

SHOW OPEN

The screen fades up from black ...

Energetic music begins to to fade up ...

A white streak of electricity shoots across the screen backed by a red glow.

It's accompanied by an electrical sounding sizzle sound effect.

The 3D block letters of UNCUT appear but the angle obstructs a legible reading of the word at first sight.

The red lined white streak shoots past the word as it continues to rotate and the background music swells.

As the letters tip upright and begin to reveal the five red letters back with a slight white glow, the white streaks fly behind the letters and wraps around the word angleing down as the drum beat hits and the theme is at full tilt only to abruptly end at the final presentation of the logo and a downnote.

The logo fades and on a black screen, words in white appear one at a time.

THIS.

IS.

UNCUT.

Fade to the first segment.

I'M THE REAL CHAMPION!!!

UNCUT Exclusive: After DEFtv 95 went off the air

An image of a trash can flying across the backstage area is seen as Lance Warner takes a big gulp as he cautiously edges towards the corner and once there we see the seething Texan, Scott Stevens, venting his anger on the outcome of his championship match.

Scott Stevens:

BULLSHIT! COMPLETE AND UTTER BULLSHIT!

Stevens yells as he tosses a wooden trunk that causes Lance to scream as the box flies towards his head and he hugs the concrete for protection. The loud shriek gets the Texan's attention as he turns behind him and sees the camera and Warner on the ground.

Scott Stevens:

YOU!

Stevens yells as he points towards the camera and makes a beeline towards Warner. Once he gets there he yanks him off the ground and begins yelling at him.

Scott Stevens:

I WAS SCREWED! IF WE WERE IN UTA THIS BUSH LEAGUE CRAP WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED!

Lance Warner:

Please don't hurt me!

Lance begs and the Texan smirks and begins to calm himself but his tone is stern and full of seething hatred.

Scott Stevens:

I'm not going to hurt you Lance. You're probably the only honest person in this shitty wrestling company.

Lance Warner:

Tha...thanks.

Warner says as Stevens lets him go.

Scott Stevens:

You want an interview with the DEFIANCE Wrestling Champion or what?

Lance Warner:

The Champion is Cayle Murr....

Before Lance can finish his statement Stevens yanks him by his suit and looks him dead in the eye.

Scott Stevens:

!!

Stevens says pointing to himself.

Scott Stevens:

I am the DEFIANCE Wrestling Champion. I know it, you know it, this camera man knows it, and the whole world knows it because I had Cayle Murray's bitch ass laying on the mat and the official's hand in the mat three times.

Lance Warner:

But the time exp.....

Scott Stevens:

Don't give me that crap! His shoulders were on the mat and the official slapped the mat three times so that makes me the true champion! Cayle Murray can parade around all the wants and claim to be the DEFIANCE champion and that idiot Angus can dick ride him all he wants but they both know who is the true victor here tonight.

Stevens says as he points to himself again.

Scott Stevens:

I am undefeated in one on one matches in this shithole and I just proved why UTA is the cream of the crop when I just defeated their top guy and took their crown jewel of a championship away from them.

Lance Warner:

But if you are the champion what about THE Jay Harvey's challenge for the Flst of DEFIANCE championship?

Warner asks as he closes his eyes and looks away as Stevens smirks.

Scott Stevens:

Jay Harvey challenging Cayle Murray for the UNO Championship should be a ratings grabber.

Stevens chuckles before continuing.

Scott Stevens:

Jay Harvey can challenge Cayle Murray all he wants but the fact is I beat Cayle Murray. I don't need to hold the physical belt to know I am the true and rightful champion because I showed that in the ring tonight when I pinned him in the middle of the ring. In fact I want Cayle Murray to hold that championship because every time he looks at it he knows he is a farce of a champion and that he couldn't back up his shit talk when he faced me in the ring. How does it feel Lance knowing your top guy....no, top champion, got beat by a guy from UTAH? Huh? And not just anyone guy from UTAH, but the bad ass from Texas, Scott Stevens?

Stevens says with a wide grin as he lets Warner go and walks away.

DO YOU "FEEL" ANYTHING?

Thursday January 11, 2018

We fade into a room with a red curtain in the background, and two Hollywood style chairs one at about ten o'clock, and the other about two o'clock. Sitting in the the two o'clock chair is DEFIANCE Backstage interviewer Lance Warner. He wears a striped white dress shirt the first couple of buttons are unbutton from his neck. A pair of tan slacks with brown dress shoes. He has a notepad in his left hand staring down at it with his black rimmed glasses.

