

PRESS CON OPEN NIGHT 2

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

BUTCHER VICTORIOUS

Sweating, but -- much like his name, victorious tonight -- Butcher is on the stage and his smile isn't going away as he speaks. Instead of talking into the podium's microphone... he of course, has The Stick, which is somehow already wired into the room.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... DID IT! BUTCH VIC... DID NOT QUIT! AND IT WAS OSCAR BURNS WHOSE ASS I KICKED!

He gleefully laughs.

Butcher Victorious:

Sorry if I'm talking through smiles, people! The smile on Butch Vic's face couldn't be wiped off with a got-damn sandblaster! What's up?!

Reed Schwartzman:

Congratulations, Butch. There aren't many who can claim to have bested a former FIST and certified wrestling legend like Oscar Burns, but you joined that short list here tonight. Given you were close to Oscar for the past couple years, would you say your familiarity with his in-ring style worked toward your advantage?

Butcher Victorious:

Oh, it definitely did, Reed! It definitely did! Y'all think I'm dumb and maybe sometimes, I am... but I spent a long time studying Oscar even before I worked up the courage to try and be his apprentice. I spent WEEKS trying to work for a bunch of people who never wanted me in the first place, only to have the spot I wanted given away to DLJ, who VV is just gonna use 'cause Danny was vulnerable after what the Familia did to that poor boy and now they filling his head with lies...

Butcher shakes his head.

Butcher Victorious:

But anyway... back to your question... yeah. That familiarity did help a lot, Reed. I knew some things were coming and for the things I could counter, he countered that so I had to adjust on the fly. I think that worked out pretty good, right?

Scott Hunter:

Congratulations on being victorious at DEFCON. (snickers) That is called a pun. Also, I wanted to apologize because all of the time you were at the Vae Victis parties, we were never formally introduced and I thought your first name was 'Butter', but apparently that was just a rumor... a rumor that I was happy to 'spread.' (snickers again) Anyway, how do you feel about the situation in the Gaza Strip? That is a controversial question so do not mess it up.

Butcher Victorious:

Hey, Scott... get bent. Also... get bent. Then get bent some more, you dope. I don't need you or anyone anymore outta Vae Victis. Also... nobody wins in war so the best thing for everyone is a cease-fire. Next question.

Scott Hunter: *(mumbling)*

He's even worse than the Spanish mermaid guy.

SuperDEFFan64:

HEADLOCKS! HEADLOCKS GALORE! THAT WAS SICK! Tell me... how did you come up with that kind of a strategy?!

Butcher Victorious:

On DEF Radio, I gave Oscar a hint that I was coming up with a secret weapon... and that's EXACTLY what I brought to the damn dance, compadre! I needed something he didn't see coming. I spent EVERY DAMN DAY after I made this DEFCON challenge training either in a ring or studying tape trying to come up with something to get me the dub... and now, I'm proud to say tonight, you are looking at the HEADLOCK MASTER of DEFIANCE!

He smiles.

Butcher Victorious:

THAT'S RIGHT! EVERYONE GETTING HEADLOCKED UP IN HERE! TO MY BUTCH VIC CLIQUE, THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT! YOU CHOSE ME AND FOR THE REST OF MY CAREER GOING FORWARD, I WON'T LET YOU DOWN! AND IF YOU WANT TO BE A PART OF THE BUTCH VIC CLIQUE... GRAB A HOLD, BROTHER! GRAB! A! HOLD!

He drops The Stick in literal emphatic "mic drop" fashion... then leaves the podium. SuperDEFFan64 looks around, then tries to stand up and go for the mic to add to his endless sea of DEFIANCE collectibles... but Butcher comes back!

Butcher Victorious:

I'M BUTCH VIC... AND THAT'S MY STICK!

SuperDEFFan64:

Damn, dang, darn!

THE LUCKY SEVENS

The Lucky Sevens - Max, Mason and now Lonnie Luck - are all sitting at the table.

Lonnie Luck:

Guys! This table is huge!

Mason Luck:

No, you're small.

Lonnie Luck:

I prefer the term "Pocket Ace" thank you.

Lonnie points out to the people.

Lonnie Luck:

You can quote that! "The Pocket Ace" Lonnie Luck!

Max Luck:

All right let's get to the questions. Who wants to make with the asky words first? You.

