

SHOW OPEN

The swirling graphics fade in on the Motormouth of Malcontent, Angus Skaaland, seated at the desk on the UNCUT set. His t-shirt is tuxedoed and his ire is up. Rather than flipping through his notes; he grips them with his right hand and he leans forward on the desk. As the music fades he can be heard already in mid-sentence.

Angus Skaaland:

... expect me to just sit here and introduce clips after what we have just witnessed!? It's all coming down around us, fuckhead!

Angus slings the papers toward the line producer, off camera and they scatter, flutter and float out of frame.

Angus:

McFuckass is back and he brought all the McFuckees with him! I don't give a shit about your clips! That was a declaration of war!

He becomes slightly muffled as his exaggerated mannerisms shake the lapel mic free from his t-shirt collar. A PA swoops in, attempting to correct the issue and is instantly batted away. The audio becomes broadcast in a much broader and airy quality as the production switches, solely, to the boom mic held above his head. It dips lower than normal and Angus takes a swing at it.

Angus:

Get that shit out of my face! You GORRAM morons are worried about UNCUT ... when we should be trying to find out where the hell Eric Dane is! Not to mention ... Kelly Evans! This is on her! Where is she!? And why hasn't anyone taken that traitor, Dan Ryan's, head off yet! It should be bedlam out there ... take your cameras and go FILM THAT!

Angus mutters a series of expletives and nonsensical non sequiturs as he stands and starts to pull the microphone and it's wires from under his shirt. He deposits the power back and mic on top of the desk and reaches again for the boom. This time gripping it and pulling it down to his face.

Angus:

Here is some shit, watch it or don't ...

He storms off and his last words are picked up but very low.

Angus:

... there's bigger fish to fry.

The camera turns to follow him exposing the offset area and the line producer. He turns from Angus and his exit back toward the camera and as his eyeline meets the lense; he signals to cut it.

LAST CALL

The scene cuts to outside the DEFarena, in the staff and talent parking lot. It's quiet and dark outside, as blackness overtakes the entire landscape other than one small, flickering street light in the center of the lot. The lack of cars suggests it's many hours after DEFTv 89, although a few still remain. Gone, too, are the diehard DEFIANCE faithful waiting outside the gated area. However, after a night like this, many fans went home disappointed. Some of them might have forgone trying to get an autograph or a picture with their favorite wrestlers because the event had left a sour taste in their mouths.

An eerie silence maintains the scene for a few moments longer. Finally, a side door opens from the arena. A rusty, forceful creak is heard, as the hinges on the door resist to open and then slam shut as a man stumbles through. Gage Blackwood limps out into the flashing street light wearing a plain black t-shirt and generic black jeans. It's also obvious he has a lot of bandages underneath his apparel and is in a reasonable amount of pain. He spits once while he rubs his head and continues to limp down the parking lot. Blackwood, eventually, arrives at his car. A beaten up, dark green 2006 Chevy Malibu. Instead of opening the front door and driving off, he pops the trunk and takes out a small cooler. Sitting on his bumper, he opens the cooler and reveals a Edinburgh Castle, a Scottish ale imported straight from his hometown. He pops the top with his teeth and spits the bottlecap on to the floor.

Blackwood:

Ah can't believe what has happened.

Blackwood quietly continues to drink by himself. He checks his head every so often to ensure the scar on his forehead hasn't reopened. The jump attack by Chris Ross earlier in the night was cheap to say the least. The screw driver shot at the end of it was beyond pathetic.

Blackwood:

Ye dumb bloke.

Blackwood scolds himself over and over again while he swigs his beer in-between. Some time passes before another voice can be heard from the distance.

"'Dumb' is a four letter word, sir... and those are totally hexed."

Gage Blackwood... please make your formal introduction with Impulse and Calico Rose.

Cally:

'Bloke' counts too, even though it's five letters. Doesn't it?

Impulse:

Not exactly. Cayle's called me a bloke once or twice.

Cally considers this.

Cally:

He's not evil, so I guess it's okay.

