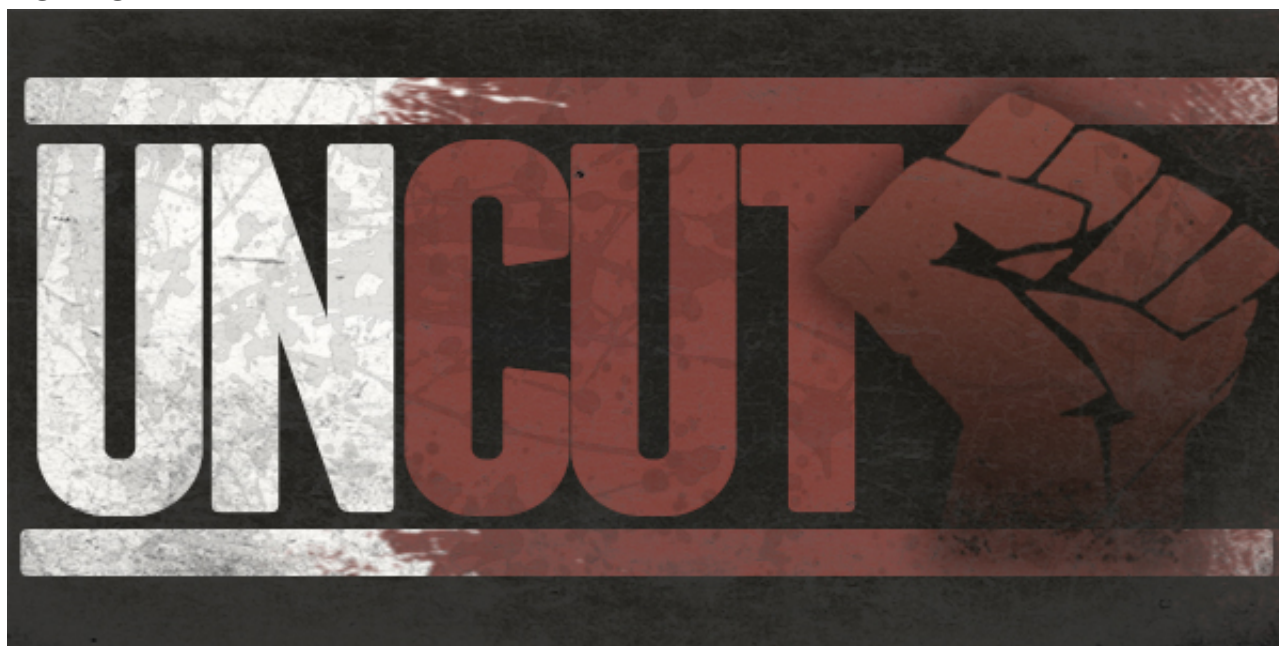


SHOW OPEN

DEFIANCE ROAD PRESS CONFERENCE - NIGHT ONE

The scene opens in the conference room of the WrestlePlex, where a rudimentary DEFIANCE/DEFRoad backdrop has been set up behind a long table with three to four chairs and a cluster of mounted microphones.

A crowd of two dozen or so reporters, journalists, insiders, and superfans have assembled in the rows of folding chairs facing the table. Among them we can see wrestling pundit TIM TILLINGHAST, the Insider's RYAN SCOTT, JOE STATS (formerly) of DEF Radio, teenager DEB WARENSTEIN, and superfan CRAIG HAMBURGERS, accompanied by his father.

After a moment, KERRY KUROYAMA steps out from behind the backdrop. In the time since his DEATHMATCH against Malak Garland at the start of the event, Iris and the medical team have patched him up from head to toe to cover his various lacerations. He's wearing casual, loose-fitting clothing, and looks to be in a great deal of pain, as indicated by the wince that crosses his face when he falls into the center chair and leans into the mic.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Good evening, everyone... glad to see these are becoming a thing now. Not to rush things, but as you can probably tell, I am more than eager to get myself home and begin my recovery, so let's get this thing rolling.

Ryan Scott:

Ryan Scott - The Defiant: Mr. Kuroyama I just like to thank you for decimating Malak Garland for us all. Should the time come and you finally can challenge for the Southern Heritage Championship, who would you want to be champion at that time?

Kerry Kuroyama:

To be honest, I haven't thought that far ahead, because I've been a bit preoccupied in just trying to get to that point. I'm not sure I have any heavy preference in who holds the SOHER, but if I'd had a choice in the matter, I'd say I want a champion who doesn't insist on wrestling Deathmatches. Next question.

Joe Stats:

Kerry! Kerry! Joe Stats, DEFIANCE Radio – can you describe, in detail, for the benefit of our listeners, how it feels to punch Malak Garland in the face?

Kerry Kuroyama:

Softer than you'd expect. Kinda like punching a rotten cantaloupe. At least I'd imagine that's what punching a rotten cantaloupe feels like. Suffice it to say, I don't spend a whole lot of time testing the impact of my strikes on various melons. But on a personal level, I can say that it was very, very satisfying.

Craig Hamburgers:

Hello Kerry Kurram since this was a death match does this mean Malak is dead now and if he's dead now do you get all of his snowflakes and how do you feel and does glass hurt, thank you.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Thanks for the questions, Craig. Glass does, in fact, hurt, and I would recommend being very careful around it should you break away windows practicing the BELLCLAP at home. So as you can imagine, I do not feel very well. At all. Unfortunately, I don't get any snowflakes; just a lot of Tylenol and a tetanus shot.

Deb Warenstein:

Yes hi, I have just conducted an insta poll and my followers would like you to smash that uggo Arthur Pleasant in the face next, so can you make that happen? Kthanx

Kerry runs a hand over the bandages on his forehead and winces.

Kerry Kuroyama:

While I would more than love to drill that clown into the canvas again, I think I'm going to wait and see what happens

tomorrow when Dex gets in the ring with him. Call me crazy, but I'm not exactly chomping at the bit to get into any more garbage wrestling. At least for the time being.

Tim Tillinghast:

No question. Just a comment. Please promise me you'll never do this bullshit again.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Believe me, Tim I would love to make that promise right now. But anything is possible in this sport. And to get to the place I want to be here in DEFIANCE, there are going to be times where it will become necessary for me to step out of my comfort zone and fight on another contender's level. I hoped if anything came out of tonight, other than another successful defense, it's that I have the talent and the wherewithal to beat anyone at their own game.

Kuroyama groans as the pain becomes too unbearable, and he shakily pushes himself to his feet.

Kerry Kuroyama:

If you would all excuse me now... I have a bed with my name on it. Thanks for coming, and I hope you enjoyed the show.

He exits the way he came.

The Toybox enter the room. Both siblings dressed in street clothes. Typical shoes, jeans and Jestal has a Better Future T-Shirt on, while Dani has her Suicidal Doll sleeveless shirt on. They await the questions.

Ryan Scott:

Ryan Scott - The Defiant: Jestal are you happy? You got everything you wanted.

Jestal:

Matter of fact, yes I am. There is just...

SMACK!

The sound of Dandelion slamming Jestal's face into the table. The jester quickly raises his head and stares at Dandelion like "what the hell" Everyone's eyes widen upon impact.

Jestal:

What the hell is with you!?

Dandelion just ignores him and points at Deb.

Deb Warenstein:

OK so, like.....I couldn't really follow this whole ... saga ... or whatever you two were involved in because it was super complicated and it didn't need to be so I just want to say you both suck - especially you, clown boy - and justice for Klein, thank you.

The siblings look at each other then back at Deb, Dani pulls her lower eyelid down, while Jestal sticks his tongue out at her.

Craig Hamburgers:

Hello Toybox my question is what is your favorite toy and do you want to play lego power rangers with me some time and why did you make the box man cry, thank you.

Jestal:

We don't pl...

Dandelion interrupts him with a fury of hand signs.

Jestal:

The box man cry? What about her feelings? Why is no one concerned for what she had to go through? Two boys fighting over her love, a man who has to wear a box on his head, and a jack ass clown.....HEY WAIT A MINUTE!

WHACK!

Jestal's head is slammed into the table once more, and now appears to be bleeding.

Jestal:

OUCH...I think you just broke my damn nose!

Dani not caring at all points at Joe Stats.

Joe Stats:

Dani! Dani! Joe Stats, DEFIANCE Radio – Now that you're officially back on the market, can I shoot my shot?

Dani just rolls her eyes and stands up and leaves. While Jestal is still nursing his bloody nose...moments later Dani walks into the room and grabs Jestal by the ear.

Jestal:

OUCH MY DAMN EAR....HEY STOP!

The siblings exit the scene, leaving the press core stunned and some a bit amused at Jestal getting everything he wanted.

David Noble walks into the room where the press conference is being held, a pair of Beats headphones on, and wearing a white short-sleeved t-shirt, a pair of blue jeans, and black boots. His head is lowered as he walks into the room and walks to the dais, finds a chair, and sits down in it before looking out at the crowd. He slowly removes his headphones.

David Noble:

Alright, let's do this. Who is first?

Then he looks over at Ryan Scott, who has his hand raised.

David Noble:

Shoot.

Ryan Scott:

Ryan Scott - The Defiant: Mr. Noble great match out there, I may have been critical on the booking of it but all three of you entertained me regardless. My question for you sir is what is next for David Noble? Is there a Defiant you would like to face off against next?

David Noble:

Thanks for that. It wasn't the match I was expecting. My mind was firmly focused upon Harmen. He and I haven't been seeing eye-to-eye lately and I've needed to smack the fuck out of him for a while. Windham was a surprise, but I could care less about his reasoning. Four more guys could've come out from the back and said they were in the black mask. It didn't matter, I was taking them on. To answer your question though, what's next for me? That's a great question. Way I see it, the last time I was here I was the Southern Heritage Champion. No one beat me for that title before I left after my disagreements with management. So it would stand to reason that I should go reclaim my throne.

Noble nods his head at Ryan Scott and then looks around the room before he lands upon Tim Tillinghast, who has his hand raised.

Tim Tillinghast:

Hi Mr. Noble. Big win tonight. Why do you think so many people are in a rush to don a mask and attack you from behind?

David Noble:

Because people are chicken shit. Look, I'm not unbeatable. Lindsay Troy proved that. Our new FIST proved that. The reality is Harmen didn't want me around, Matthews didn't want me around, and they didn't want to have to get in the ring to prove it. If people don't want me around, I think that tells you everything you need to know. They're chicken shit and not willing to man up to do the job in the ring. I think Harmen, Matthews, and anyone else will think twice before trying that again.

Noble looks around the room again, his eyes landing upon Joe Stats.

Joe Stats:

David! David! Joe Stats, DEFIANCE Radio — any ideas who might be attacking you next?

David Noble:

Hopefully not you, Joe.

Laughs are heard around the room.

David Noble:

This is DEFIANCE. Needless to say, you look at someone the wrong way in the backstage area and you might end up in a fight. So I guess stay tuned because my mouth knows how to get me into plenty of trouble and my fists know how to get me out of it.

David looks at Craig Hamburgers.

David Noble:

Let's do it.

Craig Hamburgers:

Hello Mr. David I wanted to know if you like getting attacked and can I attack you too I promise I won't hit too hard it just looks fun thank you.

David Noble:

Do I like getting attacked? Not necessarily. I guess I like the idea that I've pissed someone off so much that they have to fight me, but I prefer to do my fighting in the ring when appropriate. Last time I was here, before you knew what wrestling was, I had a tendency to fight people just about everywhere. Hoping to shake that reputation off a bit, but I'll do what I have to do. And Craig, I think you might have the biggest set of balls, bigger than anyone's backstage, so yeah, you can attack me. Just don't let me see it coming.

David smiles at Craig and then his eyes land upon Deb Warenstein.

Deb Warenstein:

I don't have a question I just want to say I'm surprised it didn't take you a half-hour to get here like it does for most of your ring entrances.

David Noble:

I'm surprised they let a hack like you back here with actual professionals. I wonder why that is. *[beat]* Thanks everyone. Have a good rest of your night and get home safe.

David rises from his chair, grabs his headphones and puts them back on over his head, and walks out the way he came in.

Troy Windham sits behind the podium with a few welts on his forehead. He's wearing a black baseball hat with the Paramount + logo on it, a beaded choker necklace, and a "Third Eye Blind" tour T-Shirt

Troy Windham:

First, before these questions begin, I want to start by addressing the multitude of unfair business tactics laid against me by the Defiance promotion that prevented me from giving the world the optimal Troy Windham performance, the Troy Windham that has won the hearts of the world many times over. I was not allowed a hotel suite for myself and my social media team for the night before or after the event, even though my contract clearly states that I should be afforded that luxury for a week before and after any and all appearances I make. Second, I also want to say that I had a late arrival because taping went late for the newest episode of Cocktail: The TV Show, only on Paramount Plus, because my co-star, comedy legend Chris Kattan, is going through divorce proceedings.

But, most importantly, I want to take this time to raise public awareness for the philanthropic cause that I lead, the Justice for Eddy Love Campaign. As we all know, Eddy Love was the co-owner of a wonderful Indian Casino in North Carolina that paid homage to his Cherokee heritage. Yet due to an unjust federal government, he was charged with tax evasion. He fled the feds while on his speedboat in Lake Havasu in Arizona, and only the crashed remains of his boat were found, and we've never been able to find his body to properly put it to rest. Eddy was, like me, first and foremost a humanitarian.

