

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.

BRAZEN RISE TAG LEAGUE: WEEK THREE

With week three of the BRAZEN RISE Tag League about to be presented, Angus Skaaland has a couple of empty bottles of Jack on the desk and nods to the camera.

Angus Skaaland:

Hello, hello, I'm Angus Skaaland and we're about to go to week three of the BRAZEN RISE Tag League and I'm looking forward to this one. We have more or less a four-way tie for first and right now, it's literally anybody's game - well, except the Dunsons, who need to get their heads out of their asses, otherwise, they'll be spending some more time working the curtains.

He pauses.

Angus Skaaland:

I've been told by brass that I can't have my alcoh... rule book present for the remainder of the tournament, but I'm going to consult the actual one right now in the event that we have some sort of tie at the end.

Angus grabs a thick black hardcore book marked "BRAZEN Rule Book" and holds it up to his face... audible drinking can be heard before he takes a breath.

Angus Skaaland:

Awww, yeah, daddy likey the rules.

He puts the book and the horribly hidden flask inside the book back before he continues.

Angus Skaaland:

Right. In the event where we run into a tie at the end of the matches, a special playoff match will occur between those teams. Our matches tonight are The Strong Style Stranglers fighting Gentlemen's Agreement in a match of men with questionable moral fiber... aka my people. And in the other side, The Dunson Clan try to get on the board against the 1-1 Louisiana Bulldogs. Let's go to the ring, suckas.

LOUISIANA BULLDOGS (Oliver and Denver Brandt) VS. THE DUNSON CLAN (Paul and Richie Dunson w/Todd Dunson)

The first match of Week Three for 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, saying to follow his example. Richie nodded while Paul rolled his eyes.

The fans then cheered for The Louisiana Bulldogs as Decyfer Down's "Fight Like This" played them to the ring. After a setback last show against Gentlemen's Agreement, Big Olly and the Gulf Coast Crippler were ready to go tonight and had a chance to put themselves in the lead with a victory tonight.

The 57-year-old Dunson tried to keep up with Denver Brandt at the onset, but the Gulf Coast Crippler took BRAZEN'S oldest active competitor down with a big Waistlock Takedown. He switched to a Gator Roll and almost got the win right away with Richie leaped into the ring and Dropkicked him in the face!

From there, Richie tried to steal the win with an Inside Cradle, a Backslide and a cheeky Roll-up, getting a series of two-counts. The Dunsons were desperate to get on the board tonight and Richie tagged in Paul. The two men double-teamed Denver with a Double Back Elbow followed by a Springboard Moonsault, which nearly gave Paul the win. Paul tried a DDT, but Denver reversed it and nailed a ROLLING Northern Lights Suplex for two!

The tag was made to Oliver Brandt and the bigger of the two brothers rolled right through Paul with a huge Bridging German Suplex, broken up by Richie. Both Dunsons tried to double-team Oliver, only for Denver to make the save and allow both brothers to hit stereo Exploder Suplexes! Todd looked irritated at ringside as Oliver grabbed Paul and SPIKED him into the mat with a Wrist-Clutch Exploder! A family special called The Brandt-plex '18!

WINNER: The Louisiana Bulldogs (Oliver over Paul Dunson) via pin with Brandt-Plex '18 at 6:38

STRONG STYLE STRANGLERS (Ridgway and Brody w/Hart) VS. GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT (Lord Sewell and Oliver Tarquin Monroe)

The next match pitted two of the most notorious personalities in the League. "Land of Hope and Glory" played out Lord Sewell and Oliver Tarquin Monroe. They got boos from the crowd, but they paid them no mind as they entered the ring.

"Cradle" by Mudvayne meant the Strong Style Stranglers arrived. This time, Brody and Ridgway fought for the team, meaning a blend of power and insane risk taking respectively was coming for them.

But it was OTM surprising the duo as he and Lord Sewell attacked at the bell, knocking Brody off the apron and locking a double Fujiwara Armbar on Ridgway! Those few seconds gave them the lead and while Hart yelled from outside, Sewell and OTM didn't care. They worked over Ridgway's arm for a few minutes with a succession of Armbar and Keylock variants.

Brody tried to come in at one point, but OTM showed athletic prowess and landed a Springboard Dropkick to knock him off the apron! Ridgway used the moment, landing a Jumping Enzuigiri on Oliver and Headbutting Lord Sewell between the eyes, busting him open in the process!

