

DEFIANCE ROAD PRESS CONFERENCE OPEN: N1



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

Everything you need for a press conference is here; a small stage, a German-themed DEFRd backdrop, a table with DEFIANCE branded skirting, chairs, and microphones in tabletop tripods.

Christie Zane stands in front of the stage with a microphone in hand and a warm and welcoming smile on her face.

Christie Zane:

Welcome all. My name is Christie Zane and on behalf of DEFIANCE and the Favoured Saints, we would like to welcome everyone to the 2024 DEFIANCE ROAD Night 1 Press Conference. Tonight we will be joined by several DEFIANTS from night one. Now, a reminder for all our media members here tonight; if you have a question for our guests please raise your hand, state your name and the media outlet you are with.

Christie Zane:

Now with that said let's welcome our first guest ... Madame Melton.

MADAME MELTON

The lights go out in the press room, as there are murmurs. When the lights come on, sitting behind the dais is Madame Melton -- her flapper curls apparently tended to in the hours after JJ Dixon's triumph at Night One, now wearing another, separate silver gown. Propped up in front of her on the table is the Favoured Saints title, glistening under the lights. The press fire off questions, but she waves her hand gripping her cigarette holder.

Madame Melton:

Is Ryan Scott here? Mr. Scott? (Melton scans the crowd.) The last time I faced questions from you, the press, was after DEFCON 2023, when my JJ Dixon unfortunately lost to Nathan Eye. That evening, I came out here after the loss because I believe in accountability -- a rare trait, these days, I'm afraid. But I was not lauded as I should have been for having the courage to stand out here, in public, to discuss the results of this match. In fact, Mr. Ryan Scott decided to take the opportunity to try and humiliate me before the eyes of the world! This is the same Ryan Scott who, as I read in the trades, referred to me as 'Big Mouth' and all kind of other scandalous names. Well, Mr. Scott... I have something to say to you specifically!

Melton taps the title.

Madame Melton:

HA!!!! I MANAGE A CHAMPION AND YOU DON'T HAVE A JOB! HA!!!! I MANAGE JJ DIXON, THE FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION, AND YOU'RE UNEMPLOYED! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!

She smirks. And pauses. And then starts again.

Madame Melton:

HA!

Finally, she stops laughing.

Madame Melton:

Now, where was I?

The press fires off questions.

Joe Stats:

Ms. Melton! Congratulations on the gold tonight. To what do you attribute the longevity of your career?

Madame Melton laughs.

Madame Melton:

Mr. Timothy Tillinghast, darling. I wish to discuss what winning this championship means to us. And I don't mean myself and My Gems -- My Most Precious Gems! I mean yours truly and... you, Mr. Tillinghast!

Joe Stats: *[Nervously]*

Uhm, I'm not sure you have the right man...

Madame Melton:

Well, Mr. Tillinghast... you were the first of my many critics to sing my praises! You said in your earliest reviews to say that, and I quote, we could make beautiful magic together! At my first press conference, you asked me out on a date! And when I rechristened myself as Madame Melton just a few months ago... you described that in the trades as, and I quote... kinky!

She smirks as Joe squirms a lot.

Madame Melton:

Let's make this magic now, shall we, Tim? Do you really think it kinky? If so, Tim... get down on your hands and knees like a dog. And then crawl to the stage as the worm you are and I will allow you to suck on my toes. You heard me. I won't even make you beg. You'll like my toes clean before the world, Tim. And as you do, you can look up at me with those pathetic eyes of yours while I cradle this title and call you a dirty little boy. Would you like that, you dirty little boy? Or would you prefer filthy maggot? I'll call you whatever you think you deserve, Tim. Come on, Tim! You know you want to be my human footstool before your peers! You sad, disgusting little boy!

Joe Stats:

Madame Melton, I'm not Tim --

Madame Melton:

Or will you just save this for your 'alone time' as you lay in bed in your little drawers in your filthy Days Inn motel room, Tim?

There's just more awkward squirming from the completely red-faced Joe. The camera lingers on him. And more. And more. It feels like the camera has been placed on Joe for roughly 30 minutes even though it has been 30 seconds.

Joe Stats:

Madame Melton, I'm Joe Stats... and... and there's children here...

Madame Melton just smiles and stands up abruptly.

Madame Melton:

Well, I must apologize, my darlings! I have a vintage bottle of champagne awaiting me, along with a celebratory tour of all of Europe's classic cities! Because everyone tonight will understand why... MADAME MELTON! IS READY! FOR HER CLOSEUP! HAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAA!!!!

Cut to Christie Zane waiting in the wings.

Christie Zane:

Thank you, Madame Melton.

URIEL CORTEZ

Christie Zane:

Our next guess ... please welcome, "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez!

Now seated at the table just mere minutes after his shocking actions, "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez is seated behind the table, alone. His wife, Titaness is nowhere to be found and Mil Vultas was not at the venue for Night One.

Uriel Cortez: *[voice booming]*

You got questions. I got answers. What do the little people want to know?

The camera cuts to Joe Stats of DEF Radio.

Joe Stats:

I'm going to ask the question everyone in this room, and likely around the world is wondering... Why did you take your frustrations out on Dan Leo James? And do you feel any remorse for assaulting a young man who looked up to you like a "giant father"?

Uriel gives the faintest hint of a smirk after the question.

Uriel Cortez:

I already told one of you TMZ-looking assholes the same thing just after my match, but I'll tell it to you, too cause Stats is good people... sorry to hear about Scotty Flash, by the way. I'll be sure to send some money his way...

He taps his gargantuan hand on the table.

Uriel Cortez:

...Because despite being six-foot seven and having the most athletic potential for a big man I've ever seen... he's soft. And he never stopped being soft. For two years, I tried to get SOMETHING out of Dan and we cared about him... *I* cared about him. We WERE a family. We WERE tight. Mil, Titaness, and I did EVERYTHING for him. We helped him out of BRAZEN. We gave him a spot among us. We became Titanes Familia because of him... but times change. The people around here are more cutthroat and ruthless than ever before. They don't care who you are. They don't care about anyone but themselves. I changed with the times and Dan didn't... but because I listened to him, I'm sitting behind this podium without the Southern Heritage Championship.

Now the open palm on the table is a fist.

Uriel Cortez:

Never. Fucking. Again. Who's next?

