

PRESS CON OPEN NIGHT 1

The stream countdown ticks down to zero and the placeholder animation and elevator accompaniment give way to the DEFCON 2024 POST PAY PER VIEW Press Conference.

REZIN

The press room of the Crypto.com Arena is quiet, save for the din of subdued interpersonal chatter and the occasional clearing of a throat. The assembly of press attendees are seated in rows of folding chairs, facing a microphone-covered table set up before a DEFCON backdrop.

It doesn't take long for the first scheduled appearance to enter the scene, stepping out from behind the backdrop and immediately freezing like a deer in headlights.

Rezin:

OH... the PRESSCON... RIGHT...

He helps himself to a seat at the table.

Rezin:

And I TOTALLY remembered this, believe me... but um, yeah, what's crackin' gang?

The first volunteer from the press pool rises to his feet.

Reed Schwartzman:

Good evening, Rezin... I'm Reed Schwartzman of the Dropkick Digest. About the, um... "match"... is there anything you possibly could have done differently to withstand your opponent's offense?

The Goat Bastard thoughtfully scratches his beard for a moment before leaning into the mic.

Rezin:

I dunno, man... maybe I coulda put Busey in my place?

Lance Warner:

Rezin, do you attribute your loss tonight to ring rust or other factors?

Rezin:

That's a good question, Lance... and I gotta admit, I've been askin' that myself ever since I left the ring. Thought after all this time on the mend, I'd come burstin' outta the gate. Instead, I come stumblin'. Shit just ain't PUNK ROCK, if ya feel me... but I figure it just be that way sometimes. Gotta grind my way back into that good ol' dopesmokin' groove once more, know'm'sayin'?

SuperDEFFan64:

REZIN! MY MAN! SUPERDEFFAN64! Um... did you get too high before you went out there... or not high enough? And more serious question... what do you think it will take to get you out of this tail spin you have been in?

Rezin:

Ya know, man, erry time I think to myself, "There's no such thing as *TOO* high", I inebbitably find that yes, there is such a thing as too high. Like, tonight? Yeah, I was high as a fuck. Like, *SUPER* high as fuck. High as fuck enough that I think to myself, "Yeah, let's do this intro like they do in Eff-Eff-Seven. People will get that reference... RIGHT?!"

He miserably shakes his head.

Rich Lather:

Hi there, Rezin! Rich Lather, of the Rich Lather Times and I must say, I hate your name! Nothing curdles my teeth more than resin, soap scum, and mildew in my shower! That said, what kind of shower gel do you use? Do you even scrub hard in the shower after a long night in the ring? Do tell.

Rezin:

Okay, I *will* tell, cause as it turns out, contrary to popular opinion, the ol' Goat Bastard actually *DOES*

--occasionally--bathe, and when I do, I rock me some mean green Irish Spring.

Yannick Fillimore:

Hi, let's talk 4/20. Thinking DEFCON should forever be held on 4/20. Thoughts?

Rezin:

Hmm... well I mean, I'm for it, but like... do y'all really think I need to be *more* high than I already usually am? DEFCON falls on 4/20, I'm liable to get a lil brash. Might come out to Sleep's "Dopesmoker". Make errybuddy sit through all sixty-three minutes of it. Ya pickin' up what I'm pukin' down here?! It's GLOVES OFF on Fo'-Twenny!!

Scott Hunter: *(with his hair slicked back and wearing thick black horn-rimmed glasses like a reporter)*

Hello, it is nice to meet you. Just kidding, I beat you last show. In retrospect, do you wish you had showered before the show because most of my ring gear has yellowed just from coming into contact with you, also get a haircut.

The Escape Artist groans and rolls his eyes.

Rezin:

Ugh... ya know what, Scott? Maybe try eatin' a bag of dicks, yeah?

The sound of chair legs scraping against the floor pierces the room. Hunter pops to his feet and promptly advances on the stage.

Rezin:

Oh shucks... SHUCKS!!

Rezin scrambles from his seat a mere few inches away from Scott's swiping hand, and the Goat Bastard escapes by throwing himself headlong into an open wastebasket.

SCOTT HUNTER

As the time with Rezin ends, Scott Hunter walks up to the table and sits behind it, looking out at the assembled reporters on the scene. He then slowly removes his glasses and waits for everyone's shocked expressions and gasping sounds to fade. There were no shocked expressions and gasping sounds.

