

WELCOME TO THE SHOW



The splash fades and we're once again greeted by the grand poobah of all things DEFIANT television, the Executive Producer and Motormouth of Malcontent his damn self, Angus Skaaland!

Angus:

What it do, loyal citizens?

He greets as he walks and talks with a random staffer through the halls of the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex. He has a clipboard tucked into his right arm and after pausing momentarily to sign a few pages, he hands the clipboard off to the staffer, who scurries off to do whatever it is they're about to do.

Angus:

Episoda numero three-oh, or however that would be said in actual Mexican. Things I didn't learn in high school for a hundred, Alec, yanno?

He flashes a cheesy grin.

Angus:

Ahem, *anyway*. We have **MOAR** of what you want and that's a glimpse at the other side of life in the land of the DEFIANTS. Just what do these people get up to when their not being brutal savages in a 20 by 20 of canvas and steel?

He pauses very briefly to allow everyone to ponder that, even looking up and away as he strokes his chin with curiosity. As the moment passes he looks back and shrugs.

Angus:

Beats me. That's why UNCUT exists, to find out just what your favorite DEFIANTS are like when the cameras are *supposedly* not on them...

He winks, it's kinda creepy, but it's Angus so it's cool?

Angus:

But, speaking of DEFIANTS being brutal savages, have you heard the news?

Angus is almost giddy with the topic he is segwaying into.

Angus:

We're finally do something awesome, I mean, not that DEFIANCE isn't awesome and the best damn wrestling on the planet today, but I mean... REALLY AWESOME! Like, super HAWSFAIGHT awesome, when we take eight of the baddest mofos and...

OSV:

Woah woah woah, Hold up right there...

Angus turns to look offscreen and rolls his eyes heavily. The camera turns to see Mikey Unlikely approaching DEFIANCE's lead commentator.

Mikey Unlikely:

Angus! My good friend! I just happened to overhear your little...spiel there, and while I applaud your enthusiasm I'll be the first to admit that your excitement is not shared by everyone! You see, there is a large contingent in the locker room who are very much againstHawsfights.

Angus:

Hey, ge--

Angus goes to talk, but like Unlikely does, he cuts him off.

Mikey Unlikely:

You see, DEFIANCE is already full of the world's greatest wrestlers! Just look at me! Now you want to invite a bunch of punch drunk losers, to come in and knock each other out for no reason? What is it with you people and your constant need for violence? You are putting your entire roster at risk! What if...God forbid... someone were to mark my face! MYMIKEYMONEYMAKER!? Than what!? I already employ a masseuse, a dietician, a personal trainer, an agent, a marketing director, a publicist, and have a lawyer on retainer, you think I want to hire a medic too? Is your insurance going to cover that!?

Mikey puts his finger in Angus's chest. Angus looks down at Mikey's finger and then back up at his "MikeyMoneyMaker" and sneers.

Angus:

Listen here, Hollywood McFuckBoy. Your face is dumb, stupid, and looks like it's been through so many bukkake sessions...

LIGHT BULB!

Angus:

Hey, is that how you became a *BIG* star in Tinseltown? I heard you gotta really want it to make it, just didn't know the only way for a no-talent-success-story like you was to look like you just blew an elephant.

Angus smirks devilishly as Unlikely grows very angry, very quickly.

Mikey Unlikely:

HEY YOU DON'T SAY THAT! I AM A STAR, ANGUS! You remember this, DEFIANCE needs Mikey! Not the other way around! Now if you, or Kelly Evans, or any other staff fuck boi puts me in a match with ANY of these madmen you are bringing onto the roster, I will not only breach my contract, but I will sue DEFIANCE for every dollar for putting its biggest star's health at risk. I am here to wrestle! Not to be beaten to a bloody pulp for peanuts. You got me!?

Unlikely begins to walk off but before he does... He reaches into his front pocket and pulls out a very large wad of Mikey Money. He pulls the rubber band off the stack and counts out twenty bills. He throws them at the chest of

Angus.

Mikey Unlikely:

Here! Get yourself something nice!

Angus catches the glorified Monopoly money and inspects it as Mikey walks off triumphantly.

