

SHOW OPEN

Similar to how the majority of Uncut is captured; a behind the scenes camera rolls on Angus Skaaland as he flips through his preshow notes. He stands in front of the desk, rather than behind it as a PA affixes a lav mic to his lapel.

Angus:

UTA ...

He flips the papers. The movement of his arm stifles the PA's attempt.

Angus:

UTA ...

Again. The PA struggles.

Angus:

Blackwood's broken ...

Again. He's got it and steps back, proudly.

Angus:

UTA ... NOPE!

Angus tosses the papers down on the desk next to him and pulls the lav from his lapel. He reaches behind him and pulls the power pack from his waistline and deposits it on the desk.

Angus: [off mic]

... not happening! DEFtv was the UTA show ... if this is going to be too - it'll be without Angus Skaaland!

The camera turns, showing the lights and all of the set, as Angus exits.



ENTER THE BLOODWELL

Moments before DEFTV opening sequence plays, three limousines pull up to the DEFarena, here in New Orleans, LA.

As the limousines park, out of one of them steps Chris Ross dressed in a black shirt with the words "I am 717" with white bullet hole effects on it, a pair of camo cargo shorts, some dark sunglasses, and his skull bandanna over his mouth, he is soon followed by Jamie Sawyers dressed in a orange two button suit.

He is followed by David Hightower in a white wife beater, and blue jeans with boots and finally Jack Harmen some casual clothing he has a can of Stokkebye Caviar and a wooden spoon, shoveling the caviar in his mouth. They lead a portion of the UTA roster exiting the limo.

The camera moves to the second limo, as it comes to a stop Dan Ryan with a pair of black shades, with black boots, blue jeans and a Defiance T-Shirt with a circle with a line going through the Defiance name. With him is Lisil Jackson dressed in a nice tropical Hawaiian shirt unbuttoned, some white sneakers, a pair of blue jeans, his trademark fedora, and a pair of sunglasses as he steps out, and finally Scott Stevens in a pair of blue jeans white shoes and a black F*ck Defiance T-Shirt.

The three men lead another group of UTA guys from their limousine. In the final limo that finally pulls up behind the other two, the chauffeur opens the door and first out steps the owner of the WrestleUTA Mikey Unlikely dressed in a full suit, no tie it is unbuttoned at the top, with aviators.

As he steps from the limo Jessie Fredricks Kendricks is the next to exit also dressed in a suit with no tie. He is followed by THE Jay Harvey in a expensive grey suit, he looks back at the limo and holds his hand out for the lovely Catalina who is next to exit the limo ravishing black and white dress with black high heels. As the UTA stars meet up Crimson Lord finally steps from out of the limo in Magnanni alligator double-monk brown shoes, a pair of black pinstripe slacks, with a white dress with three buttons unbuttoned. A pair of C Décor sunglasses, the WrestleUTA championship folded up and being carried under his right arm.

As Crimson walks from the limo the chauffeur closes the door. Crimson looks at him for a moment as the chauffeur appears to have something to say.

Crimson:

So are you going to get our bags or stand there Anthony?

Anthony:

Yes, sir but you told me to let you know when he has arrived. I received the call just a few moment ago and it appears he is right over there.

Crimson looks in the direction Anthony was pointing at and sure enough a man stands there with a manilla envelope. Crimson looks back at Anthony and nods, he looks ahead and notices Mikey and crew heading into the arena Crimson gives the owner a slow nod. He returns the nod and follows his boys and girls into the arena. Crimson reaches into his dress shirt pocket and pulls out a Gurkha Black Dragon cigar.

He reaches into his pants pocket and pulls out a ring gauge cutting the cigar. Anthony has the other drivers and behind the scenes staff start to take the luggage into the building. Anthony walks up to Crimson once more, who hands him the championship for a moment as he fires up the cigar in his mouth. He quickly takes the championship back from Anthony and takes a few puffs of the cigar before making his way to the man followed by Anthony.

As the man comes into view it appears to be a former employee of the WrestleUTA Jon Larver, obviously a man that was part of Mikey trimming the fat before the invasion. Crimson hands the championship once more to Anthony who stands next to the champion.

Larver:

I must say Crimson you certainly have changed

Crimson takes another puff of his cigar.