I would now like to state the names of the martyrs who were so wronged by the federal government's cruel tactics and have a moment of silence in their memory.

(PAUSE)

Eddy Love.

(Pause)

Thank you so much, and if you can find it in your hearts to donate to this movement, please hit me up on Venmo.

Okay, now on to your questions.

Deb Warenstein:

OK, like...who are you?

Troy Windham:

Troy Windham.

Deb Warenstein:

No but like, really...who are you?

Troy Windham:

Is this a serious question? Darlin', I'm Troy Windham. I'm a multi-time CSWA World Champion, I won many titles in other lesser promotions, and I am a true multimedia celebrity. I've been out of the professional wrestling industry for many years largely on a spiritual quest to find myself, which included a lengthy walkabout in the Australian Open.

However, I've also spent time on my many other projects. I won a Cable Ace Award for my performance in "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn," a TV movie that appeared on the Lifetime Network in which I played a high school basketball coach with a secret to tell. I also was on the USA Network's highly popular "South Beach Sun Cops" where justice truly never looked so good.

But the work I am most proud of is being the co-star of the aforementioned "Cocktail: The TV Series" that's an adaptation of this well-regarded 1980s movie of the same name starring Tom Cruise that's about rebel bartenders. My co-star is comedy legend Chris Kattan. And our show is only available on the Paramount Plus streaming app, and we are the 11th most watched program on said app.

Deb Warenstein:

OK I'm sure that's really cute and all but I have never heard of a Cable Ace Award and nobody watches Paramount+.

Troy Windham: *[ANGRY, and leans over the desk]*

LOOK HERE! HOW DARE YOU! HOW DARE YOU, YOU YOUNG MISTRESS OF THE NIGHT! THE PARAMOUNT PLUS STREAMING APP IS BELOVED BY MILLIONS OF FANS OF "COLD CASE" AND "SURVIVOR AUSTRALIA!" YOU APOLOGIZE NOW TO THE PARAMOUNT PLUS TEAM!

NOW!

NOW!

He sits back down calmly. Deb just gives him a really disgusted "OK weirdo" look in response and then sits down.

Ryan Scott:

Ryan Scott - The Defiant: Mr. Windham have the issues between you and David come to a conclusion?

Troy Windham:

No they have not, but I'm not just interested in giving David -- that's his name? -- the revenge that's coming for him. I'm more interested in my own personal journey. I see my role here in Defiance as not just regaining my spot as the biggest star in professional wrestling history, but as a chance for me to undertake a spiritual awakening and personal chrysalis. I began this search for inner peace on my aforementioned Australian outback walkabout. I've since continued it by using the Calm app. But now the final step for me transformation will be here in Defiance as I the cocoon inside us all opens up. But will I be a beautiful butterfly or a moth with blackened wings? I am not sure yet, but who amongst us is sure of anything? Thank you.

Craig Hamburgers:

Hello Troy Windham my name is Craig Hamburgers are you brothers to Lindsay Troy is that why your name is Troy too and if that's true why isn't your name Troy Troy thank you.

Troy Windham:

She's my ex-wife, Mr. Hamburgers.

Joe Stats: *[gesturing towards Craig Hamburgers]*

Gee, they let anyone in here! How about some professional questions, eh?

Joe steps closer to the mic and clears his throat.

Joe Stats:

Troy! Troy! Joe Stats, DEFIANCE Radio – Troy, who are you?

Troy Windham:

I already explained who I am. I'm a big star. Legitimately. A huge star. Did, like, we go through some weird time portal or something like that? Did Thanos win in this reality? Did everyone forget how many times I co-main evented CSWA Fish Fund?

Tim Tillinghast:

I apologize for the disrespect you've been shown here, sir. Allow me to bring some journalistic integrity to this event. Tell me: what is your deal, anyway?

Troy Windham:

Is this a prank show? For real. Where's my guy Sal Vulcano? Impractical Jokers, I know you're behind this!

Pauses, mouth dropped.

Wait... none of you really know who I am? What?

Troy stands up, tears welling in his eyes, and he delicately leaves his Paramount + baseball cap on the desk, knocks over a chair angrily, and storms away.

Cut to the LUCKY SEVENS--twin brothers Mason and Max Luck--sitting at the table along with Ophelia Sykes.

Ryan Scott:

Ryan Scott - The Defiant: Boys, you have come a long way since tossing Teresa Ames around in that cage which I had a major issue with. Then joining with Morrow my thoughts on the path of destruction you two have caused, I have to say you guys may be at the top of the tag team division. Just know this gentleman, sooner or later your aggressive behavior is gonna cost you. That's all I have to say.

From their side of the table there is nothing but laughter coming from the twins and Ophelia Sykes. Mason's head is against the table laughing and Max points at Ryan while he is laughing so hard his face is red.

Ophelia Sykes:

You guys hear this dumb ass? Your aggressive behavior is going to cost you! That's so adorable!

Mason stops laughing for a second to address Ryan Scott.

Mason Luck:

Know this, Ryan. Our aggressive behavior cost the House. It might have cost them their careers. We sent them back to BRAZEN in an ambulance because they thought they were better than us.

Max Luck:

Yeah ... I hear you can teach a lot of cool things on Zoom. I wonder if they can even teach wrestling classes from a hospital bed. Let's move on to someone else. Anyone else. I'm tired of biased Ryan Scott journalism.

Tim Tillinghast:

I just want to say I respect you and your six star beat down. Please don't hurt me.

Mason and Max point out Tim Tillinghast.

Mason Luck:

See, Ryan? Be more like Tim! Highest scores of either night! Oscar Burns? Lindsay Troy? Cayle Murray? Conor Fuse? We scored the highest rated match of the night! That makes Max and I wrestling fucking icons! Confirmed!

Ophelia Sykes:

We'd never hurt you Timmy cause you know what you're talking about ... but the rest of this division needs to be scared now.

Max Luck:

That's right. The Saturday Night Specials have been ducking us for months since Acts of DEFIANCE cause they know if my guys got a rematch their reign would end like that. They've never beaten the Lucky Sevens so much as survived them and they know it. DEFIANCE Wrestling knows it! I hear them talk a lot of noise about how they are going to do something about us being the last team standing but they'd rather waste their time with Los Tres Titanes.

Mason Luck:

Beat em!

Max Luck:

And PCP!

Mason Luck:

Beat 'em!

Ophelia points to Ryan Scott in the audience.

Ophelia Sykes:

I also want to say ... you're not a very good journalism, Ryan!

Max Luck:

Don't you mean journalist?

Ophelia Sykes:

No. I'm hot. I don't need to know what words mean.

Joe Stats is up next with his question.

Joe Stats:

Sevens! Sevens! Joe Stats, DEFIANCE Radio – which one of you clogged the toilet?

Mason Luck:

... What?? Can we go back to Ryan Scott? He at least has normal questions we can rake him over the coals for.

Max Luck:

Didn't you get fired from that radio show?

Ophelia Sykes:

Yeah that's the guy!

They all ignore Joe Stats.

Deb Warenstein:

Yes hello my question is for Ophelia, how does it feel to be turned down by Suicide Girls as one of their models because you're super uggo?

Ophelia Sykes:

Has this interview gone off a cliff?

Mason Luck:

Ophelia is a lovely young woman and she's not to be made fun of!

Max Luck:

Why are children here doing this?

The last question comes in for the trio.

Craig Hamburgers:

Hello my question is for both of you do you wake up sometimes and forget which one of you you are like aaaaaah I'm Mason no wait ahhhhhh I'm Max and does that scare your mom, thank you.

Mason and Max can't help but look at each other bemusedly.

Mason Luck:

I ... we're done. Enough of this bull shit. Just know this ...

The seven foot Mason stands up. His twin does the same.

Mason Luck:

The Saturday Night Specials have the gold, but they're too drunk and stupid to realize we hold this division in the palm of our hands and the next chance we get for gold. If you think it was horrible what we did to our own trainers tonight, hat do you think we're going to do to the rest of this division?

Max Luck:

Watch what happens to our next victims! We're going to make sure no one disrespects the Better Future Talent Agency and we're going to be making an example of someone very soon.

Then Max looks down at Ophelia.

Max Luck:

Ophelia, next time check to make sure there aren't kids interviewing us!

Ophelia Sykes:

I DID! I CHECKED! That one that ADV made cry wasn't here! I thought it was all clear.

Mason Luck:

You didn't look hard enough!

The Deacon sits down, still in his ring gear, including the half-mask, after his Night 1 match with Ned Reform. To his left is Chris Shepherd, his manager for many years, and to Deacon's right is Magdalena, his manager since returning two years ago.

Tim Tillinghast:

You proved to the world tonight that you've still got it. Is this the beginning of a DEFIANCE career resurgence for you?

The Deacon looks at the microphone and then over to Magdalena with a tilt of his head. She takes the lead.

Magdalena:

This is the beginning of a refocus. The Deacon had things to take care of at home; he still does, but while he was mostly away from the ring, it appears things went a direction he could have never expected. We all know the Deacon is an attraction, always has been. Now, he has to use that attraction to get back on message.

Joe Stats:

Deacon! Deacon! Joe Stats, DEFIANCE Radio - everyone thought your career was over tonight... any advice for someone whose career is actually over? (*waves at Deacon*)

Chris Shepherd:

As the person whose job has been over for ten years, I'll give you some advice. These things have a way of pulling you back into work.

Deb Warenstein:

I do not have any questions, I just want to say... and I never thought I'd say this, because he's still totally on my uggos list... but I'm actually sorry Ned whatshisface didn't win tonight.

Deb looks disgusted.

Deb Warenstein:

Magdalena, your hair's still cute and stuff though.

Magdalena:

... uh

She turns to Deacon. The Mute Freak shrugs.

Craig Hamburgers:

Hello Deacon I don't have a question I just want to tell you BOO NED REFORM THANK YOU FOR BEATING NED REFORM thank you.

Magdalena:

We're at fifty percent actually having a question. Alright, then.

Ryan Scott:

Ryan Scott - The Defiant: Deacon, bravo it is great to see your career continue here in DEFIANCE. My question is who would you like to wrestle that you have yet to wrestle yet here in DEFIANCE?

Chris Shepherd:

Let me take this one, because it's a pretty long list because we've got some HOSS fight potential here. I'd start with Uriel Cortez. Two legit, athletic giants going at it would be great for the fans. Then, I'd put Cortez WITH Deacon AGAINST the Lucky Sevens in a Tornado Tag match of the most epic proportions. Deacon would be up to pound on some Canadian bacon in Rick Dickulous. I'd also not mind seeing TA Cole INSIDE the ring with the Deacon instead of outside the ring causing drama. All of those hoss fights sound magnificent, but I think having a big money match with one of Defiance's most well respected veterans, and a person that has been around Deacon but never in the ring with or against him, has to be high on my list. It would be another hoss fight of epic proportions, Dan Ryan.

At the spoken word of Dan Ryan, Chris Shepherd's eyes glance to the very back of the conference area, a lone figure looms in the shadows staring in silence at the gathering of reporters and DEFIANCE superstars.

Crimson Stalker:

....

With bated breath and a harsh undertone, the word growls out from the Kabal's monster, with the DEFIANCE FIST title gripped tightly in Stalker's hand he begins to whirl it around as a weapon! The gathered reporters start to scatter quickly as DEFSec quickly moves in to pull them away, straying far and clear from the unleashed Crimson Stalker!

"RWARGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!"

Crimson Stalker bursts forward towards the wrestler's podium table, which by now has cleared fully as the roster watches their newest champion grab the table in a hateful rage.

SLAM SLAM SLAM!!

SLAM SLAM SLAM!!

Like a maniac Crimson Stalker slams the belt into the wooden table, chipping away at the hard wood as the gold plated title scrapes and dents the table. DEFIANCE's shadow throws himself into the presser table as it CRACKS in half!

CRACK!!!!

Random Woman in the Crowd:

PLEASE!! Won't SOMEONE think of the CHILDREN!!

Standing up, still with the DEFIANCE FIST gripped tightly in his right hand, Crimson Stalker stares at the gathering of security, reporters and wrestlers. Jason's eyes are filled with a voidless hate, anger and utter chaos. The Crimson Mask beats heavily against his mouth as he utters a single word.

Crimson Stalker:

HELLIONS.....

Fade to angry, hate-filled CRIMSON!

DEATHMATCH HERO

Malak Garland sits up in bed with the support of a back brace as darkness surrounds him. He remains very still with the scars, cuts and bruises from his deathmatch encounter evident on his face. The silence in the room is broken when the thud of footsteps slowly gets closer and closer.

Malak Garland:

MmmM-mm-mmmmm.

Malak tries to communicate but it's hard when his jaw is wired shut and the pain meds are finally kicking in. The thudding eventually subsides as a huge figure pulls a stool up bedside. Down sits none other than The Game Boy with a sippy cup in hand.

Game Boy:

GRRrrRRrrRrrRRRR!

The towering menace grunts at Malak because that's the only way he knows how to communicate. It's not long before Game Boy offers up the sippy cup. Garland slowly opens his lips as Game Boy gently places the spout into his leader's mouth.

Game Boy:

gGGggRRRrrRRrRRr.

Malak blinks with thankfulness in response even though liquid spills out the sides of his mouth. The Game Boy eventually retracts the sippy cup and sits by his fallen comrade. It's at this moment Malak insists on sitting up even more.

Malak Garland:

D-d-d-d-death-m-m-m-m-match.

It's a struggle to get the words out but try as he might.