Brody finally made the tag and it was hard for either Lord Sewell or Monroe to stop him. Shoulder Blocks, Powerslams and even a massive Spinebuster almost ended OTM when Sewell made the save. Bloody, but fighting, Sewell ddt'ed Brody and had the Naval Command (Full Nelson STF) locked when Ridgway broke it up with a Senton Bomb of all things! Brody freed himself and as Ridgway wiped OTM out with a Corkscrew Plancha, the bloody Sewell was spiked with The Purge (Leg Hook Belly to Back Suplex) for the three-count and two more points! And though both teams weren't fan favorites by any means, they got a few cheers for the match itself.

WINNER: Strong Style Stranglers (Brody over Lord Sewell) with The Purge at 14:15

Snap back to the studio, whoop there goes Angus.

Angus Skaaland:

Damn, that was great! Sewell got bloodied but that old Brit has some FIGHT! And like I said earlier, things got shook up and now, we've got new leaders! Louisiana Bulldogs bounce back and have control of the block with Strong Style Stranglers right behind them, both teams now 2-1 and four points each. Sitting out the action this week is WrestleFriends, but those Burns-trained whackadoos are gonna say some words about tonight. They got two matches to go and need to make them both count!

Cut to clip of WrestleFriends - "Manpower" Jack Mace and "Bantam" Ryan Batts.

Ryan Batts:

Damn, who knew Sewell had that in him?

Jack Mace:

Woweeeeee wow wow, mate! Them Strangler boys got that number advantage and that's what got us, too. That's not very WrestleFriendly.

Ryan Batts:

No worries, Jack. We've got Louisiana Bulldogs next week and they don't seem the type, so the chances of them using what the kids call a (air quotes) "run-in" are slim to nil.

Jack Mace:

Mates, you may control the block right now, but when Battsy and I see you in that ring, we're comin' for them points! We're gonna make Burnsie proud and get to the DEFIANCE roster!

Ryan Batts:

LET OUR WRESTLEFRIENDS POWERS COMBINE!

Jack Mace:

Fighting Spirit!

Ryan Batts:

Graps!

Jack Mace:

Hossing!

Ryan Batts:

Flippy things!

Ryan Batts and Jack Mace:

HEART! GOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO WRESTLEFRIENDS!

And back to Angus... blank stare on his face.

Angus Skaaland:

,...Jesus. I'm out. Standings.

BRAZEN RISE TAG LEAGUE STANDINGS

Louisiana Bulldogs - 4 pts (2-1)
Strong Style Stranglers - 4 pts (2-1)

WrestleFriends - 2 pts (1-1)
Gentlemen's Agreement - 2 pts (1-1)
Dunson Clan - 0 pts (0-2)

INJURED BROS

Cut to Terry "The Idol" Anderson, bellied up to the bar at The Holy Ground. The bartender sets a new full glass down in front of him as Kerry Kuroyama approaches from behind. Kerry pulls out a seat and sits down as Andersons picks up the new drink.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Terry.

Scott sips and responds.

Terry Anderson:

Kerry! Hey hows goes it, bud!?

Kerry plants his elbows on the bar, his hand clasped and cranes his neck to his right to look toward Terry. Just then Scott Douglas passes behind the pair and just off camera the stuttering sound of a bar stool dragging across the floor can be heard. The camera maneuvers around to catch a better angle, with all three now in the shot.

Kerry:

Scott.

Scott:

Kerry. Terry.

Terry whips his head to the right to see Scott.

Terry:

Scotty! How the hell are you!?

Scott:

I've seen better days. Seen worse.

Drinks miraculously appear by the hand of what must be a patron saint in the making. Arriving with nothing more than the dull clink of glass on the wooden bar top.

Kerry:

I'll drink to that.

Kerry will or would but instead he is forced to set his glass back down and retrieve a handkerchief for the coughing fit he finds himself in the middle of. Terry whips his head back toward Kerry with a concerned look spread across his face.

Scott leans forward to collect his poison from the bar top and winces with the motion. Terry whips his head back toward Scott.

Terry:

Well shit, boys. The two of you are fucked!

In unison, Scott and Kerry respond.

Scott & Kerry:

I'm FINE!

Terry:

Ok! Ok ... Don't bite my head off ... I won't say another word.

Terry returns to his drink, briefly. Scott and Kerry settle in.

Terry:

But I do have to say!

He motions toward Kerry and his now bloody handkerchief.

Terry:

Doc Holiday, here, took a hell of an asswhooping last week, fresh off an injury ... if I may add. AND you ... your ribs haven't have been fucked since ... what War Games!? Hell before that --

Terry continues in mocking tone.

Terry:

Shhh ... just tell Iris. I know. I know.

Terry swigs from his highball glass.

Terry:

For fucksake ... you boys ever thought of not getting the shit kicked out of you!?

