

SHOW OPEN

Post-DEFCON Interview Edition starts now...

DEX JOY

Dex Joy walks with a noticeable limp in his step, but it is still a very confident limp. Coming off what could be the biggest win of his career, The Biggest Boy walks up to the main table and has a seat quickly after he has taken a quick shower following his hard fought win. The press greet him with questions and Dex picks Christie Zane first.

Dex Joy:

Fire away, ladies and gentle-pallies. Christie! You're first!

Christie Zane:

DEX! Congratulations on your victory tonight! Can you tell us, what was going through your mind in the closing moments of that battle in the ring with Oscar Burns?

Dex Joy:

Hell yes. He's a dick-weed. He's a jagaloon. He's a selfish, egotistical, overbearing, annoying, loud-mouthed son of a bitch ... and he became all those things after he set himself up to be the man to beat in DEFIANCE Wrestling. He worked over this leg I'm probably going to keep on ice for a few weeks. He hit me in the Dexy Baby-maker! He tried to choke me out with his Fifty submission! He did all those things and for a second, things were going dark, Christie ...

But Dex stands up and then pump his fist.

Dex Joy:

He's been calling me a fat bully for months, but *he* was the one that needed a reality check, Christie! I knew if I lost tonight that he was going to keep running his mouth until everyone changed the channel. Since I got bills to pay, a three-year-old mouth to feed and a chance at glory, I wasn't going to give Burns the satisfaction and I couldn't let that happen for the Wrecking Crew that's supported me since I squeezed this plump ass through those doors! I rose up and I *dumped that chump!* Right on his bean or noggin or whatever New Zealanders call it and I got the dub! Dex Drive Dos! Just for him! And I'm happy to be standing on this side of the desk as the winner!

Jamie Sawyers:

Let me just say, Dex, that we could not have witnessed a better match to kick off DEFCON. And with a high profile win over a former FIST like Burns, many are now wondering what's next for "The Biggest Boy". So what are your future plans, as of right now?

Dex Joy:

Thank you Jamie. I gotta watch this match back as soon as I ice this knee, but I have to say feeling the energy from the DEFIANCE Wrestling and *not* the Oscar Burns Faithful? That was magic. What we did in that ring was magic and I'd put my big bottom dollar on the fact that this could be *the* match of the whole weekend with respect to my peers!

He slaps his knee ... and then he winces.

Dex Joy:

As for what's next ... DEFCON '22, Dex Joy scored the biggest win of his career ... *so far!!!* DEFCON '23? I'm going for the FIST of DEFIANCE any chance that I can get in this next year! Watch me!

Chris Chickentenders:

Uhh, hey there, it's Chris. Chris Chickentenders. My question for you, Mr. Number Four Man-Butt of DEFIANCE, is if you go after the FIST, will you stop talking and wear something cool on your head and be a total badass and stuff? That would be rad if you did.

Dex Joy looks utterly confused by the question from Chris Chickentenders but he can't help but laugh behind the microphone.

Dex Joy:

I like this kid! First off, thank you for putting me on the list even if your Mom made you do it cause we all gotta be equal

opportunity objectifiers! I've been working hard this year to make this ass a little more svelte and I'll leave the elaborate headgear for the Holy Man himself, Deacon. The black and gold is my style of choice right now but I'll tell you like I just said. No matter what colors I wear, you're all gonna keep seeing some more badass things from Dexy Baby!

SuperDEFFan64:

Dex Joy! SuperDEFFan64! Winner of the "DEFCONCON Guess That Hometown Contest!" You're from Los Angeles, California! Didn't even have to go to the DEFIANCE Website! I have that all MEMORIZED!

Dex Joy:

That's right, born and bred! What's your question big pally?

SuperDEFFan64:

My question for you... now that you beat Oscar Burns, who SAYS he's DEFIANCE but is really just an aged-out asshole, what will you do for the more heavyweight fanbase like myself once you become the FIST someday?

Dex Joy:

First off pally! Though I'm a card carrying member of the big boy crew ... hence my nickname the Biggest Boy ... I support all audiences, short to tall, fat to small! Wrestling is an all-inclusive place to me and I'm speaking from the heart here! I promise that over this next year, you'll be seeing Dex spit out rocket fuel when he talks because Dexy Baby is strapped to a rocket heading right to the top of DEFIANCE Wrestling! This promotion is for everyone and when I one day get to the top, I'm going to represent this place as the best champion I can be! Thank you all!

Dex Joy gets up.

Dex Joy:

I got some swagger on this limp! Watch me!

He tries his best to saunter out of the building still with a limp but a limp full of flex when he gets up to leave the conference room.

JACK MACE

Just moments after wrapping up a quick phone call with his sister, Jack Mace hurriedly rushes to the table. He hasn't had time to wash off after his quick and brutal affair with turning Tom Morrow into a smear on the DEFCON canvas, but he's reveling in the moment as he sits down. He's inexplicably got two pints of what appear to be beer at the table ready for him when he sits down and he starts to sip.

Jack Mace:

All right... we're all adults, mates...

He stops when he notices Chris Chickentenders. Then takes another sip.

Jack Mace:

All right, he's not. But a leopard don't change their spots and I ain't watching me language. Fuckin' deal with it. And don't ask about me pints cause they're mine and I'm gonna enjoy 'em. All right, who's first?

Over to Jamie Sawyers.

Jamie Sawyers:

Hello, Jack! I think I speak for everyone when I say that there was nothing more satisfying than seeing Junior get absolutely mauled out there. But does this mark the true end to your dealings with the Better Future Talent Agency?

Mace thinks about it carefully as he takes a sip.

Jack Mace:

As far as I'm concerned, mate, I'm done with those fuckin' arseholes. They can do whatever they want and do it away from me, otherwise...

He pulls away from the table and starts to dust off his boot with his free non-pint-holding hand.

Jack Mace:

I got plenty more Roy Kents comin' for 'em. What ADV tried to do tonight was only cause I planted his arse into that canvas and whatever... I crippled the head of the fuckin' snake and had ten thousand people cheerin' for it. I'm ready for whatever now. Who's next?

And now we cut... to Chris Trutt.