Angus: [grumbling]

Twenty bucks? What am I supposed to do with twenty Mikey Bucks, wipe my ass...

LIGHT BULB... THE SEQUEL!

Cut!



Backstage Scuffle

Van Carver is dazed. He just had his teeth kicked in by Omega, so much so that Ty Walker, and Henry Keyes had to come out to check on his ass.

Carver walks gingerly a massive arm wrapped around Keyes who is helping him through the curtain. It's in that moment that Carver suddenly comes to. The blows to the head seem to dissipate and he remembers just WHO is helping him out.

There's an aggressive shove, as Carver clears Keyes away from him. Everyone backstage takes immediate notice.

Van Carver:

You -

A finger pointed at Keyes, across the hall.

Van Carver:

- stay the hell away from me.

Keyes considers his position for a second. He steps forward his arms outstretched.

Henry Keyes:

Save the ire, boy. I was simply trying to help.

Carver lowers himself ready to charge if need be. Security immediately get inbetween the pair.

Henry Keyes:

Mr. Carver, may I suggest less rap music and perhaps accepting help when it is offered.

Van Carver:

And may I kindly suggest minding your OWN. GOD. DAMN. Business.

The Murder Machine has his fists at his side, his teeth gritted. The White Hot Knuckle Heat ready to fire. Beefy security guards have other plans and move both men along in separate directions to allow DEFtv to continue without incident.

It's All About The Mikey Bucks, Baby!

As the crowd from DEFtv 63 funnel out to their vehicles, a few fans have stumbled across a pile of scattered pieces of paper. But no, nay, nyet, these were not any random scattered pieces of paper. These had the visage of the hottest Hollywood superstar in Defiance today. It is Mikey Money™. And oh boy, these two fans leaving didn't know the value they held in their hands.

Fan #1:

Hey, is this what I think it is?

Fan #2:

It reminds me of those fake trillion dollar bills with Obama's face on them.

Fan #1:

Hey remember Pepsi Points? That guy got that military Jet?

Fan #2:

Yeah, but he also got diabetes.

The D:

HEY YOU! GEEK SQUAD!

Rushing into frame and stepping in the path of the two fans are the D and Elise Ares. Elise stands with her hands on her hips. The D points and shoves his finger into the fan's chest.

The D:

Give. We want the Mikey Money.

Elise Ares:

All of it.

The D:

Or we end you.

The two men stand facing the duo, half shocked to see DEFIANCE's newest tag team standing before them outside of the arena, and half wondering if this whole thing was legit. Instead of handing over the Mikey Money™, like they should, they decide to stand there with their mouths hanging wide open like a couple of mouth-breathing idiots.

Elise Ares:

Look, D... sorry, The D. This isn't going to work. They're DEFIANCE Wrestling fans, they've never been those close to a beautiful, talented woman before. Look we've broke them. What do we do now?

The two men look at each other and back at Elise.

Elise Ares:

Are you alive?

Fan #2:

I think so? Is this real?

Fan #1:

Actually... I'm married and have two children, I'm just not real sure what's going on right now.

Elise's eyes grow very wide.

Elise Ares:

NO WAY. Are you serious? How?! I can't even right now. What could you possibly even do?

Fan #1:

I just moved here from Austin, I'm a software designer for...

Cutting him off, The Havana Harlot jumps between The D and the fans and adjusts her posture, flashing a smile.

Elise Ares:

Why hello, I'm Elise Ares. I'm famous.

She extends her hand. The fan looks at her funny.

Fan #1:

I'm happily married.

The D:

Elise. Eyes on the prize.

The D turns to the fans and holds up a water bottle.

The D:

This is Angus Skaaland's official water bottle. We stole it off his desk after the show. I think it's a fair trade for whatever amount of priceless Mikey Money™ you may have.

Elise Ares:

Despite your previous sign of bad judgment, I think you should consider this a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to memorialize your achievement of being in the same room as us in the form of plastic.

Fan #2:

That sounds good. But why does that bottle have "The D" written on it?

The D looks from side to side.

The D:

You know, this is taking entirely too long.