Crimson:

Times have changed Jonathan, so is that it?

Larver:

Yes, yes here it i--

Crimson interrupts him

Crimson:

If you want this job, then you better start showing some respect!

Jon staggers trying to revise his words of choice.

Larver:

Yes..sorry Mr. Lord.

Crimson raises an eyebrow toward Jon.

Crimson:

Mr. Lord?

Jon seems a bit perplexed.

Larver:

Sorry um sir.

Crimson:

Mr. Bloodwell will do.

Jon clearly is confused having never heard that name before. He nods as Crimson reviews the forms in the manilla envelope for a moment, he pulls his glasses off and puts them in his shirt pocket.

Crimson:

The job entails you being my assistant. You will book my appearances on television shows, handle my flights and other tasks of my choosing. Do you understand the details of this job?

Larver:

So are you saying I will be your manager?

Crimson hands the application to Anthony with the envelope. Crimson puts his glasses back on and takes the championship from Anthony. The chauffeur walks off, Crimson takes another puff of his cigar.

Crimson:

No, but your primary job is to hold this championship either in front of your face, or high above your head as I make my way to the ring. Now the show is starting so meet Anthony at the limousine and get your list of duties to perform. I have to begin preparations to face Bronson Box tonight.

Larver realizing work is scarce for the time being agrees and walks off the camera as Crimson smirks for a moment then walks to the backstage area.

Fading into the opening for DEFTV.

THE RETURN OF...BRUVCUT!

The scene opens up inside one of those pretentious, noisy upper class bars that are far too good for the likes of you to frequent. At the bottom right corner of the screen are the words “the night after DEFtv90” The bar is full of those millennial types, you know, young people, the ones who all dress stupid in an attempt to be different but end up looking the same as the guy or gal sat next to them...Anyway, the cameraman saunders past many of these drunken dickheads, some bint wearing very little blows a kiss at the camera, another...

Woman:

OH MY GOD, AM I GONNA BE ON TV?!

Jesus...Some douche wearing one of those ridiculous low neck t-shirts flexes for the camera, behind him, one of the waiters holding a tray of champagne rolls his eyes, looking like he's wishing he was dead. As the cameraman barges through the idiots, he rounds a corner, the volume levels picking up, substantially...someone is belting out, surprisingly well, Coming In The Air Tonight by Phil Collins). Looking dapper in a dark blazer, navy trousers and white shirt combo, THE Jay Harvey finishes in style...

Jay Harvey:

Well I've been waiting for this moment for all my life, oh Lord, oh Lord, oh Lord

The cameraman comes to a stop, focussing on Harvey posing with his arms out by his side to accompany the tunes fade out to rapturous applause and cheers from his adoring public made up of the WrestleUTA roster and what look like hired models and quite possibly Mikey Unlikely strippers. Harvey swings the mic out of his hand and catches it in that cool way children throw things, places the mic on the stand and vacates the stage to a pat on the back from WrestleUTA owner himself, Mikey Unlikely. Taking centre stage he grabs the mic from its stand.

Mikey Unlikely:

Bravo, Jay, bravo! And I think we can all agree, that we certainly felt you coming in us tonight.

There's a small ripple of applause and some very odd and confused faces upon Mikey's words. Mikey himself scrunches his face up upon realising what he just said.

Mikey Unlikely:

Uh, Anyway...Next up at the Mikey Unlikely, WrestleUTA super fun team bonding night out, or as I like to call it, #MUWUSFTBNO!

Queue applause and woooooing. Mikey holds his hands out flat at everyone, gesturing for a moment.

Mikey Unlikely:

Next up, I have something very special planned for you all. As a token of my gratitude for the wonderful job team WrestleUTA has done so far in DEFIAНCE...

The air of anticipation at rises amongst the crowd, including team UTA, could there be a reward on the cards for their invasion of DEFIAНCE? Maybe a nice bonus check!?

Mikey Unlikely:

Yours truly, your fearless leader will now perform a duet for you all with my fellow DEFIAНCE Tag Team Champion of the world. Please welcome him up to the stage, my bestest bruv and yours...JESSE FREDERICKS KENDRIIIXXX!

