

SHOW OPEN



DEX JOY & PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL

Just minutes after beating the living hell out of one another to open up MAXDEF, both Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell sit down in their seats. Sweaty, exhausted and likely feeling this match for days, Joy and Purcell both drink their waters and prep for questions.

Rich Lather:

Rich Lather of The Heralded Dollop. Dex and PDP, let's face it, you're both big boys. With that in mind, what kind of body wash do each of you use? I can imagine you both work up quite a sweat in the ring!

Purcell puts a hand on the microphone in front of him and talks to Dex.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

This one of them... uh... ribs? That what you guys call it?

Dex Joy:

'Fraid not, pally. Buckle up.

Dex turns to answer the question from Rich Lather.

Dex Joy:

To answer your question ... Old Spice Bearglove for the body. Almond milk shampoo for the old scalp. Rinse and repeat for maximum efficiency.

Rich's question has been answered and moves over to Scotty Flash.

Scotty Flash:

Dex, any concern at all that "Punchy" will drop you like a bad check the moment it's convenient for him like he has OTHER people in his life that put him on the map and made him a star? And, quick follow up, any concern that he'll drag your meteoric career to a grinding, bloated halt?

Punchy waves at Scotty.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Scotty... how's your jaw?

Dex Joy:

Nice to see you again, pally. What occupation are you on this week? Your resume must have more gaps than Grampy Joy's memory. Sorry, grampy. And to officially answer your question ... Punchy here showed me he's on the up and up tonight. I am not concerned.

SuperDEFFan64:

FELLOW BIG MEN LIKE ME DEX JOY! PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL! WHAT. A. MATCH. I have no questions other than I think we all needed a cigarette after that match! You guys beat the HECK out of each other!

Punch Drunk Purcell: *[laughing]*

This guy! Yeah, we sure did. Uh... I mean, yeah. We did. Punchy going to the EXTRA BIG pay window tonight. Sorry, Dex.

Dex Joy:

All good on this end, sir. One of the biggest things we can do is accept defeat when it is earned. You were the better man tonight ... though it took you thrice to get one over on me.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Shut it! But yeah, we did. Three damn times, each more painful than the last. When that top rope snapped, boy,

thought it was all over for Punchy, I really did. Thought I bit it... but tonight, after I got screwed at DEFCON by Ed White, I knew it was do or die tonight. And though I probably almost died... I did it.

Yannick Fillimore:

A team? Dex, I would've saw you and Mil Vueltas as a team. Perc, I think you and Uriel Cortex would've been good.

Dex just shrugs at Yannick's comment.

Dex Joy:

Mil's good people. Uriel not as much. And who's Perc?

Punch Drunk Purcell just shakes his head.

Reed Schwartzman:

Punch, what would you say you did differently tonight to pull out the win over the former FIST? Dex, is there anything you would have done differently tonight?

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Yeah, I learned to pull his big ass away from the ropes this time.

The conference room erupts in laughter.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

But... seriously. Nah, this man. Dex here didn't spend a year on top by bein' a slouch. He MADE me earn this and I didn't have no damn choice BUT to try and get anywhere near his level. I ain't blind to the fact that I've only been doing this for a little over a year now, but I'm studyin' tape and takin' notes after each match I'm in. I had to learn and learn QUICK. And much as we sniped at each other leadin' up to this match... I'm glad we did it. Cause now, you're all boned.

Dex Joy:

What he said. To answer your question about what I could have done different, pally, the rope broke. I could not have left my feet. ... but I'm not going to dwell on it. I could have made a different move but what matters is learning from our mistakes. Punchy here learned from is and that's something I can respect.

Scott Hunter:

Dex Joy, now that you are no longer FIST of DEFIANCE, have you considered adding something new to your rep or twar? Like maybe a fourth letter on each of your first and last names? And Punch Drunk Purcell, please stop drinking punches. It is bad for your liver. Don't drink and drive. Arrive alive. That is called a PSA, which is a public service announcement and not a prostate-specific antigen test. I learned that when speaking to an elementary school last week.

Once again, Purcell covers his mic and turns to Dex.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Are... are ALL the PressCons like this?

Dex nods.

Dex Joy:

I meant it when I said buckle up. To answer something kind of related to what Hunter asked - I am no longer the FIST of DEFIANCE. But I have done everything I can do as a singles wrestler. FIST. FS. SOHER. Now ... it's time to make Grand Slam Dexy a reality. It's time to help my newfound big boi friend get his first taste of titles on the main roster and that's exactly what we're going to do!

BUTCHER VICTORIOUS

Having a seat at the front of the conference room, Butcher Victorious' mohawk is mostly sweat-soaked. He drinks from his water bottle and then grabs The Stick™ v.2 before turning it on so the whole room can hear him.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... HAS THE STICK... and answers to all y'all's questions. Who's first. Scotty Flash, what's up?

Scotty Flash:

Butch, you continue to defy expectations as well as the odds. To what do you attribute your recent success?

He points to himself.

Butcher Victorious:

Two things, Scotty Flash. The first is listening to what's in here...

He taps The Stick™ v.2 into his chest.

Butcher Victorious:

And the second is listening to what's out there... them people buying tickets to see us. It took me a hell of a long damn time to realize that if I wanna be the best man I can be in DEFIANCE... it ain't gonna happen if I'm sitting around listening to all the wrong damn people. It ain't gonna happen if I ain't out here trying to make it happen. Then all them doubters who think that I ain't a star... like YOU, Scotty. Yeah, I heard what you said on the radio after our interview...

Scotty Flash tries to hide his face.

Butcher Victorious:

Y'all can cram it up your ass. Cause if the BUTCH VIC CLIQUE believes in me? That's all I need. Who's next?

Cue to Scott Hunter.

Scott Hunter:

Hello Butcher. I beat you once. How have you been lately? I beat you once. Do you legs hurt because I put my famous and innovative figure four leg lock on them and turned them into unsalted pretzel without even the benefit of some beer cheese to dip them into? I beat you once. Your thoughts?

Butcher... grins? Yep, he grins.

Butcher Victorious:

You're right, Scott. Y'all did make me tap out. And I bet you that if you fought me again, the result would be pretty damn different. I'm a different man than the sniveling little baby that wanted Oscar's attention. I'm pretty sure I can headlock you to death before you can get that figure four a second time so I'ma talk to DEFIANCE management and see if we can make a rematch happen! Who's up next?

SuperDEFFan64:

BUTCHER WINS! BUTCHER WINS! BUTCHER WINS! You finally defeated DLJ and seemed to put Vae Victis behind you at last! Tell me... after a win over Burns at DEFCON and beating James tonight, what's next for you?