Reed Schwartzman:

Good evening and congratulations, Scott. I don't think many of us in this room expected the kind of relentless in-ring performance out of you we saw tonight. If you don't mind me asking, what was your motivating factor?

Scott Hunter:

Unfortunately, I had put a Red Baron classic crust pepperoni pizza in the oven and then forgot I had a match. So I ran out as quickly as I possibly could and beat the stinky goat man quickly so my pizza would not burn. Good news, it did not. Bad news, I ate all of it in one sitting and I now have the indigestions. It's okay though, it was worth it because it was delicious. Thank you Red Baron.

SuperDEFFan64:

HELLO! SuperDEFFan64 here! Scott Hunter, what a dominating win! Do you think that you'll be competing for titles in DEFIANCE soon?

Scott Hunter:

I already had a shot at the FIST. That word is in capital letters, so that is why I yelled it just now. I would enjoy having another shot at a major championship, or perhaps a minor one, whichever works best, just as soon as I possibly can. I am on a one-match winning streak, so I feel like I have earned that opportunity.

Rich Lather:

Rich Lather of The Young and The Lathered. Hi. Scott, what message do you have for the rest of the DEFIANCE locker room that might want a piece of someone as dangerous as yourself?

Scott Hunter:

I just thought of an image in my head that you can see above. This is a very meta answer to your question.

Yannick Fillimore:

Love the Band-Aid spot, can't help but think you're underutilized here. Your thoughts?

Scott Hunter:

I cannot agree more! What does underutilized mean??

Yannick Fillimore:

Uh... it means you should get more opportunities and maybe be highlighted on the shows a little more.

Scott Hunter:

Oh okay good. I was worried it meant something bad. Okay yes, I cannot agree more. I am underutilized, and also, I am not being used to my full potential, maybe three-fourths of my potential, or eighty percent on a good night, and sixty-two percent on a bad night. I would like more good nights. Yes, please use me more, thank you.

As he is given the signal that his portion of the press conference is over, Scott picks up his glasses and places them back onto his face, then tries to sneak back into the crowd of reporters without being seen. Everyone sees him. They all look at him for a few moments and a good number of them grunt in annoyance at his stupidity. He gets a very serious expression on his face and prepares to ask a question of the next person.

COACH BILLINGSLEY

Coach Billingsley smiles at everyone as he walks in and has a seat at the table.

Coach Billingsley:

Feels like a post game press conference or something. Haha.

Reed Schwartzman:

Welcome, Coach. Many of us have been eager to hear from you since you arrived in DEFIANCE. I'm wondering, what sort of plans and aspirations do you have leading into the MAXIMUM DEFIANCE cycle of events?

Coach Billingsley:

Gosh dang. It's been a long time since I thought about future plans, ya know? Uh, I don't know, man. I just want to build off my previous performance, stick to my fundamentals, develop, you know. Be a locker room guy. Yeah. That sounds right.

Scott Hunter:

Hello Mr. Billingsley, please say hello to your mother, Barbara for me. Secondly, have you ever coached 7th-grade curling because you look like you could be good at that? Finally, where is your whistle? Okay, thanks.

Coach Billingsley:

Haha, dang man. You're funny. Well, my mama will be happy to hear she got acknowledged. I've never coached curling. Not all that familiar with the sport. I'm from California. Not a lot of ice. We only break the brooms out if we sweep a series out that way. Haha. The whistle? Well, it's been retired since uh... since... yeah.

SuperDEFFan64:

Coach! SuperDEFFan64, Webmaster and BRAZEN Recapper General! After having seen the splendor that such a huge event like DEFCON brings, what are you gonna do to make sure that you are on next year's card?

Coach Billingsley:

I can't think that far ahead, bud. I just gotta keep my head down and keep working. We'll get where we wanna go.

Yannick Fillimore:

Really thinking you'd make a fine group with Teri Melton, Max Luck and Brock Newbludd. Your thoughts.

Coach Billingsley:

I'm not super familiar with those guys, but if they're the kinds of guys that are the first ones in, last ones to leave, dedicated to their craft, dedicated to winning, loyal to their teammates, honest in their work? Then I'd tend to agree with you.

As no more questions roll in, Billingsley looks slightly confused.

Coach Billingsley:

That everything?

...

Coach Billingsley:

Awesome. Thanks y'all.

Coach Billingsley stands to his feet, walks away from the table, as a coach does when they finish a presser.