The D rushes in, grabs the Mikey Money™ out of their hands, and runs away.

The D: (Shouting)

I'm a pickpocket now!

Meanwhile, Elise just smiles politely. Up from behind the fans walks Klein, who is wearing a bag over the box he normally wears on his head. He also has his finger in his jacket and is "aimed" drawing on the fans.

Elise Ares:

And yet again Klein, we don't need you.

Klein lowers his bag head and drops his fake finger gun. He walks away Charlie Brown style, as The D is still celebrating in the background, throwing the Mikey Money™ in the air and dancing as it falls around him. Elise wanders off and joins The D in her preferred natural habitat, a money waterfall.

DEFIANCE fades away from this Money Shot.



Drinking Buddies

Several hours removed from DEFtv 63, Lindsay Troy is walking through a hotel lobby with her gear bag and purse slung over her shoulder. She's looking much worse for wear on the heels of her and Tyrone Walker's Trios title match against Those Damn Vikings. All the Queen wants to do is kick off her trainers and try to catch a few *ZzZs* before her early flight out of Nawlins and back to Tampa.

She stops in front of the elevator bay and pushes the call button. Several moments pass before a loud *ding* signals the arrival of one of the lifts back down to the bottom floor. The doors slide open and...

Andy Murray:

... and that's why Bob Saget should be never be president--

Surprise kills Andy's sentence as he turns around.

Andy Murray:

Oh. Hello.

Troy offers Big Murr a small smile as she waits for the Scotsman to clear out.

Lindsay Troy:

It's usually polite to let the people in the elevator exit first before the ones waiting walk in.

Andy Murray:

Thank you kindly.

The elder Murray casually slides out of the elevator. His younger brother -- sporting a fresh new bandage after Jake Donovan's destruction of the last -- offers Troy a nod as he follows.

Cayle Murray:

Lindsay.

Lindsay Troy: [still smiling]

Squidboy.

Cayle Murray:

Stop trying to make "Squidboy" happen. It's not going to happen.

Troy chuckles as she steps into the lift.

Lindsay Troy:

I don't think my father, the inventor of toaster strudel, would be too pleased to hear that you don't like the nickname.

Andy Murray -- who has never seen Mean Girls -- cuts through the banter.

Andy Murray:

We're headed to the bar if you fancy letting off some steam instead of pushing that button and heading upstairs?

Lindsay Troy: [smirks]

Don't think I'd be great drinking company. Tonight's Viking Proceedings have me feeling as rough as your baby bro is looking. Thanks for the invite, though.

Andy shrugs.

Andy Murray:

Sounds like all the more reason to tag along if you ask me. We won't even mention Da--

He pauses.

Andy Murray:

... that dude.

Cayle Murray:

Yeah, Jake Donovan tried to pull my scalp apart tonight, I don't drink alcohol, and I'm still going...

Lindsay Troy:

Guilt trips and peer pressure don't work on--

The King is having none of this. He shakes his head, then reaches out and grabs Troy by the arm. She's taken off-guard by Murray's quickness, looking a bit surprised as she's guided out of the elevator and back into the lobby.

Andy Murray:

Nah, L. I've been a DEFIANT for a couple months now, and you and I *still* haven't had a drink here yet. We're fixing this.

The Queen heaves a sigh, knowing this isn't an argument she's going to win when she doesn't have the energy to keep protesting. Sleep will have to wait.

Lindsay Troy:

Alright. *A* drink, to soothe your poor, bleeding heart, Andy.

He responds only with a wry smile. The trio make the short journey from hotel lobby to hotel bar and Andy, comfortably the most enthusiastic of the group tonight, scans around for a spare table.

Instead, he lays his eyes on three co-workers who have just rambled their way into the lobby.

Andy Murray:

Well now.

Cayle's expression immediately turns from "relaxed" to "worried" as soon as he catches sight of Dusty Griffith, who is there with Frank Dylan James and Jason Natas. The three of them are looking mighty out of place in the setting that is decidedly not-a-dive-bar-at-all.

Andy Murray:

Looks like we've got company.

Cayle Murray:

I don't like this. Isn't *he* a Dane guy?

