

SHOW OPEN

The screen fades up from black ...

Energetic music begins to fade up ...

A glitch effect, accompanied by a digital glitch sound effect ushers in the UNCUT logo with a slow dissolve.



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

THIS.

IS.

UNCUT.

TERRY ANDERSON, PIdol

The Holy Ground. We've seen it. The aging green bar top, a smattering of drunks chained to their vice. In the back corner, Terry "The P-Idol" Anderson has taken up residence and made this particular booth his office. The dim setting is slightly altered by the yellow hue of a desk lamp that beams down on the paperwork in front of the aging Anderson, cloaking the would-be detective in shadows.

Terry fumbles through some pages, searching for something ... he searches increasingly more frantically as if he has lost the missing piece of the puzzle.

A waitress approaches carrying an empty serving tray. As she reaches Terry, she folds the round tray under her arm, holding it in place while addressing "The Idol" with a little more than a bit of disdain in her delivery.

Waitress:

I've already told you ... you can't -- whatever this is, here!

Terry pays her no mind and continues his diligent search until ... eureka. The vital item that could crack this case wide open is suddenly found.

Waitress:

All that for your cigarettes?

It was. He lost his cigarettes, a harrowing moment for any so disposed. He pulls one from the nearly crushed pack and places it between his lips, only for the search to suddenly begin again. Twice as frantic.

Waitress:

Your lighter is right there.

She points it out and Anderson calms instantly. He picks up the brass colored zippo lighter from next to his out of place lamp.

Almost as if the knowledge that he can smoke is enough within itself, Anderson doesn't rush to light it. Instead, with the unlit cigarette stuck to his bottom lip -- dangling, as he addresses the waitress finally.

Terry Anderson:

Thank you, kindly.

With the lighting implement still in his hand, he clinks it against the highball glass as he clutches it and lifts it to his mouth. He downs the brown liquid within and holds the glass toward the waitress.

Anderson:

As long as I'm drinking ... and upright. I can be here.

The waitress takes the glass, nearly snatching it, rolling her eyes as he walks away ... though not without one last jab.

Waitress:

... you can't smoke in here!

The blood drains from Terry's face as his eyes widen and his shoulders drop in defeat.

The cigarette's saliva-based adhesive let's loose and the cigarette drops out of sight.

Anderson:

... *son of a* --

Suddenly the view goes dark and out of focus. A man in black has passed by the camera, quickly, but too close. The focus and white balance even out to reveal "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio sitting across the table from Terry Anderson.

Black suit, black shirt ... obviously black mask.

Anderson:

Vicky, baby! We weren't supposed to meet until next week!

The waitress returns before Victor can respond, she places Terry's newly full glass down on the table with some attitude. It nearly splashes out of the deceptively named high ball and turns her attention toward Victor.

He doesn't acknowledge her and continues to stare directly at the liquored up Anderson.

Waitress:

... you want something?

Vacio slowly turns his masked visage toward her but gives her no response to accompany his dead eyed look.

Waitress:

That's ... a no?

She waits for a moment looking for a response, but it becomes obvious she is over anything going on at this table. She turns away from her least favorite table as Anderson goes to light that previously lost cigarette.

Schiick

From a distance, the frustrated waitress lays down the law.

Waitress:

NO SMOKING!

Anderson looks toward the voice in the distance as he extinguishes the flame, flipping the zippo's cap back over. He reluctantly turns his attention back to Victor Vacio.

Anderson:

Ok, so look ... I don't have it all worked out just yet.

Anderson nervously takes a sip ... well, a gulp of his drink, seemingly to buy time.

Anderson:

Ok, your good. I ... got nothing. The man never speaks! It's tough to get any real information on ... well a ... Mute FREAK!

Vacio stares on, silent and emotionless.

Anderson:

Ok, you're right. You're right. That probably isn't politically correct. I'm just saying, I'm having a tough time putting this all together ... but --

Anderson leans in and speaks a lower more clandestine volume.

Anderson:

-- I'm on to something. I'm so close to cracking this whole thing wide open, Vic!

He leans back, confident.

Anderson:

WIDE OPEN!

Victor still doesn't respond nor change his expression... at least the portion of his expression we can see.

Anderson's false bravado crumbles under Vacio's stone-like gaze. He tosses the zippo on the table and holds his hands up, as if Vacio were the authorities. Federalies, maybe?

Anderson:

Ok ... ok, you got me! You ... *[chuckles]* You ARE GOOD, my friend! You are good!

Anderson grabs his glass and sips once more. Waving it around as he speaks, the limited amount of its contents left, swishing from side to side... he hopes much like a stopwatch in front of a hypnosis mark.

Anderson:

Look, I don't have anything right now ... perse' ... That's French, by the way, you know when in Rome ...

Anderson chuckles. Nothing from Vacio.

Anderson:

I mean, I know we aren't in Rome, obviously ... but HEY! NOLA ... nah mean, sherie? N'aaaawwwlins, Étouffée ... levys and such... ah, TREME! That was a good one!

Anderson takes another big gulp, finishing off his glass. As the glass so near to his face changes his eyes focus, he deeply wishes when it's pulled back down ... Vacio would have already vanished.

It's obvious he has nothing and Victor knows it ... It's written all over his face in that it's a blank page. A masked blank page, but still.

Suddenly and without warning, Vacio slides out of the booth and exits. Not a word spoken.

Terry sighs deeply ... he knows he has to get something for Vacio and soon. He can't shuck and jive forever, he's not sure if that even worked this time. He sure as hell can't return the money, as it's long been spent. He contemplates it for a second and as his anxiety builds he begins searching for his lighter once more.

Voice:

Need a paddle?

Anderson responds without looking up from his yellow lamp-lit table.

Anderson:

WHAT!?

Voice:

Obviously, you up shit's creek ... I was wondering if you need a paddle.

Anderson looks up to find Scott Douglas, drink in hand ... lit cigarette in his mouth. Terry rolls his eyes as he responds.

Anderson:

You're one to talk, bud! By the WAY ... you know you can't smo -- ...

Terry stops himself as the waitress comes by, taking the near empty glass from Douglas and replacing it with a fresh beverage as he exhales a deep plume of smoke.

Anderson:

WHAT THE HELL!?

Douglas shrugs and responds.

Douglas:

Some places ... I still have a paddle, Terry.

Douglas takes a seat and slides Terry his plastic gas station lighter. It glides across the heavily lacquered wood table before skipping across the papers raised edges and ultimately stopping short. Terry reaches out to receive this somewhat kind, if not passive-aggressive gesture ...

BAM!

Douglas reaches across the table, slamming his hand down over the lighter before Terry can take it.

Douglas:

I'm going to need some answers too.

Cut to the next segment.

RETURN TO DEFIANCE 5:00-10:00

Minutes after DEFTV 138 went off the air, we are joined by the returning ToyBox...but do they really realize they are back? Last we saw the duo, they were heading for the concession area. After wandering aimlessly through the main event of Malak Garland Vs Minute. The ooh's and ahhh's of the events have faded as those that have snuck away after Minute had walked out on the Titans. The Faithful who try to see who can get to their cars quicker race to the exit. However, some stop by to see The Toybox wandering aimlessly through the concession area. Both siblings still in utter shock at what has transpired with their own issues.

Some fans take a few pictures of the disoriented siblings, as they wander behind a secure entrance where The Faithful can not go. The duo now heading for the area of the DefPlex that the talent spends the majority of their time. The duo finds a table with towels lined in a row. Perhaps to wipe the sweat off from a wrestling match. Dandelion garbs a towel and beginnings to dry herself off, Jestal whose face paint looks like his face is melting off now from the water takes one from his sister.

As the siblings dry themselves off, Dandelion looks around and motions at Jestal with some sign language. Jestal face still buried in the towel as he presses down to reveal his eyes. He looks around and responds kindly to his sister.

Jestal:

Yes, it would appear we're back here again?

Dandelion wipes her arms off and continues with some hand gestures toward her brother.

Jestal:

That is what I would like to know. The last thing I remember was we were leaving Acts o Defiance after we lost our most prized possessions to those Stevens guys...Then this ride that spun us in circles really fast.

Dandelion jumps for joy, Jestal looks at her with a smile also.

Jestal:

Yea, it was a riot! Where to go? Who to meet?

Dandelion does a bad impression of Bo Stevens for a moment.

Jestal:

Good idea, they were supposed to keep our blondies safe let's see if we can find them and get them back.

Dandelion nods quickly in agreement.

The duo walks down the corridor, countless Defiants walk past them some whisper some roll their eyes. However, Dandelion and Jestal just stare at a few of them not recognizing them at all. Dandelion looks down at her brother and waves her right hand around.