Blackwood looks up and acknowledges Impulse and Cally. What follows, though, is a sense of embarrassment, as he thinks about what happened to him tonight. Then Blackwood thinks about his struggles before DEFCON. Losing to Gunther Adler twice. Losing to David Hightower once. Being verbally abused at the hands of Jamie Sawyers.

Blackwood:

Ah cannae hawp ah blew it th' nicht. A'm sae mad that eejit git th' better o' me! Ah shuid hae bin smarter! Ah shuid hae kept a keep edgy. O' coorse someone wis aff tae attack me! They've come tae tak' ower DEFIANCE!

Impulse and Cally look at each other, not sure what Gage just said.

Cally:

Is he speaking in tongues? Is **HE** evil?

Impulse:

Shhhh.

Blackwood:

Sorry. Beer?

Blackwood composes himself and speaks in a monotone voice as his thick Scottish accent dissipates. He holds up two new Edinburgh Castles. Impulse waves him off, noting the beer already in his hand and the cocktail glass with two fingers in Cally's - but his gaze telegraphs his appreciation for the offer.

They do join him, however.

Impulse:

In all seriousness, sir - you shouldn't beat yourself up. Pardon me if I lecture; I don't know exactly how long you've been in this sport, but in my time I've learned that it's a long game. You need to focus on the war as a whole, not each individual battle. Today's setback could lead to tomorrow's sudden breakthrough.

Blackwood keeps his head down but eventually looks up at Impulse and nods. He finishes the first beer in his hand and then goes to open the two he had originally offered to the figures in front of him.

Blackwood:

This whole scene is new for me. Ah just came off the fight of my life, beating David Hightower at DEFCON. Ye take that one night away and my time here has not been great so far.

Blackwood, almost comically sips the Edinburgh Castle in his right hand and then sips the Edinburgh Castle in his left hand. Though it's clear he wasn't doing it for comedic purposes.

Blackwood:

Ah just don't like what happened tonight. And ah don't just mean what happened to me.

He drinks much heavier now. As the two men continue to converse, another man with Mormon problems approaches them.

"That Scott Stoovins or Stevens or Stephens! Whatever that spinner's name is! I'm gonna have his guts for garters!"

The unmistakable accent and unique vernacular could only belong to DEFIANCE's resident Kiwi as he angrily limps past Blackwood, Impulse and Cally, but not quite noticing they are there with him. He limps over and lets out a growl.

Oscar Burns:

Ahhh! I'm gonna graps and stretch that idiot! I'm gonna rip his arm off and beat him with it when I see him...

He finally notices the funny looks being given to him by Cally, Impulse and Gage Blackwood and lets out a groan.

Oscar Burns:

Wow. Sorry, GCs. I... I didn't mean to sit here like a complete angus. That Stevens bloke... I'm gonna uppercut his head clean off his shoulders!

Gage Blackwood looks at him confused.

Gage Blackwood:

Eh? What's Angus gotta do with anythin'?

Oscar Burns:

Oh, sorry. Not commentator Angus. An angus. Yanks would say... anger issues.

After clarifying, he notices the drinks in hand and then points at the cooler.

Burns:

Don't suppose you got anything left in the chilly bin there, do you, mate?

Gage reaches into the cooler and hands him another Edinburgh Castle.

Blackwood:

There's plenty left...

Oscar pops the top and takes a swig.

Burns:

Wow, not bad, mate. Thanks. [takes another swig] Need one of these after these UTA blokes came in and started causin' trouble!

Blackwood:

We got our asses handed to us, pal.

Impulse looks at Cally and slightly shakes his head.

Cally [to Oscar]:

This one was just a minor kick in the slippery bits, superstar. We'll rebound, all of us.

Impulse nods in approval while Gage and Oscar just stare back at Cally, seemingly surprised by the duo's calmness. Gage then looks at Oscar and notices the marks left by the brutal attack from Scott Stevens.

Blackwood:

[gesturing towards his bandages] With a' due respect, neither o' ye two lads got beat doon lik' we did.

Oscar nods in approval, the same way Impulse just did.

Impulse:

Speaking from experience, sir. When two companies clash, ego invariably destroys one side from within while the other does the same from the outside. It's not gonna be easy but we can't give up the fight - not when DEF is our home.