The outside pair turn, left and right respectively, to look directly toward Terry. Terry is oblivious.

Terry:

But hell, what do I know? I just got out the goddamn hospital myself!

Terry slings the rest of the drink down his gullet with a chuckle and stands up from the bar.

Terry:

I can't tear it up with you boys tonight.

He looks toward Kerry once more.

Terry:

Or in your case ... paint the town red. But ... I'll catch you boys on the comeback!

With two big bear paws for hands Terry slaps Scott and Kerry on the left and right shoulder, respectively. Scott winces in pain and Kerry goes into another coughing fit.

And with that Terry is gone and the previously unseen bartender is now suddenly seen.

Bartender:

He said you guys had him covered ...

Kerry looks at Scott and vice versa before they turn back to the bartender. Scott lifts a leg up off the bar stool retrieving his wallet, clenching his teeth in response to the pain. He pulls a card out and hands it to the bartender, who disappeared as quickly and mysteriously as she arrived.

Kerry:

You know, might be a little easier - just keep that in your jacket pocket, Scott.

Scott:

Sure. Now, get your tuberculosis soaked rag of the bar, 1900's boat captain.

The pair, stoic as ever, break just a little as the left and right corners of their mouths, respectively - raises ever so

much but conveniently outside the view of the other. The pair reach for the drinks - Douglas winces, Kerry - realizes his handkerchief is on the bar and snatches it with the other hand.

Fade out on the injured enjoying hard liquor and the effects there in.

UNCUT INTERVIEW: "TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS

The scene opens to a well-lit interview room where DEFIANCE's crack reporter (as opposed to a reporter who could be an actual crack addict) Lance Warner, sitting down and looking dapper/professional as ever.

Lance Warner:

Hello, everybody. I'm Lance Warner and welcome to tonight's edition of UNCUT. With me for a special sit-down interview as promised is the former FIST of DEFIANCE... "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns.

The camera pans across from him and for the first time since Ascension, the energetic and talented New Zealander looks anything but. Wearing an All Blacks Rugby jersey and blue jeans, the normally prim and proper Burns looks like he hasn't seen much sun in about a month looking a shade more pale than he usually does, in addition to having a scraggly beard (opposed to his neat mustache) and his hair tied up in a ponytail. His body language suggests uneasiness.

Lance Warner:

Oscar, thanks for taking the time to speak to us.

Oscar Burns:

GC, thanks for having me...

He stops to cough a bit - no doubt the remnants of Scott Stevens' handiwork.

Lance Warner:

It's been almost two months since we've heard from you and we understand the road to recovery hasn't been easy for you at all.

Oscar Burns:

Understatement of the year, mate... [coughs] I had to have two surgeries on my throat to fix the damage. It's hard yakka being able to even talk... but I'm doing okay.

Lance nods.

Lance Warner:

On our last episode of UNCUT, we showed the footage of what happened with you at the hands of Scott Stevens.

Burns shakes his head.

Lance Warner:

Walk us through that.

Oscar Burns:

Well... it was scary as shit, mate, how do you think it was? I had Stevens DEAD to rights. He was going to tap out... then next thing I know, I had a ring bell hammer taken to my throat, I got spiked on my head... Mate, it was terrifying. Losing the FIST of DEFIANCE was AWFUL... but what happened after...

Burns visibly shudders at the thought. Lance, sensing a bad line of questioning, moves on.

Lance Warner:

Let's talk about your recovery... how has that been for you and any word yet on when you may be able to come back?

The Technical Spectacle shakes his head.

Oscar Burns:

Right now, I've... [coughs] ...I've got one more check-up at the end of the month and then they'll go from there. The

original prognosis was about two-three months, but now they're saying it may be longer. I... oy, GC, sorry. This is dog's bollocks, it really is...

Another coughing fit erupts while Lance hands him a handkerchief. Burns takes a moment to stop and takes a drink from his bottled water. After taking another moment to compose himself, Burns continues.

Oscar Burns:

Thanks, Lance....

He takes in another few breaths.

Oscar Burns:

Look... I think I'm gonna cut this short.

Lance Warner:

Very well. Any final words that you'd like to say before we wrap this up?

Oscar Burns:

I do. I want one person to hear what I have to say...

Burns focuses his gaze right into the camera.

Oscar Burns:

Scott. Stevens. You know I'm a gent of fair play and I won't change that for anybody, and it's only fair you get ONE warning...

He leans closer.

Oscar Burns:

I promise you, GC... when I can get cleared for competition, I'm coming back for two things: MY title and YOUR head.

After taking another breath, he slowly rises from his seat and shakes Lance's hand.