BOXWOOD: BRONSON BOX & GAGE BLACKWOOD

"Boxwood" enters the room. Both men tidied up and dressed in their street clothes.

Reed Schwartzman:

Congratulations tonight, gentlemen. You guys worked like an absolute unit out there. I'm interested to know, what's the secret to your team synergy?

Bronson leans back in his chair and crosses his arms, giving Gage a sideways glance as though to wordlessly say "go ahead."

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, I think we have a mutual hatred for all things associated with Malak Garland. This was a clear message to him: Bronson and I aren't going to take what he did to us lying down. Bates and Ames were crushed.

Box nods along as we move into the next question.

Lance:

Bronson, what's next for Boxwood after this impressive victory?

The Original DEFIANT smiles to himself, he then looks over at Gage and claps him on the shoulder.

Bronson Box:

Gage and I aren't quite done makin' DEFIANCE history together, are we boy'o?

Gage confidently nods to the affirmative.

Gage Blackwood:

You want the full answer? Bronson is going to seek revenge on Malak Garland. I still need to find out who paid the Lucky Sevens to take me out two years ago.

Blackwood chuckles.

Gage Blackwood:

A lot of clues pointing to it being the same guy Bronson wants revenge on.

Back to fielding questions.

Lance:

Gage, you seemed to have a moment of reflection after the match. Can you share what was going through your mind?

Gage Blackwood:

I wouldn't want to cross paths with Bronson Box right now, aye. That's what I was reflecting. Thankfully he's on my team.

Blackwood leans back in his chair.

Scott Hunter:

Hello Bronson, I have some questions that my very good friend Dan Ryan wanted me to ask you, and by very good friend I mean he threatened to kill me if I did not ask. Question number one, are you happy that Ringling Brothers is back to doing shows again and if so, how many of your relatives are participating? Question number two, are you still dumb? Question number three, who is that? (points at Gage Blackwood) And finally Question number four, what is that? (points at Bronson) Thank you.

Boxer is unphased. He gives a sniff as he rubs his nose, sighing.

Bronson Box:

The low hanging comedy fruit of my dear old friend Dan Ryan. I'd say it's been an age, but I've heard the exact same irreverent japes dribble from the mouths of Troy and the rest of her goons and hangers-on since I've been back. This xeroxed sense of humor you all share with little Ms. Troy and that pimple on her ass she's so proud of, the one that USED to be Henry Keyes... God above is it all so tired. Scott, my boy, you go on back to Dan and tell him if he wants to do anything other than read from the official Vae Victis joke book I'd actually love to have a nice long chat about the old days.

His eyes flicker from the question asker to the camera.

Bronson Box:

Dan! When you're done smackin' around that poor man's Eugene Dewey, look me up... I'm ALWAYS game to reconnect with old mates.

Another question to field.

SuperDEFFan64:

BOXWOOD! THE DREAM TEAM! Are you thinking of making a play for the Unified Tag Team Titles with a win like that out there?

Box claps Gage on the shoulder again, completely ghosting the last question.

Bronson Box:

Listen lads... everything Gage and I have to say about our future's gonna be said on DEFtv.

Boxer turns to his tag team partner with a strange little smile.

Bronson Box:

Ain't that right, boy'o? Big days ahead. Big fookin' days.

Bronson Box smiling is still a slightly unnerving sight.

He waves to the cameras on his way out of the room like some sort of campaigning politician.

Bronson Box:

We're only gettin' started, folks!

The ever odd Bombastic Bronson Box then turns on his heels and leaves Gage alone with the gaggle of reporters. A moment of confusion at his partner's sudden exit brushed off, Blackwood refocuses on the task at hand.

Rich Lather:

Uhhhh, ummmm, Rich Lather of The Lathered Inquirer. Gage, you and Bronson passed Teresa around like a bar of soap. Luckily, neither of you dropped it, oh I mean her. What impresses you about your strength and do you think an old school fighter like Bronson Box is stronger?

Gage Blackwood:

It's great to learn from a legend. Aye, THE legend of DEFIANCE. I don't have much more to add on that. It's always nice to send your ex packing.

One final question, as Blackwood looks over into the back of the room.

Yannick Fillimore:

Gage you and your partner there are both over the hill and in need of a fresh coat of paint. Have you two considered wrestling anywhere else? HOW, maybe?