Footsteps approach from the distance, a pair of them. Everyone instinctively looks up, almost expecting a fight. The Red Eyes is what everyone notices first, piercing through the dimly lit area it's the eyes of Reaper Red. Closely by his side is Reaper Prime of course.

As they get closer, there is no indication of a hello or even a single word. As shown in their segment earlier during DEFtv 89 and during their brief appearance at Kerry Kuroyama's match, they are unusually quiet.

They make a slight turn as they get closer, staring at the group for a few moments longer before walking away, much farther. They suddenly stop in their tracks as they are a good fifty feet away, turn around and face the group, unmoving.

Blackwood takes another moment to look at the Reapers and watch their red eyes almost dance in the darkness from that far away. Or maybe it was because he's 5 Edinburgh Castles in. Or 6. Wait, no, it was 7? He stopped counting.

Especially since PCP'S Box man, sans Box, is and was standing next to him now holding a beer. Klein tries to pour it through his tan mask, but realizes there's no mouth holes, so he just pours the beer where the mouth hole would be, enjoying the drink through osmosis. Blackwood gives him a double take, to which Klein responds with a hearty wave before turning back to the serious matter as hand.

Blackwood:

Okay Impulse. Cally. And if we're in a war, [head motioning towards the Reapers] kan we even trust something lik' that on our team?

Impulse shakes his head.

Impulse:

I don't know what they're planning. Don't get me wrong, I've been in the ring with Team Reaper; they'd definitely be an asset, but Prime's got her own agenda and I don't think we can rely on their help.

Blackwood takes some time to let his words sink in. He then opens up his cooler and looks inside before glancing up at the three in front of him.

Blackwood:

Ah got enough for one more round. Lads?

Cally looks at her cocktail and then at Impulse's beer.

Cally:

Any time I don't do the serving is time for another round.

Oscar, meanwhile, throws down the last of his beer and also suggests he's good for another. Klein awkwardly tries to slip the top lip of his beer beneath his mask and shakes off the offer. The scene goes black as Gage digs into his cooler and starts handing beer out.

Cally (after fade):

But I'm not a lad...

NO SMOKING

Scott Douglas:

Who the fuck is Jay Harvey?

Scott sits on the examination table as Iris Davine, on a wheeled stool, wraps his ribs with gauze over a bulging icepack. Terry Anderson watches on from his perch atop a plastic cooler in the corner of the room; with a, presumably, cold beer pressed against his right temple and an open can in his freehand. After a hearty sip he responds to Scott.

Terry Anderson:

THE Jay Harvey

Scott jerks his head toward Terry with a shitty expression, recoiling from the reverberation to his midsection.

Iris Davine:

Woah ... woah. Slow it down, Scott. You bruised your ribs ... now, you're going to want to keep this wrap loose; enough pressure to hold the pack but no tighter.

Scott turns his head back toward Iris, slowly. He looks down, from the table, toward her. She remains focused on the task.

Scott:

I didn't bruise them.

Terry:

THE ... Jay Harvey

Scott begins to turn back toward Terry, instead, he grimaces from even the slightest movement and responds.

Scott:

Neither did he.

Iris looks up from her stool and makes eye contact. This must be serious.

Iris:

Injured or not, Bronson Box will always be dangerous. Never underestimate that man, Scott.

Scott:

Note taken.

Terry crushes the beer can and lets it fall to the floor with a tiney crash and rattle.

Terry: *[belching]*

THHHEEE Jay Harvey!

Scott and Iris both turn toward Terry. Iris makes eye contact with the aging "Idol" before Scott's measured movement makes it there.

Terry:

What ...? That's what he said ...

Scott:

He said he's gonna take this.

Scott reaches over and places his hand on the Southern Heritage Title: sitting on the table to his left. Iris, shakes her head and sighs.

Scott:

I think I'll let him try.

Iris:

Scott, that's not the best idea.

Scott:

Iris ...

Scott begins to get off the table, Iris rolls her stool backward to make room. Reaching for his shirt he continues.

Scott:

I've left this room in much worse shape ... I don't see any dead people, other than Terry. We all know he is out of here any minute now.