Butcher Victorious:

Closure, man. Closure. Vae Victis... I dunno what's going on with them, but from where I sit... BUTCH VIC DON'T GIVE A SHIT. What's next for me is a whole world of opportunity and I want all of it, my man. I'm gonna take some time to think about it. DLJ whooped my ass pretty dang good and I can't take that way from him. He came out a winner... but tonight I showed that VV might-a tried to switch me out of the group, but BUTCH VIC DON'T GET SWITCHED CAUSE NO ONE HAS IT LIKE BUTCH VIC! Next?

The camera turns to wrestling cynic Yannick Fillimore.

Yannick Fillimore:

When are you going back to BRAZEN?

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... SAYS I'LL GO WHEN YOU TOUCH A WOMAN'S TIT.

Reed Schwartzman:

After watching you in action tonight, Butch, I have to ask, do you plan to advance your repertoire beyond the headlock?

Butcher applies a headlock to nothing but air next to him.

Butcher Victorious:

Workin' on Cravates, too, Reed! Them things is TOUGH to get out of! Now if anyone has anything else?

No questions.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... IS OUT THIS BITCH!

CONOR FUSE

Darren Quimbey:

Please welcome, Conor Fuse!

The Ultimate Gamer walks onto the stage sporting his lime green tights, a ton of sweat and an orange Metroid towel across his neck. He takes a seat in the center and pulls up his chair.

Rich Lather:

Rich Lather of The Lathered Express. cOnOr, how does it feel to be soapy and sudsy in the shadow of yet another wrestler who has more talent than you?

Fuse tilts his head to the side and lets out a short laugh.

Conor Fuse:

You're not wrong, Dan's a legend. There's a multiverse out there -not that I need to get into that kinda stuff, it's kinda been murdered to death there in that other company- where a guy like Dan Ryan wants NOTHING to do with a silly little clown car guy like me. But we want the same things, we need those same goals. Killer instinct. I think Dan proved he still has that in him. I'm MOAR than happy to be the Second Player again, if it means that eventually I can be the First and be just like Dan Ryan.

Obviously taking no offense to the potentially offensive comment, Conor looks to field the next question.

Scotty Flash:

Good evening and congrats on the win tonight. Coming out of this victory, I have to ask... how tight are you and Dan Ryan? I can't help but notice that he isn't here with you at the moment.

Fuse stops to think about it and then shrugs ever-so-lightly.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, I mean, well, we honestly aren't that "tight". I think you could see us struggle out there from time-to-time tonight but I tell ya what, we're gonna keep tagging right now and the next time we do one of these things, I'll drag him out here. I know he's a top level shit talker but I also know he doesn't like to speak unless he has to, ya know, Scotty? And I'm feeling like tonight, he let his fists do the talking. Specifically one. He destroyed Rosey Owens. Wait, or was it Bobby Horrigan...

The interview moves along.

Scott Hunter:

Hello Conor Fuse. Someone else was using your last name earlier, just as a warning. Considering your very impressive win against Weighted Grade, how do you address the plight of obese Americans where diet is concerned? Should they use Optavia? Discuss.

Fuse puffs some air around in his closed mouth and then lets out a huff whenever he's done.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, there's a lot of overweight in this country. Lotta armchair hooligans, too. Easy to pick apart a wrestler's skills when you don't leave that basement sofa in your mom's house. Like, totally, mom's basement is a swell place, that's no sarcasm, I get it, but maybe go for a walk once or twice a month, too. Can't hurt; look at me!

Having no idea if he really answered Hunter's question, we roll onto the next one.

Reed Schwartzman:

The two of you have an interesting team dynamic out there, Conor. Does it require much to adjust to a partner with the size and strength of Dan Ryan?

Fuse nods yes right away.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, in many ways it does. In other ways, Dan is similar to Tyler. The anger, the rage, the intensity. That's the easy stuff but otherwise Dan is a monster, a giant, and, obviously, the biggest legend in DEFIANCE. It was our first tag team match together in DEFIANCE and our first together in years. We've only had three. There's an adjustment period for sure.

Fuse rolls up the sleeves he doesn't have.

SuperDEFFan64:

Conor Fuse! Congratulations on your win tonight, guys! With this win tonight, do you think the Unified Tag Team Titles are something you're interested in pursuing?

The Power-Up King is quick on the reply.

Conor Fuse:

Well, I'll tell you this. Favored Saints already relayed there will be a multi-man tag team match on the next DEFtv, crowning a new number one contender for the UNIFIED Tag Team Championships in Boston, at ACTS. Dan and I are enrolling in the match. The tag division is heating up again. Dare I say it's the hottest division in DEFIANCE right now and while I've already got two tag reigns under my belt, I want one MOAR before I learn enough to seek the FIST of DEFIANCE.

And finally...

Yannick Fillimore:

Conor, tag titles are beneath you. Even I know this. When are you going to become the FIST of DEFIANCE!?

Fuse points a "gun shot" at Yannick like he's right on track.

Conor Fuse:

Not beneath me, buddy. They're very important. But make no mistake, just like my brother, I have eyes on the biggest level, too. One day, one day. I need a new killer instinct first.

Fuse looks around the room and realizing there are no further questions, he thanks everyone, grabs his orange towel and leaves.

THE BLOOD DIAMONDS

The temperature of the room changes as the next group of interviewees pushes through the doors and into the room. The BRAZEN champion Felton Bigsby and the BRAZEN Onslaught champion Adrian Payne, dressed in matching DEF-red track suits with their title belts strapped around their waists. The two huge men hold the doors and scan the room as the next three individuals enter the room. Dressed in all white "The Financial Backbone of DEFIANCE Wrestling" Edward White, "The Herald of the Wargod" Angus Skaaland, and lastly the dapper, terrifying Bombastic Bronson Box. All three men are dressed in their usual finery, none look particularly pleased after the events of the PPV.

Box, Ed and Angus all take their places at the table. Felton and Adrian post up behind the trio, arms crossed over their massive chests.

Scotty Flash is the first to clear his throat after a brief silence, lobbing the first question towards the group.

Scotty Flash:

Angus, what's the GOAL of this group, as you would define it? Is it gold? Is it power? Respect? All of the above? If you can, bring us inside your inner circle and reveal what this incredible grouping is really after.

Angus Skaaland:

Scotty. You love DEFIANCE, right? You've been through some shit here, you've stuck around. You clearly have some love for this company.

Scotty Flash:

I mean, sure I...

Angus Skaaland:

Shut the fuck up, Scotty. Not a conversation. You see these two icons sitting on either side of me? They love DEFIANCE enough to do the *hard* thing and put it through its paces. To keep this place vital, to keep its blood pumping you need to kick it in the teeth. That's what we're doing.

