himself is clad in a gold and blue tracksuit with the "Big Dex Energy" emblazoned on a small corner of the top. In the chair to her right, Punch Drunk Purcell is dressed in a sleeveless athletic black shirt, yellow shorts and yellow sneakers.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for joining me tonight here on DEFtv. I'm here with two men who are certainly no strangers to one another. After two VERY physical matches between you two, we have a third that will take place at Maximum DEFIANCE and I wanted to get your thoughts about where you're both at leading into this match.

Dex starts.

Dex Joy:

Before we do, Christie...Nice duds, pally. Yellow's one of my colors, too.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Yeah, keep running your mouth.

Dex Joy: [smirking]

Oh, we'll get there, Punchtofer. Let's let Christie do her thing before we do though, kay?

Christie turns to both men.

Christie Zane:

Indeed. This match for the both of you is a big one. Let's start with Punch Drunk Purcell. You've been with DEFIANCE and BRAZEN for about a year now and you've done a lot of amazing things in that time. You hold the record for longest-reigning BRAZEN Onslaught Champion. Tag Party V winner with Pat Cassidy. You make your DEFtv debut by pinning "The Socialite" Ed White. You lived what some might call the American dream by punching out Scotty Flash!

Dex Joy:

I'll give it to him, that was pretty hilarious.

Christie Zane:

You defeated Alvaro de Vargas in your first match as a main roster star and roll right into this series of matches with Dex Joy, one of the top stars in this company. What kind of pressure are you feeling going into Maximum DEFIANCE right now?

Punchy looks at Christie.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Christie, you're right. I've done a whole hell of a lot in the short time I've been with this company. Them trips to the pay window have been pretty kind to me... but I ain't stoppin' and I'm not restin' on any of that shit. Whether it was boxing, MMA, BRAZEN or DEFIANCE... the most important thing in front of me is the next thing I'm doing. And the next thing I'M doing?

He turns towards Dex.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

...is pinning YOU at Maximum DEFIANCE.

Dex Joy:

And how'd THAT go for you last time, huh?

Punch Drunk Purcell:

You got saved by the rope or you KNOW I'd have pinned you.

Before Dex can add his response, Christie jumps in.

Christie Zane:

Hey, hey. Need I remind you that because of you fighting two weeks ago, you've been told by management to be civil for this interview.

Punchy nods to Christie.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Tell HIM that.

Dex Joy:

Sir ... I wil have you know I am civil! I'm Mr. Civil! You can call me Civil Shepherd for all I care. I only came here to talk like men before we beat the shinola out of each other like men!

Christie Zane:

And that brings me to you. What does this match mean to you and where you are right now in your DEFIANCE career?

Dex looks across the space and turns towards Purcell.

Dex Joy:

Pally ... maybe you do believe and maybe you don't ... I DO respect what you can do. I respect someone coming in to this business trying to earn their way to the top, the right way, head on with your two fists working hard for it without shortcuts. You could have taken Ed White's money and instead, you bopped his button and he crumpled like paper. But we fight twice. I get my hand raised the second time we fight and when I shake your hand ... you don't get glad, you got mad and walked off.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

I told you why. Yeah, I was mad. I had your ass and you know it. Then when I came to apologize to you backstage, you were poppin' off at the mouth about how you beat me when you KNOW you were a ball hair away from ME beating YOU.

Punchy sits arms folded with Dex leaning in.

Dex Joy:

First off ... ball hair? Ew. Second ... aybe, pally ... you almost did beat me, but I got a little something I learned from grinding night in, night out cause I've been doing this a lot longer than you ... that's your first lesson, kid: ring awareness. Learn where you are at all times. I ...

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Nah... miss me with that bullshit. I ain't sittin' here listening to you try and "son" and "kid" me. I'm a grown-ass man WITH three kids I'm tryin' to feed and this KID almost beat your ass. Keep talkin' to me like one or might just stop being...

He quickly shoots a look at Christie, then back to Dex.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

...Civil.

Dex Joy:

You keep saying these words, Punchy ... almost beat me. Would have had me beat. That's your second lesson: FIST of no FIST, belt or no belt, I am still the guy to beat in DEFIANCE Wrestling! You found out what everyone else has over my career. I've made a hell of a career proving people wrong. I beat Oscar Burns three straight times on PPV. I beat Gage Blackwood in six minutes to win the Southern Heritage championship. I'm the only person in two damn years that pinned Lindsay Troy's smug ass and she still hasn't lived that down when she had everything in her favor.

