

**SHOW OPEN**

♪"Pet Semetary" - The Ramones♪



We fade in on the desk, with 'The Motormouth of Malcontent' Angus Skaaland sitting behind it, collecting his notes.

**Angus:**

Welcome, children, to another edition of DEFIANCE Uncut. My name is Angus Skaaland, and as you can see I've got my desk back to myself again... and I've got places to be. Let's get to it, shall we?

He shuffles.

**Angus:**

Apparently, we've got Sub Pop Snotty, Impulse, and a bunch 'a my BRAZEN boys tonight, so let's start off with an UNCUT-Exclusive match from this past DEFTv taping.

Pause.

**Angus:**

Don't mind Keebs... he's got issues.

And we cut to tape.

## DANNY DIGGS vs TRIPP WISE

**DDK:**

Welcome folks, to another UNCUT Exclusive match! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and with me as always is "The Motormouth of Malcontent" Angus Skaaland.

**Angus:**

And we're going to see two of my BRAZEN kids go at it! Danny Diggs has been messing with that goofy Kiwi Oscar Burns as of late. Diggs is about to take on the partner of a guy he beat on this show a few weeks ago. "The Wise Ass" Tripp Wise is gunning for payback for Diggs beating the other half of BADASS, Davis Bloome.

**DDK:**

Needless to say, Wise is somewhat... different, to say the least?

**Angus:**

So is Danny and maybe that's what Tripp needs to win, Keebs. He's the total opposite of the hard-nosed Davis. Bloome will punch you in the gorram mouth. Wise will crack a joke, play to the crowd... and then punch you in the mouth. I think if Diggs tries to play around with Wise, he could blow it like you on prom night.

**DDK:**

Thanks for that. Let's go to Darren Quimbey for the introductions.

**Darren Quimbey:**

The following singles match is an UNCUT Exclusive match set for one fall!

♪ "Do You Really Want To Hurt Me" by Culture Club ♪

The gloriously inappropriate tune plays through the arena. Confusion spreads among the faithful, and it's only amplified as Danny Diggs glides out from the back. The portly grappler is clad in a pair of tie-dye tights and a black shirt with only the word "Meh." In one hand is a steel chair, and the other, a bottle of wine. He takes a sip before walking down the ramp, still grinning.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Introducing first, from Cleveland, Ohio, weighing in at 250 pounds... **"MASTER THIEF" DANNY DIGGS!**

Diggs enjoys the negative response from the crowd and enters the ring. He takes his shirt off and when he starts to point to the crowd to see if any of them want it, a couple front row folk actually do. He takes the shirt off and prepares to throw it... before changing his mind and then putting it back on. He laughs and the crowd boo as his opponent arrives.

♪ "In One Ear" by Cage The Elephant ♪

The fans cheer for the de facto good guy of this match, Tripp Wise! The blonde-haired man in the Cobra Kai-inspired tights walks to the ring.

**Darren Quimbey:**

And his opponent, from Seattle, Washington, weighing in at 239 pounds... **DAVIS BLOOME!**

Bloome enters the ring by jumping over the ropes. He's very put together and he is ready for a fight.

*DING DING DING!*

**DDK:**

Benny Doyle calls for the bell and... wow, Diggs just shoves Tripp down!

Right at the bell, Danny Diggs runs forward and shoves his opponent down on his backside. Right after that, he runs towards the other side of the ring and tries to undo the top turnbuckle padding like his life depends on it. Benny Doyle tries to tell him to stop or risk what might be a record-setting disqualification, but Danny ignores him.

**Angus:**

I told you, Keebs, this dude fights dirtier than the dirtiest of dirt. That's a metric shit-ton of dirt, for those who don't know.

**DDK:**

OH! And Tripp Wise clobbers him in the corner with that Clothesline!

Tripp gets back up and the crowd cheers him when he whacks him in the back of the head with a big Clothesline! Tripp runs backwards a few steps and Clotheslines him again! And then hits him with another! He runs back a few steps more and comes back with another Clothesline!

**Angus:**

Tripp likes to goof around in the ring since he's the... I dunno, the ASSier half of the tag team BADASS – but he can come up with ways to hurt you WHILE he entertains himself.