Cut to wrestling journalist Dieter Bauer

Dieter Bauer, Deutsche Wrestling-Fanzeitung Today News:

In Germany, we like our giants gentle. Why did you decide to not just assault a beloved member of your family but destroy the reputation of the millions of gentle giants who live in Germany?

Uriel Cortez:

I already explained why I attacked Danny... but if this is what people think that giants are, then maybe it's time to change the perception of what you think big men in wrestling should be. Factually, I am the biggest, baddest bastard on the DEFIANCE roster and every day going forward for the rest of my life, that is ALL you are going to see.

Now to online journalist and massive fanboy SuperDEFFan64.

SuperDEFFan64:

I really like Dan Leo James and I'm sorry that happened to him... but is there room for another BIG MAN LIKE ME to be in the group?

Uriel Cortez:

No.

Klaus Wienerschnitzel:

Heilige scheisse, es ist übermensch!

Cortez points at Klaus.

Uriel Cortez:

I picked up a tiny bit of German this whole tour... but that guy gets it. I AM superhuman... I'm a winner in the genetic jackpot with a height like this and physique like this... and it's time I started fucking acting like it...

Chris Chickentenders:

My cousin is totally impressed by your stature, sir. But anyway, like, what's been eating your butt lately? You used to be badass, but now you're like all conflicted and stuff, and that bums me out.

That brings another smile of realization to the face of Papa Tez. He stands up from his seat.

Uriel Cortez:

Well, kid, if you liked it when I was hurting people... you might be my number one fan from here on out.

Uriel stands up to his full seven-foot one height in the room, looking down upon everyone.

Uriel Cortez:

You want notes? Take this, note... I will NEVER hesitate to pull the trigger anymore. I will NEVER hesitate to look someone in the eye and tell them what they have coming. I will NEVER hesitate again to give Mi Familia the finest things in life that we deserve. And if that means the families of your heroes have to starve so Mi Familia can eat... too goddamn bad.

He gestures at the door.

Uriel Cortez:

Papa's Home now... and I'M The Man of the House.

As he starts to leave, he hears a question from Klaus.

Klaus Wienerschnitzel:

Ärger zu hause?

Papa Tez turns around and stomps towards Klaus. The closer the giant inches towards him, the farther back Klaus tries to lean into his seat.

Uriel Cortez:

That's Familia Business... and you ain't Familia.

Uriel finally turns to leave while Chris Chickentenders giggles at poor Klaus, who may need a fresh change of clothes after his uncomfortable confrontation.

OSCAR BURNS & BUTCHER VICTORIOUS

Cut to Christie Zane, once again.

Christie Zane:

Please welcome our next guest, I'm sorry - *guests* ... Oscar Burns and Buther Victorious!

Now the scene cuts to two men: one who believes himself to be synonymous with the DEFIANCE name itself, Oscar Burns. The other, his (seemingly) willing accomplice, Butcher Victorious in his "VV Trainee" shirt. Burns himself has had time to catch a quick shower after the Night Two win over Mil Vueltas that Butcher has once again assisted him with.

Oscar Burns:

All right, Oscar Burns Faithful! Ask your questions and DEFIANCE Himself will answer!

Dieter Bauer, Deutsche Wrestling-Fanzeitung Today News:

Mister Burns and Mister Victorious -- Do you have any advice for the millions of German men who also find themselves in a relationship with a cruel mentor?

Oscar Burns looks at Butcher incredulously.

Oscar Burns:

Excuse me? ME? Cruel? No, no, no, no, no... GCs, the mentor/mentee relationship is a wonderful and complex thing. What you don't understand is everything that Butcher is doing now... cleaning toilets, fetching drinks, carrying bags... those are all things that *I* had to do when I honed my craft in Japan. These were all things expected of rookies or "Young Boys" as the term applies. All of this is to build this young man.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... SAYS THAT'S EXACTLY IT! Oscar had my back when nobody else did... sorry, Mil...

Oscar Burns: *[interrupting]*

NOT sorry, Mil. Next question!

Joe Stats:

Butch, I gotta ask... You let a lot of people down today. What would you tell those people, who are consistently disappointed in your behavior?

Butcher prepares to answer when Oscar jumps in over him.

Oscar Burns:

Why? Because he knows where his bloody bread is buttered? Because he knows who put him where he is today? Because he was NOTHING before he became aligned with me and wiht Vae Victis?

The last comment noticeably stings Butcher.

Oscar Burns:

Because he stayed loyal to me? The reason he won his first Favoured Saints Championship? His first DEFY Award? His DEFy nomination for Breakout Star of 2023 unfairly stolen by that ponce, Ned Reform? If anything, Joey, I... nay, GC... WE are disappointed in YOUR shoddy line of questioning. We are done here. Who's next?

Butcher Victorious:

Hey, can I have my DEFy back from Kerry Kur...

Oscar Burns:

NEXT QUESTION.

Joe Stats:

Mr. Burns... you realize those people were booing you, right? They weren't yelling your name. They hate you. In every country. It's almost uncomfortable to see how much you are despised. Your comments?

Oscar Burns points at Joe Stats then shoots Butcher a "can you believe this guy?" look.

Oscar Burns:

I said NEXT QUESTION... from ANY OTHER GC in this room right now! *[muttering]* they were CLEARLY saying Boo-urns...

Klaus Wienerschnitzel:

Ja Hallo. Ich möchte bitte eine Bratwurst haben.

Chris Chickentenders:

Um, I don't think he's an actual butcher dude. I think that's just the name Mama Victorious gave him.

Klaus Wienerschnitzel:

ACH!! Ist sein cousin Bäcker Victorious!?

Butcher speaks up.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... actually, I do know my way around a kitchen. I like to say "Mise en Place" which is French for "everything in its place." I have to meticulously prepare and organize ingredients before cooking. Having a well-prepped mise en place keeps me calm and efficient in the kitchen. Also, use oils! They have distinct flavors and smoke points. Use canola or peanut oil for high-temperature frying, while butter or lard work well for stir-frying and sautéing. Fragrant oils like extra-virgin olive oil are best used raw or for dressings! BUTCH VIC AIN'T AFRAID TO MIX!

The entire press room -- Oscar included -- stares at Burns blankly... all except for Klaus, who is writing down Butcher's tips.

Oscar Burns:

Does anyone have a GOOD question?

