

SHOW OPEN

♪ The Young Veins - "Defiance" ♪

Fade in from black.

A slow-motion sweep over Oracle Park at sunset. An empty ring. The MAXDEF logo glows faintly under the lights.

Cut to the backstage area where the press are waiting to question the DEFIANTS ...

Tom Morrow & The Triple Sevens

Tom Morrow is sitting at the press table the most confident he has ever been. Behind him are three menacing figures. Max and Mason Luck are in dark green and red suits and look ready to tear off someone's head if the wrong question is asked. To their side, Mark Luck is checking himself out on his phone and posing in a plaid yellow suit.

Tom Morrow:

Before we begin, any questions being asked here on this stand will be directly to me and only me. As the official representation of DEFIANCE Wrestling's deadliest group – The TRIPLE SEVENS!!! – I am authorized to speak on their behalf.

Morrow points to SuperDEFFan64.

Tom Morrow:

Let's start with the fat one. Let's go, Type Two Teddy!

SuperDEFFan64:

OH! MY! LANTA! WHAT A SWERVE! I DIDN'T SEE THAT COMING, NO, GIANT SIRSI! MY GOODNESS! OKAY, GOTTA BE PROFESSIONAL HERE... ahem. How did this entire thing come together between you guys? We've been seeing Mason and Max at each other's throats for weeks! You and M4NTRA at each other's throats! How did you guys make amends after the Sevens led an art campaign depicting you getting beat up by The Lucky Sevens!

Tom Morrow:

So here's the deal kids ... you are about to hear me say something I have never said to anyone in my life. Not to my father! Not to my family! Not anyone! You ready?

Tom looks up at his new clients.

Tom Morrow:

Max, Mason ... I was wrong when I did what I did trying to have you two taken out in favor of siding with M4NTRA. We've had our issues and we tried to take one another out. But when you attacked me at DEFCON and I was injured for almost a year, I had time to reflect on that. I'm sorry.

Max and Mason are nodding along.

Mason Luck:

We accept your apology.

Max Luck:

Just know if you ever do it again they'll never find you. But we will move forward, Tom.

Tom Morrow looks at Max.

Tom Morrow:

I understand. Understand this, too, DEFIANCE Wrestling: we are the most successful tag team of all time! With my help, we carried those Unified Tag Team titles all the way to the main event of DEFCON! And with Max, we will do it again!

Dave Felcher:

Unified as you are now, what's next for the newly minted Triple Sevens? Any immediate goals? Or, knowing you fella's as we all do... targets?

Tom Morrow:

I'll elaborate on our goals another time, but I'll happily share who our targets are. They are the following. One: whoever holds on to the Unified Tag Team championships. Two: Anyone that stands in the way of us getting the Unified Tag

Team titles!

Jason Niles:

Thanks, Jason Niles with Three-Count Roundup. Tom, did you ever believe in M4NTRA, or were you playing the long game with the Sevens from the beginning?

Tom looks completely offended!

Tom Morrow:

How dare you ask me that question! How dare you! I gave everything to Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander! I gave them my years of experience and wisdom in tag team wrestling! I gave them everything I could! And they threw me away for the first piece of ass that came along! That harlot, Makayla Namaste! They started caring more about who was doing their stupid M4NTRA Ray dance and social media trending instead of holding onto gold or listening to me when I gave them advice! They started listening to cheering wrestling fans! Fans don't win titles! Listening to my sage advice wins titles! When they stopped listening to me and I saw what was happening between Max and Mason ... I knew I had to do something different!

He looks at his men.

Tom Morrow:

It was me that got them back together on the same page as the killers they were always meant to be! It was me that brokered a deal after Mark Luck was unfairly kicked out of BRAZEN to bring him to the main roster! Mark Luck is their brother-in-law who was held down in BRAZEN and deserved to work alongside his brothers! But I, Tom Morrow, worked my magic! I have reunited the Luck family to where they belong! And when you pull that bar and you see TRIPLE 7s ... that means NO!!! LUCKS!!! GIVEN!!!

Kerry Kuroyama & Ami Troy

Cut ahead to the hot pink, purple, and neon green tandem of Kerry Kuroyama and Ami Troy approaching the table. Kerry courteously pulls out a chair for his newly appointed manager, who flashes him a smile as she takes her seat, then he seats himself alongside her.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Okay, friends... no grand mic-dropping speeches here tonight. I have a very hungry koala bear waiting at the hotel, and I believe the eucalyptus outlet closes at midnight. So let's jump right in.

He points out to a face in the crowd to field the first question.

Dave Felcher:

Probably not the way you wanted to win tonight, Kerry. But congratulations regardless. The situation surrounding Scott Douglas' current... predicament... is clearly complicated. To compound matters, Douglas isn't talking to anyone. Humble webmasters looking for juicy details included. Do you have any insights as a friend, former or not, of Scott's? Any comments on his actions tonight?

Kerry sits back in his seat and takes a moment to thoughtfully stroke his chin and consider his answer. Then he leans forward into the microphone.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I wish I could tell you I knew what was going through the head of Scott Douglas. To be honest, I don't even think *he* knows. Whatever Los Caídos did to him... it seemed to have erased his identity. Turned him into a blank slate. Couldn't tell you what purpose that serves Victor, but after tonight... something tells me that Scott isn't completely gone. Knowing him like I do, he's probably fighting his own fight....

He looks down at his hand, clenched into a fist against the table.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...one being waged from within. Anyway, next question.

Jason Niles:

Thanks, Jason Niles, Three-Count ... Kerry, it wasn't the cleanest win, but you went to war with Victor Vacio and walked out of Oracle Park with your hand raised. A lot of people have started mentioning your name in the same breath as the FIST of DEFIANCE. My question is -- does tonight close the book on Vacio, or does the way it ended leave something still unfinished... and in your mind, is it finally time to start turning your focus toward the top of the mountain?

Kerry Kuroyama:

I like to think I'm always on the climb. But right now, it's hard to say where I should go next. I'm caught between wanting to focus on my career trajectory and *needing* to help a friend. Even though I managed to get one over Vacio tonight, there's this feeling that the further I get into his web, the harder it will be to climb out of it. To resume climbing for that "top of the mountain" here in DEFIANCE. I'm ready to get back to task...

He shrugs, and sighs.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...but you never know with Victor. Next... yes, SuperDEFFan 64, I can see you back there, waving very enthusiastically.

SuperDEFFan64:

KURRY KURRY-YAMA! MUH-BOY-KERRRRRRR! FANTASTIC match against Victor Vacio and quite frankly, we could use more Vacio around these parts! Super talented himself when he cares! But anyway... after this win tonight and getting some payback on Los Caidos for possibly costing you the FIST and a steak dinner to Henry Keyes, do you see this issue with Scott Douglas going on? Seattle's Beast are SOOOOOOOOOO beast and I think we need a

reunion! Are you gonna find a way to get Douglas out of Los Caidos' clutches?