Jestal:

You have got me....just who are these people?

Dandelion stops infatuated with the wall and a poster taped to it. Jestal continues to walk not realizing his sister is no longer walking next to him.

Jestal:

This is strange Dani...Dani...Dani?

Jestal looks around and notices she is a few feet behind him now.

Jestal:

Why did you stop?

As he walks up to his disturbed sister. She points at the poster. Jestal pulls the poster down, and skims over it.

Jestal:

It's just a card for the show that just happened.

Dandelion snatches the poster from Jestal's hands and points at the date in frustration. Jestal looks closely at where she is pointing.

Jestal:

July 15,2020!?

Jestal looks up at his sister who clearly is concerned about that date for some reason.

Jestal:

That is not possible!

Dandelion drops the poster and continues to make more gestures this time clearly shaken up over that date.

Jestal:

Why do I feel like that spinning ride spit us out..... INTO THE FUTURE!?

Dandelion shakes her head clearly distraught. She motions with her hands some more.

Jestal:

How am I suppose to know, I am just as clueless as you are!

Dandelion hugs her brother very concerned.

Jestal:

Don't worry how bad can 2020 be?

Boy, are these two in for a treat.....

UNTIL THEN...

BEFORE DEFtv WENT OFF THE AIR!

We cut to a scene already in progress. Jamie Sawyers is being followed by a cameraman and they are on the move trying to get a scoop. The camera is shaky as to be expected by the constant movement of foot steps.

Jamie Sawyers:

Here he comes...

The camera man halts and raises the lens to get a full shot of Jay Harvey walking up to them, a big smile on his face and sweat covering his face. Sawyers stops Harvey to get an interview with the victorious DEFIANT.

Jamie Sawyers:

Jay... Big win here tonight.

Jay Harvey:

Definitely...

Harvey wipes the sweat from his brow and exhales a huge breath.

Jamie Sawyers:

Since your return you have been on the winning side against men like Scrow and now Gage Blackwood.

Harvey nods and gets a little closer to Sawyers, awaiting the microphone.

Jamie Sawyers:

You clearly want another crack at the Southern Heritage title... Do you think you will get it?

Harvey cracks a smile, choosing his words carefully.

Jay Harvey:

Jamie... Gage Blackwood's ego and pride isn't going to deny me a shot at his championship. I said that I was in his head and that wasn't One Hundred percent accurate...

Harvey points outward.

Jay Harvey:

Those fans are in his head. All his words, all his actions wanting to get closer to them and all he does is push them further and further away. He doesn't know what they see in me... All they wanted was someone to stand up to him and I'm doing just that.

We zoom in closer on Harvey's face, sweat continues to roll and he continues to wipe it away.

Jay Harvey:

I know I'm not a saint but like I said earlier, people change. He changed. I changed. All I did was walk down to the ring a few weeks ago to accept his challenge. I wanted to put a stop to his mouth for everyone at home and everyone in the back. Everyone he has put down and disrespected.

Jamie Sawyers:

What did you mean by Gage's ego and pride aren't going to deny you a title shot?

Jay Harvey:

You heard that crowd tonight, right? They were on fire. They were crushing him after that match. He's not going to let that go. He won't be able to run from them forever. The Faithful are in his head and their voice is the most powerful of all.

Harvey chuckles.

Jay Harvey:

Until then... I'll watch them drive him insane. That "*Harvey beat you*" chant sounded real good to my ears, Jamie. I gotta run...

Harvey pats Jamie on the back and makes his exit. Sawyers turns toward the camera and is centerstage.

Jamie Sawyers:

You heard it here, folks. Jay Harvey, again, victorious and he says, "*The Faithful are in Gage Blackwood's head.*" We will see if that statement becomes a fact in the coming weeks.

Sawyers lowers the microphone and the feed gets cut.

GOING AWAY PARTY

Establishing shot of a medium sized brick apartment building. In the left hand corner of the screen, it's identified in bold: **291 W 3rd St, South Boston, Massachusetts.**

Inside the condo, the newest addition to the DEFIANCE roster, "Black Out" Patrick Cassidy, stands in front of a fogged up bathroom mirror with a towel around his waist and no shirt on. He's applying deodorant under his armpits with great care and precision. When he's done, he grimaces into the mirror, checking his teeth. He grabs a beer that was resting on the side of the sink and takes a swig. From outside the bathroom, we hear the voice of Timmy Kane, Cassidy's childhood friend.

Timmy:

Hey - what day does the trash go out?

We cut to a documentary-style "talking head" segment, where Timmy is being interviewed against the backdrop of Cassidy's living room. Presumably, Cassidy is still getting ready in the bathroom.

Timmy:

Cass? Yeah, we've been friends forever. I think we hold the world record of suspensions from Excel High. I've saved his ass many times. He's an asshole, but he's good people, ya know? Now he's all grown up and heading for national TV. It's crazy.

Timmy pauses, nodding with a smile.

Timmy:

He's huge into this wrestling thing. Talking crap and kicking butt - it's like he was made for it, ya know? He's been working his butt off. I'm doing my part - looking after his place while he's away. Taking out the trash, keeping the heat on, you know. That stuff.

Cassidy's Voice: *(off screen)*

I'd say not to bring any ladies around, but we both know there's not a chance in hell of that happening.

Timmy: *(yelling to Cassidy off screen)*

Hey, screw you.

We shift from the "talking-heads" segment to both men sitting on Cassidy's couch, each sipping from a bottle of beer.

Cassidy:

So who's coming to this thing, anyway?

Timmy:

I put the word out that we're celebrating your going away and anybody who is going to miss you should come out to say goodbye. So probably like three, maybe four people.

Cassidy:

Yeah, let's see how much of a smartass you are when I'm a huge DEFIANCE star and you're still sleeping on your Mom's couch. Don't come calling for money, or bail, or some horseshit sob story. I've literally heard every one you've got.

Timmy:

Get outta here. Dude, I don't want YOU calling me when you're getting your ass kicked down there and need a tag team partner. I can't be bailing you out. DEFIANCE ain't ready for this.

Timmy flexes, showing off his pretty non-existent biceps.

Cassidy:

I wouldn't call ya. In fact, I couldn't call ya. There's already been a wrestling clown. Wouldn't be original.

A pause. Although the words seem harsh, it's clear that this just banter between very old friends who long ago lost the ability to take offense to each other. Timmy suddenly leaps across the couch and the two tumble to the floor in a friendly "fight." Cassidy ends up with the smaller-framed Timmy in a headlock and cranks down until he reluctantly taps.

Cut to the exterior of a rather unimpressive bar. The bottom of the screen informs us of the name and location: **Fitzy's Grill, 268 West Broadway Street, South Boston.**

Cassidy stands in front of the bar, and looks into the camera, jerking his thumb up at the sign.

Cassidy:

I been sneaking into this dump since I was fifteen.

Cassidy and Timmy enter the bar to find a packed house. The bar is small but lively - patrons crowded around the long wooden bar top, patrons standing around the various small tables scattered around the place, and patrons standing by the pool table and patrons hanging out by the jukebox. They give Cassidy a cheer when he enters - it's clear most (if not all) of them are here for his going away shindig. Cassidy beams, salutes, and gives a nearby young woman a hug. After some brief hellos, Cassidy sidles up to the bar, and shoots a smile to the young bartender.

Cassidy:

Calli, Calli, Calli. We meet again. Maybe for the last time? Listen - I know this isn't going to be easy on you. There's a lot of history between us.

Calli shoots him a look that lets us know this is 100% not the case. Although she looks slightly annoyed by this insinuation, she allows him to continue. This is his night, after all.

Cassidy:

I know a lot of it has been unspoken, but it's there. And I just want to know I'm getting on a plane for New Orleans tomorrow, and I'm 100% leaving. No turning back. I can't have you showing up at the airport last second, making a big scene, professing your secret love for me. I've still got to go, you know? As tough as it will be on both of us.

Calli, who has not sold a minute of this BS speech, just shakes her head.

Calli:

You're such an asshole.

She considers. Slightly softens.

Calli:

But I'll miss you.

Cassidy: *[grabbing his beer and saluting her with it]*

I'll take it.

The night goes on. We see clips of Cassidy hanging out and being social with all the people in the bar. He's having a good time and his conversations seem animated and energized. A couple mock punches are thrown in jest. Many hugs are given. Finally, Timmy calls for everyone to quiet down and stands next to Cassidy in the middle of the crowd.

Timmy:

Alright, alright - shut up everybody. HEY! Shut up. Look, we all know this clown here is leaving us tomorrow.