Lance Warner:

There you have it, words from the former champ himself. I'm Lance Warner and everybody have a good night.

UNCUT EXCLUSIVE MATCH: THUGS 4 HIRE VS. THE SAFETY PATROL

DDK:

Thanks for joining us tonight for this UNCUT Exclusive. Coming up next, we've got more BRAZEN Tag Team action outside the RISE Tag League! We're bringing to you The Safety Patrol of looking to take on Thugs 4 Hire.

Angus:

It's been a while since we've seen the Thugs, but The Safety Patrol are... something. A bunch of gorram dorks here.

DDK:

And with BRAZEN in full swing, we're seeing more and more of BRAZEN's finest coming out of the woodwork looking for opportunities. Let's go to ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

The following is a tag team contest set for one fall! Introducing first, being accompanied to the ring by Sgt. Safety... weighing in at a combined weight of 491 pounds... they are the team of Dick Flanagan and Jeff Belltron... **THE SAFETY POLICE!**

The sounds of... nothing play out a trio that's already getting jeers from the audience. Sgt. Safety holding a clipboard and decibel meter, yelling at some fans to quiet down. The 6'2" and 242-pound Dick Flanagan and the 6'5" and 249-pound Jeff Belltron holding a timeclock, ready to get to work.

DDK:

What can you tell us about these guys, Angus?

Angus:

God, these guys are bigger dorks than the WrestleFriends. They don't like fun. Or noise. Or anything. And they're straight out of 90's Saturday morning wrestling. Sgt. Safety is obsessed with proper safety protocol and probably the only breast he's ever touched was from KFC.

As they roll in the ring. Sgt. Safety takes the microphone of Darren Quimbey. Belltron and Flanagan both stand next to the group's leader.

Sgt. Safety:

All right, I'm going to need everybody to close their mouths and listen up! DEFIANCE is in danger!

Naturally, when dickheads tell wrestling fans to quiet down, they naturally get louder and wouldn't you know it, that's what happens here. A fact Sgt. Safety does not like.

Sgt. Safety:

We are under attack once again by the remnants of the UTA organization... and so, as the leading expert in all things safety in DEFIANCE, I will need you all to silence your mouths and cell phones and listen to what I am saying! Following this match, Mr. Flanagan and Mr. Belltron are going to direct you to...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Sgt. Safety:

Stop booing, this is for your own good! After this match, I will tell you now that exits are there, there, and up there. I'm gonna need all of you to go home In an orderly fashion, of course, and actually get your noses out of your phones when you do.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Well, I don't know if he's being facetious or not, but the fact that he's worried about DEFIANCE does suggest he cares... he could be a little nicer about it.

Sgt. Safety buries his face in his hand and shakes his head.

Sgt. Safety:

Okay, pardon my language now, but I am NOT a happy camper! First off, we're going to deal with those barbarians, Thugs 4 Hire, then we'll help you all out because clearly, you're all slow and incapable of taking direction!

The crowd continues booing Sgt. Safety as Belltron and Flanagan gesture towards various exits in the arena. This carries on until...

♪ "Regulate (Photek Remix)" by Warren G. feat. Nate Dogg ♪

The fans haven't been so happy to hear the remix of Regulate as both members of Thugs 4 Hire come out from the back to a good response. Emilio Boyd tipping his hat and Hurtlocker Holt looking badass as usual, with what looks to be a donation box in hand.

DDK:

I think the fans have already heard enough of The Safety Police. Here comes Thugs 4 Hire getting a polite response.

Angus:

Beat these nerds up!

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... weighing in at a combined weight of 523 pounds... nds, the team of Hurtlocker Holt and Emilio "The Pigeon" Boyd... **THUGS 4 HIRE!**

The two walk halfway down the ramp and the music cuts as both Holt and Boyd have mics.

Emilio Boyd:

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey! Hold up! Cap'n Dipshit over there's just tryin' to help y'all's out!

The crowd laughs as Sgt. Safety angrily starts yelling at the two off-mic.

Emilio Boyd:

Yo, Holt.

Hurtlocker Holt:

Yeah?

Emilio Boyd:

Yo, Holt.

Hurtlocker Holt:

YEAH?

Emilio Boyd:

Feelin' like doin' somethin' nice?

Hurtlocker Holt:

...Yeah.

Boyd then points at the ring.

Emilio Boyd:

Now, everybody knows that T4H... we about that money, right? And we still are, but man, we're tired of sittin' on the sidelines. There's a LOTTA bullshit runnin' up in our home with this new UTA crew poppin', so Hurt and I, we're gonna

do our part to help get rid of talkin' assholes wasting all our time instead of handlin' business in that ring! So tonight, here's what we gonna do...