Chris Chickentenders:

So anyway, my question for you, Mr. Turns, since you've mastered mind control as well as your ability to twist and burn things, can you like share any mental manipulation tips for a guy trying to pick up chicks? I mean, not for me, since I have plenty of chicks constantly flocking to me, but for like another cousin of mine?

Oscar Burns:

Young man, I am DEFIANCE's foremost expert in joint manipulation and submissions. I can break the bones of grown men larger than myself and I can break down ANYONE, ANYWHERE, ANY TIME.... but seriously, work out. Go to the gym once in a while, look good, and you'll be surprised what you can get. Anyone else?

SuperDEFFan64 in the back, raises his hand.

SuperDEFFan64:

What's next for Oscar Burns and Butcher Victorious? Will Butcher be a member of Vae Victis again now that he's proven his unquestionable loyalty to you, Oscar?

Butcher turns to Oscar.

Butcher Victorious:

I'm in, right? I showed you I was loyal to YOU and only YOU, even after Mil Vuelas and Thomas Keeling tried to offer

me a spot with him. That's gotta do it right?

Oscar looks a little bit perturbed by the question... but then puts an arm over Butcher's shoulders.

Oscar Burns:

Look, GC... I'm gonna level with you. After how you demonstrated your loyalty to me tonight... we are simpatico! You proved to ME that you deserve to be welcomed back into Vae Victis with open arms!

Butcher's eyes grow wide like a kid in a candy store.

Oscar Burns:

But...

Now they go shut like a kid just watched the candy store burn to the ground. We're looking at you, Lucky Sevens.

Oscar Burns:

This can't be just MY decision, Butcher. I got Sonny Silver to think about. Lindsay Troy! Henry Keyes! Scott Hunter!

Butcher Victorious:

Wait... is HE a member? How'd HE get in? I'm pretty sure he ain't carried one single bag!

Oscar Burns:

Hush!

Butcher grows silent... until Oscar takes a moment to collect himself.

Oscar Burns:

Sorry, Butcher. Sorry. What I meant to say is this... if you want the chance to prove yourself worthy as a member of Vae Victis, I spoke to the rest of the crew before the press conference... and you gotta prove yourself to the other members not just outside the ring... but in the ring, too!

Butcher looks confused.

Oscar Burns:

That's why I've put together a challenge just for you... I'll be calling this... the VVG! Vae Victis Gauntlet! You've earned your stripes as a former Favoured Saints Champion like yours truly... but if you REALLY want to be in this crew, you gotta show them YOU want it! That's for the next three DEFtv shows leading to our LANDMARK 200th show, you will be fighting them in singles matches!

Butcher Victorious:

WHOA! BUTCH VIC... SAYS HE'S READY FOR THIS!

Oscar lightly pats him on the shoulder.

Oscar Burns:

That's right you are, GC! You're MY protege! You have the backing and the tutelage of DEFIANCE Himself! You've spent the last two years under my learning tree, learning submission holds! Counters! Use all of that! You show Scott! You show Henry! You show LINDSAY BLOODY TROY who you are and you EARN YOUR SPOT AT THE TABLE!

All fired up now, Butcher jumps up from his seat, scaring the press pool in the process!

Butcher Victorious:

THAT'S RIGHT! BUTCH VIC... GOT THIS SHIT! LET'S GOOOOOOOOOOO!

Burns folds his arms proudly and follows his energetic mentee out of the pool.

Cut to Chrisite.

Christie Zane:

This will conclude Night 1 of the DEFIANCE Road Press Conference! We urge everyone to come back tomorrow night for Night 2! Thank you!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.

DEFIANCE ROAD PRESS CONFERENCE OPEN: N2



The stream countdown ticks down to zero and the placeholder animation and elevator accompaniment give way to the DEFIANCE ROAD 2024 POST PAY PER VIEW Press Conference, NIGHT 2.

Same setup as night one; a small stage, a German-themed DEF RD backdrop, a table with DEFIANCE branded skirting, chairs, and microphones in tabletop tripods.

Christie Zane stands in front of the stage, once again with a microphone in hand and a warm and welcoming smile on her face.

Christie Zane:

Welcome all. My name is Christie Zane and on behalf of DEFIANCE and the Favoured Saints, we would like to welcome everyone to the 2024 DEFIANCE ROAD Night 2 Press Conference. Tonight we will be joined by several DEFIANTS from night two. Now, just as last night, a reminder for all our media members here; if you have a question for our guests please raise your hand, state your name and the media outlet you are with.

Christie Zane:

Now with that said let's welcome our first guest of night two... MASKED VIOLATOR NUMBER ONE!

MASKED VIOLATOR #1

The media room buzzes as Masked Violator #1 steps onto the dais and takes a seat in front of a microphone. The straps of his red singlet have both been pulled down and a white towel is draped around his neck. MV1 smiles behind the mask as he pulls his chair up and adjusts the microphone before him.

MV1:

Hey everyone! Excited to be here. Hope you enjoyed the show.

Still smiling, his eyes scan the room until a pool reporter rises.

Dieter Bauer, Deutsche Wrestling-Fanzeitung Today News:

Mr. Violator Number One, how does it feel knowing you have inspired so many millions of young German men to also wear masks as they go forth doing good deeds throughout Germany?

MV1 chuckles for a moment before clearing his throat.

MV1:

Somehow I'd forgotten what these things were like.

Taking a moment to center himself, the Masked Man finds the words.

MV1:

Well, uh, my message for those young people is to be who you are. If that means you want to change the world for the better and inspire people, do that. Whether that's volunteering at a soup kitchen or shelter, or donating blood, running for public service, or even putting on a color mask... do that. The world needs more good and if I've truly inspired people here in Germany to do good deeds like you say, then that's incredible. I worked hard and fought to get back in time to perform in front of this crowd... and boy, they didn't let me down. I hope I didn't let them down as well.

Dieter retakes his seat as DEF Radio producer and burgeoning correspondent, Joe Stats, takes his cue and stands.

Joe Stats:

To what do you credit your speedy recovery to? Asking for a friend. Scotty Flash, specifically.

MV1 nods, thoughtfully.