He turns to Cassidy.

Timmy:

Me and some of the boys got together and thought it would be a good idea to get you a little something. We really wanted to show how happy we are to not have to put up with your ass anymore.

A laugh comes up through the crowd. Cassidy himself smirks and makes a “cheers” motion with his bottle.

Timmy reaches behind a table and pulls out a thin light green hoodie. It’s got a small Irish flag embroidered in the left chest area. Timmy hands it to Cassidy, who holds it up for all to see. It’s clear by his eyes that he’s moved by this gesture, but his words won’t sell it. A random person in the crowd yells “speech!”

Cassidy:*[holding up the hoodie]*

What, did you use yourself to size this thing? You know I’ll have to cut the sleeves off, right? Way too small.

Timmy lets Cassidy know that he thinks that he’s number one. Cassidy holds up his hand as if to indicate the real stuff is coming.

Cassidy:

But seriously. Starting tomorrow, my job is going to be to go on TV and beat people up. Let that sink in! This Southie boy is going to head down South and show ‘em what we’re about up here. It really means a lot to me to have all of you here to see me off, and it really means a lot to me that you got me something. I’ll be wearing this hoodie into battle every week, you can be damn sure of that. They say you’re not supposed to forget where you came from - and how could I forget all this?

Cassidy raises his glass, motioning for everyone to do the same. They do.

Cassidy:

To the old neighborhood. May none of you ever try and hit me up for money. Cheers!

Everyone drinks, some people laugh at Cassidy’s joke. Round of applause.

The night goes on; fun is had, drinks are consumed, people sing, people dance. We see Cassidy, wearing his new hoodie, leading the place in a group karaoke session with their drinks swaying high. He’s beaming from ear to ear - clearly, this is his element. He is among his people.

Now we’re outside the bar, in a dark alley. Cassidy exits through a backdoor, glances around, and bellies up to the bar wall. We hear a “ziiiiiip” sound and then the sound of his pee hitting and running down the wall. He looks at the camera by way of explanation.

Cassidy:

My own private bathroom. VIP-only.

Cassidy finishes his business and zips back up. He looks at the door, and we can hear the sounds of the group partying and making merry inside. Cassidy thinks for a moment, his face dimly lit by a single light at the end of the alleyway. He seems to decide against going back in.

Cassidy:

“The Irish Goodbye.” Only way to go. For them, the party goes on. Tomorrow, I kick off a whole new party.

Cassidy, reflectively, and probably feeling absolutely no pain, looks to the sky. Even with the nearby Boston skyline light pollution, the stars are clearly visible in this neck of the woods.

Cassidy:

You might wonder about my strategy going into this thing. It’s pretty simple: my plan is to hit DEFIANCE like a Goddamn freight train. Plow through the warm bodies that are put in front of me - and look good doing it. I’ve been training for this moment for years, and I’ll be damned if I’m gonna screw this up. Fact is: I’m actually not going alone.

I'm bringing my two best friends.

Cassidy holds up his right fist. Followed by his left. He smiles for a second, then turns serious as he lowers his fists.

Cassidy:

You may have seen some sentimental crap tonight, but that's not the guy coming to New Orleans. Tonight is the night for appreciating what I've got. Where I've been. Tomorrow, we focus on where I'm going: right to the top of the heap of the DEFIANCE roster. Your boy here was made for this gig - The Faithful love a good fight, and I'm just the guy to give it to 'em.

Cassidy points to the camera. You can tell this little speech is really getting him worked up and into a groove.

Cassidy:

DEFIANCE. "Black Out" Patrick Cassidy arrives next week. My demands are simple: give me a good fight. Don't let me down, boys. Cheers.

Dramatically, Cassidy kisses his fists one at a time. He turns to take one last look at the door that leads into the bar - at his old life. You can still hear the sounds of revelry coming from within. Instead of walking back in, he turns to walk down the quiet alley - toward the future and his new adventure.

The scene falls on Lance Warner at the announce table.

Lance:

A few weeks ago on UNCUT we saw Gilbert Rogers take on Denver Brandt, in an official empty arena try-out match. Well, I'm here to tell you apparently that was only HALF of the try-out. Yes, that's right, the weird Extra Butter guy apparently has a partner. His name is Alan Goldstein and he will be taking on Oliver Brandt next. We are headed to an empty arena again but Keebler and I will be with you as this match transpires! What is DEFIANCE getting itself into?

===

The scene goes ringside in an empty DEFarena as Oliver Brandt waits for his opponent.

DDK:

Folks, I'm being told a man known as "Sticky Floors" Alan Goldstein will be battling Oliver here. He is associated with Gilbert Rogers, the, uh, rather *larger* fellow who seemingly fluked his way to victory against Denver.

Lance:

I agree and also disagree with the 'fluke' notion. Yes, the win was unexpected but he was able to hit a move here and there.

DDK:

Yeah, with his gut...

Lance:

Fans at home, this was taped about two hours after that initial match, I'm being told.

♪ Saw Movie Theme Song ♪

The lights dim and a very skinny man, the same one who has been shown a few times on UNCUT now emerges from the back. He's around 6'5", lanky, with no muscle definition on his body whatsoever. He wears black spandex pants but even they aren't truly form-fitting. He sports a black tank top, however, it's also just as baggy as his pants.

DDK:

This guy, where did they find him?

Lance:

He looks like he can fold up into an accordion.

Goldstein wobbles his way down the ramp but in a much different way than Rogers' unsteady walking abilities. While Rogers had no balance due to his sheer size, Goldstein seemingly has no balance because of his whimsical frame, looking like someone could blow out their birthday cake candles while simultaneously knocking him over, too.

The kid is no older than 19, with acne covering his face as he rolls into the ring and looks at referee Benny Doyle. Doyle asks if he's ready. Yet, this makes Goldstein take a step back and contemplate exiting the ring altogether.

Alan Goldstein:

I'm... well. I don't know if I can do this?

He asks in a form of a question, confusing the referee and Oliver Brandt.

"Mmmmm yeah, gimme that, gimme that." airs over the PA and Gilbert Rogers is next to appear at the top of the ramp. Dressed in his black spandex pants and way too small black spandex shirt, he bumbles his way towards the ring, microphone in hand.

Gilbert Rogers:

You can do this, pal. Mmmmmmm gimme gimme.

Goldstein stills looks unsure of himself but turns back to Benny Doyle.

Benny Doyle:

I need to know. Am I calling for the bell or not?

Goldstein itches the side of his neck.

Alan Goldstein:

Uh, all this is very scary but sure. Okay.

DING DING

DDK:

Oliver circles around, looking for an opening on this, uh, kid.

Lance:

The “openings” are all over the place. Let me tell you.

DDK:

Oliver rushes Alan and hits him with an uppercut! Now looking for a belly to belly suplex... but Oliver, stops?

Brandt unlocks his arms. While he *can* wrap them around Goldstein, he almost certainly cannot get a grip because there's nothing to hold on to!

Oliver pulls back and looks up at the one nicknamed “Sticky Floors”.

Oliver Brandt:

Kid, you sure you want to do this?

Goldstein itches his neck again.

Alan Goldstein:

Uh, well, I-

The Slender Man glances outside the ring, directly at Gilbert Rogers who is just jiggling his belly back and forth, making it seem almost... hypnotic. Rogers notices Goldstein noticing him so he licks his lips and blows him a kiss.

Gilbert Rogers:

C'mon Al. Give him that extra extra.

Goldstein, clearly rattled, looks back at Brandt with a shrug.

Alan Goldstein:

Gimme that, gimme that?

Oliver rolls his eyes.

Oliver Brandt:

Okay, you got it.

DDK:

Brandt charges at Goldstein and knocks him to the floor with a shoulder block!

Goldstein's body jolts and crumbles to the ground, looking like he's broken in half. Oliver stands overtop of his opponent. Nevertheless, the humanity in him takes over.

Oliver Brandt:

Shit, bud. I'm sorry.

Alan Goldstein: *[muffled from the canvas]*

It's okay.

DDK:

Brandt pulls Goldstein to his feet. Again, he looks reluctant here but Irish whips Alan into the ropes...

Goldstein comes back, albeit at a much slower and cautious pace as Brandt connects with a powerslam, even though Alan almost fell out of the hold!

Brandt glares at Gilbert with a WTF in his eyes. He, too, can't help but become mesmerized at what he's seeing. A man... er, a kid, wearing clothing five-times too small and a massive stomach just hanging out while bouncing around for all to see. *Thank God there's no crowd*, Oliver thinks. Gilbert pulls his left hand to his face and starts shoving all his digits into his mouth, licking them...

Oliver shakes it off.