Kerry Kuroyama:

In my heart, I want that to happen. But how can I pull my friend out of that void if he won't accept the hand that's offered to him? For all I know, going down that path is all part of Victor's plan. Chasing after a LOST CAUSE...

Ami quips a quick "BA-DUM-TSSH!" to simulate a rimshot.

Kerry Kuroyama:

But like I said before, after what happened out there tonight, I feel there's a reason to hold out hope for my friend. I'm going to keep my eye on the situation... while also trying to focus on the next challenge ahead of me.

Chris Trutt:

Congratulations on the win tonight, Kerry. Unrelated to the match, but... how are things working out with the new manager? As someone who's primarily supported himself for the past few years, in your words, what does she bring to help elevate you as an athlete?

Kuroyama chuckles lightly.

Kerry Kuroyama:

You know, it's interesting... growing up, my dad told me I should never mix my personal and professional lives. But...

He covers Ami's hand with his own. The two share a fond smile.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...Ami and I were raised in this business. It's impossible not to take our work back home, because our work *is* our home. And after spending these past months together, I began to realize how much I could benefit from a different perspective in my life. That's what Ami brings. A mind groomed by this industry's finest. A voice of reason that tells me when I'm going too hard, and keeps me on point when I'm not going hard enough.

Ami Troy:

That's right! I can see the look on your face, Mister Trutt...and you might be thinking, "What? Did Kerry just say there are times where he might slack off?" And let me assure you that yes...yes, Kerry is human, and sometimes he needs someone to push him a little harder. Keep his eye on the prize. Force the bit in his mouth, grab the reigns, and crack the whip, so to speak.

Kerry Kuroyama: (*blushing*)

Um... right. Anyway, you all saw the way she reacted out there when the goonsquad got involved. And that's what I also admire about her. Not only does she know exactly how to keep me at my best, but she's completely fearless when the situation calls for it. And honestly, it's comforting to know that someone's watching my back.

Ami Troy:

Yeah! And let that be a warning to any of the other dummies who think they're gonna try and mess with Kerry. Not only am I gonna have his back, but I'm gonna have his front, and his sides, and especially his rear. Don't even try me!

Kerry Kuroyama: (*blushing even harder*)

Geez, oh man, um... are we done here? Cool, we're done here.

Just as Kerry leans away from the mic to stand up from his chair...

Faint yelling from behind outside the media room can be heard just before the curtain at the side of the room rips open with a violent flap.

"The Lost Cause," Victor Vacio storms into the room in a raucous clatter, wild-eyed and raging. A blood-streaked towel hangs around his neck. His forehead is no longer bleeding, but looks worse for wear.

Close behind him, Los Caídos: Villalobos, LIPS, and Corey Nunez — who can be seen rushing to pull his mask down into place as they enter.

Vacio erupts in furious Spanish, his voice hoarse and his gestures erratic.

Victor Vacio:

¡Esto no se ha terminado, Kuroyama! ¡¿ME OÍSTE, CABRÓN?! ¡¿Me oíste, pinche hijo de perra?! ¡Tú no hubieras ganado ni VERGA si Douglas hubiera hecho lo que se le ordenó!

[This isn't over, Kuroyama! YOU HEAR ME, MOTHERFUCKER?! You hear me, you little son of a bitch?! You wouldn't have won SHIT if Douglas had done what he was told!]

Kerry doesn't flinch. He's on guard, body language coiled and ready to react if needed. But his expression stays calm. Focused. He doesn't rise to the bait.

DEFSec charges in from both ends of the room. Officers form a barrier between the press table and the intruders and begin trying to usher Vacio and Los Caídos out. Vacio continues his rant, eyes locked on Kerry rather than the security pushing him back.

Victor Vacio:

¡Vas a darme la revancha, hijo de puta! ¡Aquí y ahora, cabrón! ¡Si no lo haces, eres un pinche cobarde, igual que ese perrito enmascarado al que tienes por amigo! ¡Un cagón, como él!

[You will give me the rematch, motherfucker! Right here and now, asshole! If you don't, you're a fucking coward, just like that little masked lapdog you call a friend. A spineless piece of shit, just like him!]

Kerry's eyes don't leave him. Tension hums in the room like a live wire, but Kerry remains rooted. Quiet and unshaken.

Victor Vacio:

¡Tú piensas que ganaste algo, Kuroyama?! ¡No ganaste NADA! ¡Esto no se ha terminado, cabrón!

[You think you won something, Kuroyama?! You won NOTHING! This isn't over, motherfucker!]

DEFSec forces the masked trio and their unhinged leader back out the way they came. The ranting continues, and as it grows faint, it still echoes down the hallway.

Victor Vacio:

¡¡TÚ ERES MÍO, KUROYAMA!! ...

A long beat goes by before Kerry addresses the room.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...any more questions?

Kerry's attempt to lighten the mood is met with silence. Everyone's phone was raised high, hoping to capture the next viral moment, but no one spoke. Kerry quietly steps around the table and pulls out Ami's chair. The two exit calmly, the buzz of whispered conversations beginning the moment they pass through the curtain.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush

There is a murmur of recognition and preparation from the gallery as Lord Nigel Tricklebush steps into the conference hall. Looking slightly rumpled and unkempt, Nigel smooths a wrinkled crease from his blazer before readjusting the bowler cap sitting atop his head.

He finds his glide and strides to the table, taking a seat with an unnatural smile appearing on his wrinkled and creased face. Pulling the table-mic stand closer to him with loud kick-and-feedback, Tricklebush clears his aged throat.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

Good evening.

Pausing to pan his grotesque grin to the entirety of the press, he drinks them in.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

Lovely. All of you. Looking quite lovely.

Another terse clearing of the throat and Nigel sits up straight, pulling his jacket down into place all in one jerking motion. His smile is unmoving.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

I imagine we can dispense with the familiar formality. Allow me to answer all that must be on your mind before tantalizing me with your questions.

Removing his black cap and setting it on the table before him, the smile starts slanting slightly, an eyebrow leans skyward.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

The Violators, Masked as they continue to be, BOTH of them are faring well in the wake of an assault by that villainous imposter. You all call him "Corvo Alpha". Do you know why? Because I told you to. It's the label, the brand, the *"name"* I gave him. I had another name for him once.

He drifts away for a moment.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

Someday, mayhaps, I'll share it with you. But that is a scoop for more intrepid bloggers and paparazzo, perhaps?

A dark little giggle.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

Yes! The Masked Violators are *well* after the attack by the painted pretender. Given the circumstances – seeing that their opportunity to reign as UNIFIED Tag Team Champions was snatched from them – the Masked Violators are absolutely *SUBLIME*. They are quite wroth, quite cross, at the moment. But in the grand scheme of things... and I *always* strive to look at things as the GRANDEST of schemes... things, as they say, are quite satisfactory. In fact... the Masked Violators are walking out of MAXDEF and into the ACE Tournament as the odds on favorites.