MV1:

Sorry about your friend. Man, for me, I don't really know what it was, other than: I fought. I know I fought like heck to get back. The doc, Dr. James, and his whole team were fantastic down in Atlanta. I admit I didn't like their prognosis and their timetable coming out of surgery and going into PT. I didn't accept it. That was part of it. They were telling me something crazy, like six months to fully recover. I didn't hear that. I *wasn't* hearing it. Hey, I appreciate and admire what those doctors and nurses do - and what they did for me - in that facility. I do. They took a banged up knee, busted up into busted pieces, and put it all back together. But I wasn't going to listen to "six months". I had to be back. If anything, my recovery is a testament to the work they did, just as much as it is about my drive to return. I knew DEF was touring Germany and I knew I had to be a part of it. I had to be a part of this tour, I had to be at this show in Berlin.

He squints, suddenly elsewhere.

MV1:

We were here before. Not with DEFIANCE, with some other outfit. This was... geez, this was years ago. And it wasn't this building, but just a few blocks over, a much smaller hall. Three hundred, four hundred seater. Don't recall the name. Gosh, it must be more than a decade ago now. Maybe more. I remember our rental broke down, in the rain, twelve miles from the venue.

Smiling, he remembers.

MV1:

We walked the whole way there, because of course we did, in our masks, dragging our bags behind us. All because #2 couldn't handle anyone else driving but him. Public transportation? In a foreign country? Forget it. We made it to the venue just in time. Wrestled that match in the wettest suits you can possibly imagine. Felt like I weighed another sixty pounds. We stunk that bierhalle up that night. Maybe the worst match I've ever had. Probably his too.

Recalling something else, he shifts his weight in his chair.

MV1:

The promoter – **laughs** – that promoter shouted us out of the building.

Shaking his head, he snickers, then suddenly realizes where/when he is. He sits up a little straighter.

MV1:

Uh... When I heard we were coming to Germany, I knew I had to come back and put on a show that was worthy of their trust, worthy of the ticket price. So to answer your question: it was a lot of things that pushed me to come back tonight. Another thing that pushed me was knowing I had a chance to punch Scott Hunter in the face tonight. I can't say that wasn't a factor.

SuperDEFFan64 stands.

SuperDEFFan64:

Welcome back! Welcome back! Welcome back! Er... anyway, Mr... 1... follow up question to Joe here... could your speedy treatment also be used to help me get into actual shape... er, sorry, BETTER shape?

MV1 ponders.

MV1:

Well, I'll tell you this much. My super power is believing in myself. Knowing I can do it. I can do anything. Accepting it won't happen without a lot of hard work and having a commitment to see it through. I think that if you want to live a healthier life and make different choices – if you truly WANT to do that – you can and you will. Hit me up on #defcom and we'll talk. I'd be happy to help you get there, if I can.

Excited, and possibly calculating how much he can mooch off of the situation, SuperDEFFan64 drops back to his seat, typing away on his cellphone. Klaus rises.

Klaus Wienerschnitzel:

Wer ist dieser bunte gimpsuit?! "Violator"!? ACH!!

Klaus panics, abandoning the interview as Chickentenders takes his spot. MV1 scans the room, looking for a translation that, mercifully, never comes.

Chris Chickentenders:

Uhh, yeah, hi, I would say like congratulations and all that, but I was wondering, while you were gone and stuff, did you like take the mask off to hide your true identity and blend in with normal society and stuff?

Another chuckle from the Masked Man.

MV1:

I'll bust out an old line from a different time. "Rule #1: The masks don't come off."

MV1 scans the room again before shoving away from the table.

MV1:

Thanks, everybody.

Getting up carefully from the table, perhaps still favoring that right leg, MV1 offers one last polite nod and a smile before departing.

Cut to Christie.

Christie Zane:

Please welcome our next guest, Makala Namaste!

MAKAYLA NAMASTE

There is a bit of a hubbub just out of the room before suddenly, tonight's hostess with the mostest walks into the room. Many members of the press are familiar with Makayla Namaste as she takes her seat at the table, but not many quite understand what exactly just happened between herself, M4NTRA, and the Rain City Ronin.

Makayla Namaste:

Before I field any questions I want to take a moment to clarify that I will only be taking questions at this time about DEFIANCE related content. For anything involving my branding, likeness, or social media presence will need to be sent directly to my PR team in advance. I have exactly five minutes so please don't stumble on your questions. You.

Good Vibes points directly at Joe Stats who points to himself questionably before speaking up.

Joe Stats:

Should we call you M4k4yl4 now? I don't know how numbers-in-words works.

Makayla Namaste:

No. However, I am proud to announce what you can call me is the CVO, the Chief Vibes Officer of M4NTRA and the Brand Ambassador of the Better Future Talent Agency. I will be in charge of coordinating a strategy to expand our reach through social media and related platforms. I feel like I can do a lot of good in this role and I look forward to the challenges it presents. Next question?

A German man with a thick German accent cuts through the throng of journalists trying to get a one-on-one with the social media star.

Dieter Bauer, Deutsche Wrestling-Fanzeitung Today News:

Ms. Namaste, you have a very popular youth Tik Tok following in certain youth districts throughout Germany and have been accredited with helping German youth understand about the need for scented candles to end wars at EDM festivals over hunger throughout the youth who like EDM music all over the world. How does one go and buy your preferred scented candle brands as well as a German translation of your book so popular with Germany's youth TikTok community?

Makayla Namaste:

All very important causes. Shipping is available to German from my companies website at kaynastebrands.org and remember that 100% of the proceeds go towards the education of indigenous peoples in Guyana and the preservations of their rainforests, but as I stated earlier please direct all further questions to my PR team.

Other media members speak up in a cacaphony of questions but one man screams above them all.

SuperDEFFan64:

WHAT A SWERVE BRO THAT WAS AMAZING! M4NTRA FOR TAG TEAM OF THE YEAR 2024! How'd this all come together?

Makayla Namaste:

DEC4L and I had met at a convention a year or two ago and despite our busy schedules we've managed to share a DM here and there. Favoured Saints used some of his channels to make contact with my team to see if I would be interested and we were able to put a deal together to make this possible. I'd really like to thank Nathaniel, Declan, Tom Morrow, and all of their team for giving me this opportunity to expand our social footprints beyond demographics that normally wouldn't have been exposed to the collection of talent we have, and I'm very happy for all of our mutual fans who I'm sure were pleased to see this all come together.

As the next question comes in, Makayla looks to her left and then leans back into the mic.

Makayla Namaste:

Unfortunately we are out of time it looks like? Again please go to kaynastebrands.org for all of your vegan and organic

lifestyle needs. Right now we have a Buy 2, Get 2 sale on all plant based protein drinks and supplements in honor of my appearance on DEFIANCE Road. I loved my time in Germany, it's such a beautiful country but I must go. Good night everyone!