Oliver Brandt: *[to himself]*

Who are we hiring these days?

Suddenly, Oliver is spun around because Goldstein is back on his feet.

Alan Goldstein:

I'm sorry.

Oliver Brandt:

For what?

DDK:

Whoa! Alan just poked Oliver HARD in the eyes!

Lance:

I'm not sure Benny Doyle saw it, either! He was still looking at Gilbert!

Oliver swings around but can't find his opponent. It also helps being an extremely skinny target.

Alan nervously rubs his chin and then rushes the ropes.

Alan Goldstein:

Please don't hurt me...

DDK:

Goldstein bounces off the ropes and fires an elbow into Oliver's head!

Lance:

It's like bone meets skull! That has to hurt both of them!

Oliver falls to his knees and Goldstein gets back up. He plants Brandt with a DDT and then goes to the second rope. A wobbly "Sticky Floors" jumps off and lands what looks to be another finger poke into the eyes but it's cleverly disguised as a forearm to the chest with his other hand!

Brandt screams out and flips to his stomach. Goldstein apologies again as Rogers pulls the mic to his face on the outside.

Gilbert Rogers:

Yeah, Al. Mmmmmmmm *yeah*, Al.

DDK:

Goldstein isn't sure what to do.

Lance:

He has an opening, even if he cheated to get there!

DDK:

Alan is helping Oliver to his feet...

Schoolboy pin!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

DDK & Lance:

Wha....!?

DING DING DING

Goldstein stumbles into the corner while Oliver is much more focused on the small trickle of blood coming from his eyes. Gilbert Rogers bumbles his way into the apron (yes, INTO the apron) before falling over and struggling to get back up. However, his face says it all. It's filled with bliss.

Gilbert Rogers:

Told ya buddy. Mmmmmmmm *yeah*, *yeah*.

The scene fades as Alan Goldstein just shakes out of fear in the corner of the ring.

Alan Goldstein:

Oh no, what have I done?

WIN BACK

Malak Garland:

Quickly! Come with me! This can't wait for DEFtv!

Malak Garland corrals a nearby cameraperson by their shirt collar as he paces down the back halls of the Wrestle-Plex. The employee tries to maintain their balance while steadily recording Malak's antics.

Malak Garland:

I need you to follow me along and document this. I AM OUTRAGED!

Malak is in a straight panic as he pulls his scribe into a room that has a 'MANAGEMENT' door label on it. The camera stays focused on Malak the entire time.

Malak Garland:

I need this fixed! I need a match against a jobber on Uncut to get my win back after whatever accident happened out there against Minute.

Malak maintains his grip on the cameraperson as he uses his free hand to reach behind his back to pull out a crumpled sheet of paper from the top of his wrestling tights. He slams it on the desk in front of him.

Malak Garland:

Give me this guy. Give me Dean Nenenon! I'll crush him.

Malak says, as his index finger points to the name on the printed-out match card for the night.

Malak Garland:

Give me one of those nice introductory matches with an empty arena. Low key. Low pressure. No pressure. This guy is a loser. I could easily take him. Dim the lights. Turn out the lights for all I care. Just sanction a match with him.

An awkward moment of pause lingers.

Management Voice:

No.

Malak nearly tears his floppy silver hair out of his scalp.

Malak Garland: [Agitated]

What do you mean, no?

Another long pause creates tension.

Management Voice:

That guy is already booked.

Malak bites his lower lip as he pouts.

Malak Garland:

Well, fine then! I'll be in my trailer playing the new Muncher Gremlins video game if anyone is looking for me!

In a puff, Malak relinquishes the hold of the cameraperson and storms out of the room.

TITUS CAMPBELL VS. ELIJAH CROSS

DDK:

Our next match coming up on UNCUT is going to be a doozy because it's going to be the big fan favorite, "Wingman" Titus Campbell looking to take on the BRAZEN veteran, "2 XTREME" Elijah Cross.

Lance:

What a nickname that really is. Very... I don't know, 90's?

DDK:

We last saw Titus a few months ago when he fought Gage Blackwood for the Southern Heritage title only to suffer a horrible concussion. He has been very active on our recent BRAZEN shows, but tonight he makes his return to action against Cross. Titus has the size, but Cross is willing to risk his body to hurt people. Who's coming out on top in this one? We'll find out... now!

To the ring we go! Cause Darren Quimbey with the intros. Already in the ring, Elijah Cross is jawjacking with some fans and dares a man in the front row to fight him.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! First, already in the ring from Philadelphia, Pennsylvanias, weighing in at 225 pounds... **ELIJAH CROSS!**

Cross falls to his knees and poses for the crowd, hungry for a chance to fight somebody on UNCUT tonight. He hops back to his feet and awaits his opponent.

♪ "Earthquake" by Labrinth feat. Tinie Tempah ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... Miami, Florida, weighing in at 310 pounds... **"WINGMAN" TITUS CAMPBELL!**

Flashing lights dance from the entrance, silhouetting a huge man with his arms extended wide, showing an almost impossible wingspan. Stepping out into the spotlight is a massive, mountain of a man. Wearing a black varsity-style jacket with silver sleeves and a matching pair of silver sunglasses, "Wingman" Titus Campbell tosses off his "WINGMAN" flat-brimmed hat and drops his jacket to the ground. The former bouncery and bodybuilder from Florida smirks and bops a bit to the beat before walking down to the ring. He nods to the cheering fans - his Flight Crew - and Elijah Cross has seen enough!

DDK:

And there goes Cross with some punches! He's trying to go right for Titus! That may be his best chance to win here!

Titus Campbell staggers around for a moment as Hector Navarro calls for the bell.

DING DING!

The big party boy gets rocked with a few more rights and then runs off the ropes. He comes back and tries a big shoulder knockdown, but it only rocks Titus momentarily. He doesn't go down and almost dares Elijah to do it again. He roars like a crazy person and hits the ropes a second time, but Titus is already recovered and runs right through Elijah with a big Shoulder Block of his own!

DDK:

Elijah is known as a very.... Uncouth performer in BRAZEN, taking some very 90's influences.

Lance:

He's back up though... no, wait there he goes!

Titus runs forward and launches Cross into the corner before following him in with a big Clothesline that rocks him! He

steps back for a moment... then comes back with a second one! Elijah is hurt in the corner and now Titus paces around slowly with a big of a swagger, letting the Flight Crew cheer him on. He points at the corner a third time and then tries again, but this time Cross is ready and gets both feet up into Campbell's arm! He snaps back when Elijah goes to the second rope and flies backwards with a Moonsault...

Caught.

DDK:

Uh-oh...

Titus tries to turn it into a Powerslam over the shoulder-style, but Elijah slips out and then hits a Dropkick to Titus' back, sending him into the opposite corner. Now seeing a chance for him to land victory, Elijah watches him stumble out of the corner when he goes up top and comes off with a Diving Thrust Kick from the top! The blow catches Titus and doesn't knock him off his feet still, but he's rocked.

Lance:

Nice move by Elijah! Can he follow up?

Elijah follows up with some alternating kicks to the gut and then doubles Titus over with a kick to the knee. Elijah hits the ropes and when he comes back... he's back up on Titus' shoulders and goes for the ride, courtesy of an Airplane Spin!

DDK:

Airplane Spin from the Wingman! He's taking him around and around!

Lance:

Not a ride that Elijah Cross wanted a part of!

Titus starts to slow down after several rotations on purpose, then goes the other way! Elijah is now spinning and then Titus finally lets him go the hard way by slamming him into the mat with a Front Slam!

DDK:

Big move! That's called Turbulence!

It takes Titus more than a few seconds to stop being dizzy but when he does, he holds out both hands and then picks up Elijah from behind in a Full Nelson. The Wingman picks him up and DRIVES him down again!

DDK:

Big move by Titus! I think he's got this one wrapped up!

Titus then picks up Cross by the arms. Quickly goes up... then goes down!

Lance:

Good call, Darren! The Hook-Up plants Cross!

The Wingman covers Cross.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

With the win made official, Titus stands to his feet and then points to the crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **"WINGMAN" TITUS CAMPBELL!"**

The big man is back on his feet and then heads to the back, celebrating with the crowd.

DDK:

A nice win for "Wingman" Titus Campbell! He ran right through Elijah Cross!

Lance:

That he did! He has always been touted by many to have a lot of potential and it's nice to see him use more of that! Big things could definitely be in the future.

Titus nods to the crowd and then heads over to the announce table. He motions for an extra headset and Darren gives it to the big man.

DDK:

Titus Campbell! Congrats on your victory!

Titus is huffing after the win and pats Lance on the back rather hard... he almost goes flying out of his chair.