Hands start going up for questions. Nigel filibusters.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

The Rain City Ronin are an adorable pair of plucky upstarts who, in any other time, would stand on top of a tag team division such as this for an epoch. But this, I regret to say, is not their time. And the time will come when my Masked children will take all that they have, leave them broken, dreaming of... *"any other time"*.

He nods, cheesing for a series of photos.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

All in good time. Now. I will hear your questions.

The press pool parts as a portly neckbeard steps to the press-mic.

SuperDEFFan64:

LORD NIGEL! Obviously, tough loss out there for you and for The Masked Violators via countout thanks to Corvo Alpha! How will you get the chance to rebound from this loss? Where do you move from here?

Nigel shakes his head, eyes glancing over the rest of the room. He seems suddenly weary.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I appreciate you listening to, and noting, my opening statement, Mr. Sixtyfour. The path forward is clear. Next question, please. Someone else.

SuperDEFFAN64 steps away from the mic with a supremely confused expression on his face. Dave Felcher takes his place, looking back at SDF64 with something between amusement and sympathy.

Dave Felcher:

Building on the previous question... I can't imagine your boys won't be pointed directly at Corvo come DEFtv. I'm sure a countout loss wasn't the plan this evening. Can you give us any insight on where the Violators heads are at in regards to the big mans actions tonight?

Nigel averts his eyes from Felcher as his question unfolds. Flicking and picking lint off of the hat before him instead.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

The duplicitous fraud who inserted himself into our affairs – once again – this evening has outsurvived his practicality. He is no longer “useful”. To anyone. Not to these Faithful, not to himself, and certainly not to me. He has been exposed and he is lashing out, as I might have predicted he would. It's become clear that he refuses to be ignored. And that his aims run contrary to our own. So, therefore, YES, Mr. Felcher... I have seen his future. Just as I wrote his past and dominate his present, I HAVE SEEN HIS FUTURE!!!

Nigel trembles with a sudden, surging, surprising anger. He quells it just as quickly and unevenly. Re-centering himself by placing the bowler cap back atop his head, Nigel's plastic smile returns.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I have seen his future. And it belongs to me. A... a wonderful question. Someone else, please.

Felcher steps aside, Jason Niles steps up.

Jason Niles:

Thanks! Jason Niles. Three-Count Round Up. Lord Nigel, you are what many would call a master strategist... but I have to ask was this the planned outcome or a miscalculation?

Nigel doesn't hesitate.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

A miscalculation. On MY part. You are wise to see that, yes, I had planned and assumed incorrectly. I'm not proud of it. I assumed that the SHOCK of the truth would break my old dogs mind. Send him into ruin. It seems that the foundation of strength and drive and PURPOSE that I bequeathed to him all those years ago were even stronger than I could have known. Yes. I made an error.

Suddenly, he is faux-emotional.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I owe my Masked Men an apology. Several. But I owe them more than that. I owe them the charlatan's HEAD. I owe them a RESURGENCE of the SPIRIT that assembled those Most Precious Gems. I owe them the CROWN they have EARNED. That we've ALL earned! I owe them that and more. Yes, Jason Niles of the Three-Count Round Up, it was a miscalculation.

He brushes a tear away and a half-smile creeps back in as he meets eyes with Niles.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

It was my LAST.

A smile snaps onto his face as he sits back up, eyes sweeping the room.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

If you'll forgive me, dear friends... I must away. I thank you for your hospitality and insatiable curiosity.

Tipping his bowler, Nigel rises to his feet – chair scraping loudly behind him. He shuffles off stage with one last doff of his cap and a half-wave.

Titanes Familia

“MAKE WAY, SMALLS! TALLS ARE TAKING THE STAGE NOW!”

The unmistakable booming voice of “The Man of the House” Uriel Cortez can be heard as heavy footsteps start to fill the press room. Squeezing through the doors, the patriarch of Titanes Familia walks arm-in-arm with Titaness first. Behind them, Brooklynn Rivera, Siofra, followed by Kilgore and Killjoy bringing up the rear. The two monsters stand on either side of the door as Titaness looks over to the press pool.

Titaness:

Drum roll, please! Making their triumphant return to Titanes Familia and getting themselves away from that bum-ass “gc universe” and I’m saying that lowercase for those keeping track... please give it up... for Titanes Familia OGs! “THE GLOAT” MIL VUELTAS! DAN LEO JAMES!

Sauntering into the press room, Mil Vueltas walks in and behind him, the much larger Dan Leo James is grinning behind him, too! Still wearing the suits they were forced to wear as part of the GC Universe, Mil rips off the coat and throws it to the side. DLJ takes off his tie and coat then throws them both into a nearby waste receptacle.

Mil Vueltas:

MAKE WAY, SMALLS! CABRONS, WE ARE BACK!

With no hint of irony, the 5’7” Mil Vueltas steps to the side when Dan Leo James reaches behind him!

Dan Leo James:

YEAH! THE TALLS HAVE THE ROOM NOW! SUCK BUTTS!

Mil jumps towards Titaness and gives her a hug, along with Dan Leo James behind him. The entire side of the room is filled with eight bodies total of the Familia! Uriel walks by and dabs with Killjoy. He nods towards Kilgore and then they each step into the press room and he hugs Titaness, Mil and DLJ. Once the nauseating moment concludes, Uriel walks over to the table. A stagehand offers him a seat, but Uriel remains standing with arms folded.

Uriel Cortez:

Ooooooh, no. We’re gonna stand for this one. Fire away, Smalls.

SuperDEFFan64 leaps out of his seat.

SuperDEFFan64:

HO... LEE... SHHHHHH THE FAM’S BACK TOGETHER! I NEVER THOUGHT I’D LIVE TO SEE THIS DAY! WE ARE BACK, WE ARE BACK, WE ARE BAAAAAAAACK! But uh... ahem... scary family of monsters. You have Mil Vueltas and Dan Leo James back! For you two, was the decision to smack OSCAR BURNS in the back with the Golden Shovel a game time decision? What made you do that?! And for Uriel Cortez, you’ve pinned OSCAR BURNS! The man who called himself DEFIANCE! Does that make you like... DEF’s Dad? And if you are DEF’s Dad and we all work for DEFIANCE... Can I bum some money for more DEFIANCE Funko Pops and I’ll give you the money back?

Uriel Cortez:

I’ll let Mil and Danny answer in a sec, but let’s start with your questions for me, SuperDEFFan... I’ll answer your question with some questions, if that’s okay. I TOLD him messing with me was bad for his health. I TOLD him that messing with Mi Familia would result in his universe imploding. Am I correct?