**DDK:**

Tripp connects with that series of Running Clotheslines in the corner! Diggs reverse a whip... NO! Tripp out of the corner with ANOTHER Clothesline!

Tripp yells out the words "GOING AND GOING AND GOING AND GOING!" before he goes for a cover on Diggs.

ONE!

TWO!

**DDK:**

Tripp gets only a two, but he's going to the middle rope... what's he doing here?

**Angus:**

Another one of his stupid, but funny named moves. He calls this next move See You Next Fall! And that usually leads to his finisher, Have a Nice Tripp.

**DDK:**

Huh. Think that'd be the other way.

He shimmies off the second rope with a funny walk while the fans cheer before diving off the middle rope with a huge Diving Senton called Have A Nice Tripp! He tries for another cover on Diggs!

ONE!

TWO!

**Angus:**

Tripp is just taking Diggs to school! I wish I'd see this kind of fire more out of him instead of him telling stupid ass jokes backstage while his partner kicks people's asses.

**DDK:**

Tripp now trying to set up that modified STO that he calls Have a Nice Tripp. Can he get it?

He tries to pull him into a wrist-clutch and spin him around into the full variation of his finish, but when he turns Diggs around...

**DDK:**

Diggs is biting his forehead! What in the hell?

Even Tripp whose own offense is unorthodox, gets caught off-guard by Diggs! He throws him into the official... Tripp stops himself but the referee doesn't see the low blow by Diggs! He catches Tripp from behind and then turns him around into the Fisherman's DDT!

**Angus:**

Heist Almighty! Stick a fork in him, he's done!

Tripp keeps the leg hooked after the vicious DDT variation!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

**DDK:**

Wow, over already! Tripp Wise came in with a great gameplan to just blitz Diggs with offense, but just ONE unorthodox move from Diggs led to an opening and this one is all wrapped up!

**Angus:**

I hope Oscar Burns is taking notes, Keebs. They'll be fighting to see who controls the stip for their match at DEFCON and Diggs can gorram well cheat to get victory! No matter how many holds and submissions Oscar Burns knows, Danny Diggs has proven he has more than one way to win matches whether you want him to or not!

Danny Diggs leaves the ring and blows kisses to the jeering crowd in the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex before we move on elsewhere.

## QUEST FOR TAG TEAM GLORY II

EARLIER TODAY: BACKSTAGE INTERVIEW AREA

"Hey! Has anybody seen The Guns of Brixton?"

With the sound of Aleczander The Great's voice, the scene opens up to the self-professed Tag Team LEGEND (because all caps reasons) walking through the halls of DEFIANCE HQ's backstage area. He walks by a couple of stagehands and stops them in their tracks. The blonde man and a brunette woman look up at The Mancunian Muscle.

**Aleczander The Great:**

Hey! Wankers! You seen three fellas around here? Harry King, Nigel Collins and Rob Rose? Guns of Brixton? I think they've been ignorin' me and screening my calls, but I gotta find 'em!

**Blonde Stagehand:**

[confused] Uhh... pretty sure you just ruined their names, dude. And no, haven't seen them today.

**Brunette Stagehand:**

Yeah, me, neither. You try the gym?

**Aleczander The Great:**

Uh... banned for thirty days. Don't want to talk about it.

**Brunette Stagehand:**

Okay.

The pair are about to walk away when Aleczander snaps on them, stopping them in their tracks.

**Aleczander The Great:**

All right, you nosey ponces! A lot of the guys backstage didn't like me "propositioning them for smelling fingers" or whatever nonsense your HR department cocked up. I think they told me I wasn't allowed to talk about it even... oops.

By now, the two stagehands have disappeared from sight, not having any interest in Aleczander's woes.

**Aleczander The Great:**

Well, that was bloody rude. Man pours his heart and soul and you tits just walk away. Brilliant.

The Mancunian Muscle sighs.

**Aleczander The Great:**

Oh, well...

As he is about to up and leave, the camera catches a glimpse of the very men he's looking for just down the hall. Harry Rose, Nigel King and Rob Collins - aka, The Guns of Brixton - getting into a verbal spat with BRAZEN standout Levi Cole. The camera suddenly shifts closer to catch what they're saying.