Titus Campbell:

Sorry... but I got a message for a guy I actually knew growing up in Miami... Alvaro de Vargas!

The camera closes in on Titus.

Titus Campbell:

Brother, I've been hearing your tall bitch-ass talk down about BRAZEN like you're too good for the rest of us. You act like you're friends with Trashcan Tim or like how you did with me years ago. You ain't nothing but a backstabbing, no-good piece of shit on the bottom of the life's shoe.

DDK:

Whoa!

Titus takes a second to compose himself. **Titus Campbell:**

Sorry, Darren, I'll try and keep it PG.... Ugh. Alvaro... you want to talk about BRAZEN, you best be able to back it up. I'm challenging you to a match on your favorite place in the world, DEFtv. Fight me in the ring or I'll come find you myself.

He drops the headset and heads to the back, storming off in a huff.

DDK:

Wow. Titus is usually a very laid-back guy but... wow. Alvaro de Vargas has rubbed just about everybody the wrong way.

Lance:

That he has. And if it's bad enough to make Titus Campbell that angry, then you know Alvaro de Vargas is REAL good at making people angry.

NETFLIX AND DEFINITELY NOT CHILL

EARLIER IN THE WEEK ... NETFLIX STUDIOS

LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA

It is a warm, sunny day in Los Gatos, California and just outside Netflix headquarters are The Lucky Sevens. The identical twin giants are both standing outside the facility and as few people pass them by on the street they get looks from them ... probably because they are two twin giants out in public. Max waves at a pair of young joggers wearing yoga pants. Those nice yoga pants. Mason has his arms folded up and clearly doesn't want to go in.

Mason Luck:

Bro ... I can't believe you actually managed to drag us here.

Max Luck shows him the email.

Max Luck:

Well I can, Mase! It's Pauly Shore! He was like a massive box office draw between the years of 1992 and 1993. He lived in the golden age of MTV when they had VJs and actual music videos and not knocked up teenagers and a washed up skateboarder hosting a show where people get hurt! How are you not a fan of his?

Mason Luck:

Because ... I have taste in movies?

Max Luck:

Pfft no you don't. You liked Bio-Dome. Don't lie.

Mason Luck:

Max you're an idiot. So ... who do we need to see about this pitch?

Max goes back to his phone.

Max Luck:

Well ... says here that we need to head into the building and they'll check us in. And we'll meet with Pauly Shore. I guess this is another project he's doing that's thankfully not related to that giant turd nugget that PCP tried to get us in.

Mason Luck:

They are clearly on PCP after what we had to take part in. Let's just get this over with because we gotta get back and train for our match against Gentleman's Agreement.

Max Luck:

Yeah yeah let's go!

The two brothers walk right up to the main headquarters of Netflix HQ and when they open the doors, it make the signature Netflix sound effect.

Max Luck:

Cool!!!

Mason tries to walk in, but Max stops him when he shuts the door.

Mason Luck:

Hey, what are you ... ?

Max closes the door, then opens it again. He closes and opens it again and giggles like a child because of the repeating Netflix sound effect until Mason finally jams his large foot in the door.

Mason Luck:

MAX!

Max jumps.

Max Luck:

All right fine!

They enter the complex.

To be continued on DEF TV ...

CYRUS CONFESSIONALS 2: SAFETY FIRST

Sgt. Safety marches into the therapeutic esthetics of Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch's office. Safety examines and inspects the private Shimmering Reflections therapy room for safeness and structure flaws. He is extra diligent, wearing his traditional yellow hardhat, inspection suit, composite-toed work boots, which are green triangle omega certified of course, and his trusty clipboard is in hand.

Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch:

Can I help you?

The good doctor says, clearly startled as he turns away from his desk in his chair. Sgt. Safety says nothing. Not only is it rude to interrupt a safety inspection but this man, nay, this safety machine does not stop until the job is finished.

Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch:

What is going on here?

Safety completes his tour around the room. He stops at the door and nods. In enters Cyrus Bates.

Sgt. Safety:

Inspection complete. All good here. This office is very safe.

Cyrus smiles as he takes off his sunglasses.

Cyrus Bates:

Good job. Thank you.

Cyrus puts an affirming hand on the shoulder of Sgt. Safety. Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch can't help but just look on in astonishment.

Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch:

What is all this about?

The counsellor waves his hands as if his perturbed voice wasn't enough.

Cyrus Bates:

I needed to ensure this space was truly safe, so I had my new-found friend here, Mister Safety Shoes, come in and do an inspection. I have to say, he's a terrible wrestler but quite useful for safety measures.

Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch:

You could have just asked me, Cyrus. I personally promise you this is a safe space.

Cyrus Bates:

Is it?

Dr. W-C coils himself in thought as it feels like Cyrus is being combative for the sake of it.

Cyrus Bates:

Anyways, Mister Safety is my entourage now. I beat him soundly in the ring, so he follows me around. I also feel anxiety over constantly needing to be Malak's strong rock, and in return, I needed one of my own.

Safety smiles.

Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch:

Okay, okay. Whatever makes you comfortable. Let's get this session going. Please, have a seat.

Cyrus takes his normal spot on the sterile white pleather couch. Safety sits across from Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch, still clutching his clipboard as the doctor grabs one of his own.

Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch:

So last time, we left off with some of your past troubles, but this is all rather intriguing. I want to start with this. Why do you feel you need a crutch of your own to lean on?

Cyrus begins a long reply of how he is strong both mentally and physically, but it is also conducive to have a sounding board and how it has taken a toll on him to be strong for others. As he gives his lengthy answer, the good doctor jots notes down on his clipboard. Sgt. Safety mimics these actions by scribbling health and safety notes of his own at the exact same times. Initially, it doesn't bother Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch, but it eventually gets tiresome after a while.

Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch:

Excuse me, I'm going to stop you right there, Cyrus.

He turns to Safety.

Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch:

Must you constantly do that? Must you write down whatever it is you're writing down at the exact same times I do? You even stop writing when I am finished. Why? What are you writing down that is so important?

He tries to peer over Safety's clipboard but to no avail as the safest wrestler in the business secures his confidential work to his chest.

Sgt. Safety:

It's a secret. You can't read it. It is information protected under health and safety provision three dash six-eight, bravo four-four-four point twenty-seven.

Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch:

Oh I s--

Sgt. Safety:

Subsection A.

The good doctor rubs the bridge of his nose under his glasses in frustration.

Cyrus Bates:

Can we get back to what is important here? Can we get back to talking about me, please?

The rest of the session goes swimmingly. Cyrus feels like he got a lot off his chest. He leaves Shimmering Reflections with Sgt. Safety, having renewed hope to be the pillar of strength Malak so desperately and often relies on, for he has a secret weapon. He has a safe secret weapon in tow.

NO HOLDS BARRED: TYLER FUSE vs. DEAN NENONEN

The scene cuts to DDK and Lance Warner at their announce table.

DDK:

Folks, what you're about to see next, well...

Keebler becomes uncomfortable and looks over at his broadcast partner.

Lance:

So after DEFtv, Tyler Fuse came out and demanded a tune-up match for his no holds barred contest against Scott Douglas in two weeks. He was granted this opportunity against the same man he beat in a previous dark match, Dean Nenonen, which aired on the previous UNCUT.

Becoming more comfortable, Keebler speaks again.

DDK:

However, the footage we have to show you, it's not for the faint at heart.

Lance:

Correct. Things got out of hand quickly. This truly isn't the same guy we saw when he first joined DEFIANCE alongside his younger brother.

DDK:

No, it is not. To be honest, this isn't even the same guy who put the Crescent City Kid or Kerry Kuroyama on the shelf, either.

Lance:

Look, we have clearance to broadcast this but please, be warned, it doesn't end too well.

DDK:

You also need to know this was an unsanctioned match. Meaning BOTH Tyler and Dean signed off on it which allowed the match to only end by pinfall or submission. That's it.

Lance:

Viewer discretion is advised.

The footage jumps to the post-DEFtv dark match with No Fun Dean Nenonen inside the ring.

♪ "Press Start" by MDK ♪

Tyler Fuse walks out, wearing his new ring gear, black and orange swirl underwear tights, black knee pads and black boots, along with orange wrist tape. The Princess is not far behind, either. She's sporting black tights and a small blue t-shirt, perhaps not anticipating coming out at this time for a match but nevertheless joining her husband to the ring.

Tyler methodically marches down the ramp. He hasn't looked at Dean yet and doesn't acknowledge the fans, as well. He walks up the steel steps, enters the ring and tells Hector Navarro to call for the bell.