SuperDEFFan64:

You did.

Uriel Cortez:

And tonight, I CHOPPED the all caps out of that dumbass and then I pinned him! Right?

SuperDEFFan64:

You did pin him.

Uriel Cortez:

Then I think we can put this to rest... I'm the guy that beat the guy who calls himself DEFIANCE. And with that, you are looking at the one true landlord of this company now. I'm not just the father of Mi Familia! I'm not just the father of you all. I'm Favoured Saints' dad and more importantly I'm DEFIANCE's Dad now. I've been doing nothing but solving problems and now that I've humbled Oscar Burns, I fixed a major one by chopping the shit out of that egomaniac. GC Universe... G-T-F-O-H. All right... Mil, Danny, fire away.

He steps back as Mil holds a hand up and high-low-fives Uriel.

Mil Vueltas:

Cabron, I'll tell you truth, unlike Oscar who lies out both sides of his face... game time. 100% game time. We were SUPPOSED to be on this show... we were SUPPOSED to be wrestling beside Oscar, but he once again flexed stupid contract to make this match singles match... he promised me and Danny opportunities! He promised us gold! Hell, Danny and I were the ONLY people to bring gold to GC Universe. But he kept treating us like flunkies. I'm The GLOAT. I'm NOBODY'S flunkie, cabron! When Sonny dropped that Golden Shovel, I KNEW what I had to do. It was Uriel and Titaness who gave me that opportunity. And I took it!

DLJ moves near the microphone.

Dan Leo James:

And you made the right call! When Sonny put his hands on you, my best friend, I knew I wasn't gonna stand for that either so he got knocked on his ass! YEAH! I'm a MAN now! I say "ass!"

Titaness:

That's right! You do, Danny!

Dan Leo James:

I followed Oscar from Vae Victis to the GC Universe and I was the first person to bring the Favoured Saints Title to the group! Meanwhile, what did Oscar do? "GC this! GC that! Biggest contract in DEFIANCE history!" But after that? Whole lotta empty promises! I'm done! Mil's done! And when Ex-Mom and Da... Titaness and Uriel welcomed us back, we knew we made the right choice! Hug?

Uriel smiles.

Uriel Cortez:

Hug.

The two embrace with a quick hug as the questions continue.

Dave Felcher:

Osca... pardon me, *OSCAR BURNS* is a first ballot DEF hall of famer. One of the most successful FIST's DEF's ever seen. A canny operator who you absolutely hoodwinked tonight. How long have you and DLJ been playing OSCAR? Was Dan *ever* really a part of BURNS' GC Universe?

Mil Vueltas:

Oh, we were, cabron. Don't question mi integridad, Dave! Just like I told the Extra Large Small over there...

SuperDEFFan64:

HEY!

Mil Vueltas:

...if Oscar had not tried to make us cornermen and cheerleaders, maybe it would have been different. But he did this! Ese bastardo recibió lo que se merecía! That cabron had this coming!

Dan Leo James:

He absolutely did deserve it! Wanna start a chant?

Uriel, Titaness, Brooklynn, Siofra, Mil, and DLJ all start clapping while Kilgore and Killjoy remain stoic.

Titanes Familia:

YOU DESERVE IT (clap-clap-clapclapclap!) YOU DESERVE IT (clap-clap-clapclapclap!) YOU DESERVE IT (clap-clap-clapclapclap!) YOU DESERVE IT (clap-clap-clapclapclap!)

Uriel Cortez:

Good job, Danny! Anyway, one more then we out. We got a Familia Dinner to get to. Party of eight! Uh... you.

Jason Niles:

Thanks, Jason Niles with Three-Count Roundup. Oscar wanted to prove he was the center of DEFIANCE. Do you think you took that title from him tonight?

Uriel Cortez:

To keep it brief... without a fucking doubt. And on the next DEFtv, we'll make it nice and official so EVERYBODY understands my place in this food chain we call DEFIANCE. Let's roll, Fam.

Titaness:

Ciao.

Siofra:

The only advice we have for all of DEFIANCE? Run?

Brooklynn Rivera:

Don't like it? Cry about it, bitches.

Danny has a realization.

Dan Leo James:

Wait... can I say bitch, too!

Mil Vueltas:

You can do whatever you want, Danny!

Dan Leo James:

Good! Outta the way, assbitches!

The Familia collective take their leave from the press pool.

Brock Newbludd

Freshly showered and sporting a "Born Over" t-shirt and blue jeans, the Southern Heritage Champion, Brock Newbludd enters the press conference area. Putting the title down on the table in front of him with a frown, Brock takes a seat.

SuperDEFFan64:

WHAT! A! MATCH! Killer main event! And obviously, a tough loss for Pat Cassidy! I think I'm like the rest of the DEFIANCE Faithful! I was shocked... SHOCKED... to see how crazy things got out there. I have NEVER seen Pat Cassidy like this on account of you know... I'm without child! My Mom says I'm enough and that's good enough for me... but uh, anyway... Brock. How are you feeling after beating Pat Cassidy for the second time, and what do you think that was out there? Was that just frustration? Something more?

Brock Newbludd:

Sounds like we got something in common, buddy. I don't have any kids either, at least none that I know of.

Newbludd crosses both of his fingers to emphasize his statement.

Brock Newbludd:

My advice to you would be to keep it that way and listen to your mother. And as far as how feel right now, I can't really say, to be honest with you. Bittersweet? It was a helluva fight out there, and I'm happy that I walked out with my title. I'm still trying to process what happened after the match. I mean...Pat's got a lot going on right now, no doubt, and the last thing I want is for this here belt to get between us. I'm hoping it was just frustration...and if it's something more...well, I'll cross that bridge when I the time comes.

Dave Felcher:

Not mine to crown, but as far as this webmaster goes, you and Pat put on the match of either night. Absolute pro wrestling perfection. In the end, you were victorious... but at a bit of a cost. With that shove. Did we just witness the official end of the Saturday Night Specials?

Brock Newbludd:

I appreciate that, Dave-O. If there's one thing Cass and I know how to do, it's takin' care of business in the ring and givin' the people their money's worth. Doesn't matter if we're on the same side or facing each other. It's something both of us have always taken pride in...

Taking a second to collect himself, Brock lets out a sigh.

Brock Newbludd:

And when it comes to SNS and this being the end...that ain't happenin'. Not on my watch. We'll work through this. We've come too far and been together too long. Whatever I gotta do on my end to make things right, you better believe I plan on doing it.

Jason Niles:

Thanks, Jason Niles, Three-Count Roundup. You and Cassidy have been through highs, lows, blood, and beer together. Was there a point during the match ... even before the finish ... when you sensed something was different in him?