Chris Trutt:

...dang it, I was going to ask that question. Anywhoozles... are you going to send Uriel Cortez a 'Thank You' card or anything for coming to your aid?

Another sip. He's already about half a pint down.

Jack Mace:

What me and that giant prick had was a truce, plain and simple. Best of luck to 'em in their match, but we each got what we wanted. Uriel... I'll buy a pint.

He holds the second mug close.

Jack Mace:

But not these two. Who else got these questions?

Chris Chickentenders:

Uhh, yeah, hi... I don't really care about that Tom Morrow guy, cause he's totally yesterday's news, but I just wanted to

say that you're totally lucky ADV didn't like set you on fire, cause that would've been badass.

And just like a beer-swilling hurricane, Mace finishes off the first pint and now he's onto the second.

Jack Mace:

Oy, sonny... you got jokes, eh? Like I said, if that coiffed fuck wants to pick up where we left off... I ain't hard to find. I'm the guy kicking the wind outta people in that ring. Anyone else?

SuperDEFFan64:

Jack Mace! Question for you! Are you a farmer or a soccer hooligan? When you came back, you were wearing flat caps and overalls! Now you're wearing flat caps and soccer gear and kicking Tom Morrow in the face repeatedly! Which is it? **PICK ONE!**

Jack Mace blinks at the overzealous fan.

Jack Mace:

I got a question for ye, mate... why does some asshole care about what I wear? I like me outdoors. I like me flat caps. I like me football. I don't answer to Tommy Dickhead anymore. I do what makes Ol' Jackie happy now. Them things make me happy. Along with suplexin' people and kickin' loudmouth pricks.

SuperDEFFan64:

...I wish to withdraw my question.

Jack Mace looks to see if anyone has any questions, before he sips down the last glass... Then stands up.

Jack Mace:

One last byte for anyone here to chew on... NO ONE will take away DEFIANCE from me ever again. This roster got a lot of people, top to bottom, that I'm ready to fight to earn me place here again.

He takes what's left of his beer... then dumps the last of the pint on his head, surprising the audience-goers, including Chris Chickentenders, who didn't even get to ask if he could have a sip.

Jack Mace:

OOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

All fired up on both adrenaline and alcohol, The Killer Bear takes his leave.

DANGEROUS MIX

Without any fanfare or introduction, the Dangerous Mix stomps through the press conference, still in ring gear and clearly still drinking in their victory in their invitational tag team battle royal. Literally, as they seem to each be keeping a bottle of beer in tow. Fox is the first to take a seat, and nods before giving a spirited “sláinte,” and taking a refreshing sip of his potable

Christie Zane:

Hello, David! Mushi! Crazy match out there tonight, but the two of you somehow got it done! But do you think this will be enough to bring you into contention for the Unified Tag Team Titles?

David Fox:

Thank you kindly, Miss Zane, and yes, I do think that our battle royal victory tonight was indeed another piece of evidence that we're due another crack at those titles, and that we'll take on anyone to get higher on that mountain, until we reach the very top. You there, I believe you had a question?

Chris Trutt:

So, umm... sorry if this is a sensitive topic, but where was Mr. Eddie Dante tonight?

David and Mushi look at each other and nod, before David takes the mic.

David Fox:

Well, Eddie had to take a step back in recent weeks because of some personal matters we're not at liberty to discuss. He won't be around here for a while, but he trusts us to keep on trucking and proving why we're one of the best tag teams in one of the best tag team divisions in pro wrestling.

Chris Chickentenders:

So, um, hey, I've only been watching wrestling for like the past year or something, but seriously, you know what I think when I look at Munchy Cabrera? One, super freakishly huge, and two, doesn't say a lot. That's an instant BADASS in my book. So dude, Munchy... have you ever thought about being the FIST of DEFIANCE? Thank you.

With an intrigued hum, the monster rests his chin on his thumb and index finger, and raises an eyebrow contemplatively.

SuperDEFFan64:

My question is a TWO-PARTER... first question is for David Fox! You've been around the business for a long time! I remember the Philosopher Kings! My question is this... will you autograph my socks after this? I've already taken the liberty of finding a great sharpie for efficient SIGNAGE!

Fox chuckles, before nodding and taking the mic.

David Fox:

I'll do ya one better, kiddo. I got a pair of clean socks I'll sign for you. Just get one of the staffers out there to take you backstage and I'll see ya after we finish cleaning up.

SuperDEFFan64:

And my questions is for Mushigihara and I'm saying that correctly and not like these idiots who can't pronounce Japanese names... are we supposed to believe people can understand the monosyllabic word “OSU” to substitute for multiple words? You, sir, are a great talent in the ring, but I call **BULLSHIT!**

With a deep breath, the God-Beast chuckles and grabs the microphone, dramatically bringing it to his lips, and looking into the camera, before grinning and casually saying...

Mushigihara:

...OSU.

SuperDEFFAN64:

Oh... oh, I understand now. My apologies for doubting you, Mr. Mushigihara.

Mushi nods and smiles, before one parting...

Mushigihara:

Osu.

TYLER FUSE

Tyler Fuse walks onto the stage and quickly takes a seat as his eyes methodically scan the room.

Christie Zane:

Tyler... we know you're not much for words, so maybe you could just tell us how you are feeling after that match?

Tyler looks down to the floor and then over to Christie.

Tyler Fuse:

I feel great.

And silence follows. The DEF staff member off to the side realizes she needs to open it up to another question.

Jamie Sawyers:

Things got really heated out there, both before and after the bell. But while you came out the victor tonight, can you say you succeeded in your goal in "ending" Kerry Kuroyama?

Tyler Fuse:

Nope.

More silence. Another question eventually surfaces.

Chris Chickentenders:

Dude, can you help me beat Godrick the Grafted sometime? Elden Ring is kicking my ass, and I can't let the dudes at school know.

Tyler Fuse:

Ask my brother...

And then a final question.

SuperDEFFan64:

I've been a fan of yours for years, especially after your brother went soft! When will you be challenging for titles, Tyler? Give me an exclusive I can rub into the faces of SuperDEFFan1 through 63 at our next monthly SUPER DEF FAN MEET-UP!