Scotty Flash:

We've heard that line before, there's not more to this story? It's all just chaos and anarchy all for the "good" of the company?

Angus looks over at Ed, then at Box.

Angus Skaaland:

Everyone in this group has goals, Scotty. Every member of the Diamonds have scores to settle. If in doing business we acquire ourselves some hardware? Well, that seems inevitable, don't it dingus? Do the math, it ain't hard.

SuperDEFFan64:

BLOOD DIAMONDS! I've been saying DEFIANCE could use a return of some of its earlier groups and THE BLOOD DIAMONDS RULE!!! My questions for you. Angus Skaaland - do you find it easy or difficult to have transitioned from the announce desk to manager? Edward White - what's next for you and the Blood Diamonds after tonight?

Angus Skaaland:

My only regret leaving commentary is that all you fine folks are now subjected to Lance "the human yawn" Warner on color. Yet another strike against these Favoured Saints fucksticks.

Edward White:

This PPV weekend didn't exactly play out the way we'd imagined. But we will not be disheartened, by God. No sir. We have plans, machinations in play... the targets of those machinations, well, I wouldn't want to spoil nothin'. Lets just say, win or lose, some of those SCORES Angus talked of earlier, they're gettin' settled in the most *violent* way possible.

Yannick Fillimore:

Bronson Box vs. Gage Blackwood in a CONCRETE CONSTRUCTION LADDER MATCH. Your thoughts?

The Original DEFIANT finally leans forward and clears his throat.

Bronson Box:

Gage Blackwood is dead. I fookin' killed the bastard. He didn't have what it takes to weather my storm. He fell apart like old rotted wood. We've moved on to bigger, sturdier targets. So all you poor numpties still wringin' your hands waiting for yer' blasted hero to return and vanquish us lot you're gonna be waiting a damned long time, sunshine.

Boxer pauses.

Bronson Box:

Now. If that toerag does manage to pull himself together and find his way back here? I'll keep that gimmick in mind, lad. Sounds... *fun*.

Yannick Fillimore actually looks pretty pleased with himself at that response from the Wargod.

All three seated Blood Diamonds have the same eye narrowing reaction to the next question asker.

Scott Hunter:

Hello Angus, I am a fan of your beef. Bronson Box, my very good friend Dan Ryan told me to not be such a jerk to you this time with my question, so I have formulated a very respectful one instead....

...

...

...

Sorry, I've got nothin'. Edward White, I like your outfit. It is still okay to wear white before Labor Day. How do you feel about the use of drones to take out your enemies?

Angus Skaaland:

What is the point of you? Honest question. Is it all just ha-ha jokes and cleanin' Ryan's balls?

Edward White:

Why don't you go back to carrying Dan's bags, son? I was hoping with the rumors of Troy and Keyes leaving DEFIANCE with their tail between their legs we'd get less of this low rent comedy nonsense, but here you sit. Mayhaps my friends and I need to have a nice long chat with ol' Dan Ryan one of these days and sort this all out. I'm sure my good friend Bronson over there would love to get reacquainted with the *both* of you.

The Wargod's eyes grow wide and excited at the prospect of A. twisting Scott Hunter into knots and B. tangling with arguably his greatest rival Dan Ryan one more time in a DEFIANCE ring.

The silent, sort of excited glare from Box clearly makes Scott Hunter uncomfortable. He crosses his legs and avoids eye contact.

Angus points to the last question asker.

Reed Schwartzman:

You've garnered quite the collection of talent, Mr. White. How do you plan to keep them all in line?

Edward White:

I reformed this group, like we said, because this place needs consistency. It needs a *reeducation* about the tenants

that made this stand out, made it special in the first place. The reason DEFIANCE isn't just any old wrestling promotion, well its sitting right here at this table. It's future? It's future is standing behind us. Keep them in line? These are my brothers, Mr. Schwartzman. These are my boys. I truly take care of my people. I take care of their *families*. And in turn they take care of business...

The Motormouth of Malcontent checks the time on his huge gold Rolex watch. A gift from Edward.

Angus Skaaland:

And business is good.

Felton and Adrian make the "money" hand sign as they smile and nod in agreement.

Boxer stands and buttons his coat without a word.

The group exists the room without incident.

THE ATOMIC PUNKS & DR. AYUMI SATO

The press seems to stand up and give a hero's welcome to the triumphant Atomic Punks, who reprised their famous act as The Dirty Dogs tonight in their homeland of Puerto Rico. Fission and Gigaton lead the way, flanked by the ever-present Dr. Ayumi Sato, cackling and giggling with glee as her boys soak in the cheers. However, she sprints past them, and dramatically grabs the closest microphone for an emphatic...

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

GREETINGS, PUNY MORTALS!!!

The Mad Science Queen cackles with glee.

Scotty Flash:

Hi, folks. Huge win and a heroes welcome, eh? How did this moment feel, boys? And Doc, this question for you. Any tips on how to relieve, uhh... repetitive itching... that DOESN'T involve an open flame?

For this one, Dr. Sato looks at Scotty with pure disgust in her eyes, while the Punks look in each other's eyes and shout in the mic...

Gigaton & Fission: *[in unison]*

PUEEEEEERRRRRRRTOOOOOOOOOOOO RIIIIIIIIIIIICOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO~

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

A doctor. What you seek is a doctor. As in, a physician, not a Sato doctor. OK?

A brief pause.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

...ya nasty.

Scott Hunter:

Hello. There is a TV show based on your life called Fallout. Have you considered suing them for appropriating your story, even though the TV show version is much much better? Just kidding. But seriously, have you?

Gigaton:

LET'S. BE. REAL. IT WILL. GET CANCELED. BECAUSE. SOME DIPSHIT. BILLIONAIRE. WANTS. ANOTHER TAX BREAK. AND EVERYONE. WILL FORGET. IT EVEN EXISTED. IN FIVE. YEARS.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Speaking of dipshit billionaires, the invoice for repairs on my lab will be in the mail tomorrow, Mr. White. Thanks!

SuperDEFFan64:

DIRTY DOGS! DIRTY DOGS! DIRTY DOGS! That fight in the lab RULED! Questions for Fission and FELLOW BIG MAN LIKE ME Gigaton! After a big win in Puerto Rico tonight, do you have your eyes set on the Unified Tag Team Titles? Are there any other teams on this roster you want to challenge?

The leaner, but equally mean Fission takes this one.