Malak Garland:

Hero.

The pair sits in silence as they allow the moment to stand on its own.

GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT vs. MIDCARD EXPERIMENT

DDK:

Welcome back to UNCUT, ladies and gentlemen! Tonight, we've got wrestling action, we have post-match interviews from the wrestlers after what has become the most acclaimed show DEFIANCE has done in some time in DEFIANCE Road!

Lance:

And coming up next, the formal main roster debut for two long-time members of BRAZEN! Both men highly respected and looking to start off their journey to the big time with a win! They are Lord Sewell and Oliver Tarquin Monroe, also known as Gentlemen's Agreement and they are in action against BRAZEN's Midcard Experiment... right now!

And to Darren Quimbey for the intros!

Darren Quimbey:

The following is a tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first, already in the ring! At a combined weight of 420 pounds... accompanied by CAGE!, they are Walter Levy and Hijo del Fishman Deluxe... **THE MIDCARD EXPERIMENT!**

The slightly portly, but agile Fishman along with the tall and very lanky Walter Levy, talking over the match with the masked CAGE! The lunatic in the Nicolas Cage match nods with whatever they are talking about as the intros start for their opposition.

♪ "Land of Hope and Glory" ♪

The theme plays and out comes both men, dressed in fancy new gear for the occasion. Lord Sewell with a red overcoat and Oliver Tarquin Monroe with a dark gray coat.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... at a combined weight of 459 pounds... they are the team of Viscount Vice Admiral Ernest Sewell aka Lord Sewell...and Oliver Tarquin Monroe aka OTM... **GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT!**

The two men stop in front of the ring, exchange a manly handshake and then slowly climb up the steel steps. Sewell and his neatly-combed mutton chops look at the Midcard Experiment with complete derision while OTM whispers something in his ear about how uncouth they appear. They both climb into the ring and decide amongst themselves who is going to start... and Lord Sewell wins the distinction.

DDK:

These two men boast very impressive resumes. Monroe, an amateur wrestling standout. Sewell... served many years in the Royal Navy before getting into wrestling. He's up there in years, but do not let that fool you one bit. He knows what he's doing between the ropes.

Lance:

They can't take Midcard Experiment lightly though if they want to have a successful debut.

DING DING!

The burly Sewell starts off with the lanky Walter Levy and the two lock up, but Sewell's expertise on the mat shines through snapping Levy to the mat quickly with an arm drag takedown. He goes right for an arm lock, but Levy tries to get back up. He kips to his feet and reversed the hold so now he's holding Sewell's arm... so Sewell reaches out and grabs the nose of Levy!

DDK:

Physical tactics to break that hold! He lets go... now he has the arm wringer on Levy!

Lord Sewell holds Levy until he drags him to the corner. He tags Oliver Tarquin Monroe and the young technician

shows a tiny bit of flash by jumping over the ropes. He goes to the middle rope and comes off with a clubbing blow on the extended arm of the Birdman! Levy winces when OTM grabs the arm then twists him over into arm wringer. Lord Sewell gets a tag and both men take turns PULLING on the arm of Levy with arm wringers!

Lance:

I don't think I've seen that before! Gentlemen's Agreement are working over that arm quickly!

Fishman watches his partner get dissected by Sewell and OTM. Monroe gets the tag and whips Levy to the corner where he unleashes a running shoulder thrust. He pulls Levy out of the corner into a Northern Lights Suplex into a pin!

ONE... TWO-NO!

Levy kicks out, but Sewell sits up and continues to work the arm with a knee drop to the joint!

DDK:

A kickout but Gentlemen's Agreement just taking apart Walter Levy's arm!

Lance:

No fooling around! No funny business, just working it over to perfection!

Both CAGE! And Fishman watch Sewell grab the arm and then pull Levy up again before the tag goes to OTM. Sewell drags Levy back a few steps to allow his partner to wipe out Levy with an amazing Springboard Clothesline!

DDK:

Great move! Oliver Tarquin Monroe calls that maneuver the Pistol Whip!

OTM doesn't go for the cover after the big move but instead, he starts to slap Walter while he's down.

Oliver Tarquin Monroe:

This?! This is our first opponent? They're buffoons. BUFFOONS!

He paintbrushes the back of Walter Levy's head and wants him to get up, but when he does, OTM nails him with a stiff dropkick to knock him down. He throws him back in the corner and hits a corner uppercut and then rolls out. He tags Sewell and then starts behind Levy as Sewell runs with a Clothesline-assisted Schoolboy! OTM moves and then Sewell goes for the cover!

DDK:

They call that Across the Pacific! Gentlemen's Agreement might have this!

ONE... TWO... SAVED BY FISHMAN!

Fishman comes in and hits a kick! He goes back to his corner while Lord Sewell looks angry with the interference.

Lance:

Walter Levy has just been beaten down this whole match! Fishman needs that tag!

The portly luchador returns to the corner while Sewell grabs Levy. He tags OTM and both men try a whip in the ropes, but Levy surprises them both with a desperation springboard moonsault to wipe both men out! All three men are down and now Fishman has the hand out for the tag!

DDK:

The Birdman takes flight and takes down both members of Gentlemen's Agreement! Now Levy has a chance!

He runs over to Fishman... and makes the tag! The crowd cheers when he starts to ascend the ropes as both Sewell and Monroe try and stand. The 235-pound ball of heft heads to the top rope and then takes flight with a diving

crossbody to wipe them both out! Hijo del Fishman Deluxe rolls through and gets to his feet to take care of the legal man in Oliver. He peppers Oliver with wild right hands and then tries a whip, but OTM reverses... only to be surprised with a springboard back elbow off the middle rope!

Lance:

Fishman taking flight and hitting them from all directions! Lord Sewell is on the outside and I think Fishman sees him...

He does indeed and then runs across the ring to hit a big suicide dive on Lord Sewell! The crowd cheers the longtime BRAZEN member looking to upset the newest members of the main roster!

DDK:

Look at him go! He may look bizarre physically, but he's got Gentlemen's Agreement all out of sorts!

Fishman rolls back inside the ring with OTM in the corner. He runs right at him... but out of nowhere, OTM moves out of the way and Fishman hits nothing but the corner. That allows Monroe to sneak behind him and then PLANT him with a spike DDT on the mat! Monroe makes it back to his feet, but when Walter Levy tries to help, Lord Sewell stops him with a kick followed by an armtrap neckbreaker called the Ballast Neckbreaker!

DDK:

Oooh! If Fishman hadn't spent that extra time attacking Sewell on the outside, I think he might have had OTM there.

Lord Sewell returns to the corner so he can get the legal tag from OTM. They both enter and a double underhook lifts up Fishman on the shoulder... then hit an aided swinging neckbreaker off the shoulders!

Lance:

Impressive double-team! They call that the Handshake Deal! Sewell makes the cover!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING!

Lord Sewell gets up and he and Oliver Tarquin Monroe shake hands like the gentlemen they purport themselves to be.

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... **GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT!**

DDK:

Gentlemen's Agreement look good over a long time trio in BRAZEN to start off their main roster debut at 1-0!

Lance:

Great teamwork there by Sewell and OTM! Very effective in that ring!

CAGE goes into try and check on Fishman as Gentlemen's Agreement start to leave. Oliver notices, then points at Lord Sewell. They nod... then ATTACK CAGE!

Lance:

No! CAGE should have started Leaving Las Vegas, but now he's getting attacked! Uncalled for!

DDK:

Really/ That's your comment? Next.

Both of the "gentlemen" continue to put the hurt on CAGE by kicking and punching away at the masked mascot for the Midcard Experiment. After putting some boots to him after that, OTM pulls him up... he gets the Handshake Deal as well!

Both men stand up and get jeers but get their coats. After putting them on, they shake one another's hands over the bodies of The Midcard Experiment and then head out of the ring.

DDK:

Some gentlemen they are!

Lance:

They consider themselves to be gentlemen in the olden days! More of "pistols at dawn" than "sportsman-like conduct" gentlemen and I think we saw that. These two will be a formidable addition to an amazingly stacked tag team roster!

Lord Sewell and Oliver Tarquin Monroe once more shake one another's hands for the job well done as the show moves forward.

OFF THE LEASH

When: Post Main Event DEFIANCE ROAD

Where: Backstage

Teresa Ames:

Oh this one's cute... oh... I remember this... ahhh such good memories!

Teresa Ames' face is filled with excitement as she is quickly stuffing away small trinkets from an assorted display of Kabal Merchandise, at least the items that rarely sell to the DEFIANCE's faithful.

Teresa Ames:

Oh.... a Stalky Bear button! I am definitely taking a couple of those....

Examining the gleaming button of 'Crimson Stalker's face covered in his red mask, Teresa's eyes seem to gaze over as she relives the past few months of being the 'Queen of The Kabal'. Shuffling is heard in the distance behind her and immediately a grin spreads across her face.

Teresa Ames:

Awww... My Pet! You did so good tonight!! That scum of the earth Ex-Husband of mine got exactly what he deserved and honestly I know I couldn't have done it without you!!

Seemingly overjoyed with excitement, Teresa Ames turns and walks towards the NEW FIST of DEFIANCE, Crimson Stalker. Wrapping her arms around the new champion, she grips him tightly in a fierce bear hug, almost growling into his body. Crimson Stalker stands there accepting the hug with the FIST title gripped tightly in his right hand.

Teresa Ames:

You did everything I told you and all you ever asked from me was to be your voice of reason and Jason Reeves... My Stalky bear.... Look how great you've become!

Teresa's eyes fill up a bit with true emotion as she grips her pet tightly, Crimson Stalker stares forward, motionless and without any reciprocating emotions.

Crimson Stalker:

....

Teresa Ames:

But you know as they say... all good things must come to an end.

With that statement, Crimson Stalker's head lowers so he can look at Teresa, for once, recognition seems to take place between the two as Teresa stares back up at Jason 'Crimson Stalker' Reeves. Patting his chest she turns back to her duffle bag and fills it up with some more Kabal trinkets.

Teresa Ames:

Mr. Fear sent me a text message... letting me know that my services in The Kabal were no longer needed.

This is the moment that makes her pause, as a small bit of spite crosses her face, but it soon washes away. She is a great actress after all, controlling her feelings has become a top priority for the now former 'Queen' of The Kabal. Smiling back Teresa turns to face Stalker one more time.

Teresa Ames:

With Gage destroyed, I guess it makes sense that they don't want me around.... but that doesn't mean you won't be rid of me for good. I know I'm not going to miss you!

It's clear that Teresa is holding something back but as far as what it is exactly, we may never know. Turning on a dime she quickly snags up her assorted bag of parting gifts and throws it over her shoulder. Walking up to Crimson Stalker

she places her hand delicately against his face while looking up into his eyes.

Teresa Ames:

This is where we say goodbye my pet... but I don't want you to worry. You are stronger than you know, Stalky Bear. The rage that lives inside of you will be enough to destroy DEFIANCE as long as you know how to unleash it. So, do yourself a favor and STOP taking orders....

Crimson Stalker:

... ..

The moment of heavy breathing from Crimson Stalker is a touching goodbye from him, at least the best that he can give. The FIST title remains gripped tightly in his hand as Teresa taps his cheek twice with her hand.

Teresa Ames:

You are the champion now... you made the doubters EAT their words and showed them what a REAL MAN looks like. So, it's time for you to be off your leash. Do what you want... Jason. Be who you want and make them all know what Stalker's World REALLY is like!

Like that Teresa pulls away from Jason 'Crimson Stalker' Reeves and walks off camera. Finalizing their separation between pet and master, Jason Reeves stares silently into the distance of the hallways of WrestlePlex. With The FIST tightly gripped in his hand, Jason Reeves looks forward in the distance seemingly looking for where to go.

Crimson Stalker:

HELLIONS.....

Jason Reeves growls the word as he walks forward off screen into the hallways of WrestlePlex. With no Reapers or Teresa by his side, one has to wonder where exactly The FIST is headed and whether or not those who encounter him will be in danger or not. Welcome to Stalker's World, DEFIANCE. Fade to black.

PAPER CHAMPIONSHIP: MALAK GARLAND Â© vs. ???

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

Darren Quimbey:

This match is an OPEN CHALLENGE for the Paper Championship! Introducing first, from Cheyenne, Wyoming, weighing two-hundred-ten pounds... he is THE KEYBOARD KING... the Paper Champion... MALAK GAAAAAARRRRRLAND!

It takes a while but through the chorus of boos, The Superstar Snowflake gingerly strolls out with various bandages all over his body due to the recent DEATHMATCH vs. Kerry Kuroyama.

DDK:

We're live, folks! And I'm surprised Malak Garland is standing.

Lance:

I'm surprised he wants to do this match. It's... kinda *honorable*.

DDK:

For a fake championship?

Soon, Lance Warner's comments are put to the side as Malak is accompanied by all of his henchmen.

Percy Collins, there for immediate anxiety support.

Martin Evans-Everett VI, aka MEE6, is there to provide Malak the comfort in knowing he's still the top !ranked wrestler in DEFIANCE (even though he isn't).

ALEX, rebranded, formerly known as Alex Pietrangelo but Malak didn't like his last name so he simplified it to ALEX. He's the statistician of the group.

Thurston Hunter, the badass wannabe gangster who's super annoying. And also directly related to Jack Hunter.

And Teresa Ames, who looks to have rejoined The Comments Section in full, doing ASMR as she trails far behind. The camera crew on the ramp gets in nice and close to Malak who has something to say.