The elder Fuse tilts his head as if this question actually made him think.

Tyler Fuse:

Maybe sooner than you think. But titles aren't the only way to measure a wrestler's success. I see it time and time again, all these idiots in the back getting bent outta shape if they don't win some gold. I'm here to make a mark... a different kind of mark. You'll see. This is only the beginning.

Fuse stands from his chair and walks off set.

KERRY KUROYAMA

Kerry Kuroyama briskly enters the conference room, dressed in his street clothes. The anger that was on his face at the end of his match earlier that night hasn't left. He doesn't bother taking a seat at the table; he instead picks up one of the microphones and addresses the crowd en masse.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I am not in the mood to answer any questions, so let me be brief: tonight changes absolutely nothing. Tyler Fuse may have earned the win out there, but I absolutely *refuse* to let it end on that. Not after everything he did to me these past two years in an effort to ruin my career. No matter what it takes, I **will** have restitution.

Without another word, Kerry drops the mic and storms out of the room.

Christie Zane:

Kerry! Just one question!

Jamie Sawyers:

Kerry...?

He's gone. There are some murmurs of confusion from the press pool, but in the back of the room, someone let's out a cackle.

SuperDEFFan64:

Hahaha, Tyler Fuse beat you. I have nothing to add to this!

VAE VICTUS

Next up is Vae Victis. Lindsay Troy and Dan Ryan walk into the room and take their seats.

Jamie Sawyers:

Mr. Ryan, LT... decisive win tonight. Is this just a sign of things to come for Vae Victus?

Dan Ryan:

No, actually we were thinking we would start losing for awhile, maybe start selling popcorn out on the concourse or those little glow sticks that kids like so much. Lindsay thinks maybe we're getting a little too big for our britches and could use a little humility.

He turns and stares at Lindsay, who shakes her head, then pulls herself together and turns back to the speaker.

Lindsay Troy:

This is a dumb question coming from the head of the interview corps, Jamie. "A sign of things to come?" The signs have been there. You haven't been paying attention.

She looks at Dan now and shakes her head.

Lindsay Troy:

You notice how you got a "Mister" and I got "LT?" Disrespectful. I always said they should've promoted Christie instead of the outsider from UTAH, but what do I know? It's not like I run my own company or anything...

Jamie Sawyers:

I'm...sitting right here...

Lindsay gives Jamie a death glare and he immediately pipes down.

Chris Trutt:

So, sorry if this may seem like a stupid question, but who do you think gave you guys a harder time tonight? Gage or Teresa?

Lindsay Troy:

Two for two with the dumb questions tonight. Love this for us.

Dan Ryan:

Gage or Teresa... that's the name of the two people we beat earlier?

Lindsay Troy:

Uh huh.

Dan Ryan:

Oh, well in that case, I'd have to say the little leprechaun guy. I don't know if that's Teresa or Gage.

Chris Chickentenders:

Um, either of you know why Deb isn't here tonight? She blocked me on Snapchat.

Lindsay Troy:

Maybe she had to wash her hair. Or paint her nails. I dunno. Why are you here? It's not like you add anything of value.

Dan Ryan:

Wait, this guy's last name is Chickentenders? Does he actually provide chicken tenders??

Lindsay Troy:

No.

He turns back to Chris.

Dan Ryan:

Oh, then I'm sorry, she's right. You don't add anything of value.

SuperDEFFan64:

My first question is for Dan Ryan... what's your secret to saying so SWOLE?! Us heavyweights need to stick together!

Dan Ryan:

Mostly I kill bears and other large predators with my bare hands, then eat the raw meat while lifting tree trunks I've pulled out of the ground myself. Also I do LTYoga.

SuperDEFFan64 stands up from his seat and flexes... with his gut hanging out his 2XL Dex Joy t-shirt.

Dan Ryan:

Are you okay? You'd tell us if you had a stroke, right?

SuperDEFFan64 frowns and gives him the side eye as he turns to Lindsay.

SuperDEFFan64:

And as for Lindsay Troy... You won more matches when you had "Trampled Underfoot" as your theme. Statistical FACT! But my questions is that of a serious nature... Do you know what local medical facility Teresa Ames is staying at? I've got some reclaimed wood for her...

LT looks grossed out, and like she's had enough of this bullshit.

SuperDEFFan64:

That's not a joke, I found some reclaimed wood on Amazon that I could get her autograph on to make a nice PROFIT!

Lindsay Troy:

First of all, stop pushing Billy in the Field's agenda with my theme music. Second of all, try calling around to the local morgues. One of them will have her body.

She looks at Dan.

Lindsay Troy

I think we're done here. At least I am.

She gets up, swipes a water bottle off the table, and walks out of the room. Dan watches her go, then leans into the microphone.

Dan Ryan:

Bye.

Ryan stands up, gives a little wave, and follows her out.

DEACON

"The Revolution" by Skillet plays. After a few moments, the Deacon enters, sans half mask and still in his wrestling attire, a white towel with a bit of red draped over one shoulder and the FIST of DEFIANCE over the other shoulder. Flanking either side, Magdalena and Chris Shepherd enter, still wearing their attire from the show. They sit on either side of the Deacon.

Christie Zane:

Deacon, congratulations tonight! Many are saying you ended a reign of terror by taking the FIST back to DEFIANCE and away from the clutches of Crimson Stalker. So, how is it? How does it feel to be standing atop of DEFIANCE once again?

The Deacon looks down then off to the right. He shakes his head slightly and bites the edge of his bottom lip. Magdalena and Chris Shepherd look at him, and after a moment, Chris Shepherd turns to his microphone.

Chris Shepherd:

I think I can fairly speak for Deacon when I say - surreal. When I spoke to Deacon after leaving the business all those years ago, he was done. No one expected to see him inside the ring again, least of all him, and certainly not to be tagged as the best in a wrestling company. But life has other plans. Magdalena, you were there when he decided to sign with DEFIANCE. What brought Deacon back?

Magdalena continues to look up at Deacon, as if not quite hearing Chris before turning to her own microphone.

Magdalena:

It was one story. He told that story... so many people told that story with the Deacon... and for Jack. The rest of this was just... I dunno. Like you said, surreal's a good word.