Applause and drunken cheering ensues but there's no sign of Kendrix. Mikey doesn't look best pleased. The shot switches, Kendrix, dressed in white shirt and Chino combo is showing off his DEFIAНCE Tag Team title belt to a rather attractive lady dressed in a figure hugging dress at another corner of the establishment.

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah? They just don't hand out championship gold like this to anybody. Only the very best in the business, like JFK, achieve greatness.

The lady actually looks interested, she may even be smitten, even with the top knot hair do.

Kendrix:

If anything, DEFIAНCE should be grateful that the Hollywood Bruvs are the new tag champs...the last guys thought they could impress people with their own bus!

He pauses for a moment, looking away in thought.

Kendrix:

Actually, it was more of a Coach.

The shot switches back to Mikey looking around his audience for Kendrix before shouting into the mic

Mikey Unlikely:

JESSE, DAMMIT, YOU MISSED YOUR QUEUE!

The shot switches back on Kendrix and the lady.

Kendrix:

I mean, who actually thinks a bus is gonna scare JFK away?

Jesse leans in, making his move but, to the surprising annoyance of the lady, (who is most probably a gold digger, or a mentalist, why else would she be interested in wrestle chats?!) he panics upon finally hearing Mikey's annoyed shouting and rushes back to the stage!

Mikey Unlikely: (whispering)

Where were you?

Kendrix:

I was just trying to sort out some strippers for later, innit?

Mikey's mood instantly switches with a full beaming smile and nod. The two pump their fists together and hold.

Mikey Unlikely & Kendrix:

GLUE FIST!

Mikey finally gets back to the mic and addressing his crowd.

Mikey Unlikely:

So, without further adieu, hit our song, guys!

The in-house band begin to play as Kendrix leans into the mic.

Fade to two minutes later...

Kendrix:

We are the champions! My friends!

Mikey Unlikely:

And We'll keep on fighting.... To the endddd.

Mikey Unlikely & Kendrix:

WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS! WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS! NO TIME FOR LOSERS! CAUSE WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS! OF THE WORLD!!

The song fades away and once more there is applause throughout the crowd and the clinking of silverware on glass.

The two share another gluefist in front of everyone. The owner of WrestleUTA turns back to his audience.

Mikey Unlikely:

You guys are too kind! Really you are! Listen I just wanted to take this opportunity to thank all of you! That's why we're here. Not just because Kendrix and I have the manliest singing voices of all time.

Kendrix:

Obvs!

Mikey Unlikely:

Not only because Mikey Unlikely throws the best party ever!

Kendrix:

Totally Obvs!

Mikey Unlikely:

But because you people have really shown the sport entertainment world.... And the wrestling world too I guess...

Kendrix:

Pfft! Who cares about them, bruv?!

Mikey Unlikely:

Great point! Anyway, We are slowly and steadily choking the life out of DEFIANCE... We are winning this war! Thanks to all of you playing your part to perfection and standing united, we've seen just how weak they are. How disjointed they've become. The fact is, they never saw us coming!

There's some more cheers and applause in the crowd.

Jamie Sawyers (From audience)

You tell em Mikey!

Mikey Unlikely:

Thank you! Thank you! Soon there will be no DEFIANCE, soon there will only be WrestleUTA and we will own the entire audience. There will be NO OTHER option than to watch our programming, there will be only WrestleUTA, and we will own the entire landscape! No one else can match our star power, no one else can compete with our champions, and no one else can bankroll a company like I can. We're unstoppable ladies and gentlemen... Let's stay the course, and soon, before you know it. There will only be one!

The audience bursts into applause, quite a few of them stand up.

Mikey and JFK take a bow. The scene fades out quickly.

RECOVERY

The scene cuts to inside the medical examiner's room, where Gage Blackwood patiently sits on the middle table. From within the bleachers, Andy Murray vs. David Hightower can be heard, with the crowd either cheering in excitement or booing with intensity as Blackwood tries to follow along. All the while Gage's head moves with each 'ooh' and 'awe' of the Faithful.

Iris Davine looks over some notes and then shines a light into the Scottish man's left eye, followed by his right. She turns away and scribbles something down.

Gage Blackwood:

[quietly] I need to be out there.

Iris picks up what he said.

Iris Davine:

Well Gage, you should stay here for right now...

Blackwood looks to the direction of where the match is coming from.

Blackwood:

Andy Murray is in no shape to fight that mad man.