Malak Garland:

This title defense is for all the doubters out there that I'm not a real champion. I am battered and bruised from a vicious deathmatch against Kerry Kuroyama and yet here I am, strolling to the ring to defend my Paper Championship. Thurston has been assigned to hold.

DDK:

No Cyrus Bates?

Lance:

I'm told he's gone missing after the events of DEFIANCE Road, losing to Mushigihara via the uranage, a move he was apparently traumatized from.

DDK:

Not surprised.

Malak carefully places foot after foot in front of him, continuing to receive encouragement from Percy Collins, his therapist. The Faithful hate all of this but it only allows for Garland to take even more time walking to the ring.

DDK:

Is UNCUT two nights?

Lance:

Just one.

DDK:

We might be here for two...

FINALLY, Garland enters the ring from under the bottom rope. He is propped to his feet by MEE6 and ALEX. Referee Mark Shields stands in the ring as Garland walks to him.

Malak Garland: *[talking softly]*

Hey, I'm hurt pretty bad so you should just count to ten and declare me the winner.

Shields is like "fuck man, sure thing," looking forward to smoking a dart backstage and hitting the strip club after for NOLA's finest on a Wednesday night. Garland's music comes to a close and Shields begins the ten count.

ONE.

TWO.

The crowd boos as Garland's social support continues to shower him in praise. MEE6 walks over to Garland and gives him a hug but The Keyboard Warrior immediately throws MEE6 to the ground, citing his bad ribs. Evans-Everett VI apologizes profusely!

THREE.

FOUR.

ALEX walks over to Garland, revealing his notebook. ALEX starts listing off W.A.R. numbers on why Malak Garland is so amazing. ALEX says Garland's Goals Against Average is lower than Marc-Andre Fleury!

It's helping comfort the Paper Champion in his time of need.

FIVE.

SIX.

Garland forgot to blow a kiss to the paper title. He tells Percy to grab it from Thurston so he can kiss it. Once that fiasco is over, Percy hands it to a ring crew member who hands it to the time keeper just to make sure this is "official."

SEVEN.

EIGHT.

Collins begins brushing Malak's hair with a fine tooth comb as Teresa Ames asks the leader of The Comments Section if he'd like to receive any ASMR backstage.

NINE.

TE-

♪ "Happy Song" by Bring Me the Horizon ♪

The crowd is buzzing. They don't particularly recognize this theme song within DEFIANCE, so they await on who it may be.

Without another wasted moment, a man in plain black trucks, black boots and short blonde hair walks out, smirk on his face.

DDK:

Hey... wait a second here. That's... uh...

Lance:

Darin Zion!

DDK:

Yes, that's his name! High Octane and PRIME Wrestling's Darin Zion!

The fans cheer as the footage cuts to Malak Garland in the middle of the ring with a WTF look on his face. Ames goes straight into her ASMR relaxation therapy! It's not working!

DDK:

I'm being told Zion is not signed to a DEFIANCE contract. Instead, he's accepted the open challenge for the Paper Championship!

Lance:

I'm aware of issues between Malak and Darin... they've been having a war of words for months now on Twitter!

DDK:

Not surprising.

Zion reaches the bottom of the rampway while Garland starts shaking his head no, as if this match won't be happening. The fearless Zion, however, hops onto the apron and enters the ring, even if he's outnumbered by... a lot.

Percy Collins walks up to Darin Zion.

Percy Collins:

YOU WILL NOT BE WRESTLING. GO BACK TO WHEREVER YOU CAME FROM!

Zion doesn't move. The crowd wants to see it. Meanwhile, Malak Garland cautiously walks to the edge of the ring, demanding the time keeper hand him back the Paper Championship when suddenly...

DING DING

DDK:

Did Mark Shields call for the bell!?

Garland turns to Shields, in total disbelief!

Mark Shields: *[pointing to himself]*

Was I... not supposed to do that?

Literally the Entire Comments Section:

NO!

Doesn't matter... Zion charges Garland and connects with one of his trademark moves, a discus clothesline.

DDK:

I believe this is called The Ban Hammer!

Zion rises to his feet and immediately clotheslines Percy Collins over the top rope. Next, he dropkicks Thurston Hunter

out of the ring. MEE6 and ALEX have already left the ring while Teresa Ames is so distraught she fell through the top and middle rope with her head in her hands.

Malak Garland comes racing towards the challenger but Darin sidesteps the Paper Champion and throws him right into the turnbuckle pad! Zion continues to work on MagnumG. He hurls Garland into the ropes and nails Malak in the face with a high angle dropkick. Zion with a snap suplex... another snap suplex. The challenger holds on and works Garland into a Mexican surfboard stretch!

DDK:

Very well done!

Lance:

Darin's come to wrestle!

Garland shakes his head no when Shields asks if he's quitting. Instead, Garland tries to wiggle his way out of the hold but Zion has it applied strongly.

Thurston Hunter:

EYE AM sOOO BAD-A\$\$!!! TIME TO GET STREET FIGHTED!

Thurston Hunter jumps onto the apron, allowing for Teresa Ames to enter the ring and stomp Zion in the head! The hold is broken.

Teresa Ames:

Mmmmmmmmm. I like fresh meat.

DDK:

You knew this was going to happen.

Ames slips out of the ring but Zion keeps his head in the game. Instead of going after her, the challenger lifts Garland off the mat and lands a t-bone suplex. Once Garland is on his feet, Zion's into the ropes and connects with a spinning wheel kick!

DDK:

Zion hooks a leg!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

With more work to be done, the former Tag Team Champion from elseworlds doesn't waste a second. He holds Garland, landing kick after kick to Garland's midsection. Another snap suplex follows, Zion floats over, holds on and hits a falcon arrow suplex with a hook of the leg.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

DDK:

Malak Garland hasn't had any offence!

Zion Irish whips Garland into the corner across the way. The Keyboard King hits hard, ricochets off and stumbles into a hip toss, planting MagnumG in the center of the ring. German suplex. Wrist lock suplex. All of the suplexes coming Malak Garland's way via Darin "Fucking" Zion.

The challenger looks to end it as he latches onto Garland's dead right arm...

Another Ban Hammer!

The crowd cheers as Zion hooks the leg.

ONE.

TWO.

BROKEN UP BY PERCY COLLINS!

Collins glances up at Mark Shields, who's about to call for the bell in a DQ win for Darin Zion but Malak Garland's therapist says otherwise.

Percy Collins:

NO! It's in the rules! Paper matches can have paper interference!

DDK:

That doesn't make sense!

Lance:

Of course it doesn't!

Mark Shields buys it, though. Collins exits the ring and Malak Garland tries to stir.

DDK:

Couldn't even let Zion win by DQ, huh guys!?

Garland's up but so is Zion. Zion blocks a right hand from Malak and comes in with a hard knife-edge chop. Zion blocks another right hand and finds a second chop. Soon, it's all Darin Zion, over and over and over again... chops working the champion into a corner.

Teresa Ames jumps onto the apron where Darin Zion stands.

Teresa Ames:

Hi, you're cute. Teehee. Care for some private ASMR sessions?

Zion's just staring at her with a WTF look.

Teresa Ames:

My ex-husband is dead. I could be all yours-

Low blow by Malak Garland.

Followed by lifting Zion onto Garland's shoulders and hitting an Alabama slam! Ames jumps off the apron, pleased Malak has taken control in the match but also interested in pursuing Darin Zion further.

Garland has his bearings. He begins to airplane spin around the ring with joy and gusto, followed by drop kicking Zion square in the face!

DDK:

Tides have turned and I don't like it. Not with five others on the outside of the ring FOR Malak Garland.

Garland with a reverse DDT puts Zion on the mat.

DDK:

Oh no... Malak's looking for FOMO!

The modified camel clutch is locked in but Darin Zion's done his homework because the PRIME talent slips out of the move by putting his knees up! The Thirst Trapper doesn't know what hit him... and he doesn't know what hit him again when Zion crushes Garland with an inside-out clothesline!

With the crowd on their feet, incomer Darin Zion calls for one of his trademark moves... a headlock driver, aka The Ratings Spike.

THUMP.

DDK:

He hits it! Darin Zion is gonna be the new Paper Champion! Also... why do I care about a paper title!?

Zion hooks the leg.

ONE.

TWO.

MARK SHIELDS PULLED OUT OF THE RING BY PERCY COLLINS!

Zion snaps to his feet. He runs the ropes and dives with a crazy suicide plancha onto Percy Collins, MEE6, ALEX and Teresa Ames! The fans are cheering wildly as Zion tells Mark Shields to get back into the ring.

Mark Shields:

Sure thing, boss! Fuck ya!

Before Zion can do anything else a hulking henchman walks down the rampway with PURPOSE.

DDK:

It's The Game Boy!

Zion's familiar with The Game Boy. What he's unlikely familiar with, however, is how The Game Boy is aligned with Malak Garland and co.!

The Mini Boss enters the ring by stepping over the top rope. It's clear Zion knows TGB isn't here for pleasantries. Zion nods, bounces off the ropes and hits Game Boy with a clothesline.

It doesn't budge the big man.

Zion tries another clothesline.

Nothing.

Darin DUCKS a left fist from The Halo From Hell, going into the ropes from behind him. Game Boy isn't quick enough to turn around so Zion jumps on the big man's back... beginning to drive forearm after forearm into Game Boy's head.

Game Boy pulls Zion to the floor.

WHAM.

DDK:

GAME BOY'S FIST CONNECTS.

Zion's out cold. Game Boy peels Malak Garland off the canvas and throws the Paper Champion on top of the passed out Darin Zion. Mark Shields makes the count.

It's academic.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

Immediately after the bell, Collins, Hunter, MEE6, ALEX and Ames storm back into the ring. All five of them start pummeling Zion with kicks and punches while The Game Boy stands over the carnage.

DDK:

This whole group is an embarrassment. We're a wrestling company, not some mom and pop dog and pony show.

The Social Media Savant slowly comes to. He realizes Zion is down and out... there for the taking. First, Malak rubs the back of his neck. He tells everyone to prop Zion on his knees. Thurston is particularly game, as he nods up and down with excitement, knowing what's about to come. Malak screams into the rafters, bounces off the ropes and drives his knee wickedly into the side of Zion's temple.

I Trigger.

Garland's not done. He wants another. He demands his cronies place Zion on his knees again.

The Snowflake Superstar hits the ropes.

♪ "King DeDeDe Remix Theme" from Kirby's Dream Land ♪

Garland's eyes narrow to the entrance. He tells everyone to stand on guard as Conor Fuse sprints down the rampway.

DDK:

Here we go!

Lance:

That's right... Conor and Zion are friends in other circles!

The fearless gamer jumps onto the apron, jumps onto the top rope and dives overtop of The Game Boy and through everyone else with a crossbody block.

DDK:

I'm being told Conor wasn't in the arena tonight! Having no clue Zion was here, Fuse immediately drove to the arena and just arrived RIGHT NOW.

The fans are rampant as Fuse snatches Percy Collins and ejects him out of the ring. MEE6 and ALEX run away while Conor superkicks Teresa under the chin. She flips over the top rope and to the floor. Thurston Hunter is so fucking tough, he's gonna gear up with The Ultimate Gamer and rip him a new asshole.

Wham.

Hunter immediately crumbles to the canvas after Conor hits him with an elbow.

Garland chop blocks Conor Fuse, grinning the entire way.

Malak Garland:

Hello cOnOr.

Garland demands The Game Boy powerbomb his former friend but Darin Zion is standing... steel chair in hand.

DDK:

Zion grabbed the chair from ringside.

Darin flies at The Game Boy and crushes the big man with the chair, square in the head! It only moves Game Boy one step back but Conor Fuse is on his feet now, too. Both Conor and Darin hit Game Boy with a double DDT. Fuse takes the chair, thanks Zion and finds the top rope.

Super Splash 450, chair in-between both he and The Game Boy.

The crowd is electric as Malak Garland slips away, snatching his Paper Championship and finding his minions at the bottom of the ramp. With Game Boy slowly coming to, Conor pats his friend Zion on the chest, telling them they better get the hell out of there before The DPad Destroyer awakes.

The Comments Section is at the top of the ramp, holding each other as they stare down at Conor and Zion, who celebrate with the crowd at the bottom of the rampway.

DDK:

A great showing for Zion. He had the match won but as we know...

Malak points his finger towards Darin Zion, telling his recent challenger Malak will see him online. Conor brushes the comments off... as Zion and Fuse walk up the rampway leaving The Comments Section to flee for good.

SEARCH PARTY CYRUS MISSION 015

The mood is dire. All is quiet and rather dark in the search party bunker as MEE6 sits alone in front of a non-reclaimed wooden table with a transistor radio on top of it. He dons a headset sadly as he continuously tinkers with some of the buttons and knobs.

MEE6:

Testing, testing, testing. Radio over and out. I repeat, radio over and out. This is spartan 113 of the UNSC, over.

He consistently sends out burst transmissions, searching for someone.

MEE6:

This is Swan's Nest, over. Looking for Blue Eagle, over. Do you read me?

Nothing. He tries again.

MEE6:

Swan's Nest for Blue Eagle. Do you read me? Respond.

With each passing attempt, Martin's energy level drops and the desperation in his voice rises.

MEE6:

Cyrus? Are you there? Please pick up. Please.

Silence.

MEE6:

I know this is your favorite channel. I know you must be listening to this somewhere. ALEX and I, we miss you. Dearly.