With a beautiful smile and a rushed wave, Makayla quickly does a cell phone/wallet/keys check before hurriedly prancing out of the room and meeting with a team of people just out of view.

Cut to Christie Zane off to the side of the stage.

Christie Zane:

Please welcome our next guest ... REZIN!

REZIN

The room lights slightly dim, and a screen slowly lowers from the ceiling over the table. The room's projection system comes alive, and, with a burst of static, the face of a wide-eyed and frothing dopesmoker suddenly fills the screen.

Rezin: (*grumbling*)

--erior technology, my ass! Couldn't patch a signal on this conformist piece of crap if it was a vest made of denim--OH, WAIT! SHIT! THERE ya are! I'm THROUGH! HA-HAA!! Ya didn't really think ya could do one of these without ME, did ya?!

His massive, projected face looks down at the press pool, even though it's not readily known just *how* he can see them.

Rezin:

Shit, this it? No Craig? No Deb? No Ryan Scott, with his famously absurd questions? Well shit, gang, I guess we'll keep it snappy then! Anyway, who we kickin' it off with?

SuperDEFFan64 rises up to volunteer himself for the kicking off of stuff and things.

SuperDEFFan64:

Welcome back! Welcome back! Welcome back! Also... now that you're back, is there anyone on this roster you want to face? Vae Victis? Anyone else in mind?

The Goat Bastard nods zestfully.

Rezin:

Ya know it, Eight-Squared! I'm ready to throw down in ANYBUDDY and ERRYBUDDY! Not only cause it's the PUNK ROCK thing to do, but my newly SWORN DUTY as Planet Earth's DEFender calls upon me to take action!

He emphasizes the last point by hammering a fist into his open palm.

Rezin:

Cause as MOST of ya should know by now... the alien shapeshifters have already assimilated themselves within the locker room! It's gonna be a long, hard, and crazy process, but one by one, I'll SMOKE those mutherfuggers from DEFIANCE like a series of kief joints! Now, who's up next?

Joe. Joe Stats is up.

Joe Stats:

Rezin! Great to see you back in DEFIANCE, officially! Are you able to name names just yet? Meaning; who among us is a reptilian shape shifter? And hey, I've still got the hat you made me!

Stats pulls a crumpled foil ball out of his inside jacket pocket and awkwardly smooths it over his rotund belly before awkwardly crinkling it over his oversized head.

Rezin:

PERFECT! That's smart thinkin', Joe! I hope ERRYBUDDY gets to protectin' their domes soon, cause there ain't any tellin' how much of our brain signals they've already triangulated! Or even QUADRANGULATED! As for your question...

He looks around off-camera, apparently wary of eavesdroppers. It should be noted that he's still confined to his four by four concrete "shelter", with its walls plastered with various wrinkled notes, documents, and blurry photographs.

Rezin:

Look, there ain't much I can tell y'all... YET! I'm still pretty heavy in the information gatherin' process, and there's no

tellin' just who or WHAT could be listenin' in right now! But I can assure you, Doughy Joey, that ALL will soon be revealed... at DEFtv!

He flashes the press pool two black and sticky thumbs, proudly raised up.

Joe Stats:

Also! Follow up question! How is the food on the mothership?

The Escape Artist balks.

Rezin:

Oh man, like, RIDICULOUSLY spicy! Much better goin' in than goin' out, lemme tell ya! In fact, I'm pretty much convinced that the person who invented hotsauce has gotta be eggstra terrezrial! That dude in St. Louis with the custom sauces? TOTALLY fuckin' alien! HE CAN'T BE TRUSTED!

The associate representing Deutsche Wrestling-Fanzeitung Today News rises to his feet.

Dieter Bauer:

What do you think about Germany's "deep house" club culture and in particular in the EDM music produced by the illustrious composer Umami? You will like his music, people who like illegal drugs like his music.

Rezin shakes his head

Rezin:

Look, man... ya can clearly see that I'm more of a krautrock guy! So don't be droppin' obscure music references at me if ya ain't come to talk about Neu!, Kraftwerk, or EINSTÜRZENDE NEUBAUTEN! Say that shit four-hundred and twenny times fast!

Finally, the cretinous cousins rise up to finish off this round of questioning.

Chris Chickentenders:

Um hey, Mr. Rezin dude, my dad just wanted to know if there are like any potentially criminal activities you will be getting into in the next few months, so he can like get your alibi straight in advance. Also, why are you not here?

Klaus Wienerschnitzel:

Ich kann ihn durch den bildschirm riechen!

Chris Chickentenders:

Yeah, but dude, he like hardcore parties with cartel bosses and shit, like that's how I met all those hot senioritas down in Mexico when I was visiting our cousin Cesar Quesadilla huehuehuehuehuehue!

Klaus Wienerschnitzel:

Hjahjahjahjahjahjahja!

The Goat Bastard goes cross-eyed, either trying to endure the double dosage of Chickentenders/Wienerschnitzel stupidity, or perhaps just suppressing yet another routine acid flashback.

Rezin:

Rest assured, Chris, I'm gonna need your dad and the whole damb team at the law firm of Hamburgers, Hotdogs, and Chickentenders for the insane shit I'm 'bout to do when DEFIANCE gets its red and black ass back stateside! No doubt, there's gonna be a BONGLOAD of invasion of privacy complaints from all the HAIR, BLOOD, SPIT, and STOOL samples I'm gonna need to collect here in the coming weeks! But the important thing to keep in mind is that this is in the name of SCIENCE!

He grabs the apparatus he's streaming through and gives it a frantic, desperate shake, causing his image to rattle

wildly on the unmoving screen.

Rezin:

LOOK GANG, THESE AREN'T THE RAMBLIN'S OF A DERANGED LUNATIC!! THIS IS SURRIOUS BIZNESS HERE! IF DEFIANCE FALLS, THEN THE ENTIRE PLANET EARTH IS DOO)))MED!! But ya ain't gotta worry, CAUSE THE **DEFENDER** WILL BE IN VANCOUVER, and y'all will be witness to the BEGINNING OF THE REZISTANCE! So until then, BUST OUT YOUR TINFOIL, STAY VIGILANT, AND ALWAYS BELIEVE!

He pulls a plug offscreen, and the screen goes black. It quietly goes back into the ceiling, and the press conference continues.