Next to him sitting at the ten o'clock position is WrestleUTA Heavyweight Champion "The Messiah of Pain" Crimson Lord. The champ is dressed in a black and purple silk style shirt with the top buttons unbuttoned. A pair of black leather jeans with a purple belt, and a pair of alligator shoes. The championship lies on his lap, which he is staring at it through his C'Decor purple sunglasses.

Lance looks up from his pad and extends his hand to Crimson. The champ just looks down at his hand and then up at Lance with a stare as he slightly pulls his C'Decor glasses down from his nose. Lance clearly realizing pleasantries are not going to happen here. He pulls his hand back scans his pad for a second and then speaks first while Crimson pushes his glasses back from mid nose.

Warner:

First off will start off with what happened earlier in the week at DEFTV 95.

Crimson takes his hand and rubs his chin for a moment, before letting his left index finger rest just to the side of his mouth and his thumb over his chin.

Crimson:

Tsk.

Warner clearly can see the champion does not want to be here, so he tries to get this over with.

Warner:

Your match with Elise of the PCP for your WrestleUTA Championship. Don't you think you got carried away during that match?

Crimson removes his hand from his face and adjust himself in his seat and looks at Lance.

Crimson:

Carried away?

Warner:

Yes, was all the needed brutality necessary. There was a couple times during the match where you could of just ended it, but you didn't you were more concerned about ending her career. Why?

Crimson looks down at his championship sitting on his lap, and then leans on the arm of the chair closest to Lance. With his other arm in a serving like pose

Crimson:

Let me ask you something Lance, when you try to grill a superstar in this business and they give you the cold shoulder what do you do?

Crimson sits straight up in his chair once more still turned to the DEFIANCE reporter.

Warner:

Well, depends on the situation. Most of the time I'll let them be.

Crimson:

But what if you needed to get answers...would you just give up?

Warner:

Well, no I would try my best to get a response from said wrestler.

Crimson:

Exactly! Now why would you do such a thing?

Warner:

Well, it's my job t

Crimson stops him before he can finish his sentence with his index finger making a slight chopping motion in mid air at Lance.

Crimson:

EXACTLY!

Lance with a appalled look all over his face, as CL places his hands back on his championship.

Warner:

Wait a minute your explanation for brutalizing Elise was it was your JOB?

Lance clearly is taken back by such a response.

Crimson:

You look surprised Lance, your job is to get the story. My job is to go in that ring and perform and win.

Lance raises his voice for the moment.

Warner:

By trying to end someone's career?

Crimson:

You seem to be forgetting a huge part of the story, I gave her a CHOICE!

Warner:

Did you honestly think she was going to tuck tail and leave?

Crimson hands move throughout his response.

Crimson:

Well, maybe she should have. Seems like DEFIANCE is nothing more than a bunch of hot air wrestlers. Sure they can talk a big game but everytime they step in the ring with the WrestleUTA, we prove time and time again just who can back up what they say, and who cannot.

Lance gives a stern look toward the champion.

Warner:

That's a bold statement to say, consider you guys are now without the Tag Team Championships, and if history has eluded you. The FIST still is Cayle Murray, and Scott Douglas STILL holds the Southern Heritage Championship.

Crimson seems a bit amused as he stares at the championship, then with a slight smirk toward Lance as he looks over at him.

Crimson:

Ah, this little Reaper group, if you think the Hollywood Bruvs are going to sit back and let a travesty like what happened at DEFTV 95 go unanswered then you clearly have not been paying attention to their careers. As for Douglas the man is on borrowed time. Finally, for the marked man named Cayle Murray. Sooner or later Lance someone will collect that bounty. Hell, The Greatest Man to Grace God's Green Earth may just have to add a new nickname to his profile...THE FIST!

Warner:

You guys sure are underestimating Cayle quite a bit.

The champ clearly not interested about The FIST, puts his hand over his mouth as he yawns.

Crimson:

Blah, I am not here to talk about Lil Murray who is on borrowed time. Get on with the interview.

Warner:

Very well, back to your match up with Elise.

Crimson shakes his head for a moment before taking a deep breath.

Crimson:

Sigh, what else is there to say about it? I won she lost what could you possibly have more to talk about?