Fission:

Gracias, SuperDEF. My brother Gig and I, we're always on the lookout for opportunities at the belts. Now, as y'all know if y'all follow Puerto Rico wrestling, Gig and I ain't no strangers to tag gold. But the DEFIANCE belts, we want those for SURE, baby. And we're definitely gonna go on the hunt for them. And we don't care who has 'em... Lucky Sevens, PCP, M4NTRA... we know the tag division here is hotter than ever, and that includes the Punks. And we'll

take on anyone who gets in the way of those belts. Not just for Dr. Sato. But for US.

Yannick Fillimore:

When are we getting your singles runs?

The Punks and the Doctor look at each other in confusion, before Dr. Sato takes the mic.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

...do you even like anything, man?

Reed Schwartzman:

Do you guys have a workout routine that doesn't involve all the, you know... science stuff?

With a big, wide grin, Gigaton leans into the mic, and takes the answer, in a surprisingly quiet tone.

Gigaton:

Gigaton. And Fission. Do Not. Need. Scientific. Enhancement. In the ring. This. Is. Pure. Punks.

REZIN*KA-POOMPF*

Twin puffs of purple smoke explode on either sides of the conference table, revealing the brothers Amaretto!

Carlo & Gomez Amaretto:

AVANTI D'FIANCE!

KER-SMASH

The mighty human battering ram of Viking strength and sexual energy that is Olvir Arsvinnar comes BURSTING through a brick wall.

Olvir Arsvinnar:

HA HA HA HAAAAA!!

Popping up from the other side of a table like a smirking, tow-headed prairie dog, Chris Chickentenders suddenly slinks his way into the scene.

Chris Chickentenders:

Hey, what's up, buttmunches?

A door opens. Suzie tepidly walks into the room and joins the others at the table. She takes an emotionless drag from her Pall Mall.

Suzie:

Um... I'm here also, or whatevah.

PER-CRASH

Finally, a black, wiry body crashes through the ceiling...

Rezin:

AAHH--BLEGHK!!!

KA-POOMSCH

...and lands in a heap on the other side of the table, fully rounding out the group.

Rezin rises up to his feet, nonchalantly dusting off the bits of plaster and ceiling tile clung to his greasy shoulders and chest and blackened mane. He looks somewhat amazed to see the press pool staring back at him.

Rezin:

Shucks! Looks like I finally made it to something ON TIME for once!

He seats himself along with the other members of the Rezistance. He leans in to the mic and clears his throat... coughs... hacks... chokes... snorts... gurgles... swallows... wheezes... and finally looks ready to go.

Scotty Flash:

Rezin, ole pal! Lookin' good! This... ragtag group of yours. I've always thought of you as this rugged, elusive loner. But now you've got these, uh, people surrounding you. Is this the first time the voices in your head are actually people standing next to you?

Rezin:

OH SHUCKS, you can SEE 'EM TOO?! MAN, that's a wait off my mind! I was thinkin' Trutt was fuggin' with my head

for a minnit there...

He looks left and right to said ragtag group seated with him.

Rezin:

All of ya ARE real... right?!

Carlo and Gomez give him the eyebrows.

Carlo Amaretto:

What is REAL...?

Gomez Amaretto:

And what is ILLUSION...?

Rezin's eyes grow wide.

Rezin:

DAMB... guys, don't mess with my head like that!

BAM

Olvir's mighty fist slams into the table.

Olvir Arsvinnar:

Heed not the jests of yonder conjurers, brother Erik! You can believe us to be as real as the MIGHTY FIST that strikes this table! As HARD and FORCEFUL as... a MIGHTY... THROBBING... MJOLNIR!

Chris Chickentenders:

Yeah, um, dude, I'm not only real, but I'm also like the real, or whatever, and I'm also like a real badass, so no worries here.

Rezin nods, content that these characters ripped straight out of someone's acid trip are, in fact, not hallucinations.

Not the regular kind, in any case.

Reed Schwartzman:

Hello, I have only two questions to ask. How does one survive a fall from that height, and do you believe that could be construed as being in poor taste? Thank you.

The Goat Bastard sighs and shakes his head.

Rezin:

Cuz, I gotta taste of somethin' that can prolly be described as 'poor' in my mouth any given moment of my existence. My whole life, I just been trynna overload the other senses trynna ignore it, know'm'sayin'? But hey, maybe that's why for all that nasty lickin' I take, this ol' black heart keeps on tickin'! How do I SURVIVE from fallin'? My dude, I'm still trynna figger out how y'all survive not flyin' off the face of the GODDAMB EARFF given how fast we're spinnin'!

SuperDEFFan64:

TO THE REZISTANCE! Any immediate goals for this new group beyond the... er, usual of uh... taking part in illicit, drugular activity?

Rezin:

Well YEAH, WE... WAIT... uhmm... shucks! What the hell ARE our immediate goals?!

He thoughtfully scratches his beard.

Rezin:

Guessin' this is what Trutt mean when he was askin' about... guys, help me out here, we have any 'stated goals', or whatever it's called?

The other members of the Rezistance shrug and shake their heads.

Carlo Amaretto:

Whatever the plan is, the AMAZING AMARETTOS are on board!

Gomez Amaretto:

So long as you keep the CHECKS coming!

Rezin:

I mean, okay, I guess we could do more of the like artsy fartsy video packages where we like bare our souls and confront our demons or some shit. Ollie, ya wanna share that bit you've been working on?

The Viking pornstar clears his throat, and speaks in a hushed tone.

Olvir Arsvinnar:

How mighty can a Viking really be? My life was a whirlwind of nonstop berzerking and butt domination for many years. But it made me feel empty. Hollow. I tried to leave it all behind. I met a marvelous woman who was proud to call herself my wife. I raised two perfect little boys with her. But that life all came crashing down when--

Rezin:

OKAY, jeez, dude, don't need to let it ALL out right now, know'mean? Leave some for the BIT when we do it later!

Olvir Arsvinnar:

Okay, but you're actually going to remember to record that bit, right?

The Goat Bastard does his best impression of the awkward monkey puppet meme.

Rezin:

Uhhhhhh neggz question?

Yannick Fillimore:

How to do compare your current group to The Kabal? My opinion, you were the biggest letdown on The Kabal. It's your fault they fell apart!

Rezin sighs and looks blankly to the table before him. He struggles to find an answer, until...

Chris Chickentenders:

I got this one...