DING DING

Tyler still hasn't noticed Nenonen. It is not until Dean rushes him that The Original Player One rolls out of the way. Nenonen turns back to Tyler but gets kicked in the side of the head!

DDK:

Tyler with a knee smash to Nenonen, getting the bigger man down on his knees...

Tyler goes into the ropes but Dean gets up and catches Fuse with a back breaker, dropping him to the floor. Nenonen, around 5'10", 250 pounds, turns to the ropes and bounces off. He attempts a splash but Tyler rolls out of the way and out of the ring entirely. Fuse pulls back the apron and looks underneath. He throws a chair into the ring, followed by a kendo stick and then a garbage can. Tyler gets on the apron but Dean meets him there, garbage can in hand...

SWOOSH.

Tyler hangs Dean's neck on the ropes and NFD drops the garbage can.

DDK:

Tyler slingshots himself over the top rope and then leg sweeps Nenonen to the mat.

Fuse begins to hammer Nenonen with stiff looking left hands to the side of the face.

DDK:

Tyler gets up and drops a knee. He gets up again and drops another knee!

Turning to the kendo stick, Tyler picks it up, pauses but then tosses it out of the ring, shaking his head.

Lance:

I don't get it. He just threw it in there and now he doesn't want to use it?

WHACK!

DDK:

Well, I guess he decided to use the chair instead!

Tyler hits Dean across the back as he was trying to get up. Now Tyler reels him in and connects with a snap suplex. Picking up the chair again, Tyler bends it across Dean's back, almost snapping it in two!

WHACK!

DDK:

Tough shots by the former Tag Champ!

The elder Fuse drags Dean by his hair into the middle of the ring. He kicks Nenonen in the stomach and then props him up, finds the trash can and grabs Dean's head again...

SMACK.

DDK:

A DDT on the garbage can!

It takes Tyler a moment to move Dean off the crushed can before he kicks it out of the ring. Tyler pulls Dean to his feet and then hurls him into the corner... he looks to go in next with a head full of steam but somehow NFD is able to get a boot up! Tyler eats it and stumbles backwards!

DDK:

Nenonen charges out of the corner with a shoulder block! Tyler is back up but sent immediately to the canvas with another shoulder block! The Faithful are getting behind this guy!

Lance:

I'm not sure what the "No Fun" montra means but anyone against Tyler Fuse right now is a hit!

The crowd gains support as Nenonen calls the former DEFIANCE tag specialist towards him. Tyler, wobbly, rises and looks around. He can't find his opponent... but that's because everytime he turns, Dean turns with Tyler and stays behind him. Waiting. Measuring.

The Princess tries to point where Nenonen is but Tyler can't catch him in time.

DDK:

Dean with a hard clothesline!

Tyler's back up, however.

DDK:

Another hard clothesline!

Tyler's up again.

Lance:

A third clothesline!

DDK:

The Faithful have really taken to this guy as he lifts Tyler up and slams him back to the middle of the mat!

NFD contemplates what to do next.

DDK:

Dean goes off the ropes and a knee drop to Fuse's face!

Lance:

Nicely done! I'm not sure how many years of wrestling this guy has but it looks like he has some experience. Dean seemed out of his element for a moment but got it back together rather quickly!

Nenonen calls on the fans for more support. He flips the smaller Tyler onto his shoulder and is about to try a running powerslam. However, The Princess jumps on the ropes and grabs Tyler's feet, making Nenonen run forward with no one in his arms!

No Fun Dean turns back around, wondering what happened. The Faithful boo as Desire starts shouting in Dean's direction.

Princess Desire:

You shouldn't even *be* in this ring right now! You are lucky to be here!

Nenonen is not impressed. He puts his hands on his hips and makes his way towards her.

Dean Nenonen:

Stop getting in my way.

Princess Desire:

Lay down. Get beat. Do your job you stupid NPC!

Just as Nenonen is about to get too close, Tyler hits him with a low blow and then a lifting knee press! It catches Dean's face at just the right spot, seemingly busting his forehead open as he falls to the mat.

DDK:

Well, who didn't see that coming?

Lance:

That Princess is always at the right place at the right time.

Navarro tries to plead for Desire to get off the apron. The camera goes to Nenonen, on the canvas, busted open from the knee strike.

Tyler marches over, still looking rather expressionless.

Boot.

Boot.

Boot.

Boot. Boot. Boot. Boot. Boot. Bootbootbootbootboot.

It's nonstop. The Faithful boo more and more while The Princess is nothing but smiles on the outside.

DDK:

Once more, Tyler is just relentless here with the shots to Dean's head!

Lance:

It looks like he's really bleeding now!

Finally, Player One stops. However, this leaves Desire to roam around the ringside, as she looks underneath the ring again and pulls some new items out. She takes them with her on the apron. Ensuring his opponent stays down, Tyler ensures he puts more furious boots to Nenonen's head during this process.

Princess Desire:

Hey dear, what do you want?

She tosses him a baseball bat.

SMACK, right into Dean's left knee!

Tyler drops the bat and looks back to Desire for something else.

She tosses him another chair.

Tyler catches it but patiently waits for Nenonen to get on a knee. Once he does...

SMACK, straight across the back.

Tyler tosses the chair out of the ring.

Princess Desire:

You want this?

She holds up the kendo stick Tyler initially threw out of the ring. Player One shakes his head no so Desire drops it to the apron.

Then, tension in the arena grows higher as Desire lifts up the last thing she found and shows it to him.

DDK:

Oh c'mon...

A two-by-four.

Tyler nods. He walks over and takes it from her and then flips Nenonen face-up on the mat.

DDK:

He's not going to do this, is he?

The referee tries to plead his case with Tyler but nothing is getting through to him.

DDK:

Tyler is laying that two-by-four across Dean Nenonen's face, chest and legs...

Fuse goes off the ropes and drops a hard elbow into the two-by-four, right where it laid across Dean's face!

Dean screams in agony as more blood shoots from his forehead and many of The Faithful cringe!

DDK:

HE COULD HAVE A BROKEN NOSE!!

The camera tries to stay away from the scene as much as possible and instead zooms in on Tyler's reaction. It's expressionless, like always, as if he's not associated with anything that's currently transpired.

Lance:

This Tyler is an absolute sociopath!

Tyler gets to a knee. He looks down at NFD who has rolled back on his chest, holding his face and screaming. The two-by-four has fallen off Dean and onto the mat. Tyler picks up a part of the wood that's covered in blood, like there's no difference between that part and the rest of it which wasn't crushed across No Fun Dean's face. He moves the piece of wood away from that side of the ring and then, with his hands covered in Nenonen's blood, begins to run them through his own hair.

Lance:

Uh...

Tyler immediately rushes towards Nenonen. He picks him up in a flash and hits a snapmare suplex. Most of the fans are booing, although it's not too loud because they are more concerned for Dean's well-being.

DDK:

Well, this match is over. Tyler, you have your victory. Bravo.

But Tyler doesn't look for the pin. Instead, he exits the ring.

Lance:

What is he... *[cluing in]* oh no.

DDK:

Tyler Fuse has taken hold of the STEEL STEPS.

It's a bit of a struggle but determined like no other, Tyler breaks the stairs away from the ring post. Showing a real display of power, it takes everything in him (even breaking the expressionless look on his face) to lift the stairs and rest them on the apron. Although the stairs are barely staying there, wobbling back and forth, Tyler rams his shoulder into them over and over as The Princess catches on and pulls the bottom rope up from the ring, so the steps can fit underneath.

DDK:

Please don't.

Lance:

You would think Dean's only hope is maybe, just maybe, the time it's taken Tyler to do this will mean he can recover!?

The camera goes back to Nenonen, who can't stop bleeding profusely as he tries to recoup on the canvas. Meanwhile, The Princess is using all her might to make sure the bottom rope is still up and Tyler continues to throw himself into the steel steps, potentially doing damage to his own shoulder as he does.

Smack, smack, smack. With every thrust forward, Tyler gets the steel steps in there a little more and a little more. At times, he lifts the steps up to make sure it doesn't catch on the mat. After a good few minutes of work, he's successfully taken the stairs out from the ring post, onto the apron and into the ring.

Looking back at The Princess, Tyler just stares at her blankly. She claps him on with an evil looking grin.

DDK:

Oh boy this doesn't look good for Dean.

Lance:

You have to think Hector has thought of calling this match. However, because it's no holds barred and because Dean isn't contracted here to DEFIANCE, he signed a disclaimer for this battle and so did Tyler!

The Faithful are on edge as Tyler makes his way to Nenonen. He stands overtop of him, looking down at the blood and the potential broken nose, or cheek bone of No Fun Dean.