He points at Reed Schwartzman.

Reed Schwartzman:

Congratulations tonight, Mason and Max. Can you either confirm or deny that the strategy tonight was to leave Tom Morrow for last?

Mason and Max both look at each other and they both grin like schoolchildren.

Mason Luck:

That was a part of it. We hoped it would come to that. We had the chance to take out M4NTRA and Alvaro and when we got that little rat bastard all by himself at last. No more Devil's Circus ... no more M4NTRA ... no more Alvaro ... no more hired help ... he had to face up to stabbing us in the back for once like a man on his own merits ... and now he's gonna be spending months picking splinters out of his skinny little backstabbing ass.

Max Luck:

That's right. Throw 'em up.

Mason, Max and now Lonnie throw up the Winning Hands! Scott Hunter gets to ask the next question.

Scott Hunter:

Hello. I rolled you at the craps table a few weeks ago. It is said that the more you work at something, the better you become. And if you work hard enough, you may even become a master of your craft. Keeping that in mind, do you prefer Apple Jacks or Frosted Flakes?

Mason Luck:

What the ... ? What kind of quest ...

Max and Lonnie Luck:

Apple Jacks.

Mason Luck:

Ugh. Next.

SuperDEFFan64:

For months! FELLOW BIG MEN LIKE ME The Lucky Sevens finally got their hands on Tom Morrow! You guys looked

great out there working with Rain City Ronin! Now that there appears to be #NoTomorrowForTomMorrow at last, what is your next move? And for Lonnie Luck, what do you hope to get out of working with your cousins at last?!

Max Luck:

SuperDEFFan64 ... the name of the game next is now that we're free of our "Murdering Tom Morrow" hobby, we gotta find a new one. And trust me, we will. Pretty Face Mase and Dashing Max are Model Employees now and we got plans!

Lonnie answers his part of the question next.

Lonnie Luck:

And for me ... I spent six months trying to be someone I wasn't. I went through the same training these guys, my cousins, did. I got my ass beat for a year straight in a ring, getting stretched and beat down by my trainer; my grandfather. At the end of each day, Grandpa Luck asked me if I wanted to quit. I didn't have the size of Max and Mason. Hell, Rachel Tennison in BRAZEN is taller than me.

Lonnie laughs to himself.

Lonnie Luck:

Every person who made it through the Luck School came out better and I knew I wanted the same. Every day that he asked if I really wanted to be here, I told him no. Then after six months, when he asked me if I wanted to quit ... I asked him if that's all he got. But now I'm in DEFIANCE with my family. It means the world to me and I'm not going to let them or the Luck Family name down.

Mason Luck:

Damn right. Welcome to the team, Lonnie.

Max Luck:

The Luck Dynasty! Get the shirt!

Yannick Fillimore:

So you did it. Nothing left to prove. What's next? Your thoughts.

Mason Luck:

Tag Title number three?

Max Luck:

Tag Title number three.

ED & ASSOCIATES

The reigning BRAZEN Champion Felton Bigsby and the big Judge himself Nicky Corozzo are the first into the room. They're followed closely by Jane Katze arm in arm with the victorious Financial Backbone of DEFIANCE, Edward White. Ed and Jane take seats whilst the two big men stand, looming over the proceedings. Felton clutches his BRAZEN title like it's going to hop off his shoulder. Jane points for the first question.

Reed Schwartzman:

I should say "congratulations" this evening, Mr. White... although it seemed like you had a lot of help out there. Was it difficult to adapt in the ring against an opponent whose technique relies on heavy and sometimes unpredictable striking?

Ed sneers and rolls his finger in the air.

Jane Katze:

Next question please.

Scott Hunter:

My question is for Mr. Ed. What is Clairra St. Sure doing these days? That is a name I made up and not something to make you angry. Thank you.

Edward actually laughs out loud. He then leans over to Jane and whispers something in her ear.

Jane nods very officially.

She clears her throat and leans towards the microphone.

Jane Katze:

Mr. White says "get fucked you pathetic little cartoon." Next question, please?

Scott Hunter:

Hey, I'm not little!

Ed smiles cheerfully and shoots Scott Hunter the bird.