Brock Newbludd:

I knew before the match that something was different about him. The man's under a lot of stress, and who can blame him right now? It's a crazy world out there right now, and he just brought a new human into it. If that ain't stressful, then I don't know what is. Listen, all I can do is try to be the best damn friend I can be right now. I have faith in Pat Cassidy, and I have faith in The Saturday Night Specials.

Nodding his head, Newbludd stands up and slings the SOHER over his shoulder.

Brock Newbludd:

Now, if you'll excuse me, the champ's had quite the day and he's ready for a beer.

Headmaster Black & The Honor Society

A train of individuals come out and approach the table: The HONOR SOCIETY.

The newly self-proclaimed "Headmaster" Black leads the charge with a stately march, grinning proud and snake-like in the wake of his glorious coup. Weighted Grade, the tandem of TA Horrigan and TA Owens, are close behind, their faces completely blank. Black's core DOGE group, consisting of the hulking TA Arsvinnar and the twin Academic Amarettos, follow after them. Taking up the rear are the pair of Sweet Saunders and TA Cole, who both look like they'd rather be anywhere else.

Black waves a hand across the table, and the various members of the Society take their seats. The Sacred Lamb himself occupies the one in the very middle.

Headmaster Black:

THANK YOU, ladies and gentlemen, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, thank you! I understand that MANY of you have QUESTIONS about the EVENTS that transpired earlier here tonight, and I can ASSURE ALL OF YOU, as the newly appointed HEADMASTER of this fine and esteemed HONOR SOCIETY, that I will provide ANSWERS that even YOUR docile little minds can understand! Yes? YES?? Yeah. IMPECCABLE!! First question, please? AH, YES!! Super DEF Fan Roman Numerals VEE-EYE-ECKS-EYE-VEE! You may speak...

SuperDEFFan64:

SHOCK! GASP! SHOCK AND GASP, I SAY! Like... Dude. DUDE. DUDE. I have fantasy-booked online many times about how the change of Rezin to TA Black and one day how you'd be Rezin again... but I gotta say, in the Year of our Lord 2025, I did NOT EXPECT that you guys would turn your backs on Ned Reform! He's a know-it-all! He's rude! He's brash! If someone wanted to argue he deserved that, I ain't gonna lie, they'd be right. But he DID give the entire Honor Society purpose! You could argue you may not have gone anywhere without him! But you, TA... er, Headmaster Black? Sorry, Headmaster Black! I'm still shocked! How could you do that to Ned Reform?!

At the far end of the table, TA Cole leans in to answer... only to look down and find his mic missing.

In fact, all of the mics are slowly and clumsily being dragged to the center of the table by the Honor Society's new de facto centerpiece, the Good Headmaster.

Headmaster Black:

Supes, I don't hold it against you for being SHOCKED tonight, because honestly, Supes, the COMMON MIND of an IGNORAMUS could not have POSSIBLY seen this coming! As for HOW I could be brought about doing this, Supes? The question never ONCE entered my brilliant and outstanding mind! For you see, Supes, the MORALITY of the situation was MOOT! A CHANGE was needed for this esteemed Society of ours! ACTION needed to be taken! And WE as a COLLECTIVE took it upon ourselves to TAKE that action, Supes! For the BETTERMENT of the HONOR SOCIETY, Supes! And, by extension, Supex, for the BETTERMENT of the GOOD DOCTOR that brought us all together!

TA Cole shakes his head in frustration. He is visibly upset over the events that transpired, and his feelings appear to be matched by Sweet Saunders seated next to him.

Headmaster Black points out for the--

Headmaster Black:

NEXT QUESTION, please!

Dave Felcher:

"Headmaster" Black... some are saying you did the impossible tonight and made an arena full of DEF's most faithful actually feel sorry for Ned Reform. Same question I levied at Uriel and Titanes Familiar earlier... how long has this betrayal been in the works?

Black smiles and nods.

Headmaster Black:

Dave, let me just begin by THANKING YOU on how ELOQUENT and WELL-WORDED that question was! Not ONCE, did you stumble over your own words, or interrupt your statement with a random non-sequitor or tangent thought, and for THAT, Dave, I COMMEND YOU, sir! On that note, Dave, I absolutely RESENT this perception of a "BETRAYAL", as you call it! NOBODY was betrayed here tonight, Dave! This was merely TRANSITION of FACULTY members, Dave... approved MANY WEEKS AGO by EVERYONE in the Honor Society! This was a COLLECTIVE DECISION, Dave! The BOARD had SPOKEN, Dave!

Shaking his head in disgust, TA Cole rises up from the table and leaves the presser.

His exit goes completely unnoticed to the newly self-appointed Headmaster.

Headmaster Black:

You think Doc was BETRAYED here tonight, Dave?! No, Dave... if anything, he has been REWARDED by us! Doc can spend the rest of his years kicking back at Yale, living off tenure, and basking in the GLORY of his great achievements in the fields of wrestling and academia! What I -- I mean, what WE merely did here tonight, Dave, was RELIEVE him of the BURDEN of having to MANAGE this athletic division! As HEADMASTER, I am SELFLESSLY SHOULDERING that BURDEN! Wherever the Doc goes and whatever he does with his esteemed doctorate after tonight... I assure you, Dave, that EVERYONE here in the Honor Society wishes him the best of luck in all his endeavors!

Jason Niles:

Thanks, Jason Niles for Three-Count Roundup. You're calling the shots now. So what's Headmaster Black's first lesson for the DEFIANCE locker room?

Headmaster Black:

AH, a BRILLIANT QUESTION, Mr. Niles! And I must say, I am absolutely a FAN of your business! I support ANY and ALL weed-killing practices! Okay, so there's a little CANCER involved... but it's a SMALL PRICE TO PAY compared to living as a DISGRACEFUL POT JUNKIE!! Cover the WHOLE WORLD in ROUNDUP, I say! Plug it STRAIGHT INTO THEIR VEINS!! Now... what was the question again?

Jason Niles:

...what's Headmaster Black's first lesson--

Headmaster Black:

--FOR THE DEFIANCE LOCKER ROOM!! YES!! A brilliant question, as I said before! Well, Mr. Chasin' Nails, allow me to make the NEW and IMPROVED SYLLABUS CLEAR to the STUDENT BODY...

Black pushes himself to his feet. He attempts to raise a mic, but because it has become a jumbled mess tangled within the other cords dragged over to his spot on the table, he instead holds a veritable rat king of microphones to his face.

Headmaster Black:

Allow me to ENLIGHTEN YOU ALL in DEFIANCE right now...

Just then, the lights cut out.

Headmaster Black:

WHAT THE HECK!? SOMEBODY ENLIGHTEN THIS ROOM!! NOW, I SAY!!

A few moments pass where only the sound of confused murmurs and Headmaster Black squawking over everyone can be heard.

With the passage of a few seconds, the lights return. Everyone in the room looks around in confusion. Just a small electrical failure, perhaps?