Cut back to Christie, confused, standing in the wings.

Christie Zane:

Please welcome our next guests, Princess and Tyler Fuse!

PRINCESS & TYLER FUSE

A battered and beaten down Tyler Fuse limps into the room, wearing the same black jeans he defeated Jack Harmen in. There are minor burn marks on his back, as well as thumb tacks, other cuts, scrapes, etc, but he also has a large towel across his shoulders so the extent of damage isn't seen in significant detail. Behind Tyler enters Jane Fuse, aka Princess Desire, and the two take their seats at the middle of the interview table.

Before questions can be addressed, Jane leans forward into one of the mics.

Jane Fuse:

For everyone's information, I'll be answering the questions tonight.

The session begins.

Joe Stats:

Any comment on Calamity Conor's emergence?

Jane leans back in her chair while Tyler slowly creeps forward, arms on the table. He stares at Joe Stats.

Tyler Fuse:

Great.

That seems to be it, so the session rolls along.

Dieter Bauer, Deutsche Wrestling-Fanzeitung Today News:

Do you think your earlier destruction of The Flying Frenchman will propel your career or lead to the demise of the European Union? And, Princess, what is your favorite type of car? Did you drive on the Autobahn?

Desire remains way back in her chair and offers a response in the form of a shrug. Tyler hasn't changed positions, either, but this is likely because he can't lean back in his chair due to the state of his body.

Tyler Fuse:

She drove on it, yes. As for The Flying Frenchie...

Like an old man standing up for the first time in hours, Tyler reaches underneath the table and reveals the bloody navy blue beret. He painfully places it on his head.

Tyler Fuse:

European Union can do whatever they'd like. We're flying out of Germany tonight.

Next question.

SuperDEFFan64:

That match was BRU-TAL! But possibly one of the biggest wins of your career! Being undefeated for so long now, do you feel like now is the time to be going for gold in DEFIANCE again?

Tyler nods while Jane looks disinterested.

Tyler Fuse:

I guess we'll see. I plan to talk with the Favored Saints...

And onto the next question.

Klaus Wienerschnitzel:

Haben sie cosplay OnlyFans?

Both Tyler and Jane's expressions suggest they aren't going to acknowledge this dribble. The interview period wraps up with...

Chris Chickentenders:

Dude, seriously, you're starting to embarrass me. Anyway, Mr. Fuse, with Crimson Stalker and Arthur Pleasant somewhere in the land of suck right now, you are officially the most badass person in DEFIANCE, as far as I'm concerned, and I was just wondering what was the secret of your success? Is it playing Doom?

A half-hearted laugh from Tyler barely squeaks out of his body, as he looks at his wife and then both rise from their chairs, albeit Tyler at a much slower speed.

Tyler Fuse:

I don't play video games anymore. Unlike *some* people, I've evolved.

The Fuse's make their way off the stage as the interview comes to an end.

Christie Zane:

Please welcome our next guests ... Rain City Ronin!

RAIN CITY RONIN

A door can be heard opening forcefully behind the backdrop. The tandem of Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett soon walk out, dressed in matching black pants and black "Shut Up And Wrestle" t-shirts. Rather than seat themselves behind the table, they made the odd choice of grabbing a pair of folding chairs and setting them up on the floor directly in front of the press pool.

They seat themselves, and angrily stare back at the assembly of "sports journalists" gathered in the cramped conference room. Their close proximity, coupled with the sheer intensity of their stares, makes for a very awkward atmosphere.

SuperDEFFan64:

Tough loss out there, guys, but I know how hard you've worked! I've been watching and now covering BRAZEN for some time now! Please don't let this be the end. Tell me that you're going to go after those stupid health nuts that want us to live in a world where we... ugh... count macros and die... (*gagging*) I can't even say the next word out loud. Die...t... eat less.

Neither Daymon nor Burnett elect to say anything. They continue to stare back at SuperDEFFan64 and maintain their long, uncomfortable silence. In doing so, they neither confirm nor deny any speculation as to their continued presence in DEFIANCE.

But their being here would certainly indicate something.

SuperDEFFan64 finally sits down after several awkward moments where the only sound in the room is the buzzing of fluorescent lights from above, and then Dieter Bauer of Deutsche Wrestling-Fanzeitung Today News rises up.

Dieter Bauer:

This is a question for Rain City Ronin Member Number One. A very popular movie currently in German movie theaters is the film 'Singles' that famously takes place in Seattle. Have you seen this movie?

Daymon and Burnett look at one another questionably. Which of them was 'number one' again? They don't seem to know, nor care. They instead answer by shaking their heads in unison.

Dieter Bauer:

This is also another question for Rain City Ronin Member Number One. The city of Rostock is often called the 'Seattle of Mecklenberg-Vorpommern.' This is because it is also a port city with gloomy weather, one Starbucks and no professional basketball team. Have you enjoyed your stay in Rostock?

Zack is stone-faced. Leo squints and cocks his head slightly to the side.

Dieter Bauer:

I have no questions for Rain City Ronin Member Number Two.

Ironically, were a question to be given, neither would evidently give it an answer. Their pointed stares switch over to Joe Stats as he stands up for his question.

Joe Stats:

I grew up a fan of SCW. You both, I believe, trained under Rocko Daymon. What values of his are you carrying on and bringing to today's professional wrestling?

Zack sighs, and lets his eyes drift to the floor. Beside him, Leo gives him a look of concern. A moment later, Daymon looks up, and they maintain their pensive stares upon Joe Stats.

Joe Stats:

Tonight was a star making performance by you both, in my eyes. You didn't get the win but there's a lot of people talking about your efforts this evening.

Burnett shrugs. What of it? Nobody remembers effort. All anyone remembers is the result. Dejected, Joe falls back into his seat. Then the two chucklefucks in the back of the room come forward to do their bit.

Chris Chickentenders:

Mister and, uh, Mister Ronin, do you guys use ASL to talk now?

Klaus Wienerschnitzel:

In Deutschland, gibt es keine gebärdensprache. Wir schlagen und spucken bier.

Chris Chickentenders:

Dude, can you get beer over here?

Klaus Wienerschnitzel:

Ja! Ich kenne die hübschesten Biermädchen Hjahjahjahjahjahjahja!

Chris Chickentenders:

Huehuehuehuehue!

The shrill sound of chair legs scraping the floor pierces the air as Zack and Leo abruptly push themselves to their feet and make their exit--unsurprisingly, without another word.