SuperDEFFan64:

Well, Mr. White, congratulations on this win over a BRAZEN rookie! What's next for you? Do you have eyes on the FIST of DEFIANCE or any other gold in the company? What's next for Ed White & Associates?!

Jane leans forward about to answer but The Socialite leans forward with his fingertips on the tabletop. He gets to his feet, grabbing the microphone.

Edward White:

Whilst these little press conferences are always a true hoot, let us be very clear here. As if this little post show farce isn't proof enough of the Favoured Saints groups lack of givin' a shit about this damn company...

He stops mid-stream and shakes his head.

Edward White:

What's next? Mr. DEFFan, neckbeard, inbred smart mark little internet dickhead, is that what you asked Edward, by God, White? As If I'd share my grand plans with the likes of YOU.

He turns to Jane, who's also on her feet.

Edward White:

Abysmal affair, as always. Remind me why we did this again?

Jane smiles and whispers something in Ed's ear this time.

She then brushes off his shoulder and straightens his tie.

Ed chuckles and takes a second to adjust his diamond cufflinks.

Edward White:

I think you fine folks should just keep your eyes peeled on DEFtv. We'll be seein' y'all.

The foursome all leave together.

Ed White looking particularly proud of himself.

RAIN CITY RONIN

Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett arrive wearing matching black hoodies. As with the last press conference, rather than sitting behind the table, they set their chairs out front and intensely stare out into the press pool.

Reed Schwartzman:

Congratulations, Zack, Leo. Were there any interpersonal hurdles you had to go through in being able to work alongside the Lucky Sevens tonight?

Daymon and Burnett briefly exchange a glance, before shaking their heads in unison. Nope. No hurdles whatsoever.

Scott Hunter:

I do not know where Rain City is, so I will just ask you if you would please make it a sunny city this weekend because I have beach plans.

Leo skeptically narrows his eyes, wordlessly responding with a look that all but says "Dude, are you serious?" Next to him, Zack sighs and shakes his head. Eager to keep things moving, he nods to the next person with a question on their mind.

SuperDEFFan64:

Rain City Ronin! My goodness! That was an amazing show! And the way everyone dogpiled Tom Morrow? Good! After this alliance with the Lucky Sevens, what's next for you? Any goals towards the Unified Tag Team Titles? Any teams you want to wrestle in the division?

Daymon nods. Then Burnett, before making a lip-zipping gesture. Yes, to... both questions, maybe?

Feeling the round of questions has ended, the two rise up in unison and waste little time heading for the exit.

TYLER FUSE

Reed Schwartzman:

Congratulations, Tyler... how would you say facing an opponent who was a tag partner of many years factored into your strategy in that match?

The typically disinterested Tyler Fuse looks, well, disinterested.

Tyler Fuse:

He's my brother, not a tag partner. I know his every move. He knows mine. We trained together. Pretty easy to find a strategy.

Tyler moves his eyes in another direction.

Scott Hunter:

Hello Tyler, I am told you are Conor Fuse's brother, so I want to know, what is your favorite video game, and also why you hate the Toronto Blue Jays so much.

Tyler shrugs.

Tyler Fuse:

I don't play video games anymore, I'm beyond that. As for the Blue Jays... they're an unlikable group of athletes.

Fuse sighs as if he doesn't want to be here anymore.

SuperDEFFan64:

BANGER! BANGER! BANGER OF THE NIGHT! Tell me, Tyler... you have defeated Conor Fuse! Your own brother and now you are the ACE of DEFIANCE. How does it feel knowing that after all the talk Conor has received these past two years as being the "better brother" that you have silenced those questions?!

It looks like, however, Tyler rather enjoyed this question. He actually leans forward, rests his hands on the table and looks somewhat engaged.

Tyler Fuse:

I am the better brother and I proved it. The last four years, all I've come across is "Conor, Conor, Conor". Make no mistake, my brother is one of the best in DEFIANCE and this industry. But he's not me. You're all going to see it now.

Fuse falls back into his chair.

Rich Lather:

Hi Tyler. I'm Rich Lather of Worldly Soap 'N Suds. Are you as serious in the shower as you are in the ring? Cleanliness and hygiene is paramount nowadays. Just looking for any hot, errr clean takes you might have.

It's clear Fuse isn't going to answer this question. Eventually, someone asks another one. The man in the far, far back corner of the room.

