

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.

BURGERS AND RIBS

The segment opens abruptly with Scott Douglas walking into a hospital room carrying a slightly stained white paper bag. He moves toward the bed and the camera swings around to reveal the ailing Terry Anderson taking up it's real estate.

Scott Douglas:

Terry...

Scott voice startles Terry out of a nap and he looks around wild eyed for a second. He pieces the situation together quickly and grunts out a greeting as he adjusts himself on the elevated bed, sitting up properly.

Terry Anderson:

Scott.

Scott takes a seat in a chair next the bed, wincing as he lowers himself down. He sets the bag a low end table next to him.

Anderson:

A little worse for the ware, eh?

Douglas scoffs.

Douglas:

You could say that.

Anderson:

Took that strap off you too, I saw.

Douglas:

Thanks for the recap, Terry. Now that we're all caught up on me - how are you?

Anderson:

Ahh, I'm fine ... These damn doctors are the ones who must have been hit over the head! I should've been out of here a week ago.

Douglas, normally very stone faced, seems slightly amused as Terry works himself into a frenzy.

Anderson:

... they just want to rape that insurance, that's all. Man of certain age, twilight years, functional alcoholic, you know - just a bunch buzz word nonsense.

Douglas:

Well, at least you have it all figured out.

An orderly enters the room with a tray of something suspiciously resembling food.

Anderson:

And worst of all ...

Anderson motions toward the incoming meal.

Anderson:

This shit ... I'd kill for some real food.

Terry turns his attention to the orderly, as he sets the tray down and moves the table toward the bed.

Anderson:

Bottle of hooch, a real steak ... name your price, bud.

The orderly just politely laughs at Anderson and makes a quick exit. Terry pokes around at the food with his plastic fork but doesn't attempt to eat any of it. Douglas reaches for the bag he brought in with him.

Douglas:

It's no steak and hooch combo but ...

Douglas lets out a painful grunt as he leans from his chair to give Anderson the bag.

Douglas:

But I imagine it's better that.

Anderson eyes light up and he opens up the grease stained bag. From it he retrieves a small bag of fries and, wrapped in white parchment paper, a burger dripping with grease. With burger in hand he drops the fries and they land in the hospital food. He quickly unwraps the burger and takes a sizeable bite before responding through a mouthful of food.

Anderson:

Enabler.

Douglas smirks.

Douglas:

You've been killing yourself long before I ever met you. This is a single drop of water in an incredibly vast ocean.

Anderson:

Mmmm ... yeah, whatever. How's the Asian kid?

Douglas shakes his head at Terry's crassness.

Douglas:

Kerry is good. They were thinking shoulder surgery but he opted for stem cell therapy and apparently he responded well.

Anderson: *[chewing]*

Baby killer.

Douglas:

That's .. not how that works, Terry. He should be back for the next TV.

Anderson pauses his eating, satiated for the moment, with grease dripping down his face.

Anderson:

So what's next for you, kid? ... And don't give me ANY of this shit about revenge or retribution. The SoHer is done, it's gone. You carried it nearly a year ... it's time to aim a little higher.

Douglas:

As much as I appreciate the advice ... from a bed ridden old timer with burger grease dripping down his wrinkled face; I don't know what's next. I'm not even cleared yet.

Anderson glares at Douglas for a second before returning to stuffing his face.

Douglas:

I've got an appointment with Iris in a couple of weeks. You know how rib's are ...

Anderson:

Ahhh, RIBS! That's what this burger needs!

Douglas nearly lets out a full on laugh as the camera fades as the two continue to bullshit with one another.

BRAZEN RISE TAG LEAGUE: WEEK ONE

Cue the lovely HEAD BOOKAH of all things BRAZEN, Angus Skaaland sitting behind the UNCUT desk ready to bring coverage of the first ever RISE Tag League.

Angus Skaaland:

S'up, bitches? Angus Skaaland here ready to talk about my latest brainchild, the BRAZEN RISE Tag League. Considering that DEFIANCE's Tag Team Division is BAMF from top to bottom, I'm giving five of our teams the chance to step up and grab the brass ring, so to speak. I've consulted my trusty rule book...

Angus pulls out a bottle of Jack Daniels from underneath the desk. He puts it on the table and continues.

Angus Skaaland:

The rules go a little something like this... these teams will beat on one another for my amusement in round robin style over the next five shows. Two points for a win, one point for a draw and zero for losing like a bitch. The top two teams with the most points in the league are going to compete in the finals at our next Clash of the BRAZEN Special. The winners get a \$25,000 check that is actually good, probably some trophies or some shit, and of course, full-time contracts to the DEFIANCE brand.

He pours himself a little sampling of the "rule book" and has a drink.

Angus Skaaland:

Man, officiating tastes great. Okay, let's roll with the action!