Rezin and the Rezistance look at the young aspiring "athlete" with mild surprise. There's a wide smirk on the young Chickentenders' face as he

Chris Chickentenders:

First of all, Yubnub Fartmore, allow me to say that you have the stupidest name on Earth, and that's coming from a guy who could very well be in the running, but anyway to answer your question, comparing what we have here to the sheer BADASSEDY of the Kabal would be like comparing apples to your mom's dirty donut hole, because while the Kabal was cool, and while it's too bad we could never witness the would be badassness of CRIMSON REZIN, what the Rezistance is more like a family, and not like my own family, which includes my dad who's always out chumming it up with "legitimate businessmen" and "my other secretary", or my cousin Craig, who is totally still a turd, and hey, by the

way, like, where is he? But anyway, to also answer your question, we don't know anybody in the production department who can turn the lights off for us on command, and most of us kinda suck at moving around in the dark, so the teleportation stuff is kinda out of our bag, which is fine, because the Kabal was just like a one time thing, and the Rezistance is gonna last FOREVER, and not for just like one arc, or until Uncle Rezin gets high enough to forget he started this. Right Uncle Rezin?

The Escape Artist looks around, confused.

Rezin:

...where the fuck am I again?

Chris Chickentenders:

And therefore, your honor, I rest my queso, and also, you can eat my butt.

Rezin slowly nods in agreement.

Rezin:

Well said, Chris. Not gonna lie, spaced out on some parts, but it's the heart that counts. Hear AND gumption, know'm'puddin'down?

Chris Chickentenders:

I'm not sure if I do, but the pudding I usually like is tapioca, which makes people think I'm weird, but I mean, like--

Rezin:

CAN I JUST GET THE LAST GODDAMB QUESTION AND GET OUTTA HERE ARREADY?!

Scott Hunter:

YOU AGAIN! That's all I have to say.

Rezin:

D'AAHH!! ME!! AGAIN!! Yes! Emphasis on AGAIN... cuz I guaran-GAWDAMB-TEE YA there'll be more AGAINS to come!

He slaps the table with his open palm.

Rezin:

AGAIN!

More repeated slaps to the table, knocking over the other microphones and sending feedback through the conference room.

Rezin:

And AGAIN and AGAIN and AGAIN and AGAIN... until NONE OF YA CAN GET ENOUGH, and find yourselves JONESIN' for all that REZISTANCE action we're gonna bring!

He snags the mic off the table and rises up to his feet, one foot DEFIANTLY propped on the table.

Rezin:

So BOLT your BALLSACKS to your BUTTHOLES, DEFIANCE, before we BLOW 'EM OFF with a DOUBLE-BARREL of BONG RIPPIN' BUCKSHOT!! WE'RE COMIN' TO SET THE RING ABLAZE!!

He slips and falls on his ass.

Rezin:

WHOASHUCKS!!

M4NTRA

As one leaves another enters with Makayla Namaste leading the way with a brilliant smile from ear to ear. Behind her are Nathaniel Eye and "DEC4L" Declan Alexander in that order, but they're not alone, as behind them are High Flyer IV and Archer Silver. A collective gasp comes over the room as the new DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions take a seat and drop the belts down in front of them before Makayla passes out KAYNASTE Brand cruelty-free vegan energy drinks to the lot of them.

Makayla Namaste:

Before we open up for questions, I just wanted to take this opportunity to thank two people. Tom Morrow and ourselves, the only people who believed in us. Next time you all go to drag us on the internet, I want you to take a moment and consider this dub. You're looking at the main characters in a world of side plots. The future GOATs of DEFIANCE. With that said, the floor is open for you to stan.

Scotty Flash:

What kind of soap do you use? ... wait... how did I get Lather's questions? Uhh.. Hold on. *sits back down and shuffles cards, confused. He and Rich appear to trade cards back and forth*

Nathan Eye is the first to respond.

Nathan Eye:

Great, great question, Scotty. Great question. The answer to you is: we won these titles all thanks to our belief in the human spirit. We conceptualized this win tonight, we actualized it and then we realized that we are the best tag team in the world! And in the ring tonight that's exactly what happened! The number 4 in M4NTRA can also be spelled with a number one ... cause that's who DEC4L and I are! Number One! You can also call us W4NTRA because tonight ... tonight, the size of this W cannot be measured.

Scotty Flash:

That wasn't my ...

Nathan Eye:

And coming soon! Right after this, DEC4L, Makayla and I are going to be working on a special photoshoot that's going with our brand new book ... Twenty Pages of Gold! It's a nice coffee table book with pictures only that document our struggles and triumphing over those struggles such as PCP trying to keep us from the titles and the Lucky Sevens trying to light us on fire. It's perfect for people like wrestling fans! No pesky big words getting in the way of the lesson - that if you keep your Eyes on the Prize, you can climb any ladder and grab any titles you want.

Makayla Namaste:

Also Scotty, this is just a reminder that KAYNASTE Brand non-toxic and animal safe body wash is available at Target and Whole Foods around the country if you were wondering how to smell like a champion.

SuperDEFFan64:

CONGRATULATIONS ON WINNING THE TITLES! From BRAZEN Champions at two different times to Unified Tag Team Champions! You guys have to be considered the future of DEFIANCE! What's the relationship between you guys and Archer Silver and High Flyer IV over there? Former BRAZEN Tag Team Champions twice over in their own right!

Nathan looks up to talk to both Archer Silver and High Flyer IV by where they are seated. They both whisper something into his ear. Nathan turns back to face the press pool.

Nathan Eye:

Speaking of people in need of Vegan body wash ... Mister Def ... Fan ... 64? You are absolutely right. We've done all those things. Archer and High Flyer have done all those things ... but at this time, because M4NTRA are good people we wish to respect the privacy of our friends. This is their story to tell and they will tell it when they are ready ... or they

wish to put it into book form. If you guys do, you know where I'll be!

Yannick Fillimore:

Tag division is getting bigger by the minute. When are we getting your singles runs?

Nathan Eye:

You can most certainly run to purchase our book, 251 Pages of Perseverance and 500 Pages of Shared Success in singles copies, but you get a bigger discount buying them in bulk. Tremendous questions, Yannick. Your journalistic integrity is greatly appreciated! Who is next?

Reed Schwartzman:

The two of you outlasted some of the fiercest competition in DEFIANCE out there. Do you think the outcome would have been the same against one team instead of two, where the matches can get more on the chaotic side?

DEC4L:

That question feels a little salty, Reed, not finna lie, but the capless answer to your doubt is the only thing having to fight off two teams did was hold us back. If it were just us and the Pop Culture Phenoms, it wouldn't have even been a contest. M4NTRA vee Lucky Sevens? Easy dub. Both at the same time? We still came up champs. lykyk.

Nathan Eye:

We certainly know over here, DEC4L. I'm glad we asked these people to remove their hats before walking into this room because this is a cap-free zone.

Scott Hunter:

You have a number in your name. Are you Prince? You should call your team Diamonds and Pearls. Think it over.