Yannick Fillimore:

Always knew you were the more charismatic Fuse brother. Your thoughts.

Tyler Fuse:

Yep.

And Tyler Fuse walks off set.

CONOR FUSE

A rather dejected and disappointed Conor Fuse enters the picture. He takes a seat at the center of the table but tries to put on a brave face.

Reed Schwartzman:

Good evening, Conor. I'll just ask you the same question I asked your brother: how did it factor into your strategy going up against a tag partner of many years?

Conor clearly thinks about it before answering.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah well, he's Tyler, you know? We're related. Never wrestled him one-on-one but I've seen everything he can do. I should've known, should've known he was "exaggerating" his injury at the end of the match, which ultimately **made** it the end of the match. So, I mean, I guess in many ways I'm answering your question indirectly, because apparently I didn't have a great strategy and Tyler did. My knee hurts; my knee is KILLING me. Guy went all gangbusters on it. FML, ya know? It's been tough and I should've known better. Hey, at least Arthur Pleasant doesn't work here anymore, 'em-I-right? So I did accomplish something rather recently.

Conor tries to force a smile as he looks over in a new direction.

Scott Hunter:

Please do not hurt me. It was Dan's idea.

Conor's eyes glare across the room at Scott Hunter. Suddenly, however, he smiles. It looks rather genuine.

Conor Fuse:

It's okay, you were just doing what you were supposed to. My problem is with Dan.

Conor pauses and looks down at his knee.

Conor Fuse:

Thanks for the Band-Aid.

WHAM!

Fuse slams his hands against the desk.

Conor Fuse:

But don't annoy me again.

Conor shifts quickly back from "anger" and smiles at Hunter.

Conor Fuse:

Okay, next question...

And so we move on.

SuperDEFFan64:

Conor! Tough break, my friend. But as a man who is constantly at or near the top of DEFIANCE, what are you planning on doing to rebound from this? Are you still with Malak Garland and The Comments Section?

The Ultimate Gamer really has to think about this one.

Conor Fuse:

I am still with The Comments Section, I never technically left them. As for where I go from here...

He comes up short, holding his hands in front of his face.

Conor Fuse:

For the first time in my life... I... don't... know...

Fuse falls into his chair, rather dejected.

Rich Lather:

Rich Lather of The Washed Citizen and to be quite honest, I feel like the newspaper I work for best represents your new association after that embarrassing loss to your brother. Do you think you're washed now and if so, what brand of soap do you use?

Taking a page out of his older brother's book, Conor merely stares at Rich before another question is asked by the man in the very back of the room.

Yannick Fillimore:

Dark times ahead. It's clear you're not being used well here. Thought of going anywhere else? Thought of going BACK to anywhere else? Your thoughts.

Conor smirks.

Conor Fuse: *[sarcastic?]*

Yeah, HOW. Gotta get the Hall of Fame ring.

And with that. The Power-Up King thanks everyone and walks off.

OPHELIA SYKES (REP FOR SNS)

A buzz in the room as Ophelia Sykes, dressed in a Saturday Night Special t-shirt, enters. Moving somewhat gingerly, she takes a seat.

Ophelia Sykes:

Hi, everyone. Before we get started, I just want to address the rumor: Pat is hurt. We don't know how bad yet, but he's getting checked out. So tonight... you get me. Hell of a show, huh?

Reed Schwartzman:

I wanted to say congratulations to the team for returning to DEFCON in a major way with a hard-fought victory here tonight. How crucial was it to remove Lindsay Troy from the equation and isolate Henry Keyes?

Ophelia Sykes:

I don't think that was the game plan. I think the boys are masters at calling it on the fly, and they knew that this was going to be a dangerous match. I'm just happy I could help... and get some payback on that bitch for what they did to me at DEFIANCE Road.

Scott Hunter:

If you were a rabbit and all you could eat was carrots, what would your favorite Black Eyed Peas song be?

Ophelia Sykes:

I like this guy. He makes me laugh.

SuperDEFFan64:

MY GUYS... well, Ophelia, sorry. Ahem. Anyway... two questions. First... Congrats on your return and huge win for the Saturday Night Specials! How are they feeling? And two... what's next for all three of you now that you have put Vae Victis behind you?!