Cayle's question is overheard by the other DEFIANCE guys, who now notice there are others present.

Andy Murray:

Yes. Yes he is...

Lindsay Troy:

Some 'Dane Guys' aren't shitheads. Dusty and Frank are good people.

Dusty nods appreciatively to Troy for the good word.

Dusty Griffith:

I certainly try to be, but here's thing, Cayle. I respect the man for what he's accomplished and for what he's done for me and my career. That said, it doesn't mean I agree with how he conducts himself, because it has *nothing* to do with me and how I conduct my own business.

Cayle's eyes narrow. His brother turns to him.

Andy Murray:

You *have* watched this guy's work, right?!

Cayle Murray:

Don't be daft, Andy.

Borderline embarrassed, Cayle shakes his head.

Cayle Murray:

I still remember the time he tried to tear Eric's leg off, and I reckon I could just about recite that 2014 Kai Scott match move-by-move if I wanted to. I'm sorry, Dusty; the lad did this to me a couple of weeks ago.

He points to his freshly bandaged forehead.

Cayle Murray:

I'm still a little edgy.

Dusty waves it off.

Dusty Griffith:

No problem. Jumping into hostile territory, don't know who's friend or foe, I get it.

Jason Natas:

Guess I'll vouch for him too.

Both Murrays' gazes turn to their training partner.

Jason Natas:

Seeing as I know both of you an' all.

Cayle Murray:

Good enough for me.

Cayle and Dusty shake hands, while Frank fidgets impatiently.

Frank Dylan James:

A'ight, good, now that yew two're friends, when're we gonna do some drinkin' around hurr, or is we jus' gon' keep gossipin' like a bunch of li'l girlies?

Big Frank turns to Troy.

Frank Dylan James:

No offense, Miss Lindy.

The Mastodon chuckles loudly to himself and Troy waves off Frank's previous comment.

Lindsay Troy:

None taken. After two years in DEFIANCE, I think I know by now when you want to be talking and when you want to be drinking, Frank.

Frank grins and nods his affirmative to the Queen's knowledge of his ticks. Jason Natas -- who'd briefly sauntered off for a closer look at the bar itself -- returns to the group.

Jason Natas:

I ain't too sure about drinkin' here, fellas. Feels a little... "clean" for my liking.

Dusty Griffith:

I'unno, whattaya say, Frank?

FDJ peers into the bar and grunts.

Frank Dylan James:

R-eeckon Ah can drank beer anywhere, Dust, long as it ain't some candy tastin' horsepiss that these skinny boy hippies are proolly drankin'.

And off he goes in search of the only meal that matters in his diet. Before he gets too far into the establishment, Dusty and Troy follow quickly for the sake of everyone else in the bar.

Jason Natas turns to his training partners.

Jason Natas:

How about it? Little group bonding session...

Andy Murray:

Right behind you, lad. I could use a few new drinking buddies anyway.

Cut...

ACX GET FLEXXED

Flex Kruger:

“Welcome to muscle beach, gentlemen... “

Leaning on the nearest piece of workout equipment with ample smarm the *Lord Paramount of Pectoral Perfection* Flex Kruger nods with all the confidence of a man who obviously doesn't realize “muscle beach” is one specific place in southern California. The enormous gymnasium tucked away inside the DEFplex smackdab in the middle of NOLA is well stocked with all sorts of amenities, and currently filled with folks working out. We spy a few recognizable faces here and there, but it's the two faces aimed directly at Flex's obviously medically resculpted face that we obviously need to be concerned with.

Rich Mahogany, dressed in basketball shorts and one of his trademark open Hawaiian shirts, leans over and whispers in his tag team partners ear.

Rich Mahogany:

This is gay... slash, why am I up this early... slash, why am I still sober... slash, what the *fuck* are you wearing?

The slightly less sleazy half of ACX “Dapper” Don Hollywood shakes his head as he finishes neatly folding his custom monogrammed towel over his arm... an arm clad in what looks to be a neon lime green and black lycra body suit. He does a few feigned stretches, a few weak lunges... not a drop of sweat on his perfectly coiffed, impeccably tanned brow.