**Levi Cole:**

Whoa, friend, I'm not trying to offend nobody. Why y'all harrasin' me anyway? I just walked down here mindin' my own business...

**Harry Rose:**

You piece of shite.

Nigel King marches up to Levi and jabs the big Oklahoman in his chest with a finger.

**Nigel King:**

We're sick of people like you, Cole, gettin' opportunities while we're down here fightin' to get noticed. How come WE didn't get to be a part of the DEFMAX?

Big Rob Collins chuckles behind him.

**Rob Collins:**

And look what happened to ya on DEFtv. Couldn't even make it to your main event because you were having your arse kicked by them Reapers.

**Harry Rose:**

Face it, Cole. You're a bleedin' choker, plain and simple.

As Aleczander continues watching from afar, Levi Cole gets his hands up defensively.

**Levi Cole:**

Whoa, fellas. Yeah... things ain't exactly gone my way, I get it. But that don't mean I ain't gonna keep trying. I ain't even met you three before now, so don't go blamin' your shortcomings on me. I... Agh!

Them's fighting words. And before Cole can get anything else out, the big man Rob Collins DECKS Levi Cole with a right hand when he doesn't see it! Cole is still on his feet, but dazed which allows Rose to attack by tackling him against the locker! All three of the Guns of Brixton pounce on the major BRAZEN standout and start putting the boots to him, all while Aleczander jumps out and cheer on his fellow countrymen.

**Aleczander The Great:**

Yeah, mates, get 'em! Show that Star-Spangled Wanker who's boss!

The three-on-one backstage beatdown suddenly stops when all eyes focus on The Mancunian Muscle. Rob Collins stands in front of Levi Cole's fallen body while Nigel angrily approaches Aleczander.

**Nigel King:**

Got a problem, mate?

Aleczander waves his hands.

**Aleczander The Great:**

Err... yes... with... Yanks, too! I haven't lived in Florida for ten years and haven't been a dual citizen of this country... no, sir... Team UHK all the way!

He actually pronounces the initials for the United Kingdom in that way, getting funny looks from the trio. Nigel ignores Aleczander and looks down at Levi Cole, still nursing his jaw.

**Nigel King:**

If you wanna do somethin' about this, find yerself a tag partner and meet us in the ring, wanker.

King waves Rose and Collins and the three men walk off; their message against the BRAZEN standout being loud and clear. Aleczander looks down at Cole.

**Aleczander The Great:**

Wow, mate, they gave you a thrashin'!

Cole rubs his jaw and looks up at Aleczander - a man he has shared the ring with before - and picks himself up under his own power. Cole stumbles off without saying a word to The Big Brit. After the ruckus, Aleczander suddenly forgets what he was there for and snaps a finger.

**Aleczander The Great:**

Shite! Tag team! Right!

Zander goes to try and follow The Guns as the scene goes elsewhere.

## TAKE TWO

The scene cuts to the DEFIANCE backdrop. There's no one else in the picture at this current moment, but voices can be heard from behind the camera. It sounds like Lance Warner is talking to the camera crew and then directs his attention to someone else.

**Warner:**

Just go up there and say what's on your mind. And remember, it's not DEFtv, this is Uncut. This is a great way to start working on your skills.

Some faint talking is heard before a battered and beaten Gage Blackwood steps in front of the camera. He is wearing a plain black shirt but his ribs and left arm is heavily wrapped. He has a dark purple bruise under his right eye and the scar on his forehead, which he's had for many years, looks like it had been opened up again.

**Blackwood:**

Last week...

This is met by a long pause. Gage pulls at the bandage on his arm and then stares straight into the camera.

**Blackwood:**

Last week I was embarrassed. I was embarrassed at the hands of a real bully and his manager.

While Blackwood talks, his voice is rather monotone and emotionless, as if he had his lines scripted and practiced them way too many times.

**Warner:**

(from behind the camera) Go on...

**Blackwood:**

Actually, I've been embarrassed all three weeks I've been here. Embarrassed by Gunther Adler. Embarrassed by David Hightower. Embarrassed by myself.

Blackwood seems to gain some confidence while talking and a little more (though not much) emotion enters into his voice.

**Blackwood:**

This has not been the start I've wanted. There's a lot of new talent here and I need to... somehow... I need to stand out. I clearly have not.