Dex starts to stand up.

Dex Joy:

Dexy Baby has shed the weight and worked most of this fine, fine ass off to get where I am today! I didn't get there by rolling over for anyone who wanted the spot I wanted to be in. Anyone who wants to be on my level is gonna have to earn it. Anyone who wants my respect is gonna have to earn it.

Punchy stands up as well with Christie doing the same to try and keep the men from coming to blows.

Dex Joy:

I am not selling you short, Purcell. You have made me work through these fights we've had! You're a tough SAWB! Ifelt that damn right hand of yours and I'm pretty sure I couldn't chew right for days, but it takes a hell of a lot more than two really good hands to get to the top and it takes even more to stay there! I will teach you my final lesson at Maximum DEFIANCE in Puerto Rico with the lights on bright! That's where I thrive! And at the end of the night, I will

continue to offer my hand. But after I beat you a second time, will you be man enough to take it?

Dex puts his hand out and extends it to his hungry MAXDEF opponent. Purcell looks down at the hand... then back up at Dex.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Let me clear up something for YOU... I've done a lot in the little time I've been doin' this, but that don't mean I ain't educatin' myself further. I'm man enough to admit I'm new and that I've got plenty to figure out. I know that I'm man enough to square up with you. I'm MORE than man enough to learn from my past mistakes. Because I won't make the same mistake I made twice. I will FINALLY beat you, Dex...

He pushes Dex's hand away, only to put his own out.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

...then I'll ask you to shake MY hand... Pally.

Dex starts to take off the mic from his shirt and gets ready to scrap, with Purcell doing the same! DEFSec step into view and Christie Zane gets in between them.

Christie Zane:

Gentlemen! Gentlemen!

More smack talk continues between the two men as the scene fades out!

SURE YOU WANNA LEARN TO BRUVIE?

Scott Douglas is seen walking backstage, finally having a moment to breathe after becoming a learned man in the ways of the Bruv. Now, finally having a moment to himself, he is seen with his bag ready to leave for the night. He laughs to himself, as he walks along the back corridors of the arena.

Scott Douglas:[amused]

No glue...

DEFIANCE's Favorite Son is approaches a set of double doors, intending on making his exit.

Until one of the swings wide open first.

Scott jumps back slightly...

When the massive form of Uriel Cortez lurches through.

Uriel Cortez:

You're a hard man to get a hold of, Scott.

Scott responds as he adjust his gaze to meet Uriel's eyeline.

Scott Douglas:

Apparently not ...

Uriel looks disgusted as the giant now fully re-enters the building and stands in front of the door, not-so-subtly blocking the exit that Scott planned on walking through.

Uriel Cortez:

What... you got all the time in the world for The Hollywood Bruvs, but you not hearing one word I've typed at you in the past two weeks? Well, that's fine. I think it's only fitting that we talk to each other in person anyway.

Scott Douglas:

We don't have dick to talk about.

As Scott tries to leave, Uriel maneuvers himself again and stands in front of the door.

Uriel Cortez:

Oh, yes, we do. I know the Bruvs have been trying to indoctrinate you with their Bruv... ness, I guess. And I know somewhere deep inside, this has to be killing you.

Scott looks up and doesn't say anything.

Uriel Cortez:

It has to. That type of defeat you suffered at DEFCON... that STILL has to sting somewhere inside. And instead of getting revenge on the guy that cost you three years that you could have still been around all this... you probably would have been the FIST of DEFIANCE a few times over... but... wait...

Uriel snaps a finger.

Uriel Cortez:

You know what? Maybe I've been going about this whole thing wrong. Instead of threatening all over social media like most keyboard warriors, I should have approached you with common sense, so that's what I'm gonna do now, Scott. Think about this...

The Man of the House taps the side of his head.

Uriel Cortez:

You don't owe Mikey shit. He might have given the green light to get you reinstated in DEFIANCE... but he's also the guy that took three years from you in the first place. He's making you THINK you owe him something, but he only gave you your job back to make you feel better about himself to ease HIS conscience. He and Kendrix tried to screw over this promotion a few times before and if you take this match...