He holds out the donation box.

Emilio Boyd:

If y'all are tired of seein' these assholes run they mouths instead of fightin', we are accepting donations! Help us help you by payin' us to kick they ass!

Sgt. Safety:

Excuse me? These fans will be doing no such thing, Mr. Boyd! They're...

As soon as he says that, some of the fans in the nearby front row produce a few bills from their pockets and fill the donation box quickly as Boyd walks the aisle with it. He laughs as a few fans throw bills into the box.

Sgt. Safety:

SAVAGES!

DDK:

I can't say I've seen this before. Holt and Boyd turning over a new leaf and I think people wanna see them fight the Safety Patrol.

Angus:

I'll pay them right now...

Angus does just that as he runs from his announce position and runs down to meet T4H at the ramp, giving them a twenty. Holt and Boyd give him a thumbs up before he returns to the desk.

Sgt. Safety:

What... what? You're out here promoting paying for violence? What kind of message is that to the DEFIANCE faithful! Surely they didn't come here for that!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

Emilio Byrd:

Apparently, they did, son. [peeks into donation box] And I think we FINALLY got enough here to whoop they ass, what you think, Hurt?

He looks in the box and gives Bird the thumbs up. The crowd cheers as the match finally begins...

DING DING DING

DDK:

We've finally got this underway and... OUCH!

Flanagan and Belltron both attack T4H as they slide into the ring and start putting the boots to the pair as they rise. They both attack and push both members of the group up to their feet before using a Double Irish Whip. Sgt. Safety cheers on his boys as they try stereo Clotheslines, only for both Boyd and Holt to duck. When they come back...

Angus:

BEAT UP THE DORKS!

DDK:

Boyd with the Flying Shoulder Tackle and Holt with the Running Clothesline, just DRIVING through The Safety Patrol!

The crowd cheers as both Boyd and Holt stand up and soak in the crowd reaction. They focus on Flanagan and beat him down. They send the Timeclock Cowboy into the ropes and bowl him right over with a Double Shoulder Block that sends him flying!

Belltron gets back up and cracks Holt in the head with a few good rights and then the same goes for Boyd. He tries to take them both on with right hands for each man until he runs the ropes...

DDK:

OOOOOOOOOOOOH! What a punch from Boyd!

Angus:

Boyd calls that The Wind-up!

Boyd decks him with a right that echoes through the Wrestleplex and knocks Belltron flat out while Sgt. Safety looks on, horrified at his guys getting picked apart. Boyd goes back to his corner as Hurtlocker Holt then focuses back on Dick Flanagan. He tries to charge at him with a big shot, but Flanagan moves, leaving him to hit nothing but turnbuckle. Flanagan rises to the second rope and balls his fists together.

DDK:

And there's the Sledgehammer! That Diving Double Axehandle!

After knocking down big Holt, Flanagan goes for the pin on Holt as Sgt. Safety cheers him on.

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Boyd with the save! This one isn't really going by tag rules too much and looks more like a fight!

Boyd picks up Flanagan and pops him with a few jabs, but Dick rakes the eyes, acting like his namesake. After stunning him, he runs the ropes but when he comes back again, he gets caught by Holt, now on his feet...

Angus:

SEMPER FIGHT! That's his version of the Chokeslam

The ring rattles from the impact as Belltron finally tries to attack both men, only for Holt to duck and catch him up for a Belly to Back Suplex, holding on. Byrd then returns to the corner, quickly tags Holt, then climbs to the top rope lickety split...

Angus:

BUSINESS IS GOOD, SON!

DDK:

Eh?

Angus:

They've been working on this double-team move for a while! And I think Belltron's head went into the second row!

Slater counts the fall as Boyd pins after the Diving Lariat/Back Suplex combo.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **THUGS 4 HIRE!**

DDK:

What an emphatic victory for Thugs 4 Hire, who looked really good in the ring tonight!

Angus:

Money well spent, Keebs. I can rest easy now. T4H looked good out there too. Better than I've ever seen.

Sgt. Safety looks completely mortified that Thugs 4 Hire practically mopped the floor with his goons and got cheered for doing it. Emilio puts his hat back on and tips it to the crowd. Meanwhile, Hurtlocker Holt looks at the time clock the two brought out and picks it up before giving it to Emilio. He looks at it and tosses it aside.

Emilio Boyd:

Beer o'clock, fam?

Hurtlocker Holt:

Yeah!

The two dap fists and salute the crowd before taking their leave.

DDK:

Thugs 4 Hire can make a play in the tag division if they keep this up!

Angus:

We can use more guys kicking ass. I'm all for it.