**Warner:**

(from behind the camera) Good, good, keep going...

Blackwood clears his throat.

**Blackwood:**

My wrestling career has been *filled* with disappointment but I'm not going out like this.

Blackwood takes off his shirt to reveal even more tensor wrap around his body than one would have thought. The post-match beating he took at the hands of Hightower and Sawyers was a statement. A statement that they are for real. A statement that no one should pick on them. And the statement rang loud and clear. It was a surprise Gage was even able to stand.

**Blackwood:**

David, Jamie... you separated yourselves from the rest of the pack with this beating.

Blackwood has a long pause to try and collect his thoughts. His voice goes back to a monotone, almost scripted sound.

**Blackwood:**

I might not be a good speaker, clearly... and so far, I've struggled in the ring. But like I said, I've dealt with failure and now it's time to make my mark. My statement. Next week on DEFtv, I will separate myself from the rest of the pack.

Blackwood points at the camera.

**Blackwood:**

So brace yourself.

Warner can be heard clapping lightly from behind the camera as Blackwood walks off.

**Warner:**

That was good! I mean, a little short... a little stiff... but that was good. We can probably air this!

## DAYS GONE BY - PART 3

Jessica's never been in this bar before. Honestly, she was just an eighteen year old, confused kid; I doubt she's ever been in any bar before.

In truth, I didn't outright walk away. I took a right instead of a left and walked into the open air courtyard behind the bar. It's fenced in with razorwire: you can only get into this courtyard from the bar itself, but because it's technically outside, people can drink and smoke at the same time. Miss Ivy insisted; she knew it would be a hit. There were a few benches and picnic tables as well, so people could sit.

But I went there, and from where I stood I could see her, after a minute, stand up, compose herself, and leave. I started after her for a second, but stopped.

I felt like a piece of human garbage.

"That was painful."

The reason I'd come out here was because nobody else had. Everyone who was still here wanted to hang out with the band inside, or be entertained by Gally and Lorian's spontaneous karaoke performances.

Rule #3 of TC's Pub: all drink services stop when someone plays a Type-O-Negative song.

I spun around, and came face to face with the woman herself.

Angel.

The face, voice, and soul of Valerian's Garden, the reason that most of these people were here tonight had somehow managed to leave the crowded, well - lit bar completely unnoticed. There's a lesson in this: when you're able to keep an appropriate perspective, it doesn't matter how famous you are.

"How much do you hate yourself right now," she continued.

You don't wanna know, I replied.

"Should've helped her, kiddo."

How, I asked. She wants Impulse. She wants the guy who stood up to the Windham Clan and Hellfire Club, and persevered against The First. I'm not that guy, I'm just Randall Knox, a bitter ex-wrestler, two days' unemployed, burnt out and perpetually annoyed.

She laughed.

"Did you mean to rhyme that," she asked me.

I didn't answer, but I relaxed a bit.

"You can fight it all you want, Knox - but you're a hero to a lot of people. That's really cool, but that's a real responsibility. You can't take it lightly or ignore it, and you can't turn people away."

Hell I can't, I said, I'm no more or less guilty than you and the rest of the band, or your husband, or your manager when it comes to 'responsibility' to the fans.

She smiled. Immediately, the smile told me I was wrong.

"Don't ever tell McGinnis she's wrong," said Angel, "besides, nobody looks at the manager as inspiration. Beyond that, you've got a major malfunction when it comes to the way to handle people that look up to you. I can't speak for Eli, because I don't pay attention to the wrestling business, but believe you me, every musician that's ever asked me anything has gotten a response with equivalent respect."

Angel stood up on the bench.

"Do you remember Wrestlestock," she asked me, "do you remember when you were wandering the desert and you found me and Mikey and asked our advice? What did we say?"

That was seven years ago; NFW Wrestlestock II was the first pay-per-view event I was ever officially part of, and I spent the three day music fest beforehand having a low level panic attack.

You asked me to listen to to the air, I said, and you told me that it was the sound of a million people on the verge of a life - altering decision. The next day, I entered the JTP Invitational with number three and was one of the final four wrestlers in the ring: a one hundred and eighteen minute performance.

"And you took it," she said, "Do you think you'd've done the same if me and Mike weren't there?"