DDK:

Tyler drags Dean to his feet...

A chorus of boos engulf the arena!

DDK: *[piecing it together]*

He might be looking for his finisher, the running bulldog up the turnbuckle pads and through... oh no... not the steel steps!?

But before Tyler can lock Dean's head into his arm, the indy wrestler pushes Tyler away! Fuse comes running back in but Nenonen catches him with a sidewalk slam! The crowd erupts on the impact of the move, as NFD stumbles backwards and checks on his face. By now, he is completely doused in his own blood. His face is entirely red and the blood is coating his shoulders and chest, too!

DDK:

He did it! I don't know how he did it, but Dean is still alive!!

Lance:

And he's not done yet, Keebs!

DDK:

Dean is calling on Tyler to get some more!!!

Nenonen rushes towards Tyler...

CRACK.

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL!?!?

Lance:

Tyler hit him with a monkey wrench!

DDK:

How did he get that!?

Dean collapses in a heap. Tyler drops the wrench and then punts No Fun Dean in the head for good measure! Replays show The Princess put the wrench in the back of his tights as he got into the ring. Lifting Dean back up, Tyler tucks NFD's head under his left arm and runs up the turnbuckle pads, leaping off and driving Dean's head directly into the steel steps!

THUMP.

The arena is silent.

Dean falls off the stairs and lies flat on his back while Tyler Fuse stands straight up, looking into the audience.

Hector Navarro starts shouting at Tyler to "make a pin" and "end this" but Tyler can't hear him. He hasn't moved an inch since standing over Dean.

DDK:

C'MON TYLER. JUST PIN HIM. You PROVED you're the "better" man tonight!

Lance:

Yes, enough is enough. You cheated. You won. Congratulations.

The Faithful get louder as some of their shock subsides but it doesn't change anything. Dean is motionless and so is his opponent.

DDK:

You just gonna stand there like some tough guy!? Real tough, using your valet to pull you out of harms way, to get you weapons... to HELP YOU BRING THE STEEL STEPS INTO THE RING. REAL TOUGH!

Lance:

He can't hear you, Keebs. He can't hear anyone.

Finally, Tyler blinks. He looks down at Nenonen and then over to The Princess. Even she seems a little... concerned but nevertheless is in full support of what's going on.

Tyler drops to a knee. It looks like he contemplates ending things but then...

"BBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

DDK:

HECTOR, YOU NEED TO CALL FOR THE BELL RIGHT NOW.

Lance:

He can't do that. They signed a waiver. Pinfall and submission only!

Tyler takes Dean's head and puts it under his arm again. He runs up the turnbuckle and jumps off, once more drilling Nenonen's face into the steel steps.

THUMP.

DDK sighs. It's all he can do.

Blood is everywhere. By now, some EMT's have made their way down to ringside in the hopes Tyler will simply pin Dean Nenonen and then they can immediately get to him.

Although it's very faint, Tyler's face looks like he's slowly coming back to reality and out of his trance-like state. Fuse begins muttering to himself. The nearby camera is able to pick a little of it up.

Tyler Fuse:

Care to typecast me as a *tag team* wrestler anymore?

DDK:

Who said we are!?

Hector Navarro gets into Tyler's face. He's not furious. Instead, he looks to be pleading with Tyler to make the pinfall.

Hector Navarro:

Ty, *compadre*, let's get this over with...

Tyler just stands there.

Hector Navarro:

Then let me throw this match, okay? You made your statement.

Tyler just stands there.

Hector Navarro:

Tyler. You have to.

Referee Mark Shields gets into the ring (as he was waiting on the outside of the ring with the EMT's). Usually not a care in the world and the worst referee at his job, even Shields shows concern on his face and motions to Tyler.

Mark Shields:

Tyler, please. Christ, pin him man!

Tyler just stands there.

Mark turns to The Princess.

Mark Shields:

Can you get him to do... uh anything?

She shrugs.

Finally, after what seems like eternity, Tyler slowly falls to his knees and puts his hands over Dean Nenonen's chest. Navarro quickly jumps into position and makes a hurried three count, not giving a damn.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

DDK:

Good, just be done with this.

Five EMT's rush the ring as Tyler backs away a little but continues to stand close by. The emergency crew start working on suppressing Dean's bleeding and bringing him back to consciousness by attempting the use of smelling

salts.

The chaos around the ring almost drowns Tyler Fuse from sight but as the scene fades, it sees Mark Shields making his way over to Tyler, calmly trying to get through to him and wondering what the hell just happened. Tyler, as usual, isn't listening.

BLESSINGS

"This stuff is costing me more money than I'm making," Terry 'The Idol' Anderson, PI muttered. He'd paid not one a day, but seven days worth of stooges to check the hospital out. Leah was there; Deacon was not. The Mute Freak, Deacon, had spent every waking, and sleeping, hour at the hospital. Until now.

Getting out of his lime green beat up Cadillac, Terry ran the reports through his mind. Each one had said the same thing. No Deacon. One report had Magdalena stopping off but only for a moment. Nothing. No word. No idea. Even his hackers had thus far failed to get into the system to see exactly why Deacon was spending any time at the hospital.

"Unless he really is hurt," Terry said as he left the parking area and ran across the street toward the hospital entrance. Terry had watched the DEF TV footage - Deacon's attack by that roid monger. The bodybuilder had looked green as Goldberg, and twice as dense, so it wasn't out of the question that he'd potatoed Deacon enough to put him on the shelf. But somehow, Terry couldn't see Deacon just... stopping. The Freak had spent weeks sitting in the hospital lobby!

The sliding glass doors opened. Terry strode passed the stairs to the elevator, pushed the up button, and waited.

I had good news for him, and after his year of hell, I couldn't wait to tell him - it was the least I could do. I edged my Cruze around the graveled curve, the mountain on one side and the ten foot drop to the pond on the other. Clearing the mountain, the vista opened up to his cabin, the hewn beams blending into the canopy of trees behind it. It had been his home for longer than I'd been alive. I pulled up next to his Frontier, grabbed the shirt on my passenger seat, and got out.

The place was silent. No birds. No animals. Just silence. I climbed the stairs to the porch, the second one creaking like always. Deacon had said several times he needed to fix it, but somehow, I think it reminded him that he was home. I crossed the porch, passing several potted plants that were thriving, additional spots of beauty in a place that blended cozy with remote, the exact sort of place you'd imagine someone known as the Mute Freak to live. I knocked on the door. No answer. No heavy footsteps. Nothing. I knocked again, feeling the cotton shirt in my hand. No response.

"What are you doing?" I breathed then tried the knob. It turned and the door opened. I crossed the threshold. "Hello?"

No answer. I stepped further into the atrium, looking beyond the stairs to the great room. Deacon's seven foot frame fit, I guess you'd say 'snugly' on the couch, not moving at all. I held my breath then said, "Deacon?"

His eyes squinted shut & then seemed to flutter. I let out a sigh before picking up my pace to cross the room. "You okay?"

His eyes fluttered again then squinted open. A shiver broke through him right before he shook his head.

"How Leah?" He asked in the lowest register tone his voice could make.

"She's fine," I lied. She barely spoke to me when I'd stopped off, and what she had said, I couldn't honestly typify as fine. "How are you?"

He shrugged. "And Jack?"

I looked down, and then noticed the shirt I absently held in my right hand. "Oh, hey," I said, reaching the shirt out to him. "Got back the numbers."

Deacon's eyebrow rose.

I continued. "The Defiant reported that it had seventy percent of the sales."

His brows furrowed.

"Of all shirts," I added. "The I Believe shirt outsold everything. By a lot."

He glanced away, his eyes blinking as if trying to process something much bigger than he was prepared at the moment. "Thank you."

He took the shirt, held it up, and with a nod sat it down on the coffee table, right next to his tattered Bible. I glanced down at the book. Underlined, the words jumped off the page--

'From the LORD comes deliverance. May Your blessing be on Your people.'

"I need talk to Leah," Deacon said, getting up from the couch.

The Elevator door dinged open and Terry stepped into the hallway. He knew where to go, had been sending various guys there for days - just walk passed the room, peek in & then go to the family waiting area. He followed that same routine he'd given them & found no one in the room. A few more steps & he made it to the waiting area, pulling out his copy of Field & Stream magazine as he stepped into the room - easiest way in the world to blend in around this part of the country. Across the room, sitting in one of the starchy couches, Leah rested her head against a pillow. She sat up as Terry took a seat.

"Oh, sorry," Leah said, swiveling to let her feet settle on the tile floor.

"For what?" Terry asked. "You stay comfortable there."