Don Hollywood:

Hey... we're trying to better ourselves here, this big goof is just the sort of big goon that gets noticed by the higher up types. He wants to hitch his chemically enhanced waggon to the ACX express, fine by me.

Rich Mahogany:

Angel City eXXXpress Express?

Don Hollywood:

What to the what now?

Rich Mahogany:

You said ACX express... that's like when people say ATM machine. Automatic teller machine machine? ... THIS IS WHY I STAY HIGH ALL THE TIME, DON!

Kruger stops talking (yeah, he was yakking this *whole time*) and narrows his eyes at Richy and Don-Ho and sucks on his teeth. He looks the duo up and down and up again before speaking.

Flex Kruger:

Do you two assholes actually wanna' do this or are we in store for yet another edition of two you DIPS yankin' at each others dongs for two hours.

Rich Mahogany:

TWO HOURS? Ooooooh my dude, no no no I'm not goddamn *working out* for two hours without being at least a little hiiiiii... [looking over at Flex] iiiii uhhh... I have to go take a *shit*. Yeah, that's it. I have to go drop the kids off at the pool *coach*, can I be excused?

Kruger just rolls his eyes, waves his hand and turns to face just Donny who looks none to happy about being left alone with Flex. Mahogany playfully flips off Don behind Kruger's back before vanishing through the nearby bathroom door.

Flex Kruger:

So anyway, like I was sayin'... this is a body based business, you know? You can know all the flippy do moves or be able to take a lot of abuse or whatever, but the top guys? The REAL top guys? Gotta' look the part, bro. Just look at this definition, dude... [flexing] just a matter of time before The Krug-meister gets the call up, if you two dorks are lucky

maybe you can carry my bags, you dig green man? Now come on, hop up here let's see you do some...

Don Hollywood:

Fleeeeeeeex, buddyyyyyy listen... you see this incredible gym outfit I'm wearing? [he doesn't give him a chance to answer] Yeah, sweat would absolutely *ruin* this material. Like you just said, my man, lookin' good should be priority a-number one... am I right? Or am I right... rarararaar... [fake laughter, a few jovial pokes in the ribs] aaaaaaaanyway...

Don can feel Flex's irritation growing by the second. Time for drastic measures, it's bus throwin' time... in the sense that Don's about to proverbially throw Rich under the bus, nobody is actually getting thrown under... *nevermind*, moving along..

Don Hollywood:

SAY! Where's Rich go? Must be an enormous poo...

Flex Kruger: [sniffing the air]

Son of a bitch *doper*...

The massively be-muscled Kruger storms across to the bathrooms and almost unhinges the door... a billowing plume of smoke erupting from the open doorway. After a muffled scream that could have easily belonged to a little girl our earholes are greeted by copious amounts of coughing that harkened Kruger's reemergence from the restroom, a pantsless Rich Mahogany slung over his shoulder.

Rich Mahogany:

GODDAMN BRUTE... my balls are totally touching your shoulder, you know...

Flex drops Richy on his feet right beside his tag partner with a fleshy thwap.

Rich Mahogany: [immediately leaning over towards Don]

My balls were *totally* touching his shoulder.

The fact Rich is completely cornea searingly naked from the waist down is slowly rolling through the busy gymnasium like a nauseous wave or recognition. Rich seems nonplussed and attempts to relight the half smoked joint still clutched between his fingers.

Don Hollywood:

Oooooooh, gimmie...

As Rich smiles and starts to hand the J over, Flex swats the peaceful gesture down sending the joint to the carpeted floor where Kruger promptly stomps it out.

Don Hollywood:

Awww, dude, lame...

Flex Kruger:

YOU GODDAMN ASSHOLES!

The camera cuts to a wide shot of Donny and Rich. Hollywood has unzipped his weird green lycra jumpsuit...

Don Hollywood:

Goddamn hot, are you hot? I'm goddamn hot... lying asshole at Academy "*oh, this baby'll breath*" ... pffffff...

And all Richy has on at this point is his open Hawaiian shirt, a smile and a huge blob of pixels over his exposed bait and tackle. He's somehow produced a small glass pipe and is already toasting a fresh bowl. We can see the effort drain from Kruger's ridiculously huge shoulders.