Davine:

Some would say you're not in shape to fight that *mad man*, either. Including myself.

Blackwood:

But you said I was fine.

Davine:

[sighing] You passed the ImPACT test, yes, but that doesn't mean you should get back out there right this second.

Blackwood continues to look in the direction of the crowd, signifying he probably didn't hear a word Iris just said.

Davine:

Look, Scott Douglas was in here last week. In fact, a lot of you have recently been here. I'm sure there's a line-up waiting outside. [long pause] I understand this UTA invas...takeove...well whatever all of you are calling it, are causing a lot of problems, but if you keep going at this rate you might not be able to be a part of whatever solves it...

Blackwood turns back, acknowledging Iris a little. He pulls at one of the bandages around his left shoulder.

Davine:

And don't even get me started on your injuries from DEFCON and Chris Ross' attack, my dear. They are mounting and you've barely taken any time off to get better.

Blackwood once again looks into the distance. You can almost see David Hightower hit the West Memphis Avalanche and the following three count sends an ice cold rush down Blackwood's spine.

He hangs his head.

Blackwood:

My DEFCON injuries were worth it. That was my breakout moment, my 'coming out party' as all the Faithfull put it. But it's all for nothing now. My opponent... he aligns himself with the UTA. And look what they're doing. Look what *he's* doing...

Iris goes over Blackwood's paperwork once more to confirm.

Davine:

I can't stop you. You passed your tests and you are recovering from your various sprains and bruises, but if you're not careful they're going to snowball on you. I would say take the next show off, but I can tell...

Iris stops as she once again realizes she's talking to no one. Gage is wondering what's happening inside the ring, instead. It sounds like Hightower is beating the piss out of Murray...

He gets off the table and slowly limps towards the exit.

Davine:

Rest, Gage. Take the next show off.

Blackwood exits the medical room and turns the corner to the left. He sports a good limp with his right leg and continues to rub his forehead.

As he heads home, he passes a masked man, sitting on a bench right next to the entrance, who just slumps and shakes his head.

Mushigihara:

Osu...

Divine:

Eiichiro? Come on in, hon.

The God-Beast gently rises, favoring his knee and gingerly walks into the office.

QUID PRO...

UTA HQ/Locker Room - Earlier today

After the words flash on the screen indicating the timestamp, an unknowing camera shows a pretty proud Mikey Unlikely, clicking away on his cell phone, presumably conducting business while sitting privately in an area . He looks at the he DEFIANCE World Tag Team Title in his bag and smirks.

Mikey Unlikely:

What a great week! Crimson Lord dismantles Bronson Box on live television, The Hollywood Bruvs earn the first set of tag titles ever. Jay Harvey has Scott Douglas wrapped around his finger, and The Murrays are broken. Even I didn't see it going this well!

He chuckles aloud and continues clicking away at his phone until hearing a knock at the door.

Mikey Unlikely:

Come in.

The camera pans up to show the forms of two men that only been seen sparsely on television since the UTA invasion kicked into full gear.

"Brother" Lucius Owens and the young and powerful Theo Baylor.

Brother Owens:

Mister Unlikely... they call me "Brother" Lucius Owens and I know you are aware of Theo Baylor. Pleasure to meet you.

He extends a hand while next to him, Theo Baylor has his trademark scowl and says nothing. Mikey looks at the hand, but looks increasingly busy with whatever else the head of the UTA invasion has going on.

Mikey Unlikely:

Good to see you Theo! Skip the ass-kissing, I'm busy. What do you want?

Brother Owens flashes a very quick smirk.

Brother Owens:

You're a busy man. I get that. I'm a busy man, too, so this will only take a moment of your time.

Unlikely waves a hand dismissively, unsure of their overall presence but decides to humor them.

Mikey Unlikely:

You got one minute.

Theo snorts while Owens continues.

Brother Owens:

Very well. Truthfully, My crew - No Justice, No Peace - had something good going in DEFIANCE when you guys stepped into town. Since then, it's been anarchy. Nobody trusts one another, there's a lot of in-fighting in the DEFIANCE locker room and nobody knows what the future holds.

The head of the UTA invasion laughs.

Mikey Unlikely:

I do. We're gonna own these assholes soon enough. What's your point, Owens?