Scotts attempt at levity is lost on Iris as she pins a metal clip down to the wrap and Scott pulls his shirt over his head.

Iris:

Fine. You passed the ImPact test, so I'll save you the speech BUT ... watch the ribs, Scott.

Scott:

Thank you, Iris. I hear you loud and clear. Come on, Terry ... I owe Cally some drinks.

Scott grabs the title off the table, standing with his back to the door and Terry's drinking corner. Terry gets up from his insulated ice seat and grabs a fresh beer and cracks it before diving back in.

Iris:

Keep it iced for at least seventy two hours, NO HEAT! If you need something for the pain ...

Scott turns away from Iris and begins to exit. Terry tosses him a beer from the cooler before hoisting it up. He catches it with his left hand, barely, while the belt, in his right, is firmly held against his midsection. Each step causing a twist of the neck or grunty exhale.

Scott:

Got it covered!

Scott holds the beer up as he and Terry exit. Iris continues to give instruction with a heightened volume to match their growing distance.

Iris:

Manage your breathing ... AND NO SMOKING!

'SOOTHING' THE WILD BEAST

Move it! Outta the way! GET OUT... DAMNIT!

The usual hustle and bustle backstage of a DEFIANCE TV show just got a big shot in the arm as Charlie Ace, with his personal bodyguard Hoyt Williams following closely, shoulder barges his way through the crowds.

Charlie Ace:

Do you see him, Hoyt? Is he following us?

Charlie didn't need that questions answered though. The distant screams of innocent bystanders and clattering of expensive-sounding equipment provided all the information that he needed.

Charlie Ace:

What happened out there?

There's no time to answer that question though as Hoyt Williams grabs a hold of Charlie Ace's shoulders and pushes him to the ground. Hoyt falls on top of him as a trash can sails past their heads and bounces off of the nearby wall. Charlie turns his head to see a pair of filthy, bare feet, complete with fluorescent yellow toenails stop only a few feet from him.

Charlie Ace:

WOAH! Easy! Easy there, Max!

It's a wonder Max Billabong understands the word easy. Mere minutes ago he was being disqualified for failing to apply single a legal wrestling hold in over two minutes to Levi Cole, and does the low-flying trash can really need to be mentioned again?

Charlie Ace:

I get it, buddy! I get it! You had that match won.

Charlie tries to shrug Hoyt Williams off of him. He can barely move, but Hoyt registers the attempt anyway and helps his boss to his feet. He doesn't let his guard down though, Max might not be rampaging right now, but his heavy breathing and generally twitchy demeanour are a far cry from someone about to settle down with a mug of cocoa and a good book.

Charlie Ace:

You had Levi Cole beat until she...

Max grunts angrily.

Charlie Ace:

Until she disqualified you. And you did nothing wrong. I know it, you know it, everyone out there knows it. But Max, you can't go after the officials.

Again the only sound Charlie received in return is a frustrated grunt. Billabong turns and swipes at a nearby monitor, sending it back down the hallway.

Charlie Ace:

I had to step in or you'd be on your way back to Australia like a boomerang.

Freeze!

Having just avoided the flying monitor, DEFSEC approach Max Billabong with the utmost caution.

Charlie Ace:

It's OK, guys! I've got this.

DEFSEC Guard 1:

Back away Mr. Ace! We've got it from here!

The presence of the resident security guards appears to rile up Max Billabong a little, and his pacing starts to pick up speed.

Charlie Ace:

I mean it, I've got this!

DEFSEC Guard 2:

We're under orders to escort this man from the building immediately.

That wasn't the smartest thing to say. All of the efforts that went into calming Billabong are immediately undone as he hears those words. Max turns and charges at the DEFSEC guards, only he only takes a couple of steps before a brown mist hits him in the eyes.

Charlie Ace:

What are you doing!?

Max flails wildly like the Tasmanian Devil in a washing machine. He shouts incoherent jibberish at the same time, but he doesn't go down. Even a second dose of pepper spray from the other DEFSEC guard doesn't stop his rampage.

Pop!

Bzzzzzt!