Scott tries to interject.

Scott Douglas:

Now, hold on ...

Uriel continues without even the slightest acknowledgement of interruption.

Uriel Cortez:

... they're gonna do it to YOU. So... let's bargain. You walk away now from a fight that wasn't yours to begin with... and we'll get payback for you. The Bruvs are a great tag team, I will give them that, but against Titanes Familia... they're hopelessly AND hilariously outgunned.

He moves out of the way of the door.

Uriel Cortez:

You're free and clear to leave. Just think about it.

Douglas' brow furrows and he looks like he a lot to say at he glares upward at Uriel Cortez.

Scott Douglas:

... *hmmph*

Instead, he says nothing of substance. He simply adjusts the strap of his duffel bag on his shoulder and exits the building.

Cortez follows behind but halts at the doorway and watches as the former SoHer disappears into the dark of the night. On a shot of The Man of House's massive back, we cut back to the arena.

DDK:

The plot thickens, Lance.

Lance:

Indeed, just as we thought the Hollywood Bruvs and Scott Douglas had found some common ground ... The Man of the House plants the seeds of doubt in DEFIANCE's Favorite Son's head. Is Scott's new found bond with the Bruv's strong enough to guarantee his corporation at MAXDEF or ...

DDK:

OR will the mind games of Uriel Cortez bear fruit for Titanes Familia?!

FAVORED SAINTS: TA COLE (C) vs. NED REFORM

To the announce table!

Lance:

Ladies and gentlemen... It is time for our main event.

DDK:

Not only that, Lance, but a match that may determine the SOHer bout at Maximum DEFIANCE. TA Cole has made it clear that should he earn a fourth victory tonight, he will be "cashing it" as it were to challenge Corvo Alpha at the big summer event.

Lance:

The big hiccup, of course, being WHO he defends it against... he's putting it on the line against his friend and mentor, Ned Reform. A man who has been uncharacteristically supportive of Cole's entire Favored Saints run.

DDK:

This should be interesting!

The shot shifts from the DEFIANCE dynamic announcing duo to an overhead shot of the Faithful. As the camera pans, the lights turn purple and...

"Beethoven's Fifth" by Cole Rolland

The fans begin to jeer as we hard cut to the entrance way where the reigning Favored Saints Champion, TA Cole, marches through the curtain. The championship belt is secured tightly around his waist. Cole wears a look of intensity as he pauses at the top of the ramp, hopping up and down and warming up.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is the MAIN EVENT and is for the DEFIANCE Favored Saints Championship! Introducing first, the champion... from Omaha, Nebraska and weighing in at 265 lbs... T! A! COOOOOLE!

DDK:

I'm told that there has been very little - if any - communication between Cole and Reform since this match was announced two weeks ago.

Lance:

Interesting to note that the champion is making his entrance first - not conventional. But maybe intentional?

As is his way, Cole marches to the ring with little pomp and circumstance. He enters the squared circle and unhooks the championship, handing it off to referee Benny Doyle before running the ropes. Doyle folds the championship and gives it to a ringside attendant as Cole's music fades out.

"Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The jeers pick up in intensity as The Good Doctor, The Sage on the Stage, The Pedagogue of Pain, The Mad Gadfly... Ned Reform appears on stage, dressed in standard purple singlet and with his yellow "AUTOS ALPHA" scarf around his neck. If Reform is feeling the moral weight of this match against a friend he sure ain't selling it - he is his usual arrogant and sauntering self as he meanders down the ramp, making eye contact and shaking his head in disappointment at the Miami Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

And the challenger... from New Haven, Connecticut and weighing in at 236 lbs... NED REEEEFORM!

Lance:

Fun fact: Levi Cole was Ned Reform's first ever opponent in DEFIANCE.

DDK:

These two are acting like nothing is wrong, but we might be seeing the dissolution of The Honor Society before our very eyes! I spoke to Weighted Grade earlier today, and they didn't seem to know what was going on between these two either!

Reform pauses on the apron, turning away from the ring and looking out into The Faithful with a smirk on his face. He holds it there for a moment before wiping his feet on the canvas and entering the ring. He doesn't even look at Cole, instead moving to his corner and beginning to warm up. For his part, TA Cole doesn't acknowledge The Good Doctor either.