DEC4L:

Am I Prince? A prince of what? Is this a boomer thing?

Declan looks over at Nathaniel Eye for guidance.

Nathan Eye:

My mom was a big fan of Prince and that is the only thing I know about him. Obviously he doesn't make music any more because he was probably not good at it. I believe I was told from somebody who heard on a subreddit he made his name like a trombone symbol or something? I ... yes, Makayla?

Makayla stops and pulls out her phone, frantically typing something into a search engine. She is reading something off her phone. She whispers notes to Nathan.

Nathan Eye:

Oh ... that's why he's not making music any more. That is very tragic. My respect to the family of the trombone symbol guy ... however you say that. Free copies of Twenty Pages of Gold will be donated to a charity of your choice. You can reach out to my publicist after this press conference is over and provide your address. Thank you.

Makayla Namaste:

Before you all continue to try and get us canceled, we're calling it here. The most important part of taking care of your body is rest, and all of these negative vibes are making me and the boys very tired. So if you'll excuse us, we have celebratory champagne and a karaoke room waiting for us back home. Where there's... you know, civilization. Ciao!

The press clamor to ask more questions but Makayla waves them off with a dismissive flick of the wrist, leading M4NTRA, High Flyer IV, and Archer Silver to gather their things and continue the celebration somewhere that isn't Puerto Rico.

TYLER FUSE

Darren Quimbey:

Please welcome, Tyler Fuse!

The OG Player slowly rolls into the scene, sporting black jeans and a black shirt. He carries a red Gatorade with him and almost inadvertently takes a seat at the center of the table.

Scotty Flash:

Tyler, another pay-per-view, another stunning win. You've got that ACE in your pocket and appear to be biding your time. Can you give us any further insight into your strategy in regards to cashing that bad boy in?

Tyler leans back to think about this comment. Eventually, he leans forward. He replies in a rather calm, cool and stunningly respectful manner.

Tyler Fuse:

Yes, but I can't reveal that yet. I understand I have to call my shot beforehand but it's not the time. I don't want to give anything away.

Fuse waits for the next question.

SuperDEFFan64:

HELLO! SuperDEFFan64! Questions for you, Tyler! You won the match... but you didn't attack Mil Vuelas after the match and let him live another day, but I remember you were saying you were going to be rid of him. Was there a reason you didn't attack him after the match?

Surprisingly, Tyler raises his eyebrows and nods like SuperDEFFan64 is correct.

Tyler Fuse:

I did say that, didn't I? Well, I'll meet you halfway. I beat Mil and I hope he understands where his spot in this company is: near the bottom, never getting a real shot at making something of himself.

Tyler lets out a huff.

Tyler Fuse:

And I'll think about ending him down the road like I said I would. Because it is important I keep my word.

Onto the next question.

Yannick Fillimore:

Tyler, hi. Can you cash in the ACE in another promotion? That would be dope!

Tyler's eyes open wide.

Tyler Fuse:

I intend to.

He waits for the next question.

Reed Schwartzman:

Good match out there tonight, Tyler. You're arguably at the best we've ever seen from you. Have you been doing any extra training on the side to prepare for your inevitable cash-in?

Fuse shrugs.

Tyler Fuse:

I've got everything I need right here. I've put the work in regardless of any match I've received. My work ethic got me this far, it will also make me the FIST when the time is right. I don't need to do anything extra and run the risk of hurting myself beforehand. I've already doing enough.

And finally...

Scott Hunter: *[wearing dark sunglasses as a disguise]*

Hello Tyler Fuse. Congratulations on winning a professional wrestling match and for successfully completing your anger management classes. You have been on a roll lately. Keeping that in mind, who do you think will win the Super Bowl this year? Also keep in mind, if you say the Dallas Cowboys I will kill you.

Fuse laughs at the Cowboys comment.

Tyler Fuse:

Umm, sports aren't really my thing, I don't even "enjoy" wrestling. But let's say I have the Buffalo Bills losing to the San Francisco 49ers.

Tyler looks around the room.

Tyler Fuse:

We're done here? Great. Thanks.

He rises from his chair and leaves.

MV1

The press politely await the arrival of Masked Violator #1 who, a short time ago, shocked and surprised everyone by viciously spurning the help of his former friend and tag partner.

Courteous chatter fills the conference room as reporters, photographers, and assistants mill about. Jamie Sawyers appears through a curtain, brow furrowed, and leans over the front table. He clears his throat into the microphone to capture the room's attention.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and gentlemen, if you can have a little patience with us.

Sawyers glances over his shoulder back towards the curtain. Then scans the room of reporters again. Sweat beads on his forehead as the San Juan heat permeates.

Jamie Sawyers:

We just received confirmation that Madame Melton and JJ Dixon have left the building along with Raiden and Reeves, so we won't be hearing from them tonight.

A slight murmur ripples across the room.

Jamie Sawyers:

We're trying to see if Masked Violator #1 is going to take questions--

A look crossing Sawyers' face says someone, off camera, gave him an indication.

Jamie Sawyers:

Alright, uh... MV1 has also left the building. So, sit tight. We'll quickly move along and, uh--

The earlier "slight murmur" returns and this time swells into something a little less restrained. And suddenly, a figure bursts into the room through a side door. Staggering and disoriented, Corvo Alpha tumbles and sprints out on the floor, shifting several rows of empty seats and causing a handful of reporters to scatter away from the fracas. Scrambling back to his feet, he is enraged.

Flashbulbs blind him and he throws up a hand to shield the blood trickling from his nose.

Alpha snarls, swatting several folding chairs out of his path as he stomps up to the main table, his watering eyes accusingly searching the mob of press for any combination of red, blue and yellow.

The columnists and correspondents bark out biting questions that go unanswered.

Baring his crooked teeth, Corvo pulls his right hand through the smudge of red clay on his bare chest and, still glaring at the mass of journalists, spreads much of it on the table, loudly knocking a microphone over in the process.

Blinking back at the flashing, bursting camera bulbs, Alpha makes off, lashing out at the curtain as he disappears through it.

Staff and reporter alike work to restore some order to the seating, catching their breath. Other personnel clean the paint from the table as people slowly, exasperatedly, begin to retake their seats.

THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS & "SUB POP" SCOTT DOUGLAS

Scott Douglas enters the frame as he takes the stage but quickly realizes Mikey Unlikely and Kendrix are not in toe as he thought. Scott turns around and exits the frame again. A second later, Douglas nearly pushes a reluctant Unlikely and Kendrix up on stage.

Scott Douglas:

...just sit down.

The trio get settled and Douglas leans into the microphone.