But what does stop him is a couple of metal spikes feeding 50,000 volts directly into his back from the taser fired by the on-duty cop that has also joined the fray. Max seizes and drops to the floor, allowing the DEFSEC guards to restrain him and heave him off. Charlie meanwhile tries to stop them, but Hoyt Williams grabs a hold of his boss and pulls him back.

Charlie Ace:

Get off of my client! That is my client!

We fade out as Charlie fails to struggle against Williams' restraint and Max Billabong is hauled away, probably to spend a night in the nearest cell.

WE

:::September 19, 2017:::

After DEFTV 89 has gone off the air

Mikey addressing the troops in a speech, champagne, and all sorts of party horderves. Mikey has spared no expense. The troops morale is at an all time high, all except the newly crowned WrestleUTA Champion Crimson Lord. The seven foot behemoth who is leaning against the wall, has a purple dress shirt the first three buttons are unbuttoned, and a pair of black slacks with a pair of black dress shoes. The UTA Title is draped over his crossed arms.

Mikey has reached the end of his speech and raises a glass of champagne to Team UTA. Crimson raises his head up he is the only one with no champagne in his hand. The glasses click all throughout the room, as Team UTA embrace the toast Mikey has made.

The party continues for sometime, Crimson has not really socialized or partaken in any of the celebration. Having enough of the party Crimson unfolds his arms with the championship firmly grasped in his right hand between the main plate and the side plate. He walks out of the room, countless UTA members raises their glasses to the seven footer as he passes them. As he is about to exit the locker room Mikey stops him...

His words are inaudible to the audience, Crimson nods his head at him. Mikey walks back to the party relishing in a perfect night. Crimson stares at Mikey, and JFK celebrating with a assortment of women they brought for the party. His face is emotionless, as he stares at the two celebrating and just having a good time. He looks back at the door and leaves the party.

He walks down the long hallway until he reaches the door marked bathroom. He enters the room, flicks the light switch and locks the door behind him. He walks toward the sink with a mirror split into three sections. He sets the UTA Title behind the faucet. He reaches in the mirror to the left searching for some sort of bottle. He does not find any he leaves the mirror partially open and searches the middle mirror he finds nothing and closes the mirror he searches the right side mirror and finds a bottle he pulls it out and unscrews the bottle and stares at the pills in his hand.

He pops the pills and runs the water as it pour into his hand he drinks from it. He sets the bottle on the counter and splashes a few puddles of water on his face. Before looking up at the mirror, which shows his face in all three mirrors.

Crimson:

.....

The camera moves a bit to the right bringing Crimson's face in the right mirror in center focus. Crimson's voice is a more calm heartfelt tone.

"Perfect Weapon" Crimson:

What happened?

The camera moves the center mirror in focus. Crimson's voice is a arrogant tone.

"Messiah of Pain" Crimson:

We have become the jewel once more.

The camera moves back to the right mirror once more. Crimson's voice is once more calm.

"Perfect Weapon" Crimson:

We have? How?

The camera moves to the left mirror. Crimson's voice is in a cold, scary, and in a raspy like tone.

“Plague of Darkness” Crimson:

Does it matter, we have once more taken back what rightfully belongs to “Us”.

The camera moves back to the right mirror once more. Crimson’s voice is in a calm like tone.

“Perfect Weapon” Crimson:

It matters to me.

The camera moves the center mirror in focus. Crimson’s voice changes to a frustrated tone.

“Messiah of Pain” Crimson:

Silence! I need five minutes can you two give me five minutes!

Crimson splashes a few more puddles of water on his face, before looking back at the mirror.

“Messiah of Pain” Crimson:

Weapon we need to be united, if they were to find out...you... you realize they would take us to that white room again...

The camera moves back to the right mirror once more. Crimson’s voice is calm but a noticeable fear comes from his voice.

“Perfect Weapon” Crimson:

No, not that white room...

The camera moves to the left mirror. Crimson’s voice is in a cold scary raspy like tone again.

“Plague of Darkness” Crimson:

Relish in this moment gentlemen, We are back on top of the world. This time no one will stop our reign!

The camera moves back to the right mirror once more. Crimson’s voice is calm but with a bit of a serious tone to it.

“Perfect Weapon” Crimson:

No one..