Jamie Sawyers:

So now that one era has ended and another has begun, many of us are wondering, who will be the first challenger to the new FIST? Does anyone specifically come to mind?

Once again, Chris took this one.

Chris Shepherd:

As Magdalena said, that one story, really, was the Deacon's sole focus, so in many ways, we're in a new frontier that hasn't been charted. The reason I decided to jump into this particular question is because I've been with Deacon during his other runs. Historically, the "mute freak" gravitates to new challengers. When he held the top titles before, he relished putting new people in the main event and seeing just exactly what they can do under the brightest lights. My guess? He'll do the same thing here.

Chris Chickentenders:

I just wanna know... when does Crimson Stalker come back, and when are you going to give him a rematch so he can kick your butt and take his belt back?

Deacon finally reacts to a question with a slight raise of his eyebrow, but he still doesn't speak, turning to Magdalena who gives her own smirk before moving toward her microphone.

Magdalena:

His belt? I think, at least for tonight, that part of your question has been answered, but Jason can call for a rematch when he wants a rematch [*Magdalena looks up at Deacon and touches the tape on his forehead*], though I doubt it'll be a Stalker Rules match this time.

SuperDEFFan64:

In the battle of the Mute Freak versus the Mute Freak, it was THE MUTE FREAK that reigned supreme! How much

longer do you see yourself going for this? And is Magdalena single? We can clearly tell she's hot, so I don't need to ask that!

Magdalena blinks. Hard. Several times. Then stares for a moment longer.

Magdalena:

Magdalena is sitting here. (Another long stare.) As far as you're concerned, she is soooo not single. She's as far from single as anyone you've ever met.

She stops speaking, her glare obvious to everyone, regardless of how dense they are. After several awkward moments, Chris Shepherd leans toward his microphone.

Chris Shepherd:

How much longer?... For Deacon to keep wrestling, not for this awkward moment to linger. Lord knows I don't want that to go on any longer. So how long? (Short pause) He just grabbed the top title in DEFIANCE. Seems to me that means he's got more than enough gas in the tank. He'd tell you that he can do all things to Christ who strengthens him. I'll tell you that through the last several years, even without the FIST, he's proven that strength inside of him, both in the ring with a series of pretty stellar performances, as well as out of the ring facing challenges no person should have to face. This is just one more chance to say that the impossible is more than possible. And as I've said somewhere near ten thousand times over the years, it's one more chance to prove that Faith really IS... the evidence. Thanks everyone. We hope you really enjoyed the show.

HENRY KEYES

Henry Keyes has showered and dressed after his opening match for Night Two, in a clean-pressed white button down with the long black-leather white-trim jacket he wore down to the ring and black slacks. He gives a slight adjustment to his eye-patch as he sits, a Plague Doctor setting the treasure chest presumably containing the Favoured Saints Championship on the table in front of him.

Christie Zane:

Henry! Let me be the first to officially welcome you back to DEFIANCE!

Henry gives a slow blink and a slight nod.

Christie Zane:

Umm... my question, real quick, what's going with you, Troy, and Ryan? That entrance seemed to suggest that you're now a part of Vae Victus...?

Henry Keyes:

You're quick on the uptake, Miss Zane. You've stumbled upon my clever and ever-layered RUSE.

A couple chuckles from the assembled.

Henry Keyes:

I intend to make my reasons for joining Vae Victis ABUNDANTLY clear on the next episode of DEFtv.

Chris Trutt:

Wow! So um, now that you're a two-time Favoured Saints Champion, is there any possibility that you have your eyes--err, umm... EYE set on the Southern Heritage Title next?

Henry looks to be rubbing his left temple around the leather wrapping of his eye patch, though keen observers note he's only using a middle finger to do so.

Henry Keyes:

Oh, Trutt. My silly little man. I've only just now reclaimed the thing, and you would have me down the road and around the corner before we're even one night in, wouldn't you? Give me a moment to breathe, it's been so long. Appreciate what I've accomplished here. Defenses are surely coming, and fast, and you'll understand where I'm coming from very soon.

Henry points out a grubby-looking teenager who's pushing his arm up with rapidity.

Chris Chicktenders:

Dude, I used to think you were lame, but not gonna lie, you look kinda badass right now! But like, does the loss of depth perception make it hard to sit down?

Henry Keyes:

I've always been adept at finding comfort for my ass, I appreciate you asking. Funnily enough, I miss my left eye less than I might have thought. Talk to me again in three months - I'm supposed to have some medical updates by then.

Hardly waiting for Henry's response, a final question pierces through like a whiny spear.

SuperDEFFan64:

Henry Keyes, I have a question... HOW DARE YOU END THE REIGN OF A YOUNG STAR LIKE CORVO ALPHA! STOP OPPRESSING THE YOUNG TALENT! YOU ALREADY HAD A RUN AS FAVOURED SAINTS! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! HOW COULD YOUUUUUUU..... Ahem. That's my question. How could you? Thank you.

Henry clears his throat.

Henry Keyes:

If you are unable or unwilling to see that Corvo Alpha received what was coming to him, then I don't care to explain it to you. Burn this into your brain, and this goes for everyone here: anyone who can't hang with myself, Lindsay Troy, or Dan Ryan is not being oppressed, or held down, or any other conspiracy your child brain might imagine. Full stop. And if you can't wrap your head around what we represent, you're going to shake your fists at a lot of uncaring clouds.

The Plague Doctors return to retrieve the treasure chest as Keyes rises and departs.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH

After a pause, Lord Nigel Trickelbush appears – much more put together than the frazzled mess he was when last we saw him. Gone is the Victorian era garb and in its place is his usual dark suit and bowler cap. Clearly having found his plastic smile, he sits gingerly at the center of the table. Flashbulbs flash as he pulls a folded piece of paper from his pocket. The smile frays for a moment as he carefully opens the paper, crinkling into the microphone. His eyes scan the press pool with a cool, thinly-veiled malice. He is the first to speak, his voice cracking at the start.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Before any questions, I was informed I'd have an opportunity to read a prepared statement:

He clears his throat, icy eyes sweeping the press pool again.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

"Tonight, the world bore witness to a grave injustice. Tonight, a perfect moment was stolen from you–"

He stops, eying the camera, briefly ad libbing before returning to the text.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Stolen from us all. "Let me be perfectly clear with the global viewing audience: I was right. I was right all along. I told you that Henry Keyes had died. I told you he wouldn't show his face here tonight. Because he couldn't...and I... was RIGHT."