Cut back to Christie.

Christie Zane:

Please welcome our next guests Jane Katze and Nicky Corozo!

JANE KATZE & NICKY COROZZO

The murmuring starts the second "The Judge" Nicky Corozzo and Jane Katze walk into the room sans their benefactor "The Socialite" Edward White. Nicky is in his usual all black, slacks and a turtle neck. Jane in her traditional suit jacket and pencil skirt. As the two approach the table the murmuring stops- we can now hear the click clack of Jane's high heels as she approaches the table and takes a seat. Nicky folds his massive arms and takes a position behind and to the left of Jane. Il Giudice stands with a scowl on his face- eyeballing all the assembled question askers. Joe Stats clears his throat and starts things off-

Jane Katze:

You, go.

Joe Stats:

I'm curious what Mr. White's next step might be now that he has come up short in his efforts to regain the FIST? Are you able to share?

Jane Katze:

Mr. White is disappointed- he's currently on his way to a private resort to clear his head and focus on the future. He's not done with DEFIANCE, not by a long shot. He still has partial ownership of the WrestlePlex- the recent renovations for the studio space and the arena where BRAZEN holds their shows were graciously paid for by Mr. White.

Nicky Corozzo:

Mr. White really likes BRAZEN.

Jane Katze:

Indeed he does. He looks forward to more *cooperation* with his partners in the Favoured Saints group to help grow the DEFIANCE brand.

Joe Stats:

Follow up question... is there anything else, beyond the FIST of DEFIANCE, that money can't buy?

Jane Katze:

Are you trying to be *cute*?

Big Nicky narrows his eyes at Joe Stats. The giant bodyguard clenches his jaw and flexes the muscles in his neck with a quiet grunt.

Joe Stats:

Ummm- no ma'am, I'm not.

Jane points at the next question asker-

Jane Katze:

You, go.

Dieter Bauer, Deutsche Wrestling-Fanzeitung Today News:

Thank you Mrs. Katze and Mr. Corozzo. Do you think the defeat of Edward White tonight is a public admittance that capitalism is a failed economic system and we should rebuild the Berlin Wall like so many long for?

Jane Katze:

Considering Mr. White is dabbing away his tears on a private jet bound for a secret resort where he'll be pampered in ways you and yours can only dream- I don't call that a failure. Capitalism makes the world go round. If we were bleeding hearts, scraping the bottom of the sea floor maybe we'd all sit here and agree with you- but we're not. Nicky, myself and Mr. White are sharks- capitalism is a sea filled with weak, venerable, bloody meals to be gobbled up. Much

like Mr. Joy's park- the soon to be exclusive golf resort bearing Mr. White's name. Mr. White might not have taken the FIST but he certainly had himself a fine meal at Dex Joy's expense. Next question. You.

SuperDEFFan64:

Tough loss for Ed White, but he showed he could go in the main event still! That's gotta count for something, right?

Nicky Corozzo:

You're goddamn right it does.

Jane Katze:

Mr. White is a DEFIANCE legend. The very first FIST of DEFIANCE. If it weren't for our insipid federal government he would have been right here building that legend taller the last eight years he was unjustly locked away. He never stopped "*going*"- next, you-

Klaus Wienerschnitzel:

ACH! Kris! Kris!

Chris Chickentenders:

Uh, what's up, Klaus?

Klaus Wienerschnitzel:

Diese fraulein! Ihr arsch ist episch, bruder!

Jane purses her lips and narrows her eyes-

Chris Chickentenders:

Um, yeah, but dude, chicks don't like it when you objectify them, or something.

Klaus Wienerschnitzel:

Was ist das scheisse?! Hat sie einen OnlyFans?

Katze slams her fist on the tabletop, immediately causing Klaus and Chris to stop talking.

Jane Katze:

I speak German, you disgusting little prick. As does Nicky-

Nicky sniffs and stares a deep hole into the little German "journalists" forehead.

Klaus' eyes grow wide as he shifts uncomfortable in his chair, looking down at his phone attempting to disappear into his seat.

Chris Chickentenders:

So yeah- um, my cousin, like, wants to know what Edgard Winter's thought process was when he wrote the hit "Frankenstein". Also, it's very cool to learn that he's a wrestler, even though he looks nothing like he does on his album covers, but anyway like how is he enjoying his first year DEFIANCE so far, or is he only around for the European tour?

Jane just shakes her head.

Jane Katze:

This is pathetic- clearly I made the correct decision requesting Mr. White leave early and avoid this ridiculous display. The Favoured Saints group continues to underserve this brand- if this sad excuse for a press conference is the best these faceless rubes can cobble together Mr. White might have more work cut out for him than we thought. Edward White is going *nowhere*- Oscar Burns and Bronson Box walking around calling themselves DEFIANCE incarnate? No sir- Edward White is DEFIANCE Wrestling.

Nicky Corozzo:

Anyone who has a problem with that can come find me- we'll show ya' the receipts.

Jane Katze:

Keep watching- Mr. White *ALWAYS* has a second act.

Nicky Corozzo:

By any funds necessary.

Nicky takes a direct path for the door- literally pushing through the question askers kicking chairs out of the way. The collection of "journalists" all scatter like rabbits- allowing Ms. Jane Katze, smarmy smile on her face to casually saunter through the now clear path through the throng. As the Associates make their exit the question askers all pick up and right their chairs and retake their seats.

Cut back to Christie.

Christie Zane:

At this time please welcome our next guest, the FIST of DEFIANCE! DEX JOY!

DEX JOY

With an ice pack on the dais and still mostly riding on adrenaline (and maybe a libation or two), Dex Joy is all giggles at the moment as he comes up and then places the FIST of DEFIANCE in front of him.

Dex Joy:

Pallies, tonight is my cheat night! I've had a libation or two ...

Dex's eyes move towards the hard cider bottle on the dais next to him.

Dex Joy:

...or three. My neck's killing me, so don't judge me up here okay? This stuff is medicine ...

Dex looks at the bottle.

Dex Joy:

Really [censored]damn good medicine! Ask me them q's!

To Joe Stats first.

Joe Stats:

Congratulations, Dex! A huge win on a huge stage for a huge man! You've been carrying that title now for months. What does it mean to you, to be able to represent the best of the best, all around the world?

Like a proud new papa, Dex places a hand on the face of the title belt. His finger taps the "Everyone" name plate on the front.