I don't know, I said, but I think so.

"Maybe," she replied, "and maybe not. The point is, you needed advice and we gave it to you. Did you do the same?"

Touche, Angel.

No, I admitted. I didn't.

"Then you need to own it," she said. "You were on the verge of another decision when that little girl was asking you for help, and you slapped her down."

I paused. That's a little dramatic, isn't it, I asked.

Angel laughed. "I'm a goth pagan and a professional singer: I'm supposed to be dramatic."

Shaking my head in amusement and frustration, I looked back into the bar: the girl was long gone. So now what, I asked. What happens now that I didn't do what I was apparently supposed to do?

She got down off the bench and gave me a one - armed hug over the shoulders. "You do the best you can," she said. "Somewhere along the way, karma's gonna catch up to you, and when that happens...you just remember to do the right thing."

And with that, my spiritual advisor disappeared into the sea of her adoring fans.

It's interesting, I got into this sport because I love the competition. I left the sport because I hated the politics and the backbiting. I had the chance to actually help guide a young person to make the right choices, and I didn't.

You reap what you sow.

## **SPEED DATING**

**The D:**

Alright, just be yourself.

Walking into an Applebees, The D pats Klein on his back. Klein is wearing a three piece suit, with a bright and vibrant red tie. The D wears blue jeans and a t-shirt, alongside a bright golden monocle. Klein's head, meanwhile, is covered by his traditional safe space, the Box. Klein adjusts his tie and sturdies his shoulders, as the D pats him on his box.

**The D:**

And when that fails, try being me.

The D slaps Klein on his ass, and sends him into Applebees. Klein looks around wildly, box shaking from side to side, wondering where the D had gone to. The D, meanwhile, slips into the kitchen and starts explaining to the 19 year old hostess how he's a Hollywood star, like Kathy Griffin. Klein takes a seat in a booth, grabbing a name tag and placing it onto his suit's lapel.

**Host:**

Welcome everyone, to APPLEBEE'S SPEED DATING! Let's get to it! You have thirty seconds with each woman. If you each vote yes at the end of the night, your contact information will be shared... so LET'S GET MINGLING!

Klein grips his hands together and breathes into them. A bell rings, and a mid-20s girl with glasses, studious and stout, sits across from the Man in the Box. She stares quizzically toward Klein, who simply waves enthusiastically.

**Mid-20s Woman:**

Were you burned in a fire as a youth?

CUTTO: Later, a late 30s brunette woman sits opposite Klein. She's dressed in a low cut blue sweater and black tight jeans. She gently rubs her index finger across her lips.

**Late 30s Woman:**

Cardboard Cuts are so much sexier than paper cuts.

CUTTO: later, another woman sits across from Klein. She's maybe 19, barely 18, and even wears her school's catholic uniform. She's chewing a large wad of bubble gum. She winks toward Klein, and then her eyes roll into the back of her head. She topples over in her chair. Klein rushes toward her side, and presses his box against her lips, breathing into her mouth. He coughs, choking, chewing on some wad of chewing gum, and does chest compressions, before the young woman awakens. Klein then reaches into his mouth, pulls out the wad of gum, and sticks it back into her mouth. She walks off without a word.

CUTTO: Late 40s/Early 50s, a cougar who's dressed the part in leopard skin tight clothing. She leans over the table, showing her ample and purchased bosom to the box man.

**Cougar:**

Play bongos with me.

Klein tugs at his suit collar.

CUTTO: Klein, watching a woman struggle to take a seat across from him. She's at least 300 pounds, and breathes heavy as she takes a seat. She reaches into her fanny pack, pulling out a half-eaten chicken thigh, and takes a bite. Before she can say anything to Klein, she notices he's leaning in, and gnaws a bite out of the chicken himself. She then promptly uses the chicken thigh to slap Klein across the face.

CUTTO: A quiet studious bookworm reading from her novel. After a few seconds of silence, she raises her wire frame glasses and smiles to Klein.

**Bookworm:**

I like you. You're the only guy here that'd let me read.

Klein waves to her enthusiastically.

CUTTO: An unanswered hippie, smoking a joint. She's bright and youthful but extremely unkempt, and this is clearly her third joint of the night. She takes a puff, and extends it to Klein, who cautiously takes it from her. He studies it, thoroughly. He takes a puff, and coughs heavily.