Gage rolls his eyes, stands up and exits stage right, as if insinuating through body language nothing other than DEFIANCE would be an option.

URIEL CORTEZ

Uriel Cortez now stands at the dais drinking water from a jug he brought with him. He drops the jug on the table.

Uriel Cortez:

All right, bring 'em. I got family shit to do after this.

He points over to Reed Schwartzman first.

Reed Schwartzman:

Hello, Mr. Cortez... I was just curious to know why, in those final minutes of the match, you opted to forego any pinfall attempts, instead pushing for a referee stoppage?

Uriel Cortez:

That was a message. Mil... I loved him. I've made that no secret. But... he's stubborn. He's headstrong. Pinning him wasn't gonna be enough. I had to send him a MESSAGE. That I will DESTROY him. And if he crosses me... if there is a next time... no referee will stop me. Message sent to him and this roster: you don't fuck with me. I'm dangerous. Next question.

Lance:

How did your long history and close friendship with Mil Vuelas impact your mindset during the match, especially when you found yourself delivering such a punishing performance to someone you were once so close to?

Uriel Cortez:

I never wanted any of this, Lance. HE chose to challenge me tonight. HE chose to get in my business after I gave him one chance to go our separate ways when he made it clear he wanted nothing to do with the Familia that did NOTHING but protect him. And I'll be honest... I dropped him again and again and fucking again... and when I was awarded the victory... I didn't feel anything. No joy. No anger. Just... nothing. That's what he is to me now. And Mil... I'll speak directly to you...

He looks directly at the camera.

Uriel Cortez:

What I did to Thomas Keeling and what I did to you tonight brought me nothing. I'm done with you... Put this behind you. Use it to make something of yourself. Live out your DEFIANCE career on your own like you always wanted to and do it away from me and Mi Familia. Cause if you don't... I will END YOU. For good. Next question.

Scott Hunter:

Hello, do you find that it is difficult to explain to people why you wanted to be the first little mermaid to conquer the Aztecs? Also, why did you do that? Also, when did you do that? Also, how? Also, where? Also can you sing "Under the Sea" in Spanish?

The Man of the House stares down at Hunter.

Uriel Cortez:

...You're a fucking idiot. And he just ruined this for the rest of you. One more question and I'm done.

Scott Hunter: (looking at Lance Warner sadly)

I liked him better when the sea witch took his voice.

SuperDEFFan64:

URIEL CORTEZ! FELLOW BIG MAN LIKE ME! That ending beatdown was SICK! What's next for you and the rest of Titanes Familia?!

Uriel Cortez:

That one is simple... Gold. Barring that... bodies. Despite all that we've done to PCP and despite all I've done to Mil, maybe some people aren't getting the message. Some people aren't REALLY paying attention to what Titanes Familia are doing over here... so pretty soon, we'll be reminding people. In a big way. We've already got our next targets in mind and you're all gonna learn that DEFIANCE has a new Man of the House.

He scans the press pool.

Uriel Cortez:

Familia First.

The big man leaves the dais and the conference room quickly and takes his water jug with him.

THE ATOMIC PUNKS (Little Boy and Fat Man) & Dr. Ayumi Sato

Amid a rise of murmurs from the press, two men in face paint and singlets slowly make their way towards the table; the recently-victorious Atomic Punks, Little Boy and Fat Man, have arrived. They show very little emotion, their only interaction being the occasional look towards each other.

That is, until a certain mad scientist dashes past them, giggling all the way to the press table and the central microphone, where she sits with a devilish grin from ear to ear as she opens with an overdramatic, almost singsongy...

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

GREETINGS, PUNY MORTALS!!! I stand before you, TRIUMPHANT, alongside MY Atomic Punks, fresh off a successful DEFCON debut!

As she says this, Little Boy and Fat Man sit on either side of her, a look of amusement on each of their faces.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

As such, the first step has been taken in establishing The Age of Sato, and everyone in this wrestling industry GROVELING at my feet!

The mad scientist flashes a toothy grin and raises her hands in victory, before cackling in delight for a few moments, until she looks ahead of her, into the crowd.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Hmm? Uhhh, the groveling? Can we get to that now or...

A beat.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Eh, I guess we should slowly establish these routines, huh? Fair enough. Anyway! I am aware some of you have questions, so let's hear 'em.

Reed Schwartzman:

Dr. Sato, welcome officially to DEFIANCE. What sort of, um... training regimen do you administer to your team?