Flex Kruger:

THAT'S IT... I don't give a damn how unfireable you two assholes are or HOW good'ah friends you are with Skaaland, this shit 'aint worth it, I... *sniff* WHY DOES MY SHOULDER SMELL LIKE JIZZ, BRO!

Rich Mahogany:

... why did you figure my *pants* were off, genius?

Don Hollywood: [talking to himself, struggling with his bodysuit]

Stupid... piece of... shit... *hurk, struggle*

The Lord Paramount of Pectoral Perfection knocks Don-Ho on his lycra wrapped keister as he shoves past the boys on his way towards the door. As Donny gets to his feet, the body suit has ripped down the entire backside. The boys turn and watch Flex as he storms out... the camera stays in place, so we get a nice view of both the ACX boys bare-assed nakedness. Rich takes another hit from the aforementioned little glass pipe, he hands it over to Donny.

Don Hollywood:

Your dicks still out... slash, where were you keeping this?

Rich Mahogany:

Shhhhh... less talk, more smoke.

Don Hollywood:

You should go get your pants so we can go get dinner.

Rich Mahogany:

Sounds like a pla...

An unmistakable voice cuts through the gymnasium like a knife.

Kelly Evans:

ARE YOU TWO FUCKIN' ASSHOLES OUT OF YOUR GODDAMN MINDS?!

... aaaaaand fade to black. For all our sakes.

KKKRANG

Jason Natas is in the Wrestle-Plex gym, working out the surgically repaired knee. He's involved himself for one reason or another in a bitter feud with DEFIANCE's almighty HOSS overlords. No matter who wins this one there will be pain - plenty of it - to go around.

Natas grunts down after clearing a leg press, then locking the weight in place. Providing himself a moment of peace. He uses the back of his hand to wipe sweat from his brow, reaching down next to him for a squirt bottle of water. He takes a sip allowing himself to slow his breathing. His pounding heart begins to calm.

Now it's time to stand. Natas is winded; the knee is hurting him. It's nothing that'll limit him, it's a good hurt; a good pain. The hands fall to the hips and next comes a deep breath. Natas centers himself, finding his zone; seeking the strength to continue.

He places his hands on his hips and takes a deep breath. He's trying to find the zone; the strength even to continue. He closes his eyes, envisioning the inevitable win that will break this lengthy losing streak. Power of positive realization, real zen shit.

His moment of clarity has to wait though.

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The sound of colliding weight plates breaks the Anti-Superstar's focus, his zen. He whips his head around and there adding weight to HIS machine is the rookie himself, the Murder Machine, Mr. Van Carver.

Van smirks, ear to ear, waving at Natas.

Natas:

Help you with somethin', rook?

Carver points down to indicate the somewhat obvious.

Carver:

This machine, my man. Looks like you're all done with it. Was just gonna try to get some work in with ya know some **REAL** weight.

Grimacing, The Bronx Bully does a poor job of hiding his disdain. He shakes his head slowly, then turns his attention back to his own routine.

Natas:

Alright, kid. Good for you.

Natas hops back down to the machine, placing his legs in position and readying himself for another leg press. Carver steps back, throwing his hands to either side.

Carver:

I don't know, boss. You think that bum ass knee can really handle all of that?

The look of doubt in Carver's face is evident.

The Anti-Superstar shoots a look towards the green rookie that silences him. It's then that Jason sinks further into the backrest. He wraps his fingers around the support grips and clenches 'til he's white of knuckle. Summoning every drop of stamina in his body, he slowly pushes his legs out.

With a grunt and a heave, the weight gradually lifts from the stack. Jason grits his teeth and fights through the pain. Natas' knees come close to locking; his repaired right knee being tested to the limit; but the burly New Yorker loosens-up, letting the weight fall-back to its natural spot.

Natas: [muttering]
Goddamn.

Instantly he's up out of the backrest, kicking his right leg. He grimaces putting pressure on it, hobbled a bit; from the test of strength he just ran it through.