Warner:

Well the fact that she kicked out of that scary powerbomb you have been using as of late.

The champ leaning against the arm furthest from Lance and points at him.

Crimson:

See, there you go. You talk about how I brutalized her, after I hit that I covered her and what did she do?

Warner:

Got her foot on the rope.

Crimson:

I tried to end it quick, a mercy killing but she wanted more.

Warner:

Well, then explain your actions after the match. You won the match, yet felt the need to make sure she was no longer going to be wrestling again.

Crimson adjust himself in the chair, then pulls his C'Decor glasses down part way from his nose once more with a glare at Lance.

Crimson:

Lance you're a idiot, have you not been paying attention the last few months. WE are here to takeover! There is no place in this company for Elise Ares!

Warner:

Kind of being a bit sexist there aren't you?

CL puts his hand on his chest for a moment, before rolling his eyes and pushing the glasses back up from his mid nose.

Crimson:

So what! This generation has become so pussified! What so no one can speak about females like that anymore? The

girl deserved everything I gave her, and if she wants some more I am sure Jack, and Jay will gladly finish whatever is left of her.

Warner:

Well, before you could finish her off you were met by a man that...well let's be honest you have been ducking the past few months. Why, will you not give Oscar Burns his chance at the championship?

Crimson slowly removes his C'Decor glasses and folds them up and places them in the collar of his shirt.

Crimson:

Ducking?

The champ body language clearly shows he was not amused by that word.

Crimson:

Far from it Lance, Oscar is like a mosquito. Everytime he tries to take a bite out of me I swat him away with ease. No Lance I am not ducking him, I just feel he is not worth my time, or even worthy to be a champion in this business. Look the kid has talent, I am not going to blow smoke up your ass. He just does not have "IT"! Guys like him come and go, their in this business to warm those piss ants in the crowd up for the main attractions.

Lance pushes once more with his question about Oscar.

Warner:

You still have not answered the question. If you think that then why not give him a shot?

Crimson takes his glasses from the collar of his shirt and puts them on while saying.

Crimson:

Next question.

Lance takes a deep breath for a moment shaking his head before continuing.

Warner:

Well, fine then but knowing Burnsie, your going to be swatting that mosquito for a while.

The champ again chuckles a bit from under his breath. With a slight smirk on his face, and his head slowly bent toward Lance with his eyes looking directly at Lance.

Crimson:

Just like DEFTV 95, when he once again got involved in MY business he was left lying with his limp arm. Did you know I heard it pop when I decided to stop his little flurry of offense?

Warner:

No, but you have zeroed in on his shoulder a lot. Why?

Crimson sits upright in the chair once more, looking at Lance.

Crimson:

I don't know maybe it's a game for me. Maybe I want to see if I can tear all the muscles in his deltoids, and pectorals. I have to entertain myself somehow if he wants to keep being a pest.

Warner:

You clearly are not in perfect condition now as well.

Crimson looks down at his knee and rubs it for a moment.

Crimson:

What my knee? It's just bruised that's all. Not concerned at the least.

Warner:

Your pretty confident aren't you?

Crimson just stares at Lance with a blank like stare.

Crimson:

Why shouldn't I be? Have you seen the trail of bodies I have left in my path? You think a bruised knee is going to stop me from continuing to plow through all this weak competition?

Warner:

We may be down Crimson, but we will fight til our last breath!

The champ clearly not amused by that retort.

Crimson:

Tsk, at Arcs of Defiance you all will take your "LAST" breath.

Warner:

One final question.

Crimson:

Finally just being around you detests me. Me and Larver are going to have a long talk after this, about who he books to see me on my agenda.

Warner:

..Why have you not cashed in on the bounty, your boss...

Crimson quickly interrupts Lance before he can finish his question.

Crimson:

Let me stop you right there, Mikey is NOT my boss.

Lance seems a bit surprised by that answer.

Warner:

He is the owner of the WrestleUTA, which you are a part of.

Crimson:

Let's get something perfectly clear here. Mikey is a business partner of mine, and a personal friend. I am here to help out a friend in his wrestling expansion endeavor.

Lance clearly does not believe such a response, but he continues.

Warner:

Fine whatever makes you sleep at night, so why have you not quickly jumped on the bounty made against The FIST?

CL rubs his chin for a moment then slightly turns his head to Lance.