The uneasy half-smirk comes back.

Brother Owens:

Since then, DEFIANCE YET AGAIN sends us back down to the BRAZEN minor leagues. Honestly, I'm sick of the shit.

Theo Baylor:

Yeah boss, I was talking to my brother here, he's laying down some major gripes about working for DEFIANCE. I thought, maybe I should bring him to you.

It's almost as if a switch goes off in Mikey's head. He puts his phone down and gives them his full attention. Owens pats his client on the arm and continues.

Brother Owens:

And that type of mismanagement will NOT be tolerated any more. My crew and I firmly believe that UTA IS the future of this business and if you say the word, myself, Bigsby, Roosevelt Owens and Neighborhoodlum are willing to fight with the UTA.

For the first time since the conversation picked up, Mikey looks like he's seriously considering mulling the proposition over. Four more bodies to an already-stacked roster would do him a world of good.

Mikey Unlikely:

I pick up what you're putting down, guys. You were set to take on the roster, Set to be stars after toiling around in obscurity in BRAZEN, then this company decided it didn't have time for you. You've been dicked around like dime-store hookers. Honestly, what you need is some spotlight, and who knows the spotlight better than Mikey Unlikely!?

Theo Baylor

Fuckin' right boss.

Unlikely laughs a little.

Mikey Unlikely:

I like it. And I'll tell you what... I just found out DEF is conducting some business with some new hires. I got a few minutes if you want to talk further.

Brother Owens:

Oh, yes, we have time.

As they are about to sit, Theo peeks over and notices the camera focused on them. Unlikely nods to Owens, who then nods to Baylor. Baylor walks over...

Theo Baylor:

The fuck outta here!

He grabs the camera and just as quickly, it goes black.

CRIME SCENE

After DEFtv.

Mushigihara had just departed from Dr. Davine's office with some new bandages and a script for some extra-strength ibuprofen. He had hastily thrown his mask back over his head, the straps still loose so he could doff it once he got to his ride home; Eddie Dante had gone off to "settle some affairs" before calling it a night, but told Mushi to wait for one of the servants to bring the car around, even offering him one of his ever-present canes as a walking aid. The God-Beast lumbered towards the parking entrance, leaning heavily on the sturdy wooden stick.

A suspicious string of footsteps fills the silence; the God-Beast pauses and looks around.

"Osu?"

No response. He shrugs, before moving along, humming some obscure song to himself. It's then the clang of metal against skin rang out through the parking garage as a steel chair cracks against the large man's back. Mushigahara stumbles forward taken by surprise. The man behind the chair steps into the picture being none other than "The Boss" himself.... Chris Ross. Before Mushigahara can even respond Ross slams the edge of the chair right into his kidney. The mammoth of a man screams in pain as he falls to his knees dropping his walking stick.

Chris Ross:

Oh! I guess you won't be needing this!

Ross says as he grabs the walking stick and starts choking Mushi with it. The larger man shoves Ross off sending him back first into a car. The God-Beast roars swinging a punch that The Boss dodges and his fist goes through the side window of a car. Mushi holds his hand that is now bleeding before Ross grabs the chair he had and slams the edge of it into his kidney again.

Chris Ross:

Do yourself a favor and stay down!

He yells slamming the chair into his kidney again. Mushi collapses onto the concrete ground before The Boss slams the piece of metal into his kidney again and again relentlessly. Ross turns Mushi to his side before he stands over him with the chair.

Chris Ross:

Let it be known Mushi.... You aren't a god or a beast! You are nothing but a bitch!

Ross yells before he slams the edge of the chair downward into his kidney area again and again... The Keystone State Killa laughs before he throws the chair aside as Mushigahara lays there in a heap... Slowly the God-Beast starts to get up before Ross kicks him in the side of the head sending him down one last time.

Chris Ross:

You see that DEFIAНCE?! I just made one of your top superstars look pathetic! You all are nothing!

Ross says before he reaches into his pocket and pulls out a can of spray paint. He reaches down and gingerly sprays an outline of Mushigahara's body like it's a crime scene. The Boss tosses the can aside and crosses his arms.

Chris Ross:

Hey Mushi.... Welcome To Harrisburg...

Ross says before casually walks out of the picture like nothing just happened leaving a broken God-Beast behind him.