Not quite. Headmaster Black jolts at the sight of a mysterious folded NOTE left before him on the table. Hesitantly, he

reaches down, unfolds it, and reads the message.

His face promptly passes through a collage of pained and bewildered expression. A sour pucker. A nauseating grimace. The look one has when they've just been kicked in the dick. Whatever he's reading is apparently turning his brain in on itself.

Headmaster Black:

OH my GOODNESS, what DISGUSTING LANGUAGE! What FILTH! This is borderline PORNOGRAPHY! Only a TERRIBLE and VILE human being would DARE speak these words out loud!

He hands the note out to the far end of the table.

Headmasters Black:

MISS SAUNDERS! Please read this out for the assembly...

The other members of the Honor Society pass along the message to an annoyed Saunders seated at the end of the table. When the note reaches her, she rolls her eyes and rises to her feet.

Black, meanwhile, covers his ears and walks off the set while loudly going "LA-LA-LA" to drown out the spoken words.

Sweet Saunder:

"Attention all... um... butt munches of DEFIANCE... because THIS IS A MESSAGE from the Leader of the Rezistance, and like, first, let me apologize for not being there to ask question in this press conference thing, cause that's like taking a whiz on tradition or whatever, but for one thing, I heard Deb wasn't going to be there, and like, I'm not interested in any sausage-fest, and like in case any of you forgot, the Rezistance is still around and stuff, but just waiting in the shadows and doing our work behind the scenes, and just like waiting for the proper moment to strike or whatever, and I'm telling your butts right now that that time is close, because not that Lame Rezin or whoever he is now is like running the Honor Society and stuff, he's basically our main target and persona non gouda, and it will only be a matter of time before his regime of lameness finally falls, and then we'll all be like 'huehuehuehuehuehue', but until then, DEFIANCE, try to stay badass and keep your butts locked down tight, because the Rezistance is coming soon to take the power back, oh and also, pee-ess, Brodie Hellyyeah says 'hell yeah'."

Saunders looks up to the other reporters... and shrugs.

The Lads

One by one, The Lads walk up to the table in front of the press room. All four are definitely wearing the wounds of the war they just fought a little earlier against The Honor Society, but the Friendtastic Four have seats at the table and are happy to be done with their issues.

Janna Ray:

Victory drink before we take the Q's?

Dex Joy:

Janna ... that sounds great!

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Hear hear... Butcher, y'all get one of them Hard Watermelon Mic Dropz?

Butcher blinks.

Butcher Victorious: [solemnly]

Butch Vic... don't have it...

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Y'all gotta be shittin' me, right?

Butcher grins. Then he throws a whole four-pack on the table!

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... WAS JUST GIVING YOU SHIT! DRINK UP, GUYS! JUST OUT THE FRIDGE SO THEY'RE NICE AND COLD, TOO!

One by one, he slides cans across the table. The smile on Punchy's face can't be removed!

Dex Joy:

All right, pallies, fire them Q's and we'll show you our A's!

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Give me three of these and I'll show y'all whatever!

SuperDEFFan64:

THAT FINISH WAS SIIIIIIIIIIIIICK! What a knockout! I have two questions... first... for Punch Drunk Purcell, how are you feeling tonight after that big win over Ned Reform! You've developed a reputation for putting names on t-shirts and shutting up loud mouths! Now that things seem to be on the mend with you and the rest of The Lads, where do you see yourselves going after next? Titles? And did you happen to hear what just happened out there to Ned Reform?! Kicked out of his own group! What do you make of that development?!

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Thanks for askin', man. Uh... I ain't gonna lie. My head's been in a damn funk since DEFCON. I've made it no secret I felt like I let down my team and more importantly, I let down my friends. But tonight... tonight, we show what we could do as a team! The Honor Society tried to get in my head! TA Black wouldn't stop flappin' them goddamn gums about tryin' to help me out when I've heard of teachers from DeVry with more qualifications than him! They think laying us out a few weeks ago made us weak, but all they ended up doin' was showin' that we are READY to stand up for one another! That's exactly what we damn did!

Butcher Victorious:

And you know what? I did see what happened a few minutes ago backstage to old Ned! And you know what? BUTCH VIC... SAYS NED DESERVED IT! How many YEARS has that bald fraud been doing what he's doing?! How many

fans has he insulted? How many careers has he tried to ruin? Butch Vic don't give a flying FIG about The Honor Society, but he deserved to be knocked out and he deserved to be given the old boot, too!

Dex Joy:

Totally shocking that it happened to Ned, but I'm not that surprised. I've been the target of so many recycled dumb and fat jokes from that silly Poindexter that you could see the recycling logo coming out of his mouth! I'm not a scientist, but what I can tell the Good Doc going forward is that you can change from this! You can take advice from Doctor Dexy, and by connecting your upper lip to your lower lip, you can shut your bald fraud ass up! This is a life act that can save you a lot of trouble and keep future stables from kicking you out! Thank you!

Dave Felcher:

What a win tonight, congratulations to each and every one of you. Dex, how does it feel to see all three of your compatriots shine so brightly tonight? Between Butch's miracle save with the elbowdrop, Janna taking out TA Black in spectacular fashion, or Punchy putting away a former FIST for the biggest win of his career... as a mentor, how does it feel?

The Biggest Boy points to all of them.

Dex Joy:

Dexy Baby would hardly consider himself a mentor to anyone pally ... but I think what we have made here is something special! Punchtofer and I did not like each other when we first fought. You all saw those brutal series of matches we had together! Butcher Victorious worked his own ass off to get out from the shadow of Oscar Burns to be his own man! Janna Ray has put in the work to be here! These are friends and friends support each other! We hear this is a business where you can make friends or you can make money, but I'm blessed to say that I'm proof I can do both! If anything I do helps give these three more time to shine then I'm happy to help! Drink!

All four members of the Lads take a drink before the final question is asked.

Jason Niles:

Thanks, Jason Niles ... Three-Count Roundup ... first of all, congratulations on your victory ... but what we are all wondering? Which is sweeter ... securing the win or knowing that Ned Reform got his comeuppance?

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Little of Column A, Little of Column B. This past year, Dexy and I... we've run through the Blood Diamonds! We've run through Lucky Sevens! We've run through the Honor Society! And I think I'm ready for what comes next...

He looks over at Dex.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Dex, I'm thinkin' we gotta go to that pay window with some matchin' belts. Whatcha think?

Dex Joy:

I think that sounds great!

Janna Ray:

Drink!

One last drink!

Dex Joy:

Friendtastic Four out!!!

Bronson Box & Angus Skaaland

The commotion and barely audible murmuring din of the presser room is suddenly struck dead quiet as the next duo walk through the double doors. Angus Skaaland is the first into the room, the Herald of the Wargod living up to his new moniker as he turns and grins as his freshly showered and stitched up client saunters into the room... a slight limp in his gait.