Crimson:

Cayle's time in the spotlight is nearing its end. When I am good and ready to take The FIST I will do so, but it will be at a time of MY choosing. When that time comes though, should he survive Harvey. Crimson Lord will take The FIST from Lil Murray, just like I took..

Crimson picks up the WrestleUTA Championship from his lap with his right hand and raises it chin level with his head turn at Lance still. He shows Lance the championship while saying...

Crimson:

The WrestleUTA Championship from his older brother Andy!

Crimson throws the title over his shoulder still with a cold stare at Lance.

Warner:

Well, thank you for your time Crimson, we clearly disagree on a lot of things.

Crimson stands up from his chair looking down at Lance with disgust.

Crimson:

You know Lance you should be lucky, I didn't spend this time beating the crap out of you just for your association to this shitball of a company called DEFIANCE!

Crimson violently removes the microphone from his lapel and stares coldly down at Lance before walking off camera. Lance writes something down on his pad and looks at the television monitor.

Warner:

The things I do to get a story, I should get hazard pay for this.

FADE OUT

GET OFF MY LAWN

Gunther Adler walks gingerly backstage, his head wrapped in bandages and a towel hanging over his eyes. Earlier in the night he had been hit by Chris Ross once again. Crushed by a plate of glass this time, in the crossfire between the feud of Gage Blackwood and the psycho from Harrisburg.

Adler was in no mood to be bothered. He was heading to his car after spending more than an hour knocked out and an hour getting stitched and cleaned up.

He steps outside and towards his rental car. Since he wasn't officially signed as DEFIANCE talent and still under the BRAZEN roster, he comes and goes depending on when he's booked.

That's when he hears commotion off to the left. Loud, blaring music, yelling and swearing and lots of beer being chugged and bottles getting tossed out the window.

He takes the towel off his head and sees a white RV standing beside him. The Dibbins brothers, a UTA tag team also sparingly used on DEFtv programming, were having a few too many and clearly don't give a damn.

Luke Dibbins looks out the drivers window.

Luke Dibbins:

Hey Dukey, woulda look at this idiot. Hey pal! What happent to ya?

Gunther Adler just stares coldly into his eyes. It was pretty clear what happened to him.

Duke Dibbins pops his head forward and looks across the drivers window now.

Duke Dibbins:

I reckon this dickhead had a few too many too!

The Dibbins brothers laugh at their own poor joke. Then Luke Dibbins takes a serious glance at the hulking German.

Luke Dibbins:

Fucker's mute as cousin Clayton! Hey city slicker get outta our organization, ya hear? DEFIANCE is for UTA only.

Duke grins like the toothless shithead he is before agreeing with his brother.

Duke Dibbins:

Yep. Heck, what don't ya just get out of my country too, ya' hear?

Luke nods frantically and then takes another swig of his Coors Light. The Dibbins were buying the good stuff tonight.

Luke Dibbins:

Well?

Adler continues to stare back at The Dibbins. Realizing it's not even worth his time and wanting to go back to his hotel room, he just turns and gets into his car.

As Adler drives away, Duke goes to the back seat of the RV and rolls down the window closest to Adler's vehicle. He tosses his beer bottle at the car but misses like Johnny Manziel trying to hit Josh Gordon on a long winded pass. Probably just as drunk (and high), too.

Duke Dibbins:

Ya gota be kittin me! Almost got him! Missed em by that much!

Luke laughs at Duke and chugs whatever he has left before tossing that bottle out the window and then cracking open another.

I PRESENT TO YOU THE FDC

The sign on the door reads.....

“Wrestle UTA....OBVS!”

A large hand appears and grabs the handle to the door and that hand belongs to none other than Scott Stevens. The Texan twists the knob and enters the locker room of the Hollywood Bruvs and we see Mikey Unlikely standing front and center dressed to the nine.

Scott Stevens:

You wanted to see me Mikey?

Stevens asks as Mikey nods his head..

Mikey Unlikely:

Hey Bruv! First off I wanted to congratulate you on your match with Cayle. WOW! You impressed the hell out of me personally, and even though those unprofessionals, who don't like to see conclusions to matches, screwed you. Even though I can't give you the bounty because technically he still has the title...

Scott Stevens:

I beat him Mikey! It wasn't even close!

The Owner of WrestleUTA tries to calm him down.