**Stoner:**

Next!

CUTTO: Klein, feeling a bit dejected. He holds his box in his hands. He doesn't look up as the next woman takes a seat across from him. She's intellectually, strong, bright and bubbly. She's wearing a red skirt suit and her hair matches the color of her jacket. She smiles brightly, and then leans forward, trying to gain Klein's attention.

**Woman:**

Klein?

Klein perks up, eyes wide through his box holes. He stares across the table at Mary-Lynn Mayweather, fellow trainer at Jack Harmer's gym. She can't help but laugh, and tries to curtail her response.

**Mary-Lynn Mayweather:**

Who'da thunk it? Find anyone good here?

Klein shrugs his shoulders, his box almost flipping off his head as he does. He reaches up and makes sure it stabilizes. Mary can't help but laugh.

**Mary-Lynn Mayweather:**

Me either. These people... there's a guy who told me he wrestles sharks. When I asked if he has any wounds, he pointed to his crotch.

Mary-Lynn shudders as Klein laughs.

**Mary-Lynn Mayweather:**

Like that'd impress me!

The buzzer rings, as Mary-Lynn gently strokes Klein's box.

**Mary-Lynn Mayweather:**

Don't worry, we'll both find someone. She exits, as Klein can only chuckle to himself.

CUTTO: Klein, sitting at a bar. The D steps out from the kitchen area, shirt half untucked and hair a mess. In fact, his monocle has been completely misplaced. He takes a seat next to Klein, and raises two fingers to the bartender. After two shots are poured, the D slides a shot over to Klein. He tries to adjust his hair in the reflection of the mirror behind the barkeep, and then smiles sheepishly toward Klein.

**The D:**

So... find anyone interesting here tonight?

Klein begins to sign language, telling The D of all what he experienced tonight. The D downs his shot, and then orders another. As Klein continues to talk, The D orders four more rounds and quickly downs all four, offering no other shots to Klein. Klein just keeps talking, excitedly extolling the virtues of speed dating at Applebees. The D, meanwhile, is thinking of the romp he just had with the 19 year old hostess who believed he was Justin Bieber's cousin acting on some the CW show. Oh, the sweet supple curves.

## WHAT IS OWED

**Post DEFtv 87.**

*Backstage in the Wrestleplex.*

The locker room door is held slightly ajar. Flashes of Scott Douglas packing his bag can be seen in between the pacing passes of Terry "The Idol" Anderson. We catch them mid conversation. Douglas comes across calm but determined and clearly agitated.

Scott is clearly roughed up from his skirmish with Hoffman. His face is flushed and red and showing early signs of some lite swelling.

**Scott Douglas:**

... this is happening, Terry.

**Terry Anderson:**

I know your riled up but I think you leaving yourself open here ... not focusing on the real threat could prove problematic.

**Douglas:**

I'm over this Reaper shit.

Douglas looks up at the pacing Anderson.

**Douglas:**

I thought I made that extremely clear. It's done. DEFcon is set, fine. But between now and then ... I owe Hoffman more than one.

**Anderson:**

*Scott ...*

**Douglas:**

Terry, I get it. You've been on the inside and *you know* what she is **capable of**! I've been ... *on the inside* ... of **the ring**; with her, with Midorikawa ... with that big red bastard. I'm **well** versed. If she wants to keep popping off about Courtney this and Courtney that, so be it ... Whatever her hang up is ... it's, simply, her bag to carry. I came here to start over - to let the past be just that.

Terry stops pacing, giving a clear view of Scott through the cracked door.

**Anderson:** *[deflated]*

I get it.

Scott zips up his bag and slings it over his shoulder.

**Douglas:**

Then make the formal request, please ... and meet me at The Holy Ground. I got your first round.

**Anderson:**

Hoffman, next week. Alright.

Scott heads toward the door. The camera backs away as it swings open. Scott notices and shoots a quick glance and shrugs with his eyebrows before continuing on. Terry Anderson yells from the locker room.

**Anderson:**

PUT SOME ICE ON THAT EYE!

The camera swings back in time to catch the last few words on tape. Terry mulls around for a moment and heads toward the door as the feed is cut.