From Van Carver there is a purposeful, slow clap.

Carver:
One rep. Congrats Natas. When you set the bar that low you can just crawl underneath it.

Carver hops to it. He clears the first one nice and easy, the second one easy still; the third comes with the heaving of a man being tested but he places the weight clean back in its locked position. Carver stands, his breath is heavy, he moves eye to eye with Natas.

Carver:
Try that one on for size, Superstar.

Jason groans audibly.

Natas:
You sure got a big old chip on yer shoulder for a guy who's barely been through the door five minutes, don'cha?

He doesn't wait for an answer.

Natas:
You got any idea what kinda shit I've been through these past eighteen months, kiddo? You got any idea how it feels to have the only thing you've ever been good at pulled from beneath you? You're young, still learnin' the ropes; so I'll give you a pass.

Carver moves to take his seat on the machine, Natas reaches out and grabs his arm. For one final thing.

Natas:
But come at me with this shit again and you and I are gonna have ourselves a problem. Got it?

Carver, naturally a hot head, quickly brings his hand up, clearing Natas' paw off of him. Cocked and ready to throw it goes the right hand, as the back foot drops. It's then the door to this portion of the gym swings open.

Click, clack go a pair of heels and there stands Jane Katze.

Katze:
Van, might need you for a minute; if you think you can spare it.

Her eyes find the Anti-Superstar giving him the up and the down, shaking her head.

Van never wavers, his eyes locked on Natas as he steps past him, towards Jane.

Carver:
Yeah, nothing much happening here anyway.

Off Van and Jane go, destination unknown, leaving Natas once again to his lonesome. He shakes his head at the brief

interaction what Carver.

Natas: [to himself]
What an asshole.

And his attention turns back to the leg press machine. A lightbulb appearing above his head. He's over to the weight stack. Two get picked up.

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They get added to the machine. Natas hops to, grits his teeth, and goes to work.

The Adventures of Sam and Jeanie

The following takes place from the Dragon's Lair dojo in Queens, New York:

Sam's agent Jeanie comes into focus from Sam's phone. Jeanie is in a purple, midriff baring sports bra, and gray form fitting yoga pants which hug her more than ample curves beautifully. She is doing bag work on the heavy bag, laying into it with sharp punches, elbows, knees, and kicks. Jeanie is as well trained as her client, the both of them having trained together since they were kids.

He goes on 'selfie' mode to film himself.

Sam:

This is the 'King of the Streets' Sam Horry, live from the Dragon's Lair dojo. I just finished a short sparring session to work out some kinks after I was able to survive Frank Dylan James this week. Shout out to FDJ, great match, mang. You know, one of the things I'm asked the most on Twitter or on Instagram lately is, "Where's Jeanie?" "How come we never see Jeanie on tv no more?"

Sam turns 'selfie' mode off to film his agent still working on the bag.

Sam:

Here she is: Elizabeth Jeanie Corazon de la Rosa Rivera-Horry. That's right, 'Horry' you pervs—she's mine. Jeanie...Babe, say 'hi' to the camera.

Jeanie: (*Stops hitting bag.*)

What?

Sam:

Hurry up and say 'hi' to everybody, my battery is running low.

Jeanie:

What do you mean 'everybody'?

Sam:

I'm addin' content to DEF Uncut. People keep askin' why you not on tv no more.

Jeanie:

Did you tell them it's because you're afraid I'd be a bigger star than you? Cause you know, es la verdad—it's the truth.

Sam:

Don't get eff'd up, Jeanie.

Jeanie: (*waving*)

Hey Ty, hey Kels. I'm bringing Empanadas for Easter dinner. Hey Harmony, we gotta get up sometime.

Sam:

Yeah, shout out to Harmony, and Kels and big cuz. Babe, did you clear time for us to shoot here next week? Remember we're doing the vignette?

Jeanie: (*giggles*)

Yes I did. See, that's why I'm not on tv anymore, guys. Sam keeps me too busy. ¡Mira! I gotta handle your training schedule, then I gotta negotiate who you fight next and when, and how much we get paid from that. Then I gotta schedule tv appearances, interviews, meet with your sponsors. Where I ever find the time to be your ex-wife, I'll never know.