Flashbulbs as the smile falters once more into something strange, almost uncomfortable on his face.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

"Whoever that man was who came through the curtain tonight to face my Champion... that was NOT the man that my Corvo Alpha dispatched all those months ago. That was not the man he had prepared to face, if somehow a miracle occurred. Your addle-brained ring announcer may have spoken that name... but the Henry Keyes you all knew and loved... is gone and gone for good. I was right."

He stares at the next words on the page for a long moment, as if it troubles him greatly to read them aloud.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

"What happened next was a grave, sad injustice. A prized championship; tarnished. An evolving legacy; trounced. There is no denying... the man who claims the name of Keyes is your Favoured Saint. But hear me when I say:"

Slamming the page onto the table, the room is stunned silent. His voice rises.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

"We... are not... finished."

The smile returns, as forced as ever, as he lifts the page before him once more - hands visibly quaking.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

"As for the disgusting act that followed the theft of our gold... as for the appearance of that Masked FOOL,–"

He spits the words out of his mouth. A reporter in the second row mouths the initial/number combo to their comrade: "MV1".

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

"--he misrepresents himself and is not to be trusted. Anyone--" ANYONE! "--who hides their face under a mask and shields the world from their true identity is someone who can simply not be trusted. I will discuss that matter NO further. Lastly..."

Another clearing of the throat. Locking his eyes on the camera once more, this time you can see something human in them. Is it sadness? Is it fear? Perhaps a bit of both.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

"To my boy, I say... simply... Come home."

Bowing his head for a moment, he folds the paper in half with a dramatic crease and gently places it on the table before him. He folds his hands just as gently, quite schoolmasterly.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Now... Ask what you will.

Sawyers stands and raises a hand as he steps to the press-mic.

Jamie Sawyers:

Lord Nigel... clearly, tonight didn't turn out quite how you had foreseen it. Forgive me if I'm being a bit forward, but given what we witnessed tonight, should this give any reason to doubt the bold claims you've made about Corvo Alpha?

Lord Nigel does not hesitate. He leans towards his own table microphone.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

No.

Brushing Sawyers away from the mic with a dismissive hand gesture, Chris Trutt takes his spot. Jamie sits down, visibly annoyed.

Chris Trutt:

So, um, are the rumors true? Was, or um, IS, Corvo Alpha one of the Masked Violators?

Narrow eyes narrow further at Trutt.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

What is your name?

Trutt nervously looks around the room, looking for "help" and finds none.

Chris Trutt:

Um.... Chris--

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

No, Chris. There are no rumors. There are no Masked Violators. There is ONLY Corvo Alpha. Enough of you. Away.

Another dismissive wave. Chickentenders eagerly takes Trutt's place, absently sweeping an ironic lock of hair from his eyes.

Chris Chickentenders:

So like, when does Corvo fight the Tiger, and how long do you think it will take him to rip its ears off and eat its face?

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

That infernal animal should be drawn and quartered. A menace! Why it is allowed in this building is beyond me and, yes, yes, I will be complaining to DEFIANCE about this. A lovely question, my boy.

Chris Chickentenders:

That wasn't what I asked, dude...

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Be gone.

And so he is. Up steps SuperDEFFan64, god help us.

SuperDEFFan64:

Don't you worry, Lord Nigel! I gave Henry Keyes a verbal lashing he won't forget! Corvo Alpha is AWESOME! My question is how fast will Corvo Alpha beat the shit out of that stupid Masked Violator idiot and get back the Favoured Saints Title?!

Frustration boils over and Lord Nigel loses his lordly air, furiously opening up the piece of paper before him. When he reads it now, he is nearly screaming.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

"As for the APPEARANCE of the MASKED FOOL.... He MISREPRESENTS HIMSELF and is NOT to be TRUSTED!! I will discuss this matter NO FURTHER!"

Crumbling the piece of paper up in his hand with a rising fury, Lord Nigel HURLS it at SuperDEFFan64 and it sails over his head and *slaps* against the far wall.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

He won't take my boy from me, do you understand?!? DO ANY OF YOU UNDERSTAND?!?! He can't have him! Not after everything I've DONE! After everything I've sacrificed! After everything we have ACCOMPLISHED?!?!
(*anguished*) Together!?

He bolts to his feet, fists boiling into tight balls. His complexion quickly shifts to an odd red.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

He can't have him and he WON'T HAVE HIM! He is MINE, do you HEAR? He is mine and I'll show you... I'll show you all!

He glares around the room, meeting eyes with each individual before suddenly relaxing. Almost comically, Nigel takes a deep cleansing breath and smooths over the ruffled lapels of his suit. Recognizing how unhinged he'd just shown himself to be, Lord Trickelbush doffs his cap to the press before leaning to the microphone one final time.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Ah, uh. Good evening and goodnight.

Turning on a dime, Lord Nigel sweeps from the table with a loud shuffle.

NED REFORM

Ned Reform appears, freshly showered with a white towel around his neck. He moves gingerly, but with a smile that takes some attention away from the bandage over his forehead. Reform waves and smiles toward the audience, pulling out a chair and pointing to it as if to ask, "should I sit?" Laughing at the fact that he's such a cad, Reform smiles at the press as he takes a seat at the table. As he takes a moment to adjust the microphone to his liking, a flurry of questions come at him - until one voice rises above the rest.

Christie Zane:

Ned, I couldn't help but notice how you appeared to take great satisfaction in exposing the truth about Jessica Fear out there. I have to ask, how does it feel to be such a sociopath?

Ned Reform:

How does it feel to waste a journalism degree on this deadened job? See, I can ask rhetorical questions, too. Next.

Another flurry of questions and flashbulbs. Until...

Chris Trutt:

You've definitely proven tonight that you're not to be underestimated. But cheese-and-rice, do you *hafta* be so mean to everyone?