Tears begin to gather in his eyes.

MEE6:

We don't like how the adventures have come to an abrupt stop. ALEX needs you. I need you. We all need you. So what if you lost to Mushigihara and got hit hard by the uranage. Just, come back to us. Please. You can overcome it. I assure you.

Static.

MEE6:

Please, Cyrus. Oh gosh, please. Let's go paratrooping again. Or remember the time we blew up the oil rigs? Singed my eyebrows right off. Remember how we all laughed about that?

No response.

MEE6:

Member that? I 'memba.

His voice trails off into a whimpery sadness. His finger lifts itself from the transmission button as MEE6 breaks out in an uncontrollable cry. He doubles over in front of the radio which remains as cold and silent as ever.

MEE6:

IT'S NOT FAIR, DAMMIT! WHY HIM!? WHY DID YOU HAVE TO TAKE HIM FROM US!?

MEE6 slams his fists on the table, jarring the communication equipment in front of him. He tries one last time.

MEE6:

Searching for Cyrus Bates, over. Come in Cyrus Bates.

One final whimper.

MEE6:

Come in, over.

TA COLE vs. SHO NAKAZAWA

Cut to the Commentation Station and our two faithful voices of DEFIANCE television.

DDK:

We're not done yet, ladies and gentlemen. We have another match on tap for Uncut.

Lance:

Ned Reform's heavy, TA Cole, is set to square off with Sho Nakazawa.

DDK:

The interesting thing about this, Lance, is that Ned Reform... well, he owes the world an apology. He said if he did not retire Deacon at DEFIANCE Road, he would publicly admit that he was wrong. Is he going to come through?

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

Lance:

I guess we're about to find out!

The lights in the WrestlePlex take on a purple hue as the rock cover of Beethoven's classic begins to echo throughout the arena. Through the curtain walks TA Cole dressed for action in his purple and white singlet and wearing his white amateur wrestling headpiece. He's still wearing his trophy: the flowing red cape of the man he put on the shelf: Count Novick. Behind Cole, dressed in business casual attire, is Ned Reform. If Reform is feeling sheepish about his loss and the consequences that will follow... he's not selling it. In fact, he is all smiles and patting his monster pupil on the shoulders as they walk down the aisle.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall... introducing first, from Ohama, Nebraska and weighing in at 265 pounds... T! A! COLE!

Cole briskly walks up the steps and hops over the top rope. When he lands in the ring, he immediately begins to run the ropes to warm up. As he runs, he unhooks Count Novick's cape and it flutters to the mat. Reform, meanwhile, stays on the apron, basking in the unbridled hatred coming his way from The Faithful.

♪ "Pyrotechnics" by Cliff Lin ♪

Sho Nakazawa, the masked man from the land of the rising sun, walks through the curtain to a subdued but audible round of cheers from the DEFIANCE Faithful who, despite his less than great win/loss record, still know what he can do in the squared circle. Nakazawa pauses to give the fans a quick bow of respect before sprinting toward the ring!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... weighing in at 199 lbs and from Tateyama, Japan... SHO NAKAZAWA!

Lil' Nak slides under the bottom rope before rolling to his feet to face an eager looking TA Cole. Referee Rex Knox gestures to both men as Nakazawa's music fades out, he signals for the bell.

DING DING

Ned Reform:

HOLD ON! WAIT A MOMENT!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Reform is on the apron and somehow has obtained a mic. Rex Knox gestures for him to get lost but The Good Doctor pays him no mind.

Ned Reform:

Mr. Nakazawa... I have had my eye on you for some time... and I must say: I am a fan.

Nakazawa puts his hands on his hips and looks at Reform quizzically.

Ned Reform:

I'm sure you've seen what my tutelage has done for your contemporary, Levi Cole. A man with a similar place on the card as you. A directionless talent. And now a man who is setting records in main events.

DDK:

That's... that's a bit of a stretch.

Ned Reform:

Imagine what I could do for YOU, my good man. I do not make this offer to many people, Mr. Nakazawa, but I am proposing this to you: join Ned Reform's honor society, learn from The Pedagogue of Pain, and watch your stock in this company begin to rise.

Nakazawa looks out to the fans and points at Ned. The fans boo and shake their heads "no."

Ned Reform:

What say you, Mr. Nakazawa?

Sho turns to Ned. He takes a few steps until he's face to face. And then...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

A sharp kick to Ned Reform's cranium! He's down! He's down!

However, as Ned Reform falls from the apron to the floor, TA Cole takes the chance to attack! He clobbers Nakazawa from behind with clubbing forearms. One. Two. Three. Sho is down to a knee and arching his back in pain. The larger TA Cole grabs Lil' Nak and effortlessly tosses him into a nearby corner where he begins to punish him with knee lifts to the gut.

Lance:

I think Ned Reform may have taken a bullet to give his charge the early advantage.

DDK:

TA Cole has a good sixty-five pound advantage over Sho Nakazawa, but Sho's dangerous feet and high flying offense more than make up for it if he can get some momentum.

But, Sho is not in great shape right now. He's crumbled in the corner thanks to Cole's onslaught of knees. The American Made Monster muscles the smaller man neck first onto the second rope where he begins to choke him with a boot. Rex Knox moves in to make the five count and Cole breaks it just before he's disqualified. As Knox turns his back to chastise TA Cole... on the outside, Ned Reform lights Sho Nakazawa up with a SLAP across his masked face! Knox turns, suspecting something is amiss, but has missed the interference. Reform throws his hands up in innocence.

DDK:

Sho has no chance if this becomes a two-on-one affair.

TA Cole lifts Nakazawa up... BIG BIEL THROW!

Up again... another!

Up again... another!

Lance:

TA Cole is simply manhandling... hey...! **static**

There is a sound of a brief tussle before Lance Warner's voice is replaced by...

Ned Reform:

What you are seeing here, generic announcer number one, is a world class athlete showing us his technique!

Quick cut to the commentation station, where we see that Lance Warner has been rudely muscled out of his chair by Ned Reform, who now wears his headset.

DDK:

Cole again brings Nakazawa into the corner where he hits some shoulder thrusts... say, as long as you're here... aren't you supposed to be admitting something?

Ned Reform:

We are focused on the match, Mr. Keebler. Please do your job.

In the ring, Cole whips Sho into the opposite corner. He follows up with what looks to be a potential spear... but Sho moves out of the way! TA Cole collides shoulder first into the turnbuckle and he falls to the mat in pain!

DDK:

Here is the opening Sho Nakazawa needs!

Ned Reform:

Unbelievable.

The smaller Japanese wrestler has pulled himself up and is shaking the cobwebs away. As Cole rises to his feet, Sho is there to meet him with a series of forearms that prevent him from getting his bearings. He lights Dr. Reform's Teaching Assistant up with a stiff kick to the knee! TA Cole begins to hop around holding his knee trying to put some distance between them, but Sho follows him... another kick to the knee! Another! Cole shoves Sho away, again trying to create some space and get the smaller man off him... but Sho simply rebounds off the ropes and takes Cole down with a leaping shining wizard! Sho covers!

Ned Reform:

GET UP!

ONE... TWO...

TA Cole powers out.

Ned Reform:

I knew he would do that, Mr. Keebler.

DDK:

Uh huh.

Ned Reform:

...sarcasm is the last bastion of the dim witted, you know.

Sho doesn't let up. He fires up the crowd briefly before heading onto the apron and then climbing to the top rope. He perches, measuring TA Cole who has rolled to his side and then up to his knees.

Ned Reform:

He's behind you, you fool!

DDK:

He can't hear you.

Ned Reform:

I know that!

TA Cole is up, and he turns just as Sho Nawazawa leaps with a crossbody...

... but Lil' Nak is CAUGHT! While holding the smaller wrestler, TA Cole turns and gets a running start...

DDK:

Oklahoma Stampede!

Ned Reform:

I taught him that move.

DDK:

He's literally been doing it for years here in DEFIANCE. Can I have Warner back?

Ned Reform:

What? Is the Hamburger Boy not available?

In an impressive feat of strength, TA Cole deadlifts Sho off the mat into a suplex! Cole with the cover...

ONE!

Ned Reform:

This is it!

TWO!

NO!

Ned Reform:

It's not time yet. He has more punishment to inflict.

And he does. TA Cole tosses Sho Nakazawa out of the ring through the second rope. Despite Knox's warning, Cole follows him out where he lights him up with some clubbing blows before dropping Sho neck first onto the barricade. Before they're counted out he rolls Nakazawa back in. TA Cole takes position on top of the second rope, waiting until the Japanese star has regained his vertical base before flying off with a leaping bulldog! Cole covers again!

ONE! TWO! THREE - NO!

DDK:

Sho Nakazawa has heart!

Ned Reform:

And TA Cole has foot. And Ned Reform has brain. Thanks for the anatomy lesson, but leave the teaching to the professionals, yes?

DDK:

I hate you so much.

TA Cole sends Sho Nakazawa off the ropes... on the rebound, Lil'Nak ducks a big lariat attempt... and on the way back, Nakazawa manages to springboard backwards with a SUDDEN SPRINGBOARD MOONSAULT!!! The crowd pops for the sudden upset as he maintains the lateral press!

ONE!

TWO

THREEE - NO!

DDK:

Sho Nakazawa half a second away from pulling this off!

Ned Reform:

And now with the math lesson! Finish this, Levi!

But Levi ain't looking so hot... in fact, he's back up but eating a series of kicks in Sho Nakazawa's signature kick combination. Kick! Kick! Kick! Kick! Kick! Biiiiig spin kick!! Cole is down!! The fans are on their feet as Sho measures Levi Cole, and a chant actually rises up...

***LET'S GO SHO!
LET'S GO SHO!
LET'S GO SHO!***

DDK:

The fans are coming alive for Lil' Nak here!

When TA Cole climbs back to his feet, Nakazwa springboards off the ropes...

DDK:

Sho Nakazawa is going for his Running Sunset Flip Powerbomb!

Sho dives over Cole, looking to rotate to complete the move...

...but he's caught! In a flash and with freaky athleticism, Sho is repositioned into The Letter Jacket - TA Cole's version of The Torture Rack! Sho fights for a moment but he's nowhere near the ropes and he has no choice... but to tap! Knox signals for the bell!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner... by submission... TA COLE!

Cole keeps the ruthless hold on for about twenty seconds longer than he has to before tossing Sho aside like a piece of garbage. At the commentary desk, Reform has shed his headset and is now standing on the table to applaud his protege.

DDK:

Well, TA Cole with a fairly impressive win here, despite my feelings about my temporary broadcast partner.

After locating Count Novick's cape and putting it back on, Cole slips out of the ring and breathing heavily, he begins to walk up the aisle. Reform hops down off the announce table... and again, he has somehow got his hands on a microphone. We hear a rustling sound as Lance Warner puts his headset back on.

I'm not sure. Do you think Reform will ever say the word?

DDK:

Time will tell, partner... time will tell.

DEFIANCE ROAD PRESS CONFERENCE - NIGHT TWO

In the first of Night Two's post-match pressers, Alvaro de Vargas sits in his chair, the arrogant, shit-eating grin on his face not being able to be wiped away and even has his feet up on the table while next to him, Tom Morrow looks on like a proud papa and sits in his same suit from earlier.

Tom Morrow:

All right, Various Talking Heads, let's do this! Who's up first?

Ryan Scott:

Ryan Scott - The Defiant: Mr. Vargas has been practically an unstoppable force since joining you Mr. Morrow. Who is next for your crown jewel of Better Future?

Tom Morrow looks at ADV.

Tom Morrow:

The floor is yours, Al. You won!

He grins.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Qué coño quiero, pendejo! Eso es lo que hay! I said that I would defeat Henry Keyes, didn't I? Nobody gave me a chance. You all thought that el dirigible pirata was going to beat me and ride off into the sunset, huh? Happy ending? Sipping mai tais with Lindsay Troy? Well, she can still do that, she'll just have to do it next to his hospital bed.

He turns to Morrow.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Morrow, you see how that pendejo hit the stage? BOOOOOOM!

Morrow and Alvaro both laugh as a sense of unease fills the room.

Tom Morrow:

That's right, Al! We understand that Henry Keyes won't be here to interview tonight due to a financial crisis. Earlier tonight, he has something in common with his stocks... they plummeted!

Another horrible cackling laugh as Tim Tillinghast is next.

Tim Tillinghast:

Any comment on Jack Mace? That last spot in Better Future sure seems like the death spot, huh? And any thoughts on who you're bringing in to replace him?

Morrow and Alvaro look at one another.

Tom Morrow:

I'll go ahead file this, Mr. Tillinghast. Big fan of your reviews, The Lucky Sevens are really happy with your work also. The first question... that's just trimming the fat. Mace knew his place. He was a hitman. He was our guy to make sure people who disrespected BFTA paid for it... but that rule extended to even him. HE disrespected BFTA. HE disrespected Al, The Lucky Sevens, Jestal and all of us by failing to do his job. He just had to beat Titaness and that was that... And because of that, he had to go. He's gone back to England on a fucking prop plane licking his wounds and far as I'm concerned, he can go back to BRAZEN.

He laughs.

Tom Morrow:

And as for the second question... we have our eyes on some prospects. We always do. I won't be showing my hand but I will say right now, we're going to focus on our group as we are at this time. Thank you.