DDK:

I think there's definitely some tension here!

Doyle holds the FS Championship high in the air as the crowd cheers. Cole jogs in place while Ned leans casually against the ropes. Doyle checks with both men, gets a pair of nods in return, and then hands off the belt before signaling for the bell!

DING DING!

As if charged with electricity, both Cole and Reform leap out of their corners. They lock eyes and begin to circle like two apex predators sizing each other up. Cole's face is intense - Reform is smirking. They maintain this dance for several rotations.

Lance:

Here's a question: could Ned's ego survive losing to his "pupil"?

DDK:

Could the Honor Society survive it?

Finally, the crowd POPS as the two break their circle and lock up in the middle of the ring! Cole gets the better of The Good Doctor, shooting him off the ropes! Reform hits the ropes and rebounds back, with Cole leapfrogging over him! Again, Reform hits the ropes, but this time on the rebound... Cole simply moves out of the way.

And Ned hits the ropes again.

And again.

And again.

.....and... again.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

By now, the crowd has figured it out.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, I believe we've been had.

In fact, Reform hits the ropes a whopping total of TWENTY times before he pauses... looks around the arena... and suddenly flat backs onto the canvas! Cole rushes to cover like his life depends on it, hooking the leg and looking frantic. Doyle shakes his head in annoyance and maybe disgust, but he has a job to do as he drops down to count...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

DDK:

THIS is your main event, folks.

Lance:

I agree that it's a farce... but Darren... think about what we just saw.

DDK (realizing):

...Ned laid down for TA Cole!

Cole is up, clutching his FS championship and nearly falling over in excitement as if he just won the FIST in the main event of DEFCON. Reform gets up to his knees, squinting his eyes at Doyle as he holds up the "was that three??" hand motion. Doyle shakes his head and doesn't dignify that with a response. Ned makes a very dramatic "awwww shucks" hand gesture before getting to his feet and embracing TA Cole in a touching hug.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Well, shenanigans aside, at least we now know a title bout for Maximum DEFIANCE! Not only did Cole win the Favored Saints Championship as his first DEFIANCE singles title, but now he's looking to take the BIG step for his career and potentially become SOHer!

Lance:

IF he can get by Corvo Alpha.

DDK:

Hold on... it looks like they've got something to say.

Indeed: in the ring, Ned Reform has procured a mic. He holds it up but then withdraws it as the jeers get too loud. He tries again... same result. Finally, there's a break in the boos, and he seizes his chance...

Ned Reform:

Ladies and gentlemen...

He turns to Cole.

Ned Reform:

And Levi. I just wanted to say...

Nope! Cole SNATCHES the mic out of The Sage on the Stage's hand!! The crowd lets loose an "OHHHHHHH" as Reform's eyes go wide. Cole begins to march around the ring as he speaks.

TA Cole:

No, Doc. Before you say anything, let me say this.

Cole steps right up so he and Ned are face-to-face.

TA Cole:

These past two months, you've offered your support. More support than maybe a guy like me deserves, Doc. I did it... I became a champion in DEFIANCE. After a decade in this company, I finally put MY name in the history books... and I couldn't have done it without you cheering me on the whole way.

The crowd isn't impressed, but Reform looks like he's tearing up.

TA Cole:

And now... to do what you just did... to sacrifice a win on your own professional record just so I can achieve my dreams... that... heck, that might be the nicest thing anyone has ever done for me.

Yeah, no question. Reform wipes a single tear away from the corner of his eye.

TA Cole:

Which is why... which is why I have to tell you this. TA Cole is many things: a great athlete, a loyal friend... and someday, I WILL be the SOHer.

A pause.

TA Cole:

... but not at Maximum DEFIANCE.

DDK:

What?

TA Cole:

Yeah. Now I want everyone to know we... I mean, I've checked this out. What I'm about to do is totally legit. It's never been done before, but it's legal according to the rule book. Ladies and gentlemen... I am not ready to face Corvo Alpha at Maximum DEFIANCE. I'm just not there yet. As a result... I am transferring my SOHer shot to my mentor and friend... DOCTOR NED REFORM!!

Oh my God the heat. It's gone nuclear. The crowd loses their SHIT as Reform is left speechless before embracing Cole in a hug.

DDK:

I... I don't know what to say.