Ned Reform: *[laughing]*

Mr. Trutt, my dear simpleton, I'm not mean. I'm honest. Far too often in the modern world, we equate the truth with cruelty. Well, perhaps I'm a bit... how do they say... "old school"? I believe in the truth. I have spent my life in pursuit of it. And I will continue to shine light onto the truth, regardless of whose feelings I hurt. I am not here to make friends, Christopher.

A voice calls out...

Chris Chickentenders:

Dude, are you gonna answer my DMs or what? I need help for my English History term paper!

Ned Reform:

I'm certain you do not need to pass that course to serve french fries at the local fast foodary. I wouldn't stress. Next question.

SuperDEFFan64:

Yes, Doctor Ned Reform.... I have a question for you after you gave Jessica Fear or Mr. Fear a beating she deserved for trying to be a hero!! One that I think a man of your superior intellect can indulge... something only a scholared doctor can answer!

Ned Reform:

Ah! A man of true class and sophistication. It's refreshing to be volleyed an unbiased question. Quite rare. What is your query, friend?

SuperDEFFAN64 stands up.

SuperDEFFan64:

I've got a bitch of an itch on my left asscheek and need to know if this is a rash or a...

DEFSec comes in and makes SuperDEFan64 sit down in his chair before any cheeky business can go down thankfully. One of them whispers something in his ear as Reform rubs his temple.

SuperDEFFan64:

Come on, you assholes! DOCTOR Ned Reform! HOW WAS I SUPPOSED TO KNOW?!

Ned Reform:

As suspected, this has been a complete waste of time. I knew better, and yet I still humored you all. This one is my fault, children. For those of you who want to hear my thoughts on my DEFCON victory... well, I suppose you'll have to watch DEFTv.

As another flurry of questions come at him, Reform stands and gingerly limps backstage, ignoring the press completely.

REZIN

There's a slight commotion in the other room before a heavily burnt and bleeding Rezin stumbles into the conference room, half covered in gauze and bandages, mist barely wiped clean from his face, shaking off DEFMed staff members as he does so.

Iris Davine:

Rezin, you idiot! Get back in the infirmary! Your cuts haven't been disinfected yet!

Rezin:

Innasec, babe... got PUNK ROCK SHIT to tend to!

The Goat Bastard practically collapses into one of the chairs and belches into the mic.

Rezin:

Okay, I want two cheeseburgers, a large order of fries, and a strawberry shake... but nuke it for a few seconds first. I ain't eatin' it with a spoon.

Christie stands up and volunteers the first question.

Christie Zane:

Rezin, you must be disappointed given the way that match ended.

Rezin:

Ehh, what can I say? That Scrow sure is really something! Definitely one of the top contenders in the company right now! I don't think we've *ever* had a better Southern Heritage Champion! Truly a future DEFIANCE legend in the making! Here's to hoping he builds off of this monumental win and engineers a long and historic title reign that will be spoken of far and wide!

He makes a wanking motion with his hand.

Rezin:

Anyway, moving right along here... who's next?

Chris Trutt:

Umm, Rezin?

Rezin:

TRUTT!! Where the HELL have you been?!

Chris Trutt:

Sorry! But, um, shouldn't you be receiving medical attention right now?

Rezin appears to be completely unaware that blood has been continuously dripping off his beard and forming a pool on the table in front of him.

Rezin:

...why, Trutt, whatever could you mean...?

Trutt takes his seat, opting not to press further. The other Chris rises to his feet.

Chris Chickentenders:

Uh, yeah... I was wondering, if you're done trying to beat Scrow, then what's going to happen between you and Arthur Pleasant? Cause that would be EXTREMELY BADASS!

The Goat Bastard groans in a manner that would suggest it would be anything but.

Rezin:

...man, lemme tell ya what Arthur Pleasant is *really* about: overcompensatin', senseless triggerbaitin', and a whole LOT of mental masturbatin'. He's talked himself up as the epitome of "DEFIANCE" since the day he walked through the door, but now that I've been in the ring with him personally, all I can say is that I am *not* impressed. He makes a scene becuse he wants to be seen. But me? I GET SEEN because I wanna MAKE SCENES! Anyway, fuck that guy... where we at on those cheeseburgers?

SuperDEFFan64:

Two part question, Rezin. First... you've been a part of some crazy-ass matches! The time limit match with Scrow! This ladder match! That banger you put out with Minute for your first Favoured Saints Title win! When will DEFIANCE stop being cowards and get some more titles for you! And second... [*quietly*] I need a new stash cause my Mom confiscated my last one...

Rezin:

To the first, there's still a chance I may be in contention for the Paper Championship! To the second, I'ma have to hit you up when I get back from my trip to Vegas...

The door abruptly BURSTS open. Four men in black ski-masks charge into the room.

HUPI-HUPI-HUPI-HUPI-HUPI

Rezin:

OH SHIT! Whaddya know! My ride is here!

They seize the Goat Bastard, throw a hood over his head, and carry him out the way they came.

Iris Davine:

Wait! Wait! We're not done treating him yet!

HUPI-HUPI-HUPI-HUPI-HUPI

Outside, we can hear a van door close and the screech of tires as a vehicle quickly peels out of the parking lot.

BETTER FUTURE TALENT AGENCY

The show moves on to the post-match with Alvaro de Vargas and The Lucky Sevens looking satisfied with their big win over Los Tres Titanes in a fast-paced six-person tag team match! Hooting and hollering, the three giants are joined by another successful member of Better Future Talent Agency in Jesta! ADV greets the press as he sits at the table first.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Que bola, pendejos! I took the liberty of getting cerveza y ganarcerveza y vino! Celebration!

He snaps a finger and some unnamed stooge in a nice suit puts some effort into putting a tub next to the table of various Mexican beers, American beers and champagne. ADV takes one of the champagne bottles and POPS that sucker... where you hear Chris Trutt off-camera.

Chris Trutt:

OW!

Alvaro de Vargas:

Watch out, pendejo.

The first question comes from Christie Zane as he slides some drinks to the rest of the crew across the table.