The scientist beams with delight at this question as she pulls what appears to be a large, overstuffed binder from underneath the table.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Oh, I thought you would never ask! Little Boy and Fat Man here are subject to an *intense* regimen of training that caters to their strengths; Fat Man is trained to best utilize his bulk and raw power, and Little Boy makes use of his blatant disregard of himself and others!

Little Boy chuckles as he lifts a leg onto the table and slams his heel on top...

SHNK

...which makes a short blade pop out from the toe of his boot.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Also, the rules. Next?

Scott Hunter:

Hello. First please do not get too close as I do not want radiation poisoning. Have you seen Chernobyl? That was a good show—my last question is, where is the best place to get sushi in Hiroshima? I will be there in three weeks for an anime convention. Okay, thanks.

Dr. Sato stares at Hunter with cold contempt.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

One, I'm a vegetarian. Two, I have not been back to Japan in some time. And three, I wouldn't want to get too close, as I do not want to catch your brain worms. Next!

SuperDEFFan64:

Dr. Sato! Congratulations on the win! ATOMIC PUNKS! Welcome to the big time! In the battle of magic versus science, how do you think Science prevailed on this day?!

Our fearless leader smiles warmly at SuperDEFFAN64 and holds her hand to her chest in the classic "aw, shucks" gesture. Little Boy and Fat Man themselves turn to the top fanboy and give respectful nods and thumbs ups.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Thank you so much, SuperDEFFAN64, I know you have been one of our top supporters since the days in BRAZEN, and I want you to know it is appreciated. Now, to answer your question; Little Boy and Fat Man prevailed because unlike the flashy magicians, they were not too concerned with making a spectacle of themselves, caring far more about victory. It also helps that the Atomic Punks were lead along by a woman with, shall we say, loftier ambitions.

She chuckles a bit.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

With proper respects to Ms. Suzie, of course. Next!

Yannick Fillimore:

Do you think you went light on vignettes? I do. I think you should've had about three years of them and then never delivered a follow-up. Your thoughts.

Dr. Sato makes a "...really?" kind of face and is Curt with her answer.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Where the hell do you think we are, Connecticut?

She then turns to the press with a big, beaming smile.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Alright, I believe that is as much time as I can spare this evening; I must return to my laboratory and continue my research in making an army with which I will take over professional wrestling and, who knows... perhaps **the world itself!** Until then...

She smirks and makes a short, firm wave to the press, before signing off with a high, peppy...

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Toodles~!

THE AMAZING AMARETTOS & SUZIE

Carlo and Gomez Amaretto make their entrance without any of their usual fanfare or gusto. Anger is etched on their uncannily similar faces as they trudge toward the table with their assistant Suzie in tow. Without even bothering to seat themselves, the brothers scoop up their own individual microphones and address the press pool.

Carlo Amaretto:

No smoke! Not “avantis”! We’re going to make this quick and to the point, because we’re PISSED OFF and TIRED!

Gomez Amaretto:

The fact that we were forced to work with that cadre of miserable cretins on what was to be our magical DEFCON moment is an insult that cannot go overlooked!

Carlo Amaretto:

We got a long teleportation ahead of us to get back to Vegas strip, so if there’s any questions...

They point their thumbs to Suzie.

Gomez Amaretto:

...take it up with our assistant!

KA-POOMF!!

The Amarettos disappear in twin plumes of purple smoke. When it clears, their not-so-lovely and somewhat-surprised-by-being-suddenly-put-on-the-spot-like-this assistant is left standing awkwardly before the press pool.

Suzie:

Oh... um... okay, whatevah.

She seats herself at the table.

Reed Schwartzman:

Yes, hello... given how pivotal it ended up being to the flow of this contest, I have to ask, is the implementation of golden glitter a regular part of the team’s technique, or was it just a one-time thing for DEFCON?

Barely paying attention to the question, Suzie lights up a menthol Pall Mall, clearly disregarding California’s stringent indoor smoking rules.

Suzie:

Ehh... yeah, sure, whatevah.

Schwartzman blinks in confusion, and sits down.

Scott Hunter:

Hello, remember me, I am Scott from Classic. I feel like we are brothers because we all used to work in the same place once before. I have always told people that the Accommodating Avocados were my favorite tag team, so it is good to see you here. Are you worried Bobby Dean might sit on you and make guacamole? If so, please save some for me. I am hungry.