Ophelia Sykes:

Thanks, cutie. Like I said before, they're a little banged up. Happy to have won, but I know Pat looks like he got the worst of it out there. We're hoping for the best. But I do that the boys are looking to dust themselves off and get back to where they belong: the top of the tag team division. And me?

A devilish smirk.

Ophelia Sykes:

I'm back, baby. And I got my own goals. Goals that include the BRAZEN Women's Championship.

Yannick Fillimore:

I still think this team works better with Brock Newbludd, Teresa Ames and Max Luck. Your thoughts.

Ophelia Sykes:

I think you're a fucking idiot. How's that?

Before he can respond, Sykes clicks her teeth and stands.

Ophelia Sykes:

It's been real.

DAN RYAN & CECILIA RYAN

Dan Ryan walks in and sits down at the table. He's wearing street clothes and holds a water bottle which he sets down on the table in front of him. Cecilia Ryan follows right behind him and sits down next to him. Someone gestures to Reed Schwartzman, so Dan looks in his direction and makes a gesture for him to go ahead.

Reed Schwartzman:

Welcome back, Mr. Ryan. Does your return mean we'll also be seeing a return to the ring, or are you back in DEFIANCE in some other capacity?

Dan Ryan:

All in good time. I'll have some things to say on the next DEFtv and all of your questions will be answered in more detail at that time. But in short, I'm here to get back into the ring and for much more. What that entails will, as I said, be explained at a later date.

SuperDEFFan64:

LEGENDS! THE LEGENDS ARE HERE TONIGHT! BOX! DOUGLAS! RYAN! HOLD ON, HOLD ON...

More hyperventilating into the bag.

SuperDEFFan64:

Sorry... sorry... anyway. Compose yourself, 64, you only get one chance... Anyway... safe to say... NOBODY expected your return! Welcome back! Why now? Why Conor Fuse? What's going on?

Dan Ryan:

I have no issue with Conor Fuse. We're old friends. We go way back and won a tag team title together, but we had a rocky ending to that partnership. I thought I'd give him the respect of letting him and his brother have their moment, but I wanted to come out afterward and make my presence known – just get his attention, and I think I did that. That's another topic I'll have more to say about at the next show.

Yannick Fillimore:

Really didn't care for the reveal. What more do you have to prove here? Why come back?

Cecilia Ryan: *(leaning forward aggressively)*

Nothing. He has absolutely nothing left to prove. He's coming back because he feels like it, motherfucker. As for you caring for the reveal, who gives a shit? This place still exists because he kept it alive, shithead, so show some goddamn respect when you talk to my father, you understand? Or maybe next time you open that pie hole I'll kick your fuckin' teeth down your throat. Maybe you'll care for that, you cock-eyed little bitch.

Yannick is taken aback. Cecilia starts to get up and practically jump over the table, but Dan places a hand on his daughter's shoulder, and she glances at him. She slowly sits back down and he smiles, then turns to Yannick Fillimore.

Dan Ryan:

I'm sorry. That was very rude of my daughter. She's very protective of her father. I am sorry that you didn't like the reveal. Lord knows when we decided to come back to DEFIANCE our first thought was 'how can we do this in a way in which Yannick Fillimore will care for it?' I'm sorry that we have fallen short in this area. Please submit your concerns to the suggestion box backstage. I will make sure to read your suggestions for improvement and take them to heart. I will then go to the nearest toilet and wipe my ass with it. Also, fuck off. Thanks.

NEW FIST: MALAK GARLAND

The media room settles after Dan Ryan and Cecilia Ryan make their exit. Suddenly, Thurston Hunter and Teresa Ames walk into the fray. Ames has her hands clasped in front of her waist and sports a troubled look on her face.

Teresa Ames:

Hey cuties. So I know this is the talent everyone was waiting for, but just be warned that he is still in a very fragile state right now. Please help me with introducing none other than YOUR NEW FIST of DEFIANCE! MALAK GARLAND!

Ames is the only one who claps as the champion makes his way to the podium. Oddly, he is belt-less. Furthermore, his cheeks are red and glossy, soaked from what many could assume are panic tears. Malak sits there, fiddling with the wire to the microphone he sits in front of. Teresa blows a kiss his way as she and Thurston depart. It doesn't take long before Siobahn Cassidy sprints to her man's side. She gently rubs his arm as Malak fights to hold back tears.