THE DUNSON CLAN (Richie and Todd w/Paul Dunson) VS. WRESTLEFRIENDS ("Manpower" Jack Mace and "Bantam" Ryan Batts)

The first match of the RISE Tag League kicked off with "Turn The Page" by Metallica and out came Paul, Richie and Todd getting a mixed reaction from the crowd. Paul chastised his sons the entire way to the ring, yelling for them to not forget their training.

"Come Together" by Gary Clark Jr. was the lead in for the massive "Manpower" Jack Mace and the twelve-year vet, "Bantam" Ryan Batts. The crowd cheered no doubt in part because of their alignment to popular former FIST of DEFIANCE champion "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns!

Batts and Richie Dunson shook hands and exchanged holds... Bantam was QUICK and for the first couple minutes, took control with armlocks no doubt taught by Burns himself. A nearfall off a crucifix was enough for Paul to try his luck, but Jack Mace biel threw him around a few times, hit a delayed scoop slam and tagged Batts in with a Slingshot Senton for a nearfall!

Eventually, a distraction from Paul Dunson led to Richie almost stealing the win with a DDT. Jack Mace tagged in and ran through the Dunson Clan with a Powerslam on Richie, a corner Splash on Todd, then a running Dropkick on both! After Richie was wiped out with a Thesz Press called the Piccadilly Press, he hoisted him up for the Big Friendly Hug (Canadian Backbreaker Rack)! Todd tried to save his bro, only for Batts to catch him with his Crossface hold called Criss Cross Applesauce for the double tapout and two points!

WINNER: WrestleFriends (Mace over Richie) at 5:14 via submission with Big Friendly Hug

STRONG STYLE STRANGLERS (Hart and Ridgway w/Brody) VS. LOUISIANA BULLDOGS (Oliver and Denver Brandt)

The crowd popped as soon as "Fight Like This" by Decyfer Down hit, leading to Denver and Oliver Brandt making their way out from the back. They high-five the fans and got ready for their match.

Mudvayne's "Cradle" hit and the outcast trio known as the Strong Style Strangers came out. Backed by Brody,

members Ridgway and Hart would be taking up the mantle for the team tonight.

Denver wasted no time shooting on Hart with a double leg and went for an ankle, but Hart clipped him with an Enzuigiri. Hart tried to take advantage, but Denver tagged Big Olly who threw him with an Overhead Belly to Belly! Ridgway tried saving his partner with a dive, only to eat a German from Denver!

The Suplex barrage only saved the brothers for so long until Ridgway went high-risk, busting out a No-Hands Somersault Dive to wipe out Denver! Big Brody got in cheapshots on Denver on the outside and allowed Ridgway and Hart to bust out a Double Flapjack, Corner Dropkicks, and a double Facewash in the corner. The crowd rallied behind the Bulldogs when Big Olly riled up the crowd. The opening finally came when a Swanton Bomb got met with knees!

TAG TO OLLY!

From there, Oliver took down Ridgway with Rolling Germans ending in a bridge before Hart interrupted. Hart took him down with a vicious Corkscrew Neckbreaker and the two tried another double-team, however Denver got back in and surprised Ridgway with a Saito Suplex! In all the chaos, Oliver caught Hart with an Oklahoma Roll for the Three!

WINNER: Louisiana Bulldogs (Oliver Brandt over Hart) via pinfall with Oklahoma Roll at 11:14

The crowd celebrated, but post-match, Brody intervened and laid out Oliver with a HUGE Powerbomb! Denver tried to help his brother and got a Spike Piledriver from Hart and Ridgway for his trouble! The Strangers walked away without points, but tonight they walked away under their own power unlike their opponents.

Back to Angus at the desk.

Angus Skaaland:

And that does it for week one. Them goody-goods, The WrestleFriends, beat the Dunsons. Strong Style Strangers lived up to their name and choked tonight... but man, them Louisiana Bulldogs got MOLLYWOPPED for not leaving the ring soon enough. Maybe this will be the wake-up call the Strangers need to focus on winning. Speaking of, fire up this clip of our final team, Gentlemen's Agreement, making their debut next week against the Louisiana Bulldogs... or what's left of them...

Cue clip.

Lord Sewell:

Hmph... THIS is the competition we have next? Some painted-up toerags, a couple of imbeciles in the WrestleFriends... The Dunson Clan who aren't even in the same book, let alone the same page and our opponents next show... the Bulldogs. Tell me, Oliver, are you impressed by these inbred swamp rats?

OTM:

...Not in the least.

Lord Sewell:

Well, then... in two weeks, we say hello to our first two points.

And back to Angus one last time.

Angus Skaaland:

They're ready to break limbs and get a contract, so let's see that happen. I'll leave you with the final standings and I'll see you in two weeks for more of the BRAZEN RISE Tag League!

BRAZEN RISE TAG LEAGUE STANDINGS

WrestleFriends - 2 pts (1-0)

Louisiana Bulldogs - 2 pts (1-0)

Strong Style Strangers - 0 pts (0-1)

Dunson Clan - 0 pts (0-1)

Gentlemen's Agreement - 0 pts (0-0)