Suzie shrugs and takes another drag.

Suzie:

Ain’t evah heard of him, sugar. But I bartend at the Applebee’s on the strip every Tuesday and Sunday, if it interests youse.

SuperDEFFan64:

MAGICIANS! WHAT KIND OF BLASPHEMY IS THIS... just kidding, I am quite a purveyor of MAGIC myself! See?

SuperDEFFan64 holds out a silver dollar in his left hand. He closes his hands, then puts his fists together and the coin disappears from his left hand. He then holds out his right... and the coin falls out. He scrambles to pick it up.

SuperDEFFan64:

SORRY, SORRY, SORRY! Um... Despite your won-loss record on DEFIANCE, you guys are pretty popular. What do you attribute this to?

Continuously bored and disinterested by anything and everything, Suzie rolls her eyes and continues to smoke.

Suzie:

Um... I dunno. Magic, or something? This is just a gig for me, sugar.

Yannick Fillimore:

I see the Tag Team Championships in the horizon. Your thoughts.

Suzie:

Ugh... I think I needs a drink...

Suzie ashes her cigarette, pushes herself away from the table, and unceremoniously shuffles away.

"SUB POP" SCOTT DOUGLAS

After a few moments, Scott Douglas appears from around a corner, being ushered toward the dais by a production assistant. He heads up to the dais, still in his ring gear with a towel slung across his shoulders and a bottle of water in his hand. His hair and shirt are still soaked from tonight's in-ring action with Ned Reform. He takes a seat behind the microphone and greets the folks asking the questions.

Scott Douglas:

...this is new. [chuckles] Hey, everyone. I take it to understand I'm here to answer some questions.

Douglas motions toward someone in the press pool.

Scott Douglas:

Ah.. how about you, sir.

Reed Schwartzman:

Good evening, Mr. Douglas, and congratulations on the big win. Despite how long you've been away, you performed tonight as though you never left. I'm curious to know, what did you do to overcome the expectation of ring rust?

Scott Douglas:

Well, I've done my best to stay in shape over these last few years and back home I coach a couple of guys, I would think you'll be hearing of soon... but in all honesty, there isn't any real way to prepare or know whether or not you still got it in there, until you're in there. So, ahh - let's chalk it up to luck, I suppose.

Reed Schwartzman:

Thanks.

Scott Douglas: [pointing]

Over there.

Scott Hunter:

We have the same name. Are you willing to change your first name to something that fits you a little better? I was thinking 'Francis'.

Scott smirks and gives a polite chuckle before responding.

Scott Douglas:

... don't sweat it. You'll be back to the solo Scott soon enough. One night only, pal.

Scanning the pool, Scott points out another.

Yannick Fillimore:

Not the way I'd have brought you back. Your thoughts.

Scott Douglas:

I never thought I'd be back so ... I'll take it.

Scott turns his attention to the, somehow sweatier than himself, member of the press pool who is shaking his hand in the air wildly.

Scott Douglas:

You.

SuperDEFFan64:

SCOTT DOUGLAS! SCOTT FREAKIN' DOUGLAS IS BACK!

The BRAZEN Recapper General starts to hyperventilate into a bag a little bit, drawing looks of confusion from both the pool and Douglas himself. When 64 takes a second to compose himself, he breathes.

SuperDEFFan64:

Sorry, sorry. My questions are twofold. Question the first: After how well you did in that ring tonight, do you think you might have been bitten by the wrestling bug? Is there more than just this match for Scott Douglas? And question the second: Will you follow me back on Instagram? I haven't made SuperDEFFans 1-65 jealous in a while and I gotta give them SOMETHING.

Scott Douglas:

I'm afraid I can't help you on the Instagram one. I don't have a clue how to work that stuff. And as far as the wrestling bug... I don't think it ever leaves you.

Scott sips from his water bottle.

Scott Douglas:

I left here three years ago and not a day goes by that I don't think about, not just wrestling but DEFIANCE specifically. This isn't just a career or a stepping stone - it's a calling, it's ingrained in me - it's indelibly dyed on my soul. I was too young to remember my father walking away from the ring but I saw the weight that left on him for the rest of his life... and I may not be here in DEFIANCE, I may not be active in professional wrestling but that itch never leaves. I'm forever tied to this sport in one way or another.

Rich Lather:

Rich Lather of Beauties and The Lathered. Scott, do you think your match smelled like teen spirit because I think it hit a nerve-vana from where I was sitting!