Dex Joy:

Honestly, Joseph? Representing Everyone means everything to me. The work that I have put in to make this the respected title that it deserves to be, defending it all around the world - I'm told I'm the only champion in the past few years who has had the honor to defend this in several different countries during this title run - and I'm gonna make it *four* when we go to Canada in a few weeks! It could be Mexico, Canada, United States, Panama and all the other countries Yakko Warner sang about when I was a kid - Representing Everyone all over the world is all I've ever wanted to do. I've been proud to make the FIST of DEFIANCE as a symbol of not only excellence, but GOT DANG opportunity! Momma Joy's Baby Boy got to see Germany frontwards and back. It's a beautiful country and I'm happy to carry this title to many more countries after tonight. Who's got the next one?

He points across the ring.

Dex Joy:

That guy! You next!

Dieter Bauer, Deutsche Wrestling-Fanzeitung Today News:

Congratulations on your championship defense. Do you think your victory tonight could also serve as an allegory for the triumph of man over an oppressive capitalist regime? And does this mean you endorse the return of the Communist regime that oppressed East Germany like so many are hoping for?

Dex whistles out loud.

Dex Joy:

Oh, you local! Well, Dieter, that one's a head-scratcher, a doozy and a hum-damn-dinger all wrapped in one. Dexy Baby ain't trying to get too political or talk about what other countries do, but the phrase Everyone means that I want this championship to represent anyone, regardless of where you are, who you are, where you've been, where you're going and how you got here. I want what I do to be a child's ticket to dream. A parent's time to bond with their family. Some person's escape from reality for a few hours. I want what I do to mean something to somebody, somewhere and

hope that I can influence other little pallies in this business to grow up to be big, badass pallies one day sharing the same ring as me. Thanks.

When he looks out he sees SuperDEFFan64 waving overenthusiastically.

Dex Joy:

SuperDEFFan64! Long time no see! What questions you got for me?

SuperDEFFan64:

DEX JOY! PROUD REPRESENTATIVE OF BIG MEN LIKE ME! EVERYONE DID SO GOOD TONIGHT! THAT MATCH WAS AMAZING! WHAT'S NEXT FOR BIG MEN LIKE US?! AND WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY ABOUT THAT SNOWFLAKE, MALAK GARLAND, SEEMINGLY HAVING EYES ON OUR TITLE?!

Another loud whistle. Then he takes a drink of his hard cider ... a very long one. He clanks the bottle on the dais and answers the question.

Dex Joy:

To borrow a phrase from that snowflake ... lots to unpack there, friendo. When I heard what Malak Garland was doing after that atrocity he called a "win" over a Hall of Famer Bronson Box? That he was gesturing for this title? I know that this title means that all eyes are on me. This makes my hefty, but smooth alabaster ass a target for anyone that wants to be on top. But I was disappointed. I was hoping for a Boxer win because he is one of the reasons I got into this business and DEFIANCE Wrestling specifically - but I can either hate on that *or* I can show Malak Garland what I've shown everyone else since winning this title. I can show him what I showed Edward White a little bit earlier - on Behalf of Everyone, you ain't taking [censored] from Momma Joy's Baby Boy, snowflake. You got the Comments Section to help you, but like I've shown over the last three pee-pee-vee main events - you can bring as many as you want, but you're still outnumbered when I've got Everyone behind me! Anyone else got a question?

It is over to Jamie Sawyers next.

Jamie Sawyers:

The victory over Edward White has to be bittersweet. After he abolished months of the charity work, you got your payback on the first man to ever hold the title you hold now. What is next for you and how do you move forward from this?

Another long sip.

Dex Joy:

Man ... now you had to go and get me to the sad part of this meeting, Jermz. I spent *months* after winning this title pouring money into that playground. Coolio wrote about that place because it literally was Gangsta's Paradise. I hated what became of it. So I donated money for new equipment, new staffing and new future projects with my original Maximum DEFIANCE winnings when I beat Lindsay Troy ... then Lord Farquard had to come right around, stick his tiny ass and big bucks where it didn't belong and ruined it all in weeks just to stick it to yours truly. I can't change that ... but kicking his ass from pillar to post, mezzanine to main floor did feel pretty damn good! I told him I accepted this match for tonight specifically because it was going to be the last chance he ever had to get this title ... and I was right, Jamie "Don't Call Me Tom" Sawyers. I'll be more careful about bringing up what I do with my money, though, that's for damn sure.

He looks out.

Dex Joy:

Who else has something for Dexy Baby?

Klaus Wienerschnitzel:

Aus welchem â€œfluss schokolade haben sie diesen groÙen mann gezogen?!

Dex Joy:

Something ... river of chocolate? Someone might have to translate. Are we talking an actual river of chocolate? This isn't a joke about the old Hershey Highway is it?

Chris Chickentenders belly-laughs.

Chris Chickentenders:

Huehuehue good one, cuz. Hey so I like ran out of fat jokes ...

Dex Joy:

Good cause I think Vae Victis probably took them all anyway and only one of them actually made this belly jiggle with delight. Go ahead, detective.

Chris Chickentenders:

... but I wanted to say your haircut looks stupid, unlike mine, cause it's totally bleached like COOL people do, but my question is, would you be willing to take Reaper serum and become Crimson Joy as a way of baddassifying yourself?

Dex Joy:

Dexy Baby dabbled in a little bit of uh ... how you do you want to say ... I never took the Reaper serum but did try the Reaper grass and it wasn't for me, but I'm not judging if that's anyone's thing. Rezin functions ... mostly ... well ... kind of ... Now, hard cider serum ...

He reaches under the dais for what will be his fourth bottle and clangs it on the table before using his portable bottle opener to crack the top.

Dex Joy:

I have a different kind of serum right now ...

Dex releases a subdued Ron Swansonesque giggle.

Dex Joy:

... and I think it's starting to hit me! So I'll leave it on this note. Malak Garland, if you want some of this ...

Pointing to the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Dex Joy:

You got words for me ... I got words for you, too, pally. So next time we meet in this ring ... we'll have words together in the ring. Then we can say all those words at one time. Yeah ... that's right.

He clinks the hard cider bottle. And he's probably toast by this point.

Dex Joy:

Cheers, Everyone!

Christie Zane:

This will conclude Night 2 of the DEFIANCE Road Press Conference! Thank you to the members of the media and for all of you watching at home.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.