Mikey Unlikely:

I know you did Bruv, I know you did! Trust me, I'm not disappointed in you as much as I am in that official. Listen official or not, you're a champion in all our hearts at WrestleUTA, and a champion deserves an award.

Mikey motions to the corner of the room where something large stands under a blanket, He nods for Stevens to check it out. Stevens slowly, and wearily makes his way over before pulling off the cloth. There in all its glory is a gaudy and ridiculous trophy. As the camera zooms in we can see where it was the WrestleUTA "All or Nothing" Trophy but a new nameplate has been lazily screwed over it. It reads "Scott Stevens - Anti-Defiance MVP"

Stevens turns to Mikey with a huge smile on his face. Mikey waves him off.

Mikey Unlikely:

Now before you say anything, I know you appreciate it. Just like I appreciate all of you who fight for my cause. Listen, forget Cayle Murray for now, he'll get what's coming to him. I've got that sowed up. BUT I really need your help with another matter. You game?

Mikey holds out his hand. Stevens doesn't even take time to think. He shakes it.

Scott Stevens:

I'm in! Anything you need.

Unlikely smiles.

Mikey Unlikely:

Great! Lets talk!

The scene fades out from there.

GEARS OF WAR: THE BEGINNING

The scene cuts to The Fuse Bros. walking out of a locker room and heading towards the ring. It's moments before their tag team match against No Justice, No Peace and their DEFIANCE debut on DEFtv 95.

Tyler walks in front. He has a serious demeanor and clearly looks ready to go. He stretches a little as they go down the hall.

Meanwhile, Conor trails behind. He looks anything but ready. He glances up at the ceiling, then down at the floor, then goes to tap his brother on the shoulder but after a second thought, he doesn't. He looks around, goes to nudge his brother... but once again doesn't. Etc. Etc.

Finally, sensing something is up, Tyler stops and turns to face Player Two.

Tyler Fuse:

What?

Conor looks back at the floor.

Conor Fuse:

I... um...

Conor nods.

Conor Fuse:

I'm ready.

Tyler just shrugs and says "okay" before he starts to walk again. They're almost there, anyway.

But Conor's not ready. Not yet. He's still looking all over the place, completely unsure of himself. He goes to tap Tyler but the older brother stops instantly and snaps around before he's touched.

Tyler Fuse:

Okay what is it? I'm not moving until you tell me.

Conor's eyes go back to the floor. It takes him a moment...

Conor Fuse:

You're ready, right?

Tyler Fuse:

[sighing] For the tenth time, I'm ready.

Conor Fuse:

Okay good, I'm ready too.

Before Tyler motions to leave, Conor has more to say...

Conor Fuse:

What kind of system is it again? 16-bit?

Tyler Fuse:

[not impressed] We've been through this. The website artwork suggests it is an 8-bit system, but that shouldn't mean it's easy. Most retro games are difficult. They don't hold your hand through the game play. And, DEFIANCE is the place to be right now.

Conor nods emphatically.

Conor Fuse:

Right, right. [pause] 4-player option?

Tyler Fuse:

Yes, or else we wouldn't have helped Team HOSS.

Conor Fuse:

Online capabilities?

Tyler Fuse:

Yes.

Conor Fuse:

Motion controls?

Tyler Fuse:

Yes.

Conor Fuse:

Game Shark compatible?

Tyler Fuse:

Yes.

Conor Fuse:

Game *Genie* compatible?

Tyler Fuse:

Probably...

Conor Fuse:

Hard-drive or memory card?

Tyler's had enough entertaining obvious answers.

Tyler Fuse:

Look, we'll figure it out, okay? We survived fWo. We will survive this UTA outbreak. Regardless of what system it is, we need to get out there and handle No Justice, No Peace. We need to *play* like the wrestlers we **are**. These gamers... these characters... they need our help. It shouldn't matter what system DEFIANCE is. If we have to save our progress one million times over, we will. The UTA are not nice characters. This is our biggest test yet.

Tyler snaps out of his serious spell, at least just a little, and hits his brother on the shoulder.

Tyler Fuse:

Let's go.

Player One is just about to head towards gorilla and the entrance until he's stopped one final time.

Conor Fuse:

But, but, you're ready, right?

Tyler Fuse:

For the eleventh time now, yes, I'm ready.

Conor nods again, like it's the first time he's hearing it.

Conor Fuse:

Okay good, I'm ready too.

And off they go into the abyss...