Deb Warenstein:

Yes hello I want nothing to do with my former dime ADV because he disgusts me now BYE BAE so my question is for Tom....are the rumors true that you buy your suits at JCPenney and try to pass them off as Armani? Thank you.

Morrow and ADV don't even give him the time of day at first... until ADV starts to laugh in his chair.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Not that I give a shit about the opinions of a little girl... but A-D-V IS B-A-E. Put THAT quote in your diary or dream journal or TikTok or whatever, pendeja. Now, let me say a prayer for Henry Keyes for everyone in this room.

He leans forward.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Ashes to ashes... dust to dust... that pendejo's now stuck... in the Earth's crust.

Tom Morrow:

NEXT!

A sullen teenager wearing a Five Finger Death Punch t-shirt stands up.

Chris Chickentenders:

Uhh, hey, name's Chris. Chris Chickentenders. I don't care about wrestling, cause this stuff's for little kids, but I was ordered to come here and ask questions in place of my cousin Craig, because my mom is a bitch! But anyway, I just wanted to say that throwing fire into that other dude's face was like the coolest thing I've ever seen!

Tom Morrow stands up from his seat.

Tom Morrow:

Young man, it is always nice to meet a fan. I will make sure you are the first man to get our new A-D-V IS B-A-E autographed and mailed right to you for... a nominal fee. We'll talk after this, my friend.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Doing my part for all the little pendejos!

Joe Stats:

ADV! ADV! Joe Stats, DEFIANCE Radio – where do you keep your fireballs when you aren't using them?

Before ADV has a chance to tell Stats off, there is a commotion at the back of the conference room.

Voice:

STOP! STOP that man! That man is a FRAUD!

More commotion as members of DEFsec stream towards the press pool. One grabs a startled Joe Stats by the crook of his arm, pulling him away from the microphone. A man with jet black hair and matching black sunglasses steps into the shot, jabbing an accusing finger in Stats face.

Scotty Flash:

Get outta here, Stats! Go back down the street, slinging drinks! I won't let you misrepresent my program any longer, get outta here!

Joe starts to argue and protest but is quickly pulled out of the room by DEFsec. The murmuring subsides as Flash flashes a smile towards the dais and takes Joe's place.

Scotty Flash:

Hello, gentlemen! Mr. Morrow! ADV! Just one question.... ADV, where do you keep your fireballs when you're not using them?

Tom Morrow smiles.

Tom Morrow:

Wow, look at that! You got a Stats problem! I just had a Mace problem. If you need a few guys to... how should we say... handle your Stats problem in a similar fashion, then I'm your guy. But anyway... to answer your question, that's up to the big guy. Al?

ADV scoffs.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Trade secret, pendejo... but I will say I have more than enough fire to burn ANYONE that stands in the way of me and the things I want to do. Since we got payback on that little pendejo, Keyes, who's next, Morrow?

Tom Morrow grins evilly behind the desk.

Tom Morrow:

You'll all find out at the same time our next victims find out. There are plenty of debts to be paid and scores to be settled. You'll see.

They get ready to leave as the scene moves on.

Leyenda de Ocho, wearing a basic green lucha mask with a black button-down suit, has a concerned look on the portion of his face we can see as he sits down at the long table.

Leyenda de Ocho:

Thank you all. Henry Keyes was originally scheduled to attend this press conference, but, well. We are all aware of what happened. I am the #2 on his Airship, and it is my duty and responsibility to step forward in moments such as these. Thank you for your questions, please begin.

Scotty Flash:

Leyenda de Ocho, glad you could take some time for us, obviously these aren't happy circumstances for you... there are a lot of people who saw that match with ADV and obviously what happened after with Corvo Alpha and they're thinking this is the last we'll see of Henry Keyes. What's your gut telling you?

Leyenda de Ocho:

Hello Scotty, thank you for the question - it's the one that I'm sure everyone here wants to know about right away, and I wish I had that answer. I've been with this man for years now, traveling the globe, and the one thing I can say about Henry Keyes is that he never backed down from a fight. You all saw it at DEFRoad, right? He was out on his feet, but STILL defended himself as much as he could, until his body said "no mas". I feel like...honestly, my gut says he comes back. I can't imagine a world where Henry Keyes says that the fight is too much and he's done, you know? Even if the mind is willing but the body is weak. That son of a gun is too stubborn...I just can't say for sure right now.

Ryan Scott:

Ryan Scott - The Defiant: Everyone in here whether they choose to say it or not is very concerned about Henry. Mr. Ocho have you heard anything about his condition?

Leyenda de Ocho:

Hello Ryan - only bits and pieces. He's still being evaluated. I was by his side when they brought him into Iris Davine's office - I'm not here to diagnose anyone, but I had to step out of the room when I saw his face and his left eye. Eyes

aren't supposed to...anyway, um. Uh. I don't want to speak out of turn - all I can say is that we appreciate everyone's concern about Henry. We love him, and we can't imagine a world where he's not leading us into some glorious fight. We hold onto the faith that he'll come back.

Deb Warenstein:

OK so like, are you going to have Helen eat Corvo Alpha?

Leyenda de Ocho:

I like the way you think. We haven't trained Helen on human meat, but...maybe now is the time? Ha.

Chris Chickentenders:

Um, why do you have a mask on? Is it because you're ugly under there? Or were you, like, born with a butt on your face, and a face on your butt? Huhuhuhuhuh...

Leyenda de Ocho:

Why do you ride the coattails of your more beloved younger cousin? Is it perhaps jealousy, perhaps some sort of lashing out because you didn't get the toy you wanted when you were six? Be well, Chris, and do not wish butts on the faces of the people you meet.

Cut to DANGEROUS MIX--Mushigihara, David Fox, and their manager Eddie Dante--seated behind the table.

Tim Tillinghast:

Big win tonight! Is this the start of a regrouping for The Dangerous Mix?

Mushigihara:

Osu.

David Fox:

Sure is!

Eddie Dante::

Indeed.

Scotty Flash:

Gentlemen, hello! Mushi; big fan, big fan. In as many words as possible, how would you describe your big win tonight over Search Party Cyrus?

With a chuckle, the victorious God-Beast casually leans into the microphone and calmly responds with...

Mushigihara:

...osu.

Scotty Flash:

So you're very satisfied with the outcome of the match, and with dealing a blow to Search Party Cyrus' fragile ego? Fascinating...

Ryan Scott:

Ryan Scott - The Defiant: What is next for Dangerous Mix?

Eddie Dante::

Tackling the tag team ranks, my good man. David and Mushi are intent on showing the tag division here in DEFIANCE just what they're made of, and are ready to take on anyone and everyone to prove it. And honestly? We get more opportunities to show that; not just in the ring, but also at Ballyhoo Brew, where Mushigihara just recently started

moonlighting.

The once-sinister Dante chuckles and smirks, showing that while he may be reformed, he is by no means tamed.

Eddie Dante:

And I'm sure the World Tag Team Champions are quite pleased in his performance.

Deb Warenstein:

Hi could you please give your thoughts on the continuing Kim, Kanye, and Pete Davidson saga, thank you.

The lads of the Dangerous Mix silently look at each other quizzically, before David Fox takes to the mic.

David Fox:

Ma'am? I'm in my forties. I think that answers your questions. Thank you.

Chris Chickentenders:

Umm, to that Mushi guy... is it really called a URINE-nage? That's funny, huhuhuhuhuh...

Mushigihara thinks about it for a moment, before leaning into his mic.

Mushigihara:

Ewwwww.

Scrow and Minerva enter the room. Scrow has his Southern Heritage Title folded up and carried under his arm. Both dressed street clothes, nothing too fancy, just typical boots, jeans and both have The Kabal T-Shirt available on EWTEES.com. Scrow set the title just to the left of him with the plate facing the press core.

Scotty Flash:

Scrow, you're leaving here tonight the same way you arrived - the Southern Heritage Champion. What does that title mean to you at this point?

Scrow:

It means everything to Scrow, this championship seals his place in this business at the top where he always should have been! Great question! Who is next?

Tim Tillinghast:

How does it feel to not be able to beat Rezin in fifteen minutes?

Scrow:

You know what Tim you have got to be one of the worst journalists to date. When Scrow has had the time to read your pile of garbage he was not impressed at the least. Let Scrow ask you this. Why is Ryan Scott over there better at this than you? Don't answer that you always sound like that teacher from The Peanuts cartoon now Ryan show Tim here how its done.

Ryan Scott:

Ryan Scott - The Defiant: I have heard from a reliable source that your little quest to not give the fans Southern Heritage Championship matches will come to an end? What do you have to say about that?

Scrow: *[standing up quickly]*

Where did you hear that!? It's a lie! How dare you give Scrow that kind of question. Who is your source?

Hive tries to get Scrow to calm down, he sits down but still is just agitated by a simple question.

Ryan Scott:

I am sorry my source wishes to remain anonymous.

Scrow clicks his tongue.

Scrow: *[looking over at Tillinghast]*

Tim, Scrow was wrong, you both are the absolute drizzling shits! NEXT!

Deb Warenstein:

How does it feel knowing that your book only sold 10 copies and not even Scotty Flash can pretend to like you?

Scrow:

Really? This is the best you can come with. Do you not realize you are sitting in a room with the greatest Southern Heritage Champion EVER. That is your question? It sold more copies than your book....oh wait you don't have a book. Because unlike you, you have no creativity or intellect to take on such a hard task. Seriously people, is this the best this so-called press core has to ask the champ?

Chris Chickentenders:

So uhhh, does the goth chick have an OnlyFans account, or do you think she'll send pics in exchange for my Type O Negative t-shirt?

Scrow just stares at Chris with a dumbfounded look.

Scrow:

Seriously...

Hive interrupts him.

Minerva Hive:

How cute. So what do you think the black hair that we are some sort of goth chick, *[looks over at Deb]* or some uggo was it? We are not the ones you should direct that question to why don't you ask Deb over there? She is the right age for that juvenile app.

Scrow looks around waiting for another question. Seeing as no one has any other questions he stands up with Hive grabbing his championship and tucking it under his arm.

Scrow:

Scrow would like to thank all of you for wasting his time. Well except you Scotty in fact next time Scrow sits here Scotty is the only one allowed to question your Southern Heritage Champion. He seems to be the only one with hard hitting and great questions.

Many just scold Scrow as he walks off with Hive, Scotty has a big smile on his face before we set up for the next Defiant to enter the room.

Cut to REZIN, sitting not at but ON the interview table,

Rezin:

Um... is this an intervention?

Tillinghast clears his throat as he gets to his feet.

Tim Tillinghast:

What was it that made you decide to actually go for the Southern Heritage Championship in the middle of the match?

Also - on a scale of 1 to 10, how high are you right now?

Rezin:

Ehhh... funny you should ask, cause I'm not sure what came over me. Going into that match, it never once crossed my mind that I would want to be a champion again. Just really, really, REALLY wanted to kick Scrow's dumb head off. But what can I say, man? I'm a dude who lives for the moment. And in that moment, I saw a slight window of opportunity to do something truly profound. Shit like that earned me the distinction of being this company's Breakout DEFIANT, and I'm gonna strive to keep that trend going, anyway that I can. Just didn't pay off like I'd hoped, which is a harsh take if there ever was one...

He looks down to the floor below him.

Rezin:

As for how high I am? I dunno, maybe three feet? Anybody know the height of this table?

Ryan Scott:

Ryan Scott - The Defiant: Rezin tough fought match out there. Judging by the ending it looks like you and Scrow are not done with this dance. My question is has your thoughts on championship gold changed?

Rezin:

Ya know, when I lost the Favoured Saints Title, it felt like a good opportunity to get back to the PUNK ROCK basics and just fight like a crazy sum'bish that don't give any fucks about the material things this business puts on us. Never been high on titles anyway. Gold ain't my color... GREEN is. Like, I don't need a belt to prove I'm a muthafuggin' BADASS! But hey, who knows what the future may bring?

Scotty Flash:

Rezin, what's it like to slowly win people over? It's a completely foreign concept for me because I *instantly* charm the pants off of everyone I come in contact with. So, what's that like?

Rezin:

SCOTTYYY! What's up? Good question. Usually when my pants come off it's because I forgot to wear a belt, rather than someone charming them off, but I digress. Still kinda blows my mind that the people can get behind a scummy old bastard like me, and this is coming from a guy that regularly has his mind blown. I mean... not in THAT way. Obviously. How does one fellate a mind? Wouldn't that be, I dunno, metal instead of oral? Shit. Anyway, Scotty,

Deb Warenstein: *[looking disgusted]*

You're still an uggo but you're not as bad as Scrow so, like, congrats on that at least.

Rezin:

Hey, cool, thanks. I wasn't aware there was a hierarchy of uggos. Like, I figured, an uggo is just an uggo. Maybe we can make up some hip new term for an uggo that isn't as bad as other uggos? Anyway, Mama Rezin always told me, "Better to be an uggo than to live with an ego."

He chuckles... then suddenly gets morose and serious.

Rezin:

Nah, just kidding, she never said that. It was more like, "Bring me that vodka," or "Who the hell are you again?"

Chris Chickentenders:

Hey dude, you think I could get some weed off you?

Rezin:

Bro, you meet me out back in ten minutes, and I can--oh, hey, wait a sec...

He materializes his brand new "HOW TO BE A HERO 101" pamphlet from the backside of his pants and consults

what's written there.

Rezin:

Hmm... you know what, actually, according to this, that's probably not a good idea. Sorry, tiger.

Chris Chickentenders:

What a dick!