Leah forced a vacuous smile. "Thank you," she said before standing up & stretching, taking a few mindless steps forward.

Dammit! She was already leaving.

"I didn't mean to disturb you," Terry said, standing as well. "I'll go somewhere else."

"No," Leah said. "I should get back to it."

Opportunity, Terry thought so asked, "Back to what?"

Leah paused, looking down for a moment, before answering, "I'm not even sure anymore."

How do I answer that? The question slammed into Terry. He didn't come up with an answer before she slipped through the doorway and back toward the room.

And there met the man called the Deacon.

"We can do it," Deacon said in his thick, Egyptian accent. "We can do it."

Dumbfounded, Terry watched as the tired, lost Leah looked at a paper Deacon held in his hands and then started to cry.

VIRUS

Sitting alone in the darkness, a man stares forward at the camera, arms folded across his chest, wearing a black wife beater and denim jeans, it was like the man stepped out of 1999. Jason 'Stalker' Reeves smiles at the camera, no longer wearing the long pulled out black hair that would cover his eyes while he would scream 'Welcome to my World!'. Today he was bald, hungry looking and rabid for a fight.

Stalker:

It's been a long time since I properly addressed the likes of False Heroes, like you Scott Douglas. Pathetic heroes that think they are capable of coming back from their nightmares that keep them up at night. It's important you realize that choosing you wasn't just happenstance, they have always had their eyes on you, I just happen to be the weapon chosen against you.

Leaning into the camera Jason yanks it close to face, his smile crooked as he stares into the lenses, his eyes threatening to leap into the television.

Stalker:

The reason you wake up in the night in a pool of sweat, isn't because of your alcohol problem Scottie. No, it's because I'm chasing you in your nightmares. Reminding you.. No, not just reminding you... more like making you SEE that YOU are the reason for your OWN failures. YOU are the reason Kerry Kuroyama won't remember that night I visited his home. You are the reason why DEFIANCE has been infected...

Tossing the camera back with a shattering throw Jason Reeves hops to his feet in a quick burst, his posture over the camera gives the presence of a serial killer standing over their victim.

Stalker:

We have come here for a reason Scottie and unfortunately for you and DEFIANCE - their Favorite Son just happens to be my first victim.

Inhaling the air around him inside the Wrestleplex's Boiler room, Stalker absorbs this moment for everything it's worth.

Stalker:

Like a plague I will cripple DEFIANCE one by one, like the puppet master I like set the stage and False Heroes like you Scott Douglas will continue to be the showcase of what it means to be a failure in an Upgraded world. The virus is here, welcome to His World.

Static.

MIKEY UNLIKELY vs. MYSTERY OPPONENT

The lights go out and the fans begin to boo before the single spotlight hits the stage.

DDK:

Well it's time for the second of Mikey Unlikely's FISTvitational matches. We saw just a couple weeks ago he defeated newcomer to DEFIANCE Stevie J Murray in his first defence since Lindsay Troy. Who he is facing this week is a mystery!

From behind the curtain comes rolling the signature red carpet. It rolls all the way to the ring.

Lance:

What's not a mystery is that this the very first time the FIST of DEFIANCE has been defended on UNCUT! Ever!

DDK:

I wouldn't get your hopes up to high Lance if what happened last time is any indication. Remember Mikey Unlikely is *hand choosing* his opponents.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following match is scheduled for one fall and is for the FIST OF DEFIANCE CHAMPIONSHIP!

♪ "Impious Pyre" by Savage Souls ♪

Through the curtain comes Hollywood's favorite C Lister. The boo's pick up in volume. In his hand he's carrying the FIST OF DEFIANCE case, with the handle handcuffed to himself. He stands at the end of the stage and takes in the audience.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring first... hailing from Hollywood, California... He is the REIGNING FIST OF DEFIANCE... THE WORLDS GREATEST SPORTS ENTERTAINER! MIKEEEEEEEY UNLIIIIIKELLLLLYYYYYYYYY!!!!

Holding the briefcase in the air he heads for the ring.

Lance:

What about the note that Mikey found on the door to his Suite here high above the ring? Quite ominous don't you think?

At the bottom of the ramp the champion goes through his normal pre-match ritual of handcuffing the Championship case to the ring post for safe keeping. He hands a card to Darren Quimbey before warming up in the corner.

♪ "Country Boy Can Survive" by Hank Williams Jr. ♪

DDK:

Woah! That's David Hightowers music!

The fans in the building get on their feet.

Lance:

Now that's a challenger!

Darren Quimbey:

Annndd his opponent! Coming to the ring hailing from West Memphis, Arkansas...

The challenger comes through the curtain, but it's not who everyone thinks it is.

DDK:

WHAT THE!? Oh no...

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in at approximately 130 lbs...

The crowd begins to laugh at the idea of what's about to happen.

Darren Quimbey:

THIS IS DAVID....LITTLETOWER!

The little person raises his arms in celebration. He begins walking to the ring.

Lance:

I can't believe he would do this!

DDK:

You haven't been here long have you?

Lance:

He's dressed just like Hightower! He's got a chain necklace and what's he carrying?

DDK:

I believe that's a clothes hanger.

Lance:

Well it does have a hook on it anyway...Wait he's signaling to the back! Maybe he's not alone.

Through the curtain comes a small white dog that resembles a Yorkie. It runs for Littletower and jumps up into his arms. The crowd goes wild for the dog. Littletower holds it out towards the camera and only then can we make out the nametag.

DDK:

Does that say "Daiquiri"?

David Littletower steps into the ring slowly leaving his dog with a ring attendant. As he does the fans give him a generous reaction. The referee separates them into opposing corners.

DDK:

He's literally going to face a little person. Mikey Unlikely will have a distinct size and strength advantage. Quite possibly for the first time in his career.

Before the official can ring the bell Mikey takes off and dives at the unsuspecting David Littletower. Littletower ducks underneath and splits the legs of the champion. Unlikely hits the turnbuckle and bounces back. The small man from West Memphis hits the rope and comes back with a basement dropkick.

DDK:

Woah! Mikey eats the mat as David Littletower mounts a little offensive here.

Lance:

Oh I see what you did there Darren.

DDK:

No that's not what I meant, I wouldn't make a jok...

Lance:

David Littletower climbs to the top rope now, what's he setting up for? Our FIST is getting back to his feet! Watch out!

Little Hightower takes off from the top rope looking for a crossbody but is caught by Unlikely.

Lance:

Uh oh... The jig is up! Mikey has got him. He's benching him over his head!

DDK:

I didn't know Mikey Unlikely had any power moves in his arsenal. Wait... he's looking to the outside of the ring! He wouldn't! He couldn't!

The fans stand up and "oooh" in anticipation for what's coming next. Mikey runs for the ropes and goes to launch Littletower over the ropes. At the last moment, he slips out of Mikey's grasp and slides down his back. Mikey hits the ropes and starts to stumble backward.

DDK:

Littletower rolls him up!

Lance:

It's a PRE-School Boy! See Darren? I can do it too! The champion is hooked!

ONE...

Kickout!

DDK:

Catching him off guard not enough to put him away!

Lance:

Imagine this guy being our FIST of DEFIANCE! DEF is quite the land of opportunity.

They both get up at the same time and once more he goes to dropkick Mikey but the Champion sees it comes and jumps up in the air. As Littletower hits the mat and opens his eyes the first thing he sees is Mikey's fist as he comes crashing down with the fist drop in one fluid motion.

DDK:

Oh, what a move by our FIST!

Lance:

The FIST using his fist!

Mikey grabs the smaller opponent's legs and rolls him over, locking in his patterned submission move.

Lance:

THE BACKSTORY by Mikey! The referee needs to call this one now.

Almost immediately Littletower taps out to the move and the bell rings.

DING DING DING.

DDK:

Why's he still holding on? The match is over!

The champion doesn't let go right away. The official tries to pull him off.

♪ "Impious Pyre" by Savage Souls ♪

Finally, Mikey lets go of the Boston crab submission hold. He raises his arms in victory. Before falling down and feigning absolute exhaustion.

DDK:

Another FISTVitational match in the books, another sham by Unlikely.

Lance:

At this rate, he will be facing YOU at the pay per view Darren!

DDK:

I don't quite think...

The lights go out. The music stops. The fans all go quiet.

Lance:

What the!

Suddenly the lights come back up and the music kicks on again. Nothing changed whatsoever.

DDK:

Well sorry, folks we seem to have lost power to the building or something briefly there. It appears all is well, however. Mikey Unlikely our FIST of DEFIANCE defends his championship successfully for the first time on UNCUT! Hopefully next time he will pick on someone his own size, so to speak.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.