Scott Douglas: [motioning to the Bruvs]

Let's make it quick, I don't know how long you got these two...

Scotty Flash stands up to ask the first question. Douglas rolls his eyes.

Scotty Flash:

I have no questions.

Scotty Flash sprays a can of Febreeze into the air as he retakes his seat.

Kendrix:

Thank god that's over. Strippee time!

Mikey and Kendrix pop up out of their seats in unison as if they rehearsed it. Douglas reaches out and drags both Bruvs back into their seats before they can escape. Exasperated they roll their eyes.

Scott Douglas:

Next.

SuperDEFFan64:

GREAT WIN! IT'S CRAZY! SCOTT DOUGLAS! MIKEY UNLIKELY! KENDRIX! STANDING SIDE BY SIDE TRIUMPHANT! But uh, hey... as much as I really like FELLOW BIG PEOPLE LIKE ME in Titanes Familia, that was AWESOME! Was there any doubts between you three you wouldn't be able to work together tonight? A lot of people seemed to be waiting for a turn that didn't happen! Your thoughts?!

Mikey Unlikely:

Absolutely no doubtsies. Didn't you see our chemistry segs? Our chemistry is through the roof! E=MikeyUnlikely Squared! And we proved that tonight. Scott's a full on, honorary Bruv!

Kendrix:

He knows all of our catchphrases! Go ahead Scott!

Scott Douglas:

Uhm.... Gluefist.

Kendrix:

See!

Yannick Fillimore:

Back in black. What is the end goal here?

Mikey leans into the microphone.

Mikey Unlikely:

Win matches, sip frapps, have fun, and prove we're the best damn team in the game. Check, Check, Check, and CHECK! In fact, I'm you can get the new Back In Bruv cologne, at HollywoodBruvs.com, you want to smell like glitter and manliness? Then buy a bottle!

Scott Douglas:

What does glitter smell like?

Mikey Unlikely:

You can find out right now for only 11.99! Plus shipping and handling.

Scott Douglas:

You should call it Gluemist... Eh?

Mikey Unlikely:

That's just ridiculous, Scott.

Scott perplexed but amused shrugs it off.

b>Scott Douglas:

Next!

Reed Schwartzman:

Scott, you haven't lost a step. Have you been keeping up with your training regimen during your retirement?

Scott Douglas:

Oh, yeah. Of course. In my time off I became a mainstay at the South Park Wrestling School back home, so hopefully before too long we might even see some of the guys I helped train here in DEFIANCE. Assisting guys to get to that next level in the ring was extremely fulfilling and when the DEFIANCE schedule allows it I definitely want to do some of that... BRAZEN as well I'd love to get down there and work with some of the guys...

Scott Hunter:

I am a very big fan of all of you so this is very exciting for me. The Hollywood Bruvs are my favorite HOW tag team and Scott Douglas is my second favorite person named Scott. My question is for the Bruvs. Where is Perfection? I miss him because his name is an irony. That means it has a different meaning, not that he uses an iron on his clothes, although I would suggest he do that more.

Kendrix:

Perfection is at the strippees already. He's been waiting for us

Mikey Unlikely:

So if you don't mind...our post-victory celebration awaits!

And with that Unlikely and Kendrix hop up from their seats. Douglas knows this is a lost cause and there is no way he can convince them to abstain from celebration any longer. As Douglas gets up to follow, on last question comes from the crowd.

Lance Warner:

Scotty! After your match tonight, it certainly seemed like things between you and Uriel Cortez specifically; were left unfinished. Care to comment?

Scott stops at the last mic and leans down.

Scott Douglas:

Tell Uriel ... I ain't hard to find.

Douglas exits the stage to catch up with the Hollywood Bruvs.

BROCK NEWBLUDD

Entering the press conference with an ice bag wrapped and secured to the back of his head, Newbludd sits down at the table with a scowl.

Rich Lather:

Rich Lather of Bar Soap Reviews. Brock, devastating result for you tonight. When you lose in such embarrassing fashion such as this, does your cleanup routine change at all in order to hide your shame? How often do you shave? Heck, do you shave in the shower? Curious to find out.

Brock Newbludd:

First of all, I'm not ashamed. I went out there and left it all in the ring...it just wasn't enough tonight. The power of Malak and Siobhan's unholy love was too much and I just couldn't make it Over the Top. I think if circumstances were different, you'd be talkin' to the FIST right now. But, no, I got hit in the head with a brick and now have a mild concussion.

Brock's eye glaze over for the briefest of moments and he takes a deep, contemplative, breath.

Brock Newbludd:

Were the tears I cried in the shower from the concussion? Were they because I lost my shot at the FIST? Or were they from the reality that I have to officiate Malak Garland's wedding NOW!?

Hearing the consequences of losing out loud causes the former number one contender to throw his hands up in frustration.

Brock Newbludd:

FUUUUnnnnnnnnnnnccck...

And he vents the frustration by slamming his fists into the table with a loud THUD.

Brock Newbludd:

I can't talk about shaving right now. Next question.

Scotty Flash:

Brock, you've been enjoying a lot of success out in Hollywood as of late. Are you able to share what your next motion picture project might be?

Taking a breath, Brock shakes his head and composes himself.

Brock Newbludd:

Mr. Flash, good to see ya. I had to sign an NDA this time around, because apparently, you can't post spoilers to your own movie on Reddit. Especially if they all end up being bogus. But, there WAS a chance that Over The Top was going to have a end credits scene that tied it into the MCU. Up until Disney said absolutely not.

Scotty Flash:

Damn Hollywood fat cats shackling artistic freedom!

Brock Newbludd:

I knew a cultured man such as yourself would understand. So, I really can't say much about any of my future movies because I'd get in *Big Trouble* with our producers in...*Little China*... and that would make me a *RUNNING MAN* as I try to *ESCAPE FROM L.A.*...

Scotty smells what Brock is stepping in and grins in approval.

SuperDEFFan64:

Tough loss, Brock, and I'm sorry! You came so close to winning had it not been for the ABSURDITY that Malak Garland brings to ringside! But in light of this, how do you rebound? Do you see yourself trying to earn another shot at that title?

Brock Newbludd:

I'm sorry too. I'm sorry that everyone has to experience the nightmare that will be the Garland/Cassidy wedding. Unfortunately, I can't really think about what's next since I'm still caught in Malak's trap. I'm just focusing on surviving that for now. Dark days are comin' friends!

Yannick Fillimore:

Lost the girl, lost the match, when does Pat Cassidy finally walk out on you, too?

Brock Newbludd:

Ouch. I suppose you're right about the girl and the match. But, if you think Malak has finally made a rift between SNS, you'd be wrong buddy.