Cut to DEX JOY sitting behind the interview table.

Scotty Flash:

Dex, how are you, sir? Your war with Arthur Pleasant seemed to come to a conclusive conclusion tonight in dramatic, hard-fought fashion. Any parting words for him?

Dex Joy:

Pally ... for the first time in a long long time, I'm doing fan-fucking-tastic! Ooops! Sorry, there's children here for some reason. But Scotty I am on cloud nine ... nah cloud ten all the way up here! The only good thing that I can say about that scum-bag Arthur is the fact that he pushed me to find new levels that I didn't know I had. If I can survive everything that he threw at me for these past six months and come out of this the other side to be the best version of Dexy Baby that I can be, then I can do anything in DEFIANCE Wrestling. He pushed the hell ... is hell okay? He pushed the hell out of me and to Arthur I want to go on record to say this ... Arthur if you ever screw with me again, it will be the last fucking thing you ever do. We're done! Also sorry children who I'm still not sure why are here.

Ryan Scott:

Ryan Scott - The Defiant: Dex on behalf of most of my colleagues here we like to thank you for staying true to professional wrestling and not succumbing to the backyard wrestling that only Arthur knows how to use. You interrupted Oscar Burns during his interview, could Unlimited Dex Joy be setting his eyes on the heart of DEFIANCE?

Dex Joy:

The ball is in Burnsy's court there, Ryan! I interrupted him because nobody needs to hear him run his mouth about how he is DEFIANCE Wrestling. No one can tell him he hasn't done good things for this company ... but he's turned into a giant puckered-up ... a-hole let's put it that way. After going everything I've gone through in the last six months, I have goals. Now that I gave Artie the old heave ho and put him in his place, I want to be the FIST of DEFIANCE. And if I want to do that, it's looking like I gotta go through Burnsy first. If you hear me, Oscar ... let's effing go. These kids are really throwing me off here tonight.

Chris Chickentenders:

Yeah, I have two questions: One, how many chairs are you sitting on right now, and two, can you even see your own DONG? Huhuhuhuh...

Dex Joy:

Ahhhh comedians! Well, pally as you can see ...

UNLIMITED Dex Energy stands up and shows off his one chair.

Dex Joy:

One chair ... and I can see my dong in your mom's mouth later. Yep! I said that. Next question!

Deb Warenstein:

Hi if I give you ten dollars will you punch this Chris uggo in the face?

Dex Joy:

Now, little girl, Dexy Baby ain't getting into no trouble hitting minors ... but if you want to then go for it! Shoot for the

stars, little pally!

Tim Tillinghast:

In my opinion Mr. Joy, you are on the cusp of greatness. When will we see Dex Joy challenging for the FIST?

Dex Joy:

Thanks for the work you do in your reviews! If you don't mind me saying so, Timmy, it was one of your columns that made me take a good look in the mirror at what I want to be in the future. I believe the words "solid" and "reliable" were used for my ring work. I genuinely appreciate that, but Ol' Dexy Baby here wants to be much more than that! You are right. I feel like Big Dex Energy got me this far to the cusp of opportunity knocking. Now where I am in my career, with all the UNLIMITED energy through these veins, I gotta take it higher, pally, all the way past Electric Avenue. I gotta keep going! I gotta knock that sum-bitch all the way down and take some opportunities!

He finally gets up from his seat and addresses the whole room.

Dex Joy:

Y'all like quotes so here's a quote right from Dexy Boy's word shooter: Oscar Burns! I'm coming for you and I'm coming for your spot! If you got the guts and-or the nuts, let's give the people something they'll never forget in that ring! Thank you and good night, everypally!

Another time lapse occurs and then cuts to a victorious Oscar Burns at the press table. He knows by the look on his face that he was put through the proverbial wringer by Conor Fuse, but he arches forward in his chair ready to answer questions.

Oscar Burns:

I see the punters are out in full force tonight! Go ahead with your questions, GCs! Who's first?

Ryan Scott:

Ryan Scott - The Defiant: Mr. Burns, I have to say this new attitude of yours it's hard to argue your points in your promos. You truly have been the heart and soul of this company. Especially with the departure of Scott Douglas. Was Conor your toughest opponent during your time here?

The Man Called DEFIANCE nods.

Oscar Burns:

Top three, easy. Conor Fuse made this personal in that match by jumping me at the bell. Seems to be a lot of that going around... but I did what I had to do, Mister Scott. I stayed the course, maybe did some rope-a-dope like a fellow Greatest-Athlete-In-His-Prime did, Muhammad Ali. Stick and move, stick and move. Take some punishment, find your openings. And I won. I haven't shied away from complimenting my opponents. Conor did his absolute best and maybe one day... in three to five years down the line when he's had time to mature a bit... will be on top. But after I've retired. But he will be a top guy one day. He showed that tonight. He has it in him... but I showed why I Am DEFIANCE! Good questions! Who's up next?

Scotty Flash:

Mr. Burns, hello again! Big Match Burns with perhaps the biggest match of the night. Where does tonight line up in the pantheon of incredible performances you've put on?

Oscar Burns:

Scotty Flash, thank you. Good question, good question, GC. (sips from a bottle of water) This win here tonight is a very special one because once again, hard work and perseverance puts you on top. Conor was feeling stropy, but I had just a bit more fight in me than he did. And because of this, I showed why I Am DEFIANCE! This win... is my FIFTIETH win in DEFIANCE! No other man has reached that! Not a one! And to commemorate the occasion... that hammerlock Guillotine choke I beat him with? We'll go ahead and call that move "50!" After these questions, I'm even going to

make an announcement to celebrate this achievement! Thank you! Who's next?

Tim Tillinghast:

What was it like to have so many of the fans in the palm of your hand tonight?

Burns smiles after another sip of water.

Oscar Burns:

It's fantastic, GC. Fantastic. My entire career, I've never sought the next big thing. I let my work speak for itself. I don't go to where the most noise is, so to speak. I make noise and if people come to me after that, great. I caught the attention of people when I wrestled in Japan and the UK and that's why DEFIANCE came to me and wanted me here, cause this place saw my potential and helped bring it out. Over time, more people gravitated to me and I put this place on my back where it remains today, Mr. Tillinghast. I'm organic. No company pushed me. I pushed me. My work and my blood got me here and got me the adulation of the people. They were fired up! Did you hear those "BURNS!" chants tonight? (points to his open palm) The Oscar Burns Faithful are right here... (and his heart) ... and right here. Thank you. Anyone else?

Deb Warenstein:

Hi, how does it feel to live in a delusional world of your own making?

The former two-time FIST raises his eyebrow and scoffs.

Oscar Burns:

I've heard lots of things about you in particular, little lady. I hear you're a bit of a dag, eh? Like to ruffle feathers and such? Well, little lady... nothing I do is delusional. What I do is work hard and make things happen and I think this younger generation doesn't understand what that is cause the damn internet has always been at your tippy-tips. I've worked hard for everything I have before you even probably knew what DEFIANCE was. I have done nothing wrong. I've never turned my back on anyone or anything here. I've never been what you might label a "bad guy." I tell the truth. Sure, I might be a little more harsh about it, but that's because I care. I care about this promotion and I just want to see everyone rise to high standards that I've set. Is that so wrong?

Deb Warenstein:

You hit Conor with a low bl...

Oscar Burns:

THANKS, LITTLE GIRL, WHO'S NEXT?

And to the last question.

Chris Chickentenders:

Dude, why do you sound so funny? Do you have a speech impediment or something?

Burns with a facepalm or two.

Oscar Burns:

Oh, we're down to the ratbags, eh? Chris... I live in America now, but I'm from New Zealand, little boy. Learn your maps. Now, anyway, if we're all done, I'm going to use this time briefly to make an announcement! Your exclusive! Right here!

He puts a hand up to illustrate his vision.

Oscar Burns:

Next month, on DEFtv 165, you are all cordially invited to view a special presentation I'm putting together myself! To celebrate my FIFTIETH win in DEFIANCE, I invite you all to come witness! A retrospection on my career! My fifty wins in DEFIANCE! All my triumphs and all my tribulations... okay, mainly my triumphs, GCs cause we're going to keep this

positive. With or without the FIST, I! AM! DEFIANCE! And with that... I would like to extend a special invitation in the ring after that presentation. Someone who's had my eye and someone who took the time to come and see me personally after my win...

He stands up from his seat and leans forward.

Oscar Burns:

DEX! JOY!

A few loud murmurs from the crowd.

Oscar Burns:

Dex, you might not know this... but I have followed YOUR career since you got here. You have an energy that is different from just about anyone else in this promotion. You've worked really hard to get to where you are today much like me. You have never strayed from the path of good like me... even when a bloody shitbag like Arthur Pleasant spent months making your own life miserable. You are already a former Southern Heritage and a former Favoured Saints Champion! Titles I've never held! Your ceiling is much like your energy level, GC... unlimited!

He takes one last sip from his water bottle and continues.

Oscar Burns:

And so I want you in that ring with me if you will entertain this. We have not just any show... we have DEFIANCE's biggest show coming soon... you know the one I'm talking about! You all know it! And if you'll hear me out, I'm going to ask you a question after my presentation on DEFtv 165... and if you don't mind me saying so... PALLY... if you say yes to my question, you and I are going to change the world! Thank you everyone!

The man called DEFIANCE sits up and walks off before moving on.

Next up is Conor Fuse who walks to the podium, much more subdued than he typically would. While he's not wallowing in the loss to Oscar Burns, he isn't chipper and full of energy, either. Fuse takes a seat and smiles at the reporters.

Ryan Scott:

Ryan Scott - The Defiant: Conor great match out there shame it did not end the way you wanted. In this business there always seems to be that one wrestler in a tag team that excels past their partner. In this reporter's opinion your success in this business has far surpassed your brother Tyler. Would you agree?

Conor takes a swig of his lime green Kool-Aid before answering. (Product placement is key!)

Conor Fuse:

With all due respect, I'm not in the business of comparing. My brother and I, well, uh, we used to have a very good relationship never trying to 1-Up (pun intended) each other. I wouldn't count my brother out. Sometimes both of them make it and I have no doubt he's planning anyway. Then again, when you're in the kAbAl...

Fuse leans back in his chair, signifying the end of his answer.

Tim Tillinghast:

Conor! Conor! Big fan. I know this was likely a tough loss, so I'm going to go in another direction: any comment on the apparent destruction of your good friend Henry Keyes?

Conor nods, like he clearly saw everything.

Conor Fuse:

Hi Tim. Yeah, not cool at all. I'm like: *That's gotta be Corvo*. Listen, Henry and I haven't talked much as of late but he's a super cool pirate and I'm sure he'll be on the rebound sooner than later.

Onto the next question.

Scotty Flash:

Conor, great match tonight. You guys brought the house down. My question has nothing to do with that. Any chance I can get one of those "How to Be Good 101" pamphlets? I'm told they burn super slow.

Fuse reaches into his pocket and pulls a few pamphlets out, his face and other "do-gooders" plastered on the front of it with thumbs up. The Power-Up King frisbees one over to Scotty who catches it, get this, in a flash. OoOoOoOoOoO.

Conor Fuse:

Wait a second... ..they burn?

Fuse is interrupted by the next question.

Chris Chickentenders:

Yeah, do you know where I can get a PS5? My mom won't get one for me, because she's a bitch!

With a few extra How To Be Good 101 pamphlets on the table in front of him, Fuse takes out a lime green pen and scribbles down what looks to be his cell number. He frisbees it over to Chris.

Conor Fuse:

Text me, buddy.

Conor snaps his fingers politely at the little girl in row #1.

Deb Warenstein:

So I'm super sad for you that you lost but like, what do you think of the new Charlie Puth single?

The Ultimate Gamer is confused but answers anyway.

Conor Fuse:

He did music for Halo: Infinite, right? Great stuff, really enjoyed it.

With this being all the questions, Conor thanks everyone in attendance, picks up his Kool-Aid and exits.

Up next to the interview table is "The Ego Buster" Dan Ryan and "The Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy. Troy has cleaned up a bit from her WARCHAMBER match with Cayle Murray and wears a zip-up "HARBINGER OF WAR" hoodie over her ring gear (now available at ewtees.com and defshop.com). Ryan sports a newly created "MURDER DADDY" t-shirt (also now available for purchase at almost three Ross clothing stores in Texas), in cobalt blue.

Lindsay Troy:

OK I'm beat to shit, who's up first.

Tim Tillinghast:

Gotta ask: now that you've apparently murdered Cayle Murray, what's next? Especially for this duo? Tag titles, maybe?

Lindsay Troy:

Oh, there's no "apparently" about it, Tim. I did murder Cayle Murray, and I hope I send him back to Scotland or wherever his dipshit big brother is convalescing now. As for my goals, they haven't changed. I want Gage Blackwood,

and I want the FIST of DEFIANCE. However...

She looks over at Dan and smiles.

Lindsay Troy:

I think I can convince Dan to go after the tag belts too.

Ryan looks at her, and blinks.

Dan Ryan:

Hold on, is 'Gage Blackwood' somebody's porn name?

Lindsay closes her eyes and shakes her head in an "I can't with you" gesture.

Dan Ryan:

No? Oh. Well then in that case, tag titles... yes, let's! I'm in no rush to become the first ever four-time FIST of DEFIANCE. She's earned this. This is a great plan. I love this plan. I'm excited to be a part of it.