Angus Skaaland:

Press parasites of all shapes and sizes, may I present the VICTORIOUS... Bronson goddamn Box.

The Original DEFIANT is dressed down in a black turtleneck and black slacks. The fork inflicted wound on his forehead sporting several fresh stitches. The side of his face swollen and sporting the beginnings of a whopper of a black eye. None of that matters to Bronson, clearly.

As he and Angus take their seats behind the table Boxer crosses his huge arms across his equally massive chest and leans back slightly. He eyes the "reporters" with a placid little grin, like he's picking out cuts of meat at the butcher shop.

Angus Skaaland:

Ok, dickweeds. Shoot.

The previously quiet room is once again filled with the sound of several rows of professional wrestling nerds all clamoring to ask a question of the two DEFIANCE Hall of Famers sitting in front of them.

Angus Skaaland:

You, the relatively normal looking one there.

Jason Niles:

Thanks, Jason Niles - Three-Count, this question is actually for you Angus. I'd be remiss if I didn't mention how wonderful and nostalgic it always is to hear you on commentary out there with Keebler. What are the chances we see even more of that in the future? Maybe on a more regular basis, *outside* Bronson's matches? ... sorry, Lance.

Boxer can't help but chuckle to himself, giving his manager an eyebrow raised look of "*oh, please do, the floor is yours.*"

Angus Skaaland:

Keebler is a dork, but he's my dork. The list of people I actually genuinely *like* in the business is shorter than ol' Lance's lil' Warner. Keebs is on that list. It's always great to go out there to the desk, lord knows the Faithful need a little break now and again from the din of Lance's bullshit. I'm still trying to figure out what member of the Favoured Saints board he's blowin' to keep my old gig.

Laughter from the room.

Angus Skaaland:

I've got a lot of irons in the fire. Chief among them being the career of this certified *gorram legend* sitting beside me. Next, you... wait, shit... oh, Jesus, no, nevermind...

SuperDEFFan64:

BRONSON BOX AND ANGUS! OH MY GOD, OH MY GOD! THAT WAS... CRAZY! THREE MEN! THREE BIG BEEFY PEEPS SMACKING BEEF! Wait... hold up a tick.

He starts using his fingers to do *very* simple math.

SuperDEFFan64:

DUDE, BONUS! FIVE! FIVE BIG BEEFY PEEPS SMACKING BEEF! AND SO MUCH FRIGGIN' BLOOD! Ok, get a grip. Remember what mom said, just breathe. Question time! Where do you go from here?! You've seem to have gotten your "groove" back lately. Is there maaaaybe a third reign as FIST in your future at some point? Box versus Keyes... I MEAN COME ON, DUDE!

Angus Skaaland: *[under his breath]*

Yeah, in ol' blinky's worst gorram nightmares.

The Wargod pats his manager on the shoulder with a little nod to the affirmative.

Bronson Box:

One battle at a time there, boy'o. If I were a betting man I'd say Mr. Keyes, his mouthy little *best friend* and myself crossing paths is a bloody inevitability. All in due time, as they say. Right now I'm far more concerned with a very *different* Henry, aren't I... I do hope Mr. Yamazaki is ok, poor fella looked a mess last we saw him. Shame, that. Might need a *new face* at this rate.

The two Hall of Famers laugh quietly to themselves. Angus leans forward again.

Angus Skaaland:

Listen. We're crossing our fingers that ol' *Henry Yams* gets all of his shit in gear and presents himself correctly to the King, here. A sitdown could be had about his gripes IRT the Gage of it all if the man would simply put his *best face* forward. Tonight was a reminder to Dan, Henry, to gorram everyone on this roster that getting into the ring with the legend, with Bronson Box? It's a damn *gift*... a rare, precious thing. You come with some reverence when you approach the Blueprint of DEFIANCE. You bring your A-game or hit the fuckin' skids. Come correct. Not half cocked. Not half *dressed*, either, for that matter.

Angus and Boxer share a knowing sideways look between one another.

Angus Skaaland:

Who's next? I see you giving me that look over there, Felcher, you gossipy bitch. Go.

The DEFIANCE webmaster, backstage sleuth (*some say sneak*) leans forward.

Dave Felcher:

Angus. So Bronson, what do you say to your critics? Those who say you've lost a step... who say displays like tonight only help to underline how much HELP you seem to need to get a win nowadays? Maybe it should be Felton and Adrian sitting here taking questions, after what we all witnessed out there against Ryan and Yamazaki tonight.

There's a long silence as Boxer unfolds his arms and leans forward.

The entire room holding its breath, shocked at Felcher's bold line of questioning.

Bronson Box:

I do so appreciate your candor, Mr. Felcher. Like Angus just went on about a moment ago... in his way. Yamazaki approached me half cocked, full of piss and vinegar and not a lick of sense. Plasin language? I don't want to WRESTLE Henry fookin' Yamazaki. He knows what I want. He knows what the Faithful bloody wants. I'm sure he and I and they will all get there together or *not at all*. After tonight Henry, I think, realizes that.

The Wargod sniffs and rubs an annoyed finger under his nose.

Bronson Box:

I was fine testin' Yamazaki's mettle... at the end, what I'm hopin' to leave enough of is a man willin' to find the BEAST lurkin' within' him. Or break the bastard and make room fer' the next poor sot lookin' to become somethin' more, DO somethin' more. That leaves DEFIANCE stronger either way. SINK OR SWIM, Mr. Felcher. It's brutal but fair... and bloody generous, by my estimation. More'n what Dan offered, ol' Henry. That's for bloody sure!

Boxer's facial muscles start to twitch, he points emphatically towards the door with his huge gnarled hand.

Bronson Box:

Ol' Danny boy walked out there week after week and made Henry Yamazaki look like a fookin' fool! Walkin' and *talkin'* past him like he's less than... which he is most decidedly not. My face here tells that tale, clearly. Dan once again stuck his enormous bloody ego where it was neither wanted nor needed. Big fookin' surprise, that. He got between two men tryin' to settle somethin'... He deserved the beatin' my lads put on him. That and so much more if he fails to learn a little *respect*.

Angus points to the next smart phone wielding "reporter" with a question.

Jason Niles:

Thanks, Jason Niles again. Three-Count Roundup... Bronson, so you say this was a message to Henry, to Dan, to the whole promotion. Right? Ok, we hear you. That all being said, who do you hope sees all this and steps up next ... or is all of this *really* just you trying to make sure no one *does*?

Skaaland leans forward, "I got this."