Sam:

See, I already told everybody you're mine. Why you gotta tell them you're my ex-wife?

Jeanie:

Because legally I am, sweetheart. We're working on it though, so barring Will Smith breaking up with Jada, or Mushi breaking you in half at DEF Road rendering you physically useless....yes I'm all yours...for the time being.

She points to her ring finger, calling to attention a specific jewelry item missing from it.

Sam:

What happened to the last one I got you? Why I gotta buy you another one?

Jeanie cuts Sam and by extension, the viewers watching via camera, a glare that could melt steel.

Jeanie:

Because I'm worth it, muh'fucka!

Sam:

Come on girl, I done told you I'ma make an honest woman out of you.

Jeanie: (*laughing*)

You're so silly.

She fixes her hair, and returns her countenance to a much happier one.

Jeanie:

Since you won't let me finish my bag work, let's go home.

Sam:

What chu' mean, 'You won't let me finish...' You're just being lazy. I am giving you a forum to show the world you're alright after Jake Donovan's bullshit—Shout out to Jake Donovan, I beat yo' ass.

She turns around and bends down to get her bag and towel. Sam decides to be mischievous and shoots in on the curvy lower half of her body.

Sam:

Damn you sexy, ma. I'll give you ten rings if you want 'em! You got a great future behind you, kid!

Laughing, Jeanie turns to flip Sam off.

Sam:

So I'm sayin' though, I can get some of that when we get home...

Her smile is replaced by a pensive bend in her eyebrows.

Sam:

...or nah.

Jeanie:

Um...yeah. Let's do that. We're not posting this on Uncut right?

Sam:

The sex? I didn't know that was an option.

Jeanie:

You're such a goof. I was talking about the conversation! I'm a lady, Sam.

Sam:

Shiiiiiiit, not when we get back home, you're not. Peace out y'all!

Parting shot of Jeanie's 'I'm gonna kill you' face.

The Lone Star Of Texas Is Coming To DEFIANCE

The camera focuses in on a lone television monitor backstage. Within moments, the monitor flickers to life and the outside of a large mansion fills the screen.

The zoom inside the monitor is activated as the shot squeezes in on the front door, revealing a man to be standing there...

Sean Jackson.

Wearing a William Westmancott Suit, he adjusts the tie before cracking that million dollar smirk.

Jackson:

DEFIANCE Wrestling, my name is Sean Jackson and this is what a true world champion is supposed to look like. Living in the largest mansion, dressed in the most expensive clothes...

As the Dallas native is speaking, a white in color Chrysler 300 stretch limo pulls in front of him.

Jackson:

And driven around in the most expensive limos.

The scene fades momentarily before coming back to life inside the limo. He has a glass of champagne in his hand, still sporting that million dollar smirk.

Jackson:

You see people, this is the good life. Being sheltered from the common gutter trash, those who stick their hands out in expectation of being given everything.

He takes a sip, before wiping his bottom lip with the pinky finger.

Jackson:

Just like those so-called "stars" you've been watching on a weekly basis. Well those days are over because the Lone Star of Texas has finally arrived. No longer is mediocrity going to be tolerated, because I don't give hand-outs. I am coming to DEFIANCE because you people are starved for talent...

The smile on his face gets larger.

Jackson:

For actual championship pedigree...

The smile abruptly disappears.

Jackson:

For a "real" star.

Inhale/exhale.

Jackson:

The ONLY STAR...

The camera pans in tight.

Jackson:

That's right people, Me.

The look on his face tells the whole story. This message is aimed at someone in particular, even Ray Charles and Stevie Wonder can see that.

Jackson:

The REAL World Champion. The man who has stood head and shoulders above everyone, who has dominated everyone placed in front of him. So get ready DEFIANCE, because I'm putting you all on notice that I'm here for one reason...

That million dollar smirk comes back.

Jackson:

And one reason only.

The Texan takes one final sip of his champagne.

Jackson:

Which will be made known in due time. But until that time, it is back to the good life. So if you'll excuse me, I have important time to kill.

Abruptly, fade to black.