Lance:

Was this the plan all along!? Is that why he's been so supportive!?

Ned breaks the hug and asks for the mic.

Ned Reform:

Levi... it takes a great man to carry a championship with honor as you have for the past few months. And it takes an even greater man to admit when he is out of his depth. I applaud you for this decision... and I want you to know this is a responsibility I take very seriously. I will NOT let you down!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Reform turns away from Cole to look into the camera. While Ned speaks, Cole is pumping his fist to put an exclamation mark on everything Reform says.

Ned Reform:

Mr. Alpha... for weeks I have warned you. The days of a snarling, grunting, Neanderthal Southern Heritage Champion are over. This company is far, far overdue for a figurehead that it can be proud of. You, Mr. Alpha, are about to step

into the lion's den.

DDK:

I... I'm legitimately shaken here. You're telling me that Cole defended the Favored Saints Championship... winning it from Butch Vic, defending against James, defending against Rezin... just so NED REFORM could walk in and get the shot??

Lance:

If this IS legal, I think DEFIANCE needs to close that loophole immediately...

Ned Reform:

In fact, Mr. Alpha, I would go as far as to say...

A murmur grows into a commotion, into all out upheaval. And suddenly, he has arrived. In a single smooth motion, he is through the last of the crowd and bounding over the railing.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

WAIT! LOOK!

Shirtless and in ragged black shorts, the savage leaps up onto the ring apron. His prize strapped around his waist like a pelt and a drying red streak spread across his chest, he holds up his left hand dripping with slick yellow paint high up into the air.

Lance:

CORVO ALPHA IS HERE!

Cole steps in front of Reform, who can't hide his shock and distress. Corvo glares at the pair before finally pulling the yellow mask of paint down across his face, starting at the forehead and tugging through his short, gnarled beard. When his eyes open again, they are dilated and unhinged.

DDK:

The "lion's den", indeed!

Alpha steps through the ropes, unstrapping the belt from his waist... And unleashes a ROAR.

Panicked, Reform desperately SHOVES TA Cole towards the beast!

DDK:

ALPHA CLUTCH!! ALPHA CLUTCH on Cole!!!

Remnants of yellow paint streak down Alpha's left arm and down Cole's shoulder and chest as Corvo sinks the hold in deeper. Eyes locked on Reform, Ned stumbles out of the ring and is quickly staggering backwards up the aisle.

Lance:

Ned Reform just SACRIFICED TA Cole to Corvo Alpha... moments after Cole HANDED him his title opportunity at MAXDEF!

Wrapping a leg around Cole's midsection, Alpha pulls the two of them crashing down to the canvas. Squeezing and scissoring the remaining air out of the student's lungs, Alpha screams as he applies more pressure across his victim's throat. Cole is limp and listless.

DEFsec and DEFmed stream down the aisle, brushing past a retreating Dr. Reform on the rampway. Before security can enter the ring, Alpha relents, releasing Cole. DEFmed slide into the ring and urgently attend to him as Alpha

scrambles up the turnbuckle.

"Children of the Grave" by Black Sabbath

He bellows defiantly, hoisting the mottled pink leather and it's silver into the air with a yellow hand. Staring Reform down with a scowl, Corvo Alpha calls for war.

Lance:

MAXDEF has just taken on a whole new complexion, Keebs! Say what you will, but that man-

At the top of the stage, Ned Reform sneers towards the ring, eyes flitting between the SOHer and the rabid fans. Always calculating, always deducing.

Lance:

-that man is one of the craftiest, most dangerous competitors in all of DEFIANCE. He has somehow bamboozled his way to a championship opportunity on pay-per-view without lifting a finger!

DDK:

It's true! But I can I just say that THAT man-

Alpha snarls, perched atop the turnbuckle. He lays the strap over his thick shoulder.

DDK:

-is on a TEAR! And he is PISSED!

Lance:

...it's gonna be good.

DDK:

And *THAT* guy? ...

Cole is still unconscious in the ring, surrounded by DEFmed.

Lance:

Oof.

DDK:

Well said, my friend! On that note, that's all for tonight! Fans, you can't afford to miss MAXIMUM DEFIANCE in just a few short weeks!

Lance:

It's gonna be HOT in PUERTO RICO!!! We'll see you there!

DDK:

Goodnight!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.