Christie Zane:

My question is for the Lucky Sevens. Your teamwork really came through again for the Better Future Talent Agency against the full force of Los Tres Titanes. If Tom Morrow could be here tonight, do you think he would be proud of your work here tonight?

Max takes a sip of their 777 Whiskey.

Max Luck:

YAAAAAAA that's good! Oh we know Tommy would love what we did to those assholes. That wasn't just revenge for what that British furry Jack Mace did last night ... that was payback for last year's DEFCON! We lost a tag match to the Titans but this year, that little lucha-douche Minutr and his buddies got a DEFCON sized beatdown!

Mason Luck:

Write that down, you sons of bitches! SEVEN!!! STARS!!! That's not only the name of our new finisher!! That's how many stars that beatdown rated! Ask Tim Tillinghast and he'll tell you!

Mason and Max clink their whiskey glasses together.

Max Luck:

We have something too.

The twin seven footers put a pair of stands in front of the press table.

#PRAYERSFORMORROW

#HOPEFORABETTERTOMMORROW

Mason Luck:

This victory is for you, Tommy!!!

Max Luck:

To Tom Morrow!

All four men toast their glasses and bottles together.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Thoughts and prayers, pendejos! Pensamientos y oraciones!

Jamie Sawyers:

Yeah, Jestal... looks like you've had time to heal after the culmination of your "sibling rivalry" last night. Can we expect to see Dandelion in the Better Future fold anytime soon?

Jestal:

Look at my fucking eye! Dandelion in a Better Future? Well dipshit it's not likely....and before any of you other press morons bring her up again in Better Future I lik....

Hum....Hum.....Hum.....

Jestal:

I like....

Hum.....Hum.....Hum

Jestal pulls out his phone from his pocket. Looking at it for a moment and rolls his eyes saying off mic.

Jestal:

What now!

Jamie Sawyers:

Whose on the phone Jestal?

Jestal stares at Jamie with his one eye.

Jestal:

That's my business, none of yours.

Jestal leans away from the microphone and tries to carry on a conversation. Obviously Jamie is not gonna get a full statement from Jestal so the presser moves on To Chris Chickentenders.

Chris Chickentenders:

Um, yeah, my question is for "El Soul Durango" himself, ADV! Mr. Vargas...

He stands up.

Alvaro de Vargas:

EL SOL DORADO DE DEFIANCE! THE GOLDEN SUN! EVERYTHING REVOLVES AROUND ME! And no, you can't have my beer!

SuperDEFFan64:

It's about time that BFTA finally gets its due! Us talented superheavyweights need to stick together! You guys all won your matches... except Tom Morrow. What will you guys do in his absence? Will he take another vacation like when he got destroyed at DEFCON last year?

Jestal: *[still talking on his phone]*

No, I will not...no don't send me that video!

BFTA looks at their jester for a moment and answers accordingly.

Jestal: *[still on the phone, but now appears to be watching a video on his phone]*
FOR THE LOVE OF RED BALLOONS!

SuperDEFFan64:

And one last question! ADV, when will you finally fight Conor Fuse in a User Can't Use Fireballs Match? He's a video game character with heavy Mario influences. You compare yourself to the sun! That's an instant match right there!

Alvaro de Vargas:

I will add ANYONE to the list of pendejos that want to be one of my Burn Victims!

Jestal: *[still on the phone]*

Look I know Tomorrow is sitting in a hospital bed, I don't need you to remind me every second of the day. No...no don't show me the video again!.....ARGH!!!!!!

ADV and the Lucky Sevens look down at Jestal and don't have the foggiest what's going on, but Alvaro shrugs.

Alvaro de Vargas:

THIS! What you see at this table! This is a brighter future and a better tomorrow! Gold is going to be in our futures! Just you wait! Ver y aprender, cabezas de mierda.

The four men leave the table and ADV snaps a finger, making the unnamed stagehand carry the remaining booze with him. He strains with it as we move to the next piece of press conference footage.

CONOR FUSE

Conor Fuse walks to the podium sporting a lime green "8-BIT BADASS" t-shirt and black Adidas track pants with a special 1-Up Conor Fuse branded Gatorade. His blonde hair is wet and messy. He's hurting a little but tries to hide it as best as he can, reaching his chair and resting in front of the microphone.

Christie Zane:

Conor! Tough loss tonight... but that was quite the final stand against the consistently successful team of Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd! Do you think if you had something of a more reliable partner, you could be sitting here tonight once again as a Unified Tag Team Champion?

Conor Fuse:

Hey Christie, what's up? I mean... sure, I guess, maybe. Look, Malak did what he could, I did what I could. This wasn't about winning the Tag Titles for me, it really wasn't. This was about honouring the sport of wrestling, going at things one-hundred percent regardless of opponent and teammate. And unfortunately, it's also about honouring the lifelong commitment I have to The Comments Section now.

Chris Trutt:

So uh, are things cool between you and Pat now?

Conor Fuse:

Honestly, Chris... you'd have to ask him. I have no problem with Pat, if he minds his own business and doesn't get in mine. I let him off the hook to go save his friend, I felt like it was the right thing to do. I'm sure our paths will cross again, many times. It's a game, right? DEFIANCE is the greatest wrestling game ever and if both of us are top level players, we're gonna be seeing each other frequently. Get ya popcorn ready.

Fuse winks at Trutt while he awaits the next question.

Chris Chickentenders:

GODRICK THE GRAFTED! C'MON! He kicked my ass again last night! Could ONE OF YOU Fuse Bros. help me already!

Conor Fuse:

Ummm, Fuse Bros. can't play together anymore, Chris. But I love ya, buddy.

Fuse pauses and digs into his pocket. Although he doesn't reveal what he finds, he looks up and smiles at Chris.

Conor Fuse:

Never say never, though. I might have the cheat codes...

The Ultimate Gamer awaits the next question.

SuperDEFFan64:

Who would win in a singles match between you and your brother Tyler and why is the answer Tyler because your brother is darker, way more cooler than you and isn't a butt-puppet for Malak "Snowflake Justice Warrior" Garland!!!

Conor Fuse:

Oh, guess we have a Malak troll out here. No worries, LOL. Tyler would win because he's older. But I'd win the head games because I'm smarter. Also, come back to me after MAXIMUM DEFIANCE and tell me who the butt-puppet is... Malak or myself.