Angus Skaaland:

Bunch of clever little devils today, aintcha boys? Bronson is an artist, you folks understand that. He works with what he's *given*. Which ultimately is *why* he does what he does around this joint. You're a painter you want the very *best* paint, a sculpter he wants the *finest* marble... Bronson Box wants, no, strike that... he *demand*s the very best this sport has to offer. That means on their toes. Sharp. And fuckin' *READY*. For anything.

Bronson gives Skaaland a sideways look that screams "I'm done."

Angus Skaaland:

No time left for dickin' around with nobodies. Come correct or don't come at all, or ya' might leave on a gorram stretcher. It's that simple.

Boxer and Angus stand simultaneously.

Skaaland continues as he buttons his red blazer and flicks down his sunglasses from atop his platinum blond head.

Angus Skaaland:

Neither of those boys tonight were ready for what they bit off. Henry hopefully learned something, comes back stronger. And Dan? Well shame on Dan because *Dan* by this point could write a book about his wars with Boxer here. He should have seen this comin'... *should have*. Guess you've got a few chapters missing there, Dan-O. Head that big and you somehow just. Don't. Think. Do ya'?

With that Bronson and Angus both make their exit from the room as the gaggle of dirt sheet writers all clamber to shout one last question.

It's not the press pool at the white house guys, calm down.

Henry Keyes & Lindsay Troy

We get another rendition of one of MAXDEF's special tracks, "Vigilante Shit" by Taylor Swift (because if we're already paying the royalties, we might as well squeeze it for all it's worth.)

Henry Keyes, towel around his shoulders but still covered in sweat and blood, his left eye makeup smeared down his cheek, slowly walks to the podium. He's flanked by his Bestie, Lindsay Troy, who helps remove FIST from his waist and places it on display on the podium.

Henry Keyes:

Before you marblemouths fall over yourselves to ask the most basic questions of all time, I think it's important we all take a moment of silence and recognize Conor Fuse's fallen shoulder, nose, neck, knees, and hopes, because we may never see any of them ever again. They had a run, and it almost brought him to the very top, but like so many pre-teens at Dave & Buster's, his body and his mind have run out of quarters at the GAME OVER screen. May his mommy drive him home safe, and may his spirits be lifted by dino nuggies and Minecraft streams.

Henry and Lindsay bow their heads, but it only lasts a couple seconds before they both start chuckling to each other.

Henry Keyes:

This is a somber moment, Miss Troy, hold it together!

They don't.

SuperDEFFan64 stands up and slow golf claps. He looks around the press room and encourages some others to do so. Nobody stands up, but they clap along with him.

SuperDEFFan64:

ALL! THE! STARS! MY MAN! Henry Keyes! The KRAKEN! I think after tonight, there is no doubt that you proved your point over Conor Fuse! You guys left EVERYTHING out there in the ring and I mean EVERYTHING! Online's BUZZING over that match! Right now, you're riding high! You've beaten Kerry! You've beaten Conor Fuse! It looks pretty clear to me Vae Victis is still going strong?! What do you have to say to anyone else that wants to take a shot at you and the FIST of DEFIANCE?!

Henry Keyes:

I imagine that the line for a shot at the FIST goes out the door and around the corner...many are called to compete, but few are chosen to hold the weight and the responsibility of the most important prize in professional wrestling. But here's the thing I would say to the next person asking for a war with the Kraken - be careful what you wish for, because you'll get it, and more. And to that end, stay tuned to DEFtv - you're all going to get a little taste of the future of this championship. You all watched me drag the SOHER into main event relevancy, and now that I have the FIST? The sky isn't the limit. The sky is the floor. Vae Victis are cartographers charting new maps for the professional wrestling WORLD.

Dave Felcher:

Congrats on an amazing title defense, Henry. Tell me, has your opinion of Conor changed at all? I think anyone with eyes can see the incredible resilience he showed tonight. Is Conor Fuse still "unworthy" of sharing a ring with Henry Keyes?

Henry Keyes:

The only thing that's changed between us is that he doesn't owe me anything anymore. That doesn't mean he's in the black with me - he's just no longer in the red. His worth to me is back at a flat zero. If he feels differently, well - that's not really my concern anymore, is it? I "nothing" him, and I don't see that changing.

Jason Niles:

Thanks, Jason Niles, Three-Count Roundup... Congrats on retaining the FIST. What message do you think you sent to the rest of the locker room with this performance? And where do you see yourself in the legacy of DEFIANCE and it's

former FISTs?

Henry Keyes:

I would first say that anyone who took issue with my actions at DEFCON has been proven short-sighted and ignorant, which is no surprise to ME after working in this industry for a dozen years. They used to call me a "roomba" because I would famously charge face first into any problem, get my hands dirty, regardless of whether or not it was a good idea for me personally...part of that side of me will never change, but we've crossed that event horizon from "starting fights" to "ending them". I'm not backing away from any challenger, but anyone who steps up now needs to take a long look at themselves and ask, truly ask, if they're ready for what happens next when they get crushed under my boot. As far as my legacy?

Keyes turns and points to his Bestie.

Henry Keyes:

Lindsay Troy is the greatest FIST of all time, and for me, that's the bar. She saved this place from Deacon, and I've now saved this place from Malak and Conor. It's a start, but there's plenty more road to travel before I'm in her echelon. Regardless, I'm already a greater FIST than at least 90% of the FISTs we've had in the past, and that's not a debate. That being said -

Henry leans towards the mic.

Henry Keyes:

Fight me, Stalker.

He can't keep a straight face, and needs a second to compose himself.

Jason Niles:

Thanks, Jason Niles, Three-Count.. Lindsay Troy, you've been very vocal in the past about Mark Shields ... what should the DEF brass do with Mr. Shields?

The Queen of the Ring scrunches her nose as she looks at her Bestie.

Lindsay Troy:

Is he dumb? Why are there so many dumb people here tonight?

Henry Keyes:

The problem is, we're missing REAL journalists like Craig Hamburgers and Deb Warrenstein. Also, way to introduce yourself twice, geek.

She snickers, then looks back at Jason.

Lindsay Troy:

DEF Brass should remember that this company is headquartered in an At Will employment state and they can fire anyone for any reason with or without cause. This "iron clad contract" excuse they keep peddling for Shields doesn't exist. You know how I know this? Because I also run a company in an At Will employment state. But Favoured Saints are a bunch of cowards. They won't terminate a clearly incompetent piece of shit, and they also won't demote him, or indefinitely suspend him without pay so nobody has to deal with him anymore. So the only solution I can think of is this...

She pauses for effect.

Lindsay Troy:

Death by firing squad. And throw whoever came up with the "iron clad contract" idea in the line of fire too. Dummy bitch. Does that answer your question, Jason?

Henry Keyes:

These people are sitting dangerously close to us, I think it's important for them to remember -

They each lean into the mic.

Keyes and Troy in unison:

YOU CAN'T SIT WITH US!

With that, Keyes abruptly grabs the FIST, and they both leave the podium.