Scott Hunter:

Hello Brock, I am sympathetic to your plight. I too have not yet won the FIST of DEFIANCE and I also did not leave here with a girl. I would suggest that you wipe the Newblood off of your forehead before it becomes Oldblood. Other than that I would simple say keep on keepin' on. That is a Doobie Brothers song. Michael McDonald is good. Bye.

Brock Newbludd:

Excellent observations. Yannick could learn a thing or two from you, Scott. You know what, I will keep on keepin' on.

Reed Schwartzman:

Sorry about tonight, Brock. What could you have done differently to come away with the FIST tonight?

Brock Newbludd:

Well, Reed. There's a lot of things I could've done differently. I should've followed the one piece of solid advice that my old man gave me when he said "Don't stick your dick in crazy." I should've remembered that when I met Siobhan but as Lindsay Troy put it I can be a "sentient piece of gristle" sometimes and that can lead to bad decisions. But, that bad decision with Siobhan is the reason why I earned my shot at the FIST. So, who the fuck knows, right?

Taking a drink of water, Newbludd chuckles and shakes his head.

Brock Newbludd:

To answer your question, Reed. I wouldn't have done anything different inside of the ring. I've been doing this long enough to know when I'm on my "A" game and tonight was one of those nights. Make no mistake, I didn't get beat in the ring, buddy. I got beat outside of it when I got smoked in the back of the head with a brick. And even then, I almost beat that little fucker.

Newbludd stands and puts his SNS cap on backwards.

Brock Newbludd:

Next time, if there ever is one, I'll be sure to bring plenty of backup to even the odds and clear the board. One on one, Malak can't touch me. You know it, I know it, and you better believe he does too.

With that, the disgruntled Brock walks away from the table and exits the press conference.

MALAK GARLAND WITH SIOBHAN

Darren Quimbey:

Media personnel, please welcome our final guests of the night. The FLAKE of DEFIANCE, Malak Garland and his brand new fiancée, Siobhan Cassidy.

Malak walks in and plunks his belt down on the holder on the table. Siobhan filters in behind, holding an open box of donuts. Malak selfishly plucks a honey glazed one from the box and begins munching on it arrogantly. His manners are atrocious. He licks his fingers right in front of the microphone, not caring who can hear him.

Malak Garland:

Mmmmm. Oh my. These are so good. Highly recommend Valerie's keto and gluten free glazed rings. They give you that sugary kick you desire but you can also stay on plan and believe me, after that grueling match, I need it. Okay, the champ is here. Let's open things up for questions. Mmph. Summer of Snow continues.

Rich Lather:

Rich Lather of Rinse and Repeat Affairs. Malak, Siobhan, congratulations. Have you two showered together yet? If no, why not? Are you saving such an event until after marriage?

Garland stops mid-chew. He's shocked at the question.

Malak Garland:

Excuse me? Why, in any scenario, would you think I would answer that? I am coming off such a tough match. I am sitting here, trying to recover my gains by eating these delicious, nay, delectable gluten free sugar rings and you have the audacity to sit there and lob ball me a question like that!? I couldn't answer that if I tried but if I did, I can tell you we have showered together. Multiple times and it's been great. Next question.

Malak resumes his loud chewing.

Scotty Flash:

Hello, friends! What a main event. Congratulations. My question is... is there any chance my invitation to the wedding was lost in the mail?

The champ looks over to Siobhan with a blame giving look.

Malak Garland:

Did you send an invite to Scotty? He's made me look good on the radio countless times.

Garland and Cassidy whisper to each other.

Malak Garland:

Uhhh, Scotty. I wouldn't know how to answer your question but if I did, I'd say we forgot to mail you an invite. Gosh, is my face red over that. Cry me a river. Next.

Garland takes a swig of his 'COOLANT' energy replacement drink.

Malak Garland:

By the way, this is COOLANT. It's my own branded energy replacement drink. It comes in three flavors right now; Frigid Strawberry Avalanche, Wintry Watermelon Flood and this one, Frostbitten Blueberry Icicle. Get it in stores now. More flavors to drop soon. Check my socials for more.

Scott Hunter:

Congratulations to both of you on being alive. It is preferable to being dead. Do either of you know where the best place is around here to get a good chicken sandwich? Also, a charge cable for my iPhone because I lost mine. Also, say some wrestling stuff if you want.

Garland stares a hole through Hunter.

Malak Garland:

Don't I know your cousin? Anyways, yes it is nice to be alive. The best place for a chicken sandwich? That's backstage in catering where the rest of the bums in this locker room belong. I just went through hell with one of the best wrestlers in this company and I put him down with an I Trigger. Make no mistake, Brock is a top player in this game but I'm better. Everyone else should be cowering back in catering, not wanting any piece of this, Scott.

He looks over at Siobhan once more.

Malak Garland:

Shivvy, connect this man with a lighting cable. Unless, do you need USB-C? Either way, my people got you covered.

SuperDEFFan64:

Congrats, Malak... ugh... hey, same question as Scotty. Where'd my invite to the wedding go? And also, what's next for Malak Garland?

Malak facepalms with embarrassment.

Malak Garland:

Gosh, is my face red! I'm starting to think that I forgot to mail out the invitations altogether! I'll have my people look into it. I love that for you.

Yannick Fillimore:

Children in your future?

Garland looks quizzically at Yannick.

Malak Garland:

Proper English in your mouth? I NVR use shrtfrms. What was the question? I was mesmerized by the lack of proper speaking from a professional media outlet. Kids in our future? Eh, we'll see.

Reed Schwartzman:

Malak, your in-ring game has improved quite a bit this past year. Have you been working exclusively with anyone behind the scenes?

Garland zeroes in on Reed and smirks as he finally finishes his donut.

Malak Garland:

My in-ring game has improved, huh? Well, that's what happens when you're dealing with a locker room full of pussyfooting little whiny whimps. You up your game and rise to the top of the card like you always should have and take what's yours!

He points to his FLAKE vanity title.

Malak Garland:

So to be honest, I don't want to give you an answer. Do you know why? Because my meteoric rise is called the Malak Mirage for a reason. It's a mirage. No one can know what I've done to get to the point where I am now, BUT if I did I answer your question, I would confirm that YES, I have been working exclusively behind the scenes with a very special team of athletes from the past who have gotten me prepared to this point. I won't be naming any names but if I did, I would say they are the best of the best such as Sylo, Syphon Fission and Wruce Spane. Are we done here? I have an Uber to catch. Come on Shivvy, clean up my mess.

Malak snatches his belt and walks off stage, leaving Siobhan with some empty bottles and glazed shavings to clean off the table.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.