Siobhan Cassidy:

Questions for our new champion?

Rich Lather:

Rich Lather of The Rub dot com. Malak, wow, you're champion now and I get to ask the biggest question to get the best scoop. What now? I mean, after your epic performance, downing one of the best FIST Champions in history, you just sort of stood there, aloof even, doom scrolling on your phone instead of giving everyone a chauvinistic, jovial celebration we were all anticipating. Why? I mean, even now, look at you. It looks like you just finished your tenth fit of crying for some reason. Tell us why. Give us more insight into the mind of Malak Garland, FIST of DEFIANCE. Shouldn't you be happy?

Malak whimpers like he's never whimpered before. His nose begins to run as his eyes never move from looking at the microphone cord. He can barely get any words out.

Malak Garland:

Just lots of pressure right now. Sniffle. Next question.

Reed Schwartzman:

Good evening, Malak, and... (forced) "congratulations" on your accomplishment tonight. My question is, given some of your tactics out there against Dex Joy, what would you say to the opinion that the value of the FIST of DEFIANCE has now been depreciated?

Siobhan stares darts through Reed. However, the journalist's sharp words have no effect on the somber champion. Malak wipes his nose with a hanky.

Malak Garland:

Grumble, I so sad.

Siobhan leans into the microphone.

Siobhan Cassidy:

I got news for you, buster. The only thing that is depreciating is your hairline! Show some respect to my man! He just won the FIST in the most challenging match of his career! Of course, he's overcome with emotion right now. This is a great accomplishment and let's be honest, none of you in this room will ever come anywhere close to reaching something like this! Next question!

Scott Hunter:

Hello, it is customary for anyone who wins the FIST of DEFIANCE to give me an immediate title shot at the next show. This is so I can allow them to win and make them look strong. I will have the contracts sent over to your people shortly. In the meantime, Mr. Malak sir, please tell me what your preferred phone service provider is, and also have you seen any good movies lately, and also, my good friend Lindsay Troy once referred to you as an 'annoying fuckwad' in a

conversation we were having about Easter. I do not understand what that has to do with Easter. Please explain. Thank you.

Malak Garland:

Uhhh uhhhhh! MY PHONE!

Hearing Scott reference Malak's most beloved device, The Snowflake Superstar LONGS for his pocket computer to the point where Cyrus Bates makes a cameo appearance, handing the champion his cellular phone. Malak completely ignores the question and proceeds to doom scroll cat videos. Siobhan rubs Malak's back during this most difficult time. Many media personnel are confused, asking each other if they think Malak knows whether he won or not.

Yannick Fillimore:

Malak, it's Yannick. Big, big fan. You've often talked about not being respected in DEFIANCE. By the fans, staff, wrestlers... basically everyone. Wondering why you didn't leave yet. You've talked about it. Let's be honest, your talents would go to great use in say... HOW? 5BW? I know a guy down the street, Jim, he runs a local wrestling promotion. You'd fit in like a glove OJ didn't use. Seriously though, this place does not welcome your services nor does it respect you. You've been misused and tonight, well, it was a small consolation prize. Let me know what you're thinking. Your thoughts are utmost needed.

Malak gazes up from his phone and speaks between sobs.

Malak Garland:

I am great, aren't I? I'm special.

He IMMEDIATELY goes back to his phone. Siobhan cuddles him, pretending everything is great.

Siobhan Cassidy:

Are there any more questions?

Usually there would be more but seeing that Malak is downright depressed, it puts a damper on the entire crowd's mood.

Siobhan Cassidy:

Okay well-

A voice pipes up.

Small Child:

Hello there! My name is Samuel!

This bright eyed kid is wearing a Toddler's Wish shirt.

Samuel:

I have a question for Malak! More of a statement! I went to the doctor today and they told me I was all better but I still got to come to DEFCON for my wish! I had a great time tonight. I always watch wrestling and I am all better so I am happy! Isn't that great news!?

Garland slowly and methodically puts his phone down. He looks the kid in the eye.

Malak Garland:

I love that for you.

He goes right back to his phone.

Siobhan Cassidy:

Okay, thanks everyone! We're going to go back to the hotel now for some private time and decompression reps!

The DEFIANCE chyron flashes on the broadcast as Malak and Siobhan exit the area.