Scotty Flash:

Ms. Troy! Hello again, always a pleasure to speak with you, especially now finally in PERSON! This is a treat, but my question here is actually for Dan Ryan. Mr. Ryan! When can the DEFIANCE Faithful expect to see you back in action in a DEF ring?

Dan Ryan:

Funny thing about having a reputation like I have. People aren't exactly lining up to get in the ring with me. Fortunately, I know a little somethin' about how to force everyone's hand. So far, I've focused on supporting Lindsay as she prepared for the Warchamber. But now that she's put an end to Cayle Murray once and for all, believe me, I'll be taking matters into my own hands.

Lindsay Troy:

So glad I didn't have to waste my breath answering a question from this mouth-breather. Who's next?

Deb Warenstein:

Hi Lindz, super fierce performance out there, I know you're probably super upset about what happened to your bestie Henry Keyes, have you heard anything? And also for Dan, how does it feel to make my Top 10 DEFIANCE Zaddys List, thank you.

Dan Ryan: Deb, nice to meet you. I'm old enough to be your father's oldest cousin's uncle, so I'm not sure how I feel about making your Top 10 DEFIANCE Zaddys List. I also have no effing clue what that is. All I know is it makes me uncomfortable. But, I'm flattered.... I think.... unless it means something else, in which case, you're grounded, probably. Why don't you go shake down Judy Blume and find out if God ever responded to Margaret?

Lindsay can't help but smirk at Ryan's response, but then her expression turns serious.

Lindsay Troy: Deb, don't mind him. I'm glad you're here again. I know about as much as all of you do about Henry's present condition. I plan on catching up with LDO before I leave town, though. Maybe there'll be an update later on tonight or tomorrow.

Chris Chickentenders:

Uhh, yeah, have you two, like, seen each other naked? Huhuhuhuhuh...

The Queen of the Ring menacingly stands up from her seat. She plants her hands on the table, leans forward, and fixes her eyes on the teenager.

Lindsay Troy:

How would you like to go head-first through that wall and tell me what the inside looks like? I'm sure Cayle would love some company in the hospital.

Dan Ryan: Kid, have you ever played that game with your friends at school, where you make a little triangle out of notebook paper, then you take turns trying to flick it through your buddies' hands like a field goal? Let me paint a picture. I flick you, you go flying through the uprights. Get it?

Chickentenders turns red as a tomato and timidly retakes his seat like a scolded child.

Chris Chickentenders:

I'm, um, sorry, um, ma'am, Miss Troy, Mister Ryan, sir...

Ryan Scott:

Ryan Scott - The Defiant: So what is in store for you both in the next few months?

Dan Ryan: Well, I'm starting a new book this weekend, and I really would like to catch up on Yellowstone. OH, and I haven't seen the new Spiderman yet so I'll probably catch that. There's the Super Bowl in a couple weeks...

Troy puts her hand on the microphone and turns to her brother-in-law.

Lindsay Troy:

He means wrestling related things in store.

Dan gives a mock shocked expression and smacks his own head.

Dan Ryan:

OH! I get it now. I suppose what's in store for us in the next few months is simply this...

He looks at Lindsay, shrugs and gives a look as if to say 'what IS in store for us?'

Troy sighs.

Lindsay Troy:

I think continuing on a path of destruction is a good answer, don't you?

She looks at Ryan Scott.

Lindsay Troy:

Yeah. Let's go with that.

On that note, the in-laws take their leave.

The crowd of media personalities maintain a consistent buzz as they await the next DEFIANCE wrestler - but there is a flurry among them as they get not one, BUT TWO DEFIANCE wrestlers - the Unified Tag Team Champions! The crowd rises to their feet as Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy, belts draped over their shoulders (and being dragged across the ground) enter the press room. The two victorious friends greet the press with a holler and Newbludd begins to sing loudly the victory song of his people, Polish drunkards.

His already thick "yooper" accent somehow manages to sound even thicker as his voice booms across the room...

Brock Newbludd:

♪ *Roll out the barrel, we'll have a barrel of fun!*

Roll out the barrel, we've got the blues on the run!

*Zing boom tatarrel, ring out a song of good cheer!
Now's the time to roll the barrel, for the gang's all here!!! ♪*

They're still wearing their ring gear, their hair is matted, and they're clearly beaten to shit - but they're also dragging along a cooler and it would appear somewhere between the ring and this event, they've... taken the edge off. Both guys high five random members of the press as they make their way through the crowd.

Both guys plop down in front of two mics - both with a beer in each hand, as the press stand and begin to clamor to be asked to ask the champs a question. Cassidy sips casually, pointing and smiling at people off screen, while Brock points a finger and works through the crowd before settling on a familiar face.

Brock Newbludd:

Timmy T.

Tim Tillinghast, wrestling reviewer extraordinaire, stands.

Tim Tillinghast:

Guys - is there any team left for you guys to beat?

Brock Newbludd:

Seems to me this tag gold here is a pretty hot commodity, Timmy. And since your boys here just tore the house down in a PPV main event successfully defending said gold, I'm gonna go out on a limb and say we've made these belts mean a lot more than they have in a long time around here. It's not a question about who's left for us to beat, dude. A better question is, "Are there any teams left out there who have the sack to try and take us on?"

Brock raises his beer, as well as a cupped hand to emphasize the word 'sack' in Tillinghast's direction. Pat meanwhile, leans into his mic with a loopy smile. When he speaks, it's extremely sarcastic.

Pat Cassidy:

"gUyS, iS tHeRe anYoNe lEfT fOr yOu tO bEaT?" This fuckin guy, I tell ya.

Cassidy jerks his thumb in Uncle Tim's direction while Brock grins drunkenly at the surprised reporter.

Pat Cassidy:

With his words and reviews. Thinks he's so fuckin smhat. Here's a question: is there anyone else left for you to shut the fuck up?

Tim Tillinghast:

Uh. Well, I didn't mean...

Pat Cassidy:

Nah! I'm just kidding. You're great, I love you.

Cassidy makes a face into the camera that not so subtly lets us know that isn't true.

Brock Newbludd:

Who's got another question for your boys!?

Another flurry of hands before Brock points at one person in particular - Scotty Flash of DEF Radio fame.

Scotty Flash:

Boys, cheers! *pulls flask out of jacket breast pocket, toasts and takes quick sip* Congrats on another huge, high profile victory. Los Tres Titanes and the Pop Culture Phenom came into this contest as THE top contenders for the title. With them out of the way... who do YOU two see as the most logical contenders for those belts?

Brock Newbludd:

Scotty! My man! It's good to see you, buddy. Here, have one of these...COMIN' IN HOT!

Newbludd hurls Mr. Flash an unopened can of beer and DEFRadio's host snatches it out of the air with ease. Cassidy again leans forward with an absolute shit eating grin.

Pat Cassidy:

Hell, man. I'd say throw everybody in a battle royal. Last two people left standing can get some if they want. Cause we're sure as hell running out of teams. But... gun to my head?

Pat makes an exaggerated show of thinking deeply. He holds up a "one moment" finger as he dramatically chugs a beer. He tosses the discarded soldier aside before snapping his fingers.

Pat Cassidy:

Oh! I know. Newbludd - who is the guy who does the thing?

Brock Newbludd:

...Oscar Burns?

Pat Cassidy:

Nah, dude. The guy does the thing where he's like...

Cassidy suddenly starts acting like he's... well, we're not sure. Walking with a limp? Flopping around like a fish? The crowd, Scotty Flash... nobody seems to know what he's going for. Brock studies his partner's movements before also snapping his fingers in revelation.

Brock Newbludd:

OH! Darren Quimbey!

Cassidy's eyes narrow.

Pat Cassidy:

I'm not sure that's it - but we'll go with that. That's my answer. We'll fight that guy. NEXT QUESTION!!

A flurry of hands before we settle on a familiar face: Ryan Scott, Editor-in-Chief of The Defiant.

Ryan Scott:

Ryan Scott - The Defiant: I have to say gentlemen, what a hell of a match! The Lucky Sevens have been on a path of destruction since last you guys met. Have you been keeping a close eye on the men who left you guys laying last time you met them?

Both Saturday Night Special's eyes narrow at the mention of their arch rivals. The mood slightly changes.

Pat Cassidy:

...why do you ask? They been talking shit?

Brock Newbludd:

You call beatin' up a couple of old guys a pAtH of DeStRuCtiOn? C'mon Scott! Don't be like Tillinghast!

Cassidy barks out a laugh.

Pat Cassidy:

Yeah, if they want a real challenge they should go start some shit at the old folks home on Bingo Night. Really test themselves, ya know?

Amused with themselves, both members of SNS clink their beers together and go back to drinking. Instead of calling on anyone, they allow the press to figure out on their own who is up next.

Chris Chickentenders:

Uh hey, guys, you think you could tell the door guy at Ballyhoo not to card me next time?

Pat Cassidy:

Son. I'm gonna tell you the same thing my father told me when I was your age and asked him the exact same thing.

Cassidy straights up his posture and puts on his best "stern middle aged man" voice.

Pat Cassidy:

"Fuck off. You're such a disappointment."

Brock takes a swig of his beer and nods his head in agreement.

Brock Newbludd:

Maybe when you grow up to a full size chicken titty, son. You're still too tender to be hanging out at Ballyhoo after dark. Trust me on that one, bud.

Deb Warenstein:

Hi.

Pat Cassidy:

Deeeebbbbiieeee.

Brock Newbludd:

Evenin' Ms. WarenSHTEEN.

Deb Warenstein: *[twirling her hair]*

...Hi.

Pat and Brock give their self-proclaimed number one fan a couple of charming smiles and Debbie puts a hand on her chest to calm herself. Still looking hot and bothered, she locks eyes with Brock.

Deb Warenstein: *[to Brock]*

So, like....why haven't you dumped Siobhan yet?

Cassidy cuts in.

Pat Cassidy:

I keep wondering the same thing! She's such a pain in the...

Cassidy catches Brock's eye.

Pat Cassidy:

Ah, I suppose you should field this one, huh?

Brock Newbludd:

Debbie, first off, you look great tonight. That shirt you're wearing is just...something to behold. I mean...god damn...

Beaming with pride, Debbie pulls on the bottom of her black t-shirt and does a twirl to show off the front of it to everyone in attendance. Clearly handmade, the front of the shirt is a blown up picture of Newbludd standing in the ring with one of the tag team title belts raised above his head while Siobhan plants a kiss on his cheek. Well, not Siobhan, actually.

No slouch when it comes to the photoshop game, Debbie did a little cutting/pasting to replace Siobhan's head with her own.

Pat Cassidy:

[Chuckling] Oh man...that's fuckin' great!

Brock Newbludd:

Uh huh. Listen Debbie, we can't date. It's not you, it's me. I just think Pat's sister is really hot and I'm gonna have to ride that hot hand as long as I can, right? I mean, look at the roll SNS has been on since Chev and I started dating! As our number one fan, I'm sure you understand.

Deb Warenstein:

Yeah, that answer is stupid and I don't like it.

She stares at him in that judgy teenage way that makes you question every single one of your life choices because teenagers are awful.

Deb Warenstein:

Like...really stupid.

She looks at Pat and smiles, sweetly.

Deb Warenstein:

What are you getting me for Valentine's Day?

Cassidy belches loudly.

Pat Cassidy:

Valentine's Day? Isn't that the holiday that comes a little before Paddy's day? I dunno, what do you want - I got a bunch of SNS shirts from efedtees? You looking to party in style?

Deb Warenstein:

Oh my God, adorbs! But like, really, what are you getting me?

Cassidy blinks.

Pat Cassidy:

Hold on. I know the right answer here.

Pat Cassidy puts both his hands to his temples and acts like he's trying to read her mind.

Pat Cassidy:

Ummm... you want... a... basketba... noooo... you... want... a... barbi... nooo

Deb cuts in.

Deb Warenstein:

Can I take a picture with the tag belts?

Brock Newbludd:

Well shit, Debbie. Of course you can!

Deb makes her way through the row and flounces up to the stage. She hands her phone off to one of the crew, telling him to "Make sure you hold it sideways!" and then picks up Pat's tag belt. Both Milwaukee's Beast and the Scrapper from Southie smile but just as the camera's about to capture the moment, Deb gives Pat a kiss on the cheek and the

crowd laughs and claps! Cassidy shrugs and nods his head like, "you got me" as Deb is given her phone back.

Deb Warenstein:

Oh my God, so cute!

She skips away while the SNS boys just stare at one another.

Walking into the room, Butcher Victorious struts towards the front to take a seat to prepare for interviews. The purple-clad Texan starts to get ready.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... SAYS GET OUT YOUR STICKS! Tonight, get your microphones and recording devices ready! You're about to hear from wrestler...

He makes a completely unnecessary slash through the air with his hand.

Butcher Victorious:

Slash-actor, Butcher Victorious! Fresh off my critically-acclaimed performance of one "High Flyer" Jack Harmen, I'm ready to hit you with them sound bytes! Which one of you boners has the first question?

Butch Vic waits...

Butcher Victorious:

Anyone?

And waits...

And waits some more...

Then actually looks up from the table.

Everyone has gone home.

Except for the janitor who just turned the lights out.

Janitor:

Either grab a mop or get the hell out! I gotta get this place cleaned up. I think the Chicken Fingers Kid puked somewhere.

Butcher sighs in his seat after the realization that everyone has already called it a day.

Butcher Victorious: *[annoyed groan]*

Butch Vic... says this is the shits...

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.