Scott rolls his eyes.

Scott Douglas:

I'm more of a Green River guy. Hey, this was ... something. Thanks, everyone!

With a wave, Scott gets up from the table and leaves the dais.

POP CULTURE PHENOMS

Heralded by their ringside attorney Reginald Klein Boxman III, Esq., The Pop Culture Phenoms enter the room at the end of the night to a mild applause from the press pool. With their DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championships over their shoulders, Elise and The D are noticeably battered and bruised, but victorious. In unison the greatest tag team in the history of DEFIANCE drop their championships on the desk and take a seat. Behind them, Klein stands with his arms crossed.

Elise Ares:

I'd like to start by thanking God for having a clear mind and the talent to create such a wonderful, beautiful, and unforgettable champion such as myself. For having the omnipotence to bring myself and The D and Klein together to form THE greatest team this world has ever seen. Lastly, I'd like to thank Reed Schwartzman for giving me the ability to ignore Yannick Fillimore because his hand is up right now too.

Reed Schwartzman:

You're welcome and congratulations tonight Elise, D. Your opponents brought quite the challenge tonight, but once more, you pulled through. How would you describe your ability to bring things together in those "clutch" final moments of a tag team contest?

Elise Ares:

Thanks BBY. I'd like to come up here and tell you about how it's all God-given talent but really there's a lot of work involved behind this that you all don't see. These abs don't make themselves. It's hard work, it's preparation, AND it's being inherently better than any opponent who is dumb enough to get in our way and think they can take us down because they're bigger than we are. How many times in a row is this now, D?

The D:

Too many to count.

Elise Ares:

D don't feel like counting but I think this is THREE times in a row a couple of giants think they can just step into OUR ring. On OUR show. Just because they're big. Bitches be crazy out here, Reed.

Scott Hunter:

What is new in pop culture? I have been drinking Dr. Pepper lately, but I do still enjoy Coca-Cola. Are there any other pops you would recommend? Sprite? Fanta? Lolli?

Elise Ares:

Hey BBY you asked the right girl. This summer hear me out. Off-white. Black Cherry. Light Blues. Sheers. Fringes. IN. All of that is in. GOURG. Now OUT? Tassels. Facepaint. Mullets. Spandex. All of that just... gross. Not this year. Not in 2024. Get it OUT. You have anything to add, D?

The D:

Your mom has the purple stuff in her fridge. Ew. She's pretty tasty though.

Elise Ares:

YES. You. Other dude who isn't Yannick!

SuperDEFFan64:

Elise! D, The! Klein! Great win out there tonight and what a heck of a challenge! For weeks, they used you guys like doormats and tonight, you finally overcame Titanes Familia aka BIG MEN AND WOMEN LIKE ME...

Once again, he gets funny looks from the press pool.

SuperDEFFan64:

But eight years as a team and no signs of slowing down! This might be your best Tag Title run yet! What is keeping you firing on all cylinders as a team right now?

Elise Ares:

Honestly, and I totes can't stress this enough and I also can't speak for D here, but the thing that keeps me firing on all cylinders is just the tears of Yannick Fillmore. Every morning I wake up, I look in the mirror, see I'm hot as hell and it's another morning of not being Yannick Fillmore? Successful. Start the days successful. End the days successful. That's just what we do BBY.

The D:

For me, it's Vodka and cranberries. Sometimes energy drinks.

The D turns to Klein, who looks a bit confused. He then leans in.

Klein:

Not talking?

The D nods in approval and turns to the next questioner. There are no other people, just Yannick Fillmore holding his arm in the arm with his other arm. With a sigh, The D motions over towards him as Elise whispers obviously "Do we have to?"

Yannick Fillmore:

When will you disband as a group and never team with each other again? Despite your crazy success, the act is tiring. Your thoughts?

The D:

You are tiring and pointless and sad. I wish you jumped into an electrified pool of sharks covered in blood. Nobody loves you and you should kill yourself. This interview is over.

Elise Ares:

I'd say that about covers it. Go die in a fire Yannick everyone else, have a great night BBY! Mwah! Mwah!

Klein waves happily to Yannick as both Elise and D give him the cold shoulder and walk off.

Klein:

I'll never leave D's side. We go together like boxes and the USPS. We love you all except for that guy apparently.

Klein enthusiastically waves and rushes off to catch up with the D and Elise.