Fuse is given the "that's all the questions" signal from the DEFIANCE staffer off to his left. He waves at everyone, takes a sip of his branded Gatorade and walks off set.

SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS

The media circus, barely having a moment to settle down, rush back to their feet as they catch sight of the DEFIANCE tag team champions, Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy - The Saturday Night Specials. Their faces are caked with dried blood and they're moving like they were just hit by a truck - but they're also still holding the red "Ballyhoo" solo cups that they used to celebrate the victory with The Faithful. They're dragging the championship belts behind them with smiles on their faces as they approach the hot seat in front of the reporters.

Brock leans back and howls in delight before he takes a seat. Cassidy stops and points to one of the reporters in a "I know you!" motion and then he also sits down.

The media all begins to speak at once, trying to fire questions at the champs. Cassidy taps on the mic, causing a large booming sound to ring out in the room and momentarily make them quiet down.

Pat Cassidy:

HEY! Testing. Testing. One, two. One, two. Testing. Can you hear me? Yeah? You in the back? One, two? Okay cool. So, special rule tonight. If you wanna ask a question, you need to first do a shot with us. Someone get the whiskey!

A familiar face stands to fire off the first question.

Christie Zane:

Pat! Brock! Once again...

Pat Cassidy:

Hold on, Zane! You're gonna party tonight whether you like it or not. Where's the damn whisky!?

Cassidy looks around in frustration as Christie chooses to completely no-sell his nonsense.

Christie Zane:

I'll pass, thanks. But: you two have done it, closing off another monumental Pay Per View event with yet another monumental title defense! Do you feel like you've firmly established yourselves as the premier talents of DEFIANCE?

Pat Cassidy:

I like when you're all business. But yeah: it's been a whole calendar year. Check the fucking ledger. Comments Section. Los Tres Titanes. Pop Culture Phenoms. Stevens Dynasty. Better Future. The Lucky Sevens. Comments Section version 2: this time it's personal. All fell to your boys here. We've been in some tight spots, but we always find a way to fight our way out of them. If we aren't the team to beat in DEFIANCE, I have no fucking clue who is.

Newbludd nods his head in agreement. The first man to get busted open in the brutal main event, Brock's face is coated with an extra layer of blood crust. Raising his solo cup up, Newbludd smiles out to the press pool.

Brock Newbludd:

Tight spots...no-win situations...backs against the wall...we've survived them all. The only label we care about is being the Unified Tag Team Champions, which we still are. It's not about being the premier talents, Christie, it's about going out there and tearing the fuckin' house down, which we did. If that's how premier talents take care of business, then I think ya got your answer.

With that, Brock takes a big drink out of his cup and bumps fists with Cassidy.

Jamie Sawyers:

It really felt like Malak threw everything but the kitchen sink at you guys in that "Safe Space" (which turned out to not be very safe). Was there any point in that match where you guys may have doubted your ability to get it done?

Brock Newbludd:

The thing is, Jamie, confidence is all we had going into the match tonight. Just like you guys, we had no idea what a 'safe space' match was. But, that didn't matter to us. Because we knew that no matter what Malak's little stipulation ended up being, it wouldn't mean shit once that bell rang. Nothing was gonna stand in our way from giving The Comments Section what they deserved. There would be no such thing as 'safety' for them. Not against us. We came, we saw, and we fuckin' conquered.

Pat Cassidy:

Sawyers, Malak fuckin' Garland could throw a nuclear warhead at ya boys here and it wouldn't be enough.

Chris Chickentenders:

Uhh, yeah, can you dudes like throw dudes through stacks of tables like in *every* match? Cause that was seriously BADASS!

Brock Newbludd:

I like where your head's at, dude, and I agree one-million percent. Smashing people through tables is totally badass and incredibly cathartic. While we can't promise to do it every match, we can promise that the next to we do, it'll be dedicated to you Mr. Chickentenders.

SuperDEFFan64:

Tag Tag Wrestling is ALIVE in DEFIANCE! ALIVE! PUT IT IN MY VEINS!

Brock Newbludd:

You damn right it is, man! And make no mistake, you're looking at the heart and soul of it right here.

Pat Cassidy: *[pointing and looking around the room]*

See? This guy knows what's up. More questions from this guy. What's your question, kid? I like the cut of your jib.

SuperDEFFan64:

My question is this... you've beaten some of the top teams in the division! You've beaten The Lucky Sevens but they kicked your ass after that! You've beaten the Pop Culture Phenoms and Los Tres Titanes! You've just between Malak Garland and his butt pupper and inferior Fuse brother Conor Fuse! Are you looking to fight any other teams like Dangerous Mix, Cerberus, Gulf Coast Connection or any other team? Do you think you will make it one whole year as champions?

Cassidy raises an eyebrow.

Pat Cassidy:

Butt puppet? That's a good one. Hey, someone write that down.

Brock Newbludd:

Someone should. Between the blood loss and the booze intake, I'm not sure if I'm going to be remembering much of any of this tomorrow. That being said, to answer your question, The Saturday Night Specials are always looking for a fight. It doesn't matter who's next because we're equal opportunity champions and we don't discriminate on who we dish out beatdowns to. Just like we have been, we're going to fight with everything we have to hang onto these belts, you can count on it.

Pat Cassidy:

One year!? We're gonna be champs until the day this place closes its doors. We haven't come across the team that can dethrone us, and we sure as hell won't be finding that team any time soon. Now, if you fine people would excuse us...

Cassidy stands. Newbludd follows suit.

Pat Cassidy:

I need to shower up because we've got some big plans. If you don't hear from us in two days, send help.

Brock looks at Cassidy, frowning. Pat picks up what he's putting down.

Pat Cassidy:

Ah. Yeah. Better make it like five days. Cheers!

The Specials give one last salute to the media before grabbing their belts and cups and stepping forward into the crowd. Cassidy kisses Christine Zane on the hand as Brock gives Chris Trutt a noogie. They make their way through the sea of people, slapping hands and just generally having a great time until they're out of sight.

DEFIANCE Spotlight comes to a close.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.