The camera moves the center mirror in focus. He grabs the title from the sink. He stares at it, and in firm tone.

“Messiah of Pain” Crimson:

No One!

Crimson exits the bathroom flicking the light off on his way out as the camera picture turns to black as the remaining light from the door disappears..

FIRST HAND TESTIMONY

Date: September 24th, 2017

Location: Unknown

“Can you state your name for the record please?”

We capture the first image of a hard faced looking gentleman across a long table. The question to introduce us to him, was that voiced by a woman, unseen. It appears to almost be like a deposition recording. He's dressed in a black t-shirt, hair long and slicked back in a pony tail. He's also holding up a newspaper which the camera zooms in on briefly showing the date to be September 24th, 2017.

Man:

My name is Daniel Andrew Norris, I'm Thirty-two years old and I come here today on my own volition.

Voice: [female]

Thank you Daniel for contributing your time to us today. I know you are a very busy man.

Daniel:

Well to be fair I know when you guys are calling it's something important, plus I owe a lot to you all.

Voice:

That brings up our first question for this evening. Daniel, can you please explain what you do in your career?

Daniel:

Yes, I am a professional wrestler for a company called Genocide Independent Wrestling. I've worked with several companies in the past but this is where I am most well known at.

Voice:

And where does Genocide Independent Wrestling operate from?

Daniel:

Mainly, we run circuits down the eastern part of Florida, we also have done a couple shows in Georgia and one in South Carolina.

Voice:

Are you successful at this company?

This brings a snicker to his face, the kind of snicker that's like 'You already know the answer to this question.' The snicker lasts for a few moments, but then it passes to his normal expression.

Daniel:

I am a two time Apocalyptic Champion...

He pauses for a few moments to let it sink in.

Daniel:

That's their version of the heavyweight championship. I am at this time a top contender as well against the reigning champion also I've held the tag team titles once.

Voice:

Was your success before or after joining us?

His normal face turns into a deep frown and he shakes his head, again giving that gesture of 'these answers you already know.'

Daniel:

I think you are fairly aware of my success prior to joining you all.

Voice:

I know Daniel but that's the purpose of this video as explained to you earlier. Please elaborate if you can.

Daniel:

Before GIW I floated around everywhere, could never score a solid contract, much less pay at a decent rate. Yeah I put on some excellent shows and my name would sometimes be brought up as rumored to be signed somewhere big. Now... GIW is not 'BIG' in any sorts we don't have a TV contract or streaming, however the fans are rabid for us. We sell out every show...

He takes a breather and a drink of water from the glass in front of him.

Daniel:

Anyways, when I first arrived I was like the show opener every single night, lost more than a dozen matches. Usually the fans would end up booing me even though I never did a thing to make them hate me. So yeah I sucked. I ended up hurting my ankle and got unpaid leave. That's where I met you all.

Voice:

Go on....

Daniel:

You all brought me in, helped train me, rehabbed me. Hell I even learned how to speak Chinese, which I still don't understand why you all made me sit through all those damn classes to learn it! When GIW finally contacted me to see if I was ready to go, I made a huge splash back, suddenly everyone loves me. The owner kept pushing for me to go farther and I kept winning, next thing I know I have a championship draped across my shoulder.

Voice:

How much do you contribute your success to..... Us?

Daniel:

All of it, without being picked up by you guys and brought under your wing I'd probably be working at a Burger King right now.

Voice:

We appreciate the transparency Daniel. Now to the next question, do you watch DEFIANCE?

Daniel:

Of course, half of our company does, they are someone to mold ourselves after.

Voice:

So you saw the most recent DEFtv 89?

Daniel:

Yeah you mean with UTA running loose. Wait... are you guys behind that?

Voice:

No... not at all Daniel, however our hand is building to play a part in what happens.

Daniel:

Well --- Fuck me man. They better stay out of your way. Do they know anything about you guys? At all?

Voice: [chuckling]

I am pretty sure they do not have a clue what's coming.

Daniel:

Is he going to be there.... Your leader??

Voice:

Eventually yes...

Daniel:

UTA won't know what hit them.

Voice